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# THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST

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Beginning

MY SON-BY WILLIAM CARLETON

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GOOD clothes are always the result of somebody's good judgment: judgment of material, of styles, and especially of what well-dressed men like to wear.

men like to wear.

That is why it is so important that your great clothing house should be young and human and contemporary, rather than merely big and mechanical.

When you select your next suit, if you have an ing clothing house in America,

opportunity to visit a Kuppenheimer dealer, we ask you to note one thing: the number of Kuppenheimer suits in your size that seem to express the way you feel about clothes.

This is one thing that makes success for Kuppenheimer dealers—that attracts good trade to their stores.

Incidentally it has made this the fastest growing clothing house in America.

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## THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Cognight, 1914 - The Hone of Koppenhouse

Published Weekly

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# MY SON By WILLIAM CARLETON

CK came to me one evening in the early fall and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Dad," he said, "I've done it.

"Done what?" I said. "Asked Jane to marry

Now I had known since the early summer that barring accidents I was going to hear this, and yet I felt queer.

The boy was ten years older than I was when I married and was many times better off financially. He and his partner had held steady the contracting business which I established and turned over to them, and both had a comfortable reserve fund.

I wanted the boy to marry. I would have been willing to have him marry long before he was as well off as he was now. I realize better than a good many the terrible responsibility a wife and family may be if business goes wrong. I realize that the fight for existence is, in a good many ways, more acute than it has ever been in

the history of the nation. But I realize, too, that the only fight worth while is not for the individual but for the family. Too many young men are dodging that responsibility in as craven a fashion as did those who dodged enlistment during the Civil War. I'd rather have seen the boy shoveling dirt and taking home on Saturday night his twelve dollars to a wife and children than enjoying a million by himself.

I couldn't have chosen for him a sweeter, saner, more lovable girl than Jane. Yet I felt queer. I felt a tug at my heart as though something were being uprooted. We were more like chums than father and son, for I date the vital part of my life from the day I immigrated and the boy bore bravely his share of the struggle.

"Have you told your mother?" I said.

"Bless you, dad, she advised me how to do it," he laughed.

And mother had kept the secret even from me. She came into the room just then, and I believe she was waiting round the corner all the while. She put one arm round the boy and another round me.

"Our son is going to be married, Billy," she said. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"Sit down, mother, and let's talk it over," I said.

And then, who should come stealing into the room but Jane herself, who also had been waiting round the corner.
"You didn't need to hatch up a conspiracy," I said.

Then Jane came over and put her arms round my neck and said:

"Dick scared me bad enough. Now don't you go and scare me some more."

So Dick was engaged, and it brought back very vividly that tennis game where I had met Ruth. I won the game for her before we were introduced. And it brought back the little room of the lodging house where we were married and the house in the suburbs to which I took Ruth afterward. I was drawing thirty dollars a week from the United Woolen Company then, and felt as secure as the president of the company himself. Well, Ruth and I had learned a lot since then; a lot for the boy as well as ourselves. Our struggle now seemed doubly worth while. We thought at the time that we were fighting only our own fight, but now we saw we had been fighting it also for Dick and Jane and possibly for many more to come.

Ruth sat down beside me, and honestly I think we felt as much like lovers as the children. We sensed the thrill of this new beginning as though it were our own. Life had never grown stale to us, but we were beginning to accept it as pretty well established when, presto, along came Dick and Jane to start it going again in the same old adventurous fashion. For Dick was so much a part of us that all his joys were our jovs, all his griefs



"Have the Old Furniture Repaired; if You Can't, Split it Into Kindling Wood"

else to tell you, dad," said the boy. "I've been dickering with Dardoni." "How?" I asked.

"I've got something

"I want his place and I think he'll sell. Those fellows are always willing to move on."

Now this had never occurred to me as a possibility. Dardoni had some forty acres all under a high state of cultivation. He was one of the latter-day pioneers in town, and while in every respect a steady, honest citizen, it is a fact that he remained a source of petty irritation to many of the natives. If Dick could buy that place be would at once acquire a good farm and add to the general peace and happiness of the community. Personally, I both liked and admired Dardoni, but I was from Little Italy myself. To the others be was merely a foreigner.

"How much does he want?" I asked.

"Eight thousand

Ten years ago he had bought the whole place for three thousand, and

every year since then he had made an increasingly good income from it. "Well," I said, "Dardoni's place is worth that if you mean to run it as a farm."
"I certainly do," said Dick. "I don't want the house. He has made that impossible,

but I want to build a house of my own anyway."
"It costs a lot to build," I said.

"Yes. And ten years from now it will cost a lot more. Anyhow it's the old way. Jane and I have been talking it over, and we kind of feel that we want our home to be part of us from the beginning. We know what we want-a little brick house with white, pillars in front and white trimmings. Our scheme is not to build any more than we want now, and arrange it so that we can add to it."

Are we foolish?" said Jane, blushing very red.

"Ask Ruth," I said.

"You are very wise," said Ruth. "Have from the beginning every single thing you can afford. But keep your eyes on the ginger jar, my dears."

Then Jane said this:

"Will you let me tell you right now what I want you to give us for a wedding present?"

"You may choose from anything I have," said Ruth. "Then," said Jane, "I want that little blue ginger jar."

"You'll have to get mother to show you how to use it," said Dick.

"You wait and see," said Jane.

I thought Dick was right myself. Jane was the daughter of the president of the savings bank, and though not extravagant had enjoyed the use of a lot more money than ever Ruth had. Furthermore, in the case of her and Dick there was no such need of a ginger jar as there had been in the life of Ruth and myself. However, it is something to have a good idea even if not much use is made of it. I wasn't worrying about their ever lacking means, but I was worried a little as to just what effect this would have on their attempt to run a farm. Necessity is a great spur to a farmer-especially at the start. If Mathews at the end of the first year had inherited another windfall I don't believe he would ever have been worth his salt as a farmer. However, I didn't tell my doubts to any one except to Ruth, and she never was a great hand to listen to doubts of any kind.

Dick bought the place in October. Up to the last moment I didn't believe Dardoni would sell at any price. I forgot to reckon with two facts-that he wasn't so firmly rooted as the rest of us here, and that he saw plenty of other opportunities. To him America was nothing but a land of opportunities. He didn't care whether he was in Maine or California. Give him forty acres of land anywhere and he was just as sure of

making a good living as though the land represented ten-per-cent gold bonds. A man couldn't help it by his method, which was simply to spend fourteen hours a day cultivating every inch of it, selling the produce to those who didn't believe in working, and living on a tenth of his income. As a matter of fact he bought a worse farm in the next town and was at work on it within ten days. It is curious, when you stop to think about it, that it was left to this Italian peasant to come over here and show us New Englanders how to run a New England farm.

Dick began tearing down the old house at once, using his own men from the city. I suggested that he marry and live with us until his new house was done, but he wouldn't listen to it.

"It's mighty good of you, dad," he said, "but both Jane and I feel that when we start we want to start in the new house."

Dick had his heart set on a brick house. I don't know where he acquired all his notions, but after his

engagement they seemed to come forth fully developed. 
"I don't care how much more the house costs to start with," he said. "I'm going to save in the end on my insurance, my heat and my upkeep. But that isn't all. I like to think that I'm building for two hundred years. I want to feel that I'm here to stay and my children after me. I want to get as far away from the apartment-house idea as it's possible to get. It's time some of us Americans took to building real homes again."

"I don't know but you're right," I said, though I was surprised that the boy had thought this out.

"You bet I'm right!" he said. "The apartment house has done more to destroy the idea of permanency in American life than any other one thing. There ought to be a society for the suppression of apartment houses. You can't make a home in one if you try, and without a home I don't see what you've got to base a family on."

"I suppose the explanation of the apartment house is the fact that it reduces the cost of living."

"I wonder if it does," said Dick. "I'll bet a cent the saving all goes into theaters, hotel dinners and automobiles. Apartment dwellers have to get out or they'd go mad. And it's another significant fact that the first thing you hear when you try to hire an apartment is that children are not allowed. Did you ever figure that this is going to have some sort of an effect on America?"

"I guess you're right, son."

"You don't find many of our friends, the Jews, in houses where children are not allowed. Not on your life! The inmates are all good Americans."

There is some truth in what the boy said. A woman with children who hasn't a home of her own is almost an exile. She is treated worse than a leper. Children and dogs are not allowed, a few possible exceptions being made in the case of lap dogs. It looks like a small thing, but it's just such small things that in the course of years grow into big things. It's down in the tenement district that women and children are made welcome.

I didn't say anything more against the boy's brick house. It stood for a big idea, and as such was worth even to the town ten times what it cost him. It's surprising how a notion like this when expressed in definite form seeps into the minds of people. I suppose that's the good that monuments to great men do. Most persons learn more by seeing than they do by hearing. Dick didn't talk about his brick house outside the family, but I know for a certainty that just seeing it go up brick by brick with the idea of permanency which it suggested had its effect upon the young men of Brewster. That house preached a sermon.

"I'm starting life among you," it said. "I'm here to stay. I represent the idea that this young couple mean to establish a home and make a living among you and live among you for many generations. Their acts are not for today alone, but for all time."

That's the way houses were built in former times, and that's the lesson they preached. It makes for stability.

The house, too, expressed their own individual ideas. It was all one big room downstairs, except for the kitchen. The dining room was merely the end nearest the kitchen. Upstairs there was nothing but bedrooms and baths. It was only a story-and-a-half high, the idea being to erect when necessary a brick ell on one side, and later, if necessary, another ell on the other side, thus completing a sort of courtyard. This was sound economy.

"I don't see why a man should invest any more in his home than he can use," said Dick. "He would not do so in his factory. Idle rooms are idle capital and a drain on the wife besides. What's the use?"



"If You're Going to Raise Milk Which Has to be Sterilized I Don't Want It"

I don't see any argument against the boy, though this isn't the usual way of building.

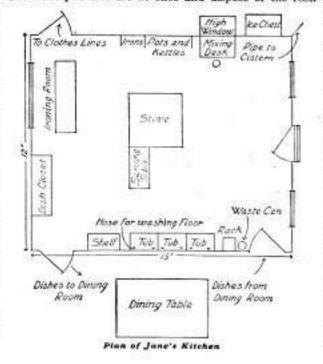
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THE other day I ran across a paper which Ruth read before the Pioneer Club. The point of view made a good deal of talk at the time, but it had its effect. It had its effect, too, on Jane and Dick when they came to furnish their new house. I'll copy part of it. Ruth doesn't like to talk in public, but her heart was in this; and though it was all she could do that evening to stand on her two feet when she stepped on the platform I suppose I was the only one who knew it. She said:

"I hope you won't think I'm impertinent-even you clder women—and I know you won't because we're all one big family here. I can talk to you as though you were all my sisters and your men folk all my brothers. By the same token you are free to talk to me that way, and when I'm through I hope you will. It's the only kind of talk which does any good-that which is personal and straight from the heart. Then this is what I'd like to do if I had the time and you'd let me-I'd like to start in your attics, go straight down through your houses to the cellars and just take away from you the things you don't need. And I have a notion that the very women among you who feel that they are most in need would have the most things to throw away. I'd take those things and make them over into things you do need, or I'd sell them for what I could get, or I'd give them away, or I'd burn them. It's what I do in

my own house every six months.

"Half the burden of housekeeping comes in doing the things we don't need to do and caring for the things we don't need at all. It isn't the doing of the necessary things that breaks the backs of farmers' wives; it's the doing of unnecessary things. You all know the condition of your attics. It makes you shudder every time you go up there. Once a year, perhaps, you half kill yourselves moving things round and putting them back again. If you'd only move things out instead of moving them round you wouldn't have to break your backs but once anyway. Go through those old trunks and take out every blessed thing. Use what you can use at once and dispose of the rest.



Don't dispose of it into another trunk, but get it out of the house. Yes, even your old wedding dress, because it's only rotting there. Make it over for yourself or your daughters, but do something with it. It's poor sentiment that leaves a thing to rot.

to rot.

"Do the same thing with those broken-down chairs. Have the old furniture repaired and use it if you can; if you can't, split it into kindling wood. Don't leave it up there for next year. You'll never get rid of it that way. You'll just use up good live energy on poor dead things. The only useful attic is an empty attic.

"Then I'd come down a flight to your bedrooms. These rooms ought to be the easiest in the world to care for. They shouldn't contain a single thing that can collect dust. I wouldn't have a stuffed chair or a tidy or any but the simplest bureau-scarfs in any room. Take up your carpets and have them made into rugs if they are good enough. The smaller the rug the better. You want something

you can throw out of the window now and then to lie in the sun. Do away with your tidies and such things. Don't have any pictures on the walls just because you happen to have them. If you enjoy them leave them there, but go round some day and look at them. You'll find some that have hung on your walls twenty years which you haven't seen since you hung them up. Keep only those you like to look at every day.

"I'd like to go to your parlors and pull up the curtains and let in the sunshine. Oh, but my fingers itch to get at some parlors I've seen. I'd like to abolish them all. They don't belong in a house. But if you must have one, have it cheerful and bright and clean. That means doing away with the stuffed furniture and the lace curtains. Those are the things that kill farmers' wives.

"I'd do away with useless dishes in the dining-rooms. I'd have every dish both useful and ornamental or I wouldn't keep it. I'd do away with all the old pots and kettles and pans in the kitchen which I didn't use. Give them to some one who can use them. It's easy enough to keep clean those you really use. You'd be surprised how few you need, even including those you think you might use some time. Do the same in your laundry and your cellar. Get back to the life your great-grandmothers lived.

"Did you ever stop to think that half the energy of modern business men is devoted to creating a demand for new articles? They spend as much money making us women think we want a new thing as they do in supplying that new thing. For years they have been busy creating new demands in us until we are overburdened. Perhaps sometimes these new things do save us work, but in a good many cases they end by making for us still more work. It's a lot easier to decrease the amount of work necessary to be done than it is to find an easier way of doing unnecessary work."

That was the pith of her talk. The way she worked it out in her own house was to simplify every branch of her work. This meant simpler house furnishings, simpler food for the table, simpler things to wear as a means for decreasing the laundry work. This she preached and practiced. It involved no sacrifice of standards, but it meant simpler standards. And don't make the mistake of thinking that Ruth had no artistic standards. She did. But she preferred to decorate her home with living flowers rather than with wax flowers or lithographs of flowers, or for that matter very good water-color flowers. She preferred autumn leaves and green winter branches to tidies. She preferred a clean, simple house to a dirty, "artistic" house.

It is one thing to express your ideas to a group and another to express them as advice to an individual, especially if that individual is a prospective daughter-inlaw. No one could have been any chummier with Ruth than Jane was, but Ruth never made a suggestion to her unless it was asked. I thought it showed on her part a strange lack of interest and said so one night.

"This is their house, not ours, Billy," she said to me.
"We've built our house, and now they must build theirs."

As a matter of fact it wasn't necessary for Ruth to express her ideas to either Dick or Jane. They knew them. Any one could know them, for Ruth lived her ideas. And both the children were in hearty sympathy with them. As soon as the cornerstone was laid, Dick and Jane spent most of their spare time scouring the countryside for solid old pieces of furniture such as were made by hand a hundred years ago. They weren't looking for mahogany. That wasn't used much in our town, even in early days. Most of the pieces were veneered, but they were made upon honor by artisans who took their time. They are as

solid today as when they were made. With a handicap of a hundred years they'll outlast much of the machine-made furniture of today.

Another queer thing is this: Much of the furniture which was made then for common everyday use is beautiful enough today for use in the most elaborate homes. I have a set of chairs that were made for the kitchen. They have wooden seats three inches thick and were put together with wooden pegs instead of nails. They are painted a bright canary yellow and have on the back an odd design that looks like a purple melon. But their lines are so beautiful, they are so solid and so reveal the hand of the careful workman, they are so unhackneyed and sincere, that they would grace a modern drawing room if such a room could be graced by anything. I have a number of little Colonial chairs with ash bottoms that stand as primly upright as Puritan children at church. I don't believe that even Chippendale ever designed anything of simpler beauty. Those old workmen must have had beneath their sturdy exteriors the hearts of artists.

Though antique dealers had skimmed the countryside of much of the best, Jane and Dick hardly entered a home but what they found something. And strangely enough the owners were always willing to part with an heirloom for a price that would supply them with new furniture to take its place. Most farmers have a passion for new things. They laugh at the old hardwood four-posters and are eager enough to swap them for the more ornate spick-and-span products fresh from the factory.

Farmers don't take so kindly to hard-bottomed chairs as their ancestors did. Maybe it's because they don't get so tired. Two-thirds of them will swap any time a hand-made hardwood bureau that sits on the floor like bed rock for a yellow pine thing that's new.

Furnishing Dick's house in this way gave a personal touch to each piece. These things were associated with long rides in the crisp winter air, with new friends made, and sometimes with wonderfully beautiful stories of the past. They didn't represent merely so many dollars and cents and a manufacturing plant. Then, too, when they were in the house they settled it. They brought with them the atmosphere of many homes. There was no newness about Dick's new house.

Dick had been brought up to help his mother. She had taught him to cook when a boy and there wasn't a better cook in Brewster. And there wasn't anything else about a house he couldn't do, even to washing and ironing. Any man with horse sense can do better housework than the average woman. This isn't any reflection on the women. They do their best, and goodness knows many of them put into the task everything they have. But they have fallen into a rut. Mothers have handed down to daughters for generations a routine method which has become antiquated. That's true of many a man's business.

Let a man with executive training, with fuller physical strength, untrammeled, come into a house and use his head, and he'll see things that the average woman can't see. A woman usually can't get any perspective, for she's too much tied down to her home.

Jane insisted from the beginning that she was going to get along without a servant. At first Dick protested, though I think he was pleased at the spirit Jane showed.

"Your mother has done it," said Jane. "After her example I'd be ashamed to have a servant in the house. Besides they're apt to be more bother than they're worth. They are hard to get and hard to keep, and often end by

owning the house if you do succeed in keeping them.

I'm an able-bodied woman and propose to do my
own work as you do yours."

But if she proposed to do the work Dick proposed to simplify the task as much as possible. The house was furnished with this end in view. The bedrooms were kept as simple as possible. He did away with carpets and useless odds and ends. Anything that had to be moved was put on casters that would work. Then he installed a vacuum-cleaning outfit. An invalid could have cleaned his house from top to bottom in half a day.

But the kitchen was where Dick centered his efforts. That's where most women who do their own work spend their energy; and half of it is wasted there. Dick's kitchen was the wonder of the neighborhood.

In the first place Dick proposed to have it easy to keep clean. To this end he had it floored with red tiling with a mop board of white tiling. It was watertight, so that with a hose attached to the faucet the room could be washed clean in less time

got this idea from a hospital kitchen,
"Where they do things on a big
scale," he said, "you can always get
ideas for doing the same thing on a
small scale."

than it takes to wring out a mop. He

Then he proceeded to simplify the dish washing. The dishes passed to the kitchen through a door directly back of the dining table, were scraped out into the waste can and then placed on a wooden rack next to a slate tub like a laundry tub. This tub

was filled with boiling hot water from the hot-water faucet and plenty of soap used. Over this there was a pulley with a hook which fastened into the dishrack. The dishes were lowered into this, slid along to a tub next to it for a rinsing and then on to a third tub for a second hot-water rinsing. They were then lifted to a wooden drying shelf, where they were ready for a slight wiping. The dish closet was one step to the left and as fast as wiped the dishes were set upright in racks made for that purpose. The whole operation took but a few minutes, did away with the necessity of putting the hands in water, and left hardly a soiled dishtowel. This is the way dishwashing is done every day in hotels, and why no one ever thought of using this method at home I don't know. It was in my home within a week after I saw it work.

If the kitchen is the heart of the house, the kitchen stove is the heart of the kitchen. And yet it is generally placed not with an idea for convenience, but with the idea of getting it out of the way. Dick figured that it ought to be where Jane could reach it easily from her cooking stand and dishes. He figured it ought to be where she could get at all sides of it. This didn't take a very long head and yet passed for a startling innovation. Instead of tucking it away in one corner, he placed it in the middle of one side; instead of thrusting it back against the wall, he brought it out so that it was almost in the middle of the room. To the right was the mixing desk with the oven doors facing it one step away. The tin and iron cooking dishes hung behind the stove on hooks where they kept dry. They were still within reach of the mixing desk. Running from the left of the stove and joined to it was a serving table, so that Jane



"I'd Like to Go Through Your Houses and Take Away the Things You Don't Need"

could slide the heavier dishes on to it without lifting them. Incidentally the stove and the serving table were not an arbitrary height. Dick saw to it that they fitted Jane just as a carpenter makes his bench to suit his height. The end of the serving table was again within one step of the washing tubs where the cooking dishes could be washed and within two steps of the slot through which they were passed to the dining table.

The ice chest was in a little shed of its own built just to the right of the mixing desk and so arranged that it could be filled from the outside. All the cooking materials were of course arranged about the mixing desk; the bread and pastry flour in drawers over the desk; baking powder, spices and such things in glass preserve jars on shelves above these, and the less-used articles on a higher tier. A glance at her jars and Jane knew just how much of everything she had on hand. A stool stood in front of the desk so that she could always sit down when she wished. The walls were painted a bright Colonial yellow and there were plenty of windows-one directly over the mixing desk, one next to the dish closet and one over the ironing board, and two on the opposite side of the room where a door led outdoors. The room itself was only twelve by fifteen feet. It was as compact as a laboratory.

This is the way it worked out in practice: It took but one step from the desk to reach the ice chest, where Jane found her milk, butter, lard, and so forth. This done she could sit down and from her stool reach every other article needed in her cooking. Once her things were mixed it was an easy reach to the cooking dishes and only a step to the oven door and wood box. When the meal was cooked she slid her pans and pots from the stove to the serving table. Two steps took the food to the entrance door into the dining room, where one more step brought it to the table. One step from the serving table brought her cooking dishes to the cleaning tubs.

I've given Dick's idea in some detail, because it seems to me worth while. It shows what a man can do by thinking in his home as well as in his office and is significant in showing the way Dick did everything. It also came pretty near solving the servant problem for them and left Jane with energy for other things.

Dick figured it out that he saved her in walking alone several hundred miles a year.

#### II.

IT MAY be thought that for a farmer Dick was putting a good deal of time and money into his house. I'll admit that at first I thought so myself. I was afraid he was drifting toward the gentleman farmer class. There's no bigger nuisance in New England than the gentleman farmer and no more expensive luxury than a gentleman's farm. These farms are bad examples which discourage many real farmers. They are as mischievous in their effect as the false standards of living established at Newport. The gentleman farmer raises prize cattle and prize fruit and prize poultry, but at a cost that makes his effort essentially poor farming. The one test of a good farm is whether or not it pays—not always in a bank surplus, but in furnishing a decent living in proportion to the capital invested.

pays—not always in a bank surplus, but in furnishing a decent living in proportion to the capital invested. But Dick was in a better position than I had been. After all he didn't put an unfair proportion of his capital into (Continued on Page 81)



# MY LADY'S CONSCIENCE

## A Customs Inspector's Story-Told to Frank B. Elser

POR ten years I have been attached to the most unpopular branch of the United States Government Service—unpopular because it deals directly with that irritating obligation of our national life—personal taxation. I aman inspector of customs at the Port of New York.

By the average seagoer I know I am regarded as a pest. Even some of the framers of our tariff laws so regard me. It was my experience once to hold up on the pier a standpat old New England protectionist member of Congress who took a prominent part in drafting the tariff act of 1909.

His declaration was grossly incomplete; and

when we got through with him he had added some two thousand dollars to the value of articles purchased abroad.

More than three hundred and fifty thousand cabin passengers alone now reach New York annually, and it is the duty of the customs inspectors—there are about four hundred of us—to examine their baggage and, if necessary, their persons, in order that the revenue may not be defrauded. This examination is an exasperating ordeal for passenger and inspector alike, made under conditions where only the keenest observation and the broadest understanding of human nature on the part of the inspector prevent a maximum of friction and ill-feeling. To perform his work successfully an inspector must be, among other things, something of a judge, a lawyer, a fashion and jewelry expert, a tea-taster, an ornithologist, a dog fancier—and a gentleman.

Many of us are college graduates—some of us with professional training. Nearly all of us are over thirty years of age. Before taking up the work on the piers we are all put through a course of sprouts at the Custom House. Unique of its kind, this school is the outgrowth of an endeavor to fit men for the perplexing work incident to the enforcement of our intricate and everchanging tariff regulations. I mention this in deprecation of what appears to be the opinion prevalent among travelers—that the United States customs inspector is a uniformed menial, boorish in manner and speech, and selected according to his ability to muss my lady's lingerie when he goes through her trunks.

I want to disabuse you of this idea. There are exceptions, of course; but the majority of inspectors are chosen primarily for their tact, address and judicial temperament. I have known instances where candidates passed their civil-service examinations with credit, only to be rejected because they seemed not to possess these requisites,

#### The Little End of the Funnel

YET criticism and condemnation of American customs methods have become more or less a national habit. Invariably the homing passenger draws unfavorable comparisons between his home officials and those in foreign countries. Here, he complains, his baggage is rummaged as if he were a criminal. To the thousands who make such statements let me say a word in explanation.

In the first place the American tourist is the greatest of all spenders. He reaches Europe with his baggage lean and comes home with it bulging. Moreover, our tariff laws have, since 1897 and up to quite recently, demanded that a resident pay duty on pretty nearly everything he obtained abroad—exempting only strictly personal effects of nominal value.

Another thing: The port of New York in the matter of ocean travel is like the little end of a funnel. Eastbound steamships are likely to distribute their human cargoes at a number of English or Continental ports; but that is not true of westbound ships. The congestion at New York is acute. The arrival of twenty-five hundred cabin passengers in a single day is not unusual.

One day last August nine great liners came up to their piers with a total of three thousand six hundred and



By the Average Seagoer I Know I Am Recarded as a Pest

ninety-six in their first and second cabins. Incidentally there were about nine thousand in the steerage; but as steerage passengers are not required to make declarations I shall not attempt to describe the difficulties we encounter in examining their pitiable belongings.

From the cabins alone come nearly a million pieces of baggage a year. I question whether any other port in the world equals this record.

The examination of this vast consignment is a tremendous job, entailing thorough though stopwatch work by the inspector—the sort of work that so riles the protesting passenger, impatient to be on his way.

With the enactment of the Underwood-Simmons Bill by the Wilson Administration, I am happy to say, there was a decided broadening in the regulations governing the baggage of returning residents. Formerly duty was exacted on everything not coming in the category of personal effects. Even these had to be within the hundred-dollar limit. The new act admits free practically all articles, whether personal effects or not, so long as they do not exceed one hundred dollars in value, or are not barred for cause, or are not intended for sale or for business purposes, or as commissions for others.

By no one more than by the customs officers was this change hailed with satisfaction; its adoption, in fact, was largely brought about by the rank and file of the customs men themselves, who saw in the former provision a species of class legislation probably never intended. Its enforcement prevented the free entry of any household articles, a manifest hardship on many—particularly the frugal ones in the second cabin. It barred table linen and the like in no matter how meager a quantity, though admitting as personal effects such articles as handkerchiefs and silk stockings.

You can imagine the outraged feelings of persons who justly felt the pinch of this distinction. Most passengers labored under the belief that they could bring in free any-

thing not exceeding one hundred dollars in value, regardless of its character. They were nearly always prepared to argue the point and a great deal of confusion resulted.

Until the year 1897 the Federal Government appears to have made no consistent attempt to collect revenue on passengers' haggage. Such a customs net as was spread prior to that time was of a filmsy character, designed to sift out the whales, as it were, in order to hold merchandise in its proper channels.

With the passage of the tariff act of that year, however, a sort of half-hearted system of inspection was begun. Yet the revenue yielded was inconsiderable; it was hard to instill snap into the system after so many years of inactivity. The fathers of the new act had predicted a return of ten million dollars annually. They were sadly disappointed. The meshes in the net were still very wide, though slowly tightening.

New blood was infused into the service in 1901, a year when ocean travel began strongly to appeal to the popular imagination in this country; and, with radical changes in methods and personnel, things began to look up. A few passengers were actually arrested for smuggling. Invariably they were released. A crusade was started against a notorious clique engaged in smug-

gling women's wearing apparel. Their operations were carried on through the medium of passengers' baggage.

The local officers of the service remained ultraconserva-

The legal officers of the service remained ultraconservative, however, working in an old groove of precedents; and it was not until 1908 that it became the regular order to place dishonest passengers in the same class with crooked importers—that is, to press for conviction in the Federal courts.

Then came to the Custom House a man with a determination. He had been secretary to Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. His name was William Loeb, Jr. He assumed the office of collector of the port in 1909, and as if by magic the duties collected on passengers' baggage jumped during his term from four hundred thousand to two million dollars annually. He meant business. The service also was primed for action. Arrests of passengers with moral lesions as regards rendering unto Uncle Sam the things that were his became frequent. Many prominent women had experiences—humiliating, to say the least. Several were stripped by inspectresses and searched. One or two were heavily fined. One was sent to jail for three days. She had brazenly smuggled a valuable fur coat. Her jail sentence, short as it was, was worth to the service—as a deterrent to others—five hundred thousand dollars annually. To date she is the only woman smuggler on whom a jail penalty has been imposed, though women offenders predominate.

COOTES

That is an ungallant remark and I want to couple it with a statement which will take away some of the sting. I am prepared to contradict the belief—widely current, generally accepted, and apparently supported by fact—that women are, as regards the customs, essentially more dishonest than men. Federal judges, in reprimanding and releasing a feminine offender, have declared it to be so; but I stand ready to contradict it.

#### The Tempting Fetish of Fashion

THE truth is, women passengers attempt to smuggle and do smuggle more frequently than men; but I do not think their moral nature is one whit different. If conditions were reversed—that is, if man worshiped finery as woman does; if keeping in style were to him a fetish; if while abroad he exceeded his allowance in a hysteria of buying a wondrous assortment of gowns, lingerie and hats—I am convinced that we should find him just as persistent as his wife in seeking to avoid paying duty.

Back of nearly all the cases in which women are involved is the insinuating foreign shopkeeper. Dealers abroad, notably on the Continent, are irreconcilably bitter against the United States customs. They argue—and logically that our duties seriously reduce the amount of madame's purchases, and they are quick to suggest that outwitting the authorities is quite the proper thing.

One Parisian concern makes a specialty of false-bottom trunks and openly advertises them in the newspapers. Or a



pint may be dropped in a woman's presence that, as a special favor in her case, there can be furnished her a false invoice of articles purchased, stating their value at, say, on-half.

Maiam may indignantly reject any such proposal at the time; but the germ is a fertile one, and subsequently in the quiet of her stateroom, aghast at the extent of her extravagance, she may yield to temptation. Having rejected the false invoice and spurned the trick trunk, she may resort to the popular and often transparent scheme of sewing American labels in her purchases, meantime seeking to impart to them just enough of the appearance of wear to give credence to the statement that they are of domestic origin.

Many a woman has doubtless come in sight of the Statue of Liberty industriously putting the finishing touches to this fraud. The growing similarity of the products of our own modistes to those of the Parisians makes this deception harder and harder to detect. The recurring persistence with which it is attempted by the unscrupulous necessitates painstaking examinations and works a hardship on the innocent.

A good customs inspector must thus necessarily be familiar with the characteristic features of the products of all the prominent foreign dressmakers and milliners. He carries a list of nearly fifty of them in his memory book.

No envious woman, covertly eying another's gown, could be quicker than he to note its make.

The origin of lingerie and hosiery is much harder to detect. Stained dress shields we often find sewn in gowns and waists bought abroad, along with the bogus domestic labels. The owner will look at you in a bored sort of way, as if your stupidity were trying her patience to the breaking point: then she probably will remark, if you continue your inspection: "Oh, that old rag! Don't waste time on that! It's years old really, and purchased in this country."

Frequently, however, it happens that the dress shields alone show signs of wear. If the wrist and waist bands, or the hem of the skirt, as the case may be, are spotless the inspector is instantly alert; and in a preponderance of cases the fraud is detected. Sometimes a double row of tiny needleholes, indicating the sewing in of a different set of labels, will lead to the

detection.

I wish I were word artist enough to describe or psychologist enough to analyze a woman's actions and feelings in the various stages of such an examination. Our directions are: "In case of suspicion proceed quietly, observing and comprehending all surface indications, meantime asking searching and intelligent questions. Do not handle the articles or garments unnecessarily. Remember that they may be the passenger's most sacred possessions."

#### A Miserable Outrage

Not so very long ago an ostensibly outraged and indignant woman was in the midst of a bitter tirade against a quaking young inspector when a weary-looking man stepped up.

"This is a miserable outrage!" the woman was saying.
"Yes, Maria," said the weary-looking man—"an outrage against the Government. Stop it! I don't care how much stuff you've bought abroad—I want to pay the full duty." And he did.

He was her husband. The wife gave him a mighty black look; but her declaration as revised was vastly different from the original.

It is not uncommon for husbands, on landing, to draw us quietly aside and caution us not to pay any attention to what their wives may or may not declare, but to rely on them for the truth. Others, who have remained at home while their wives traveled and acquired foreign wardrobes, sometimes notify us in advance that they—the husbands—will be on hand when the ship docks to see that everything dutiable is properly declared.

On the other hand we encounter many cases where husband and wife conspire together to smuggle. In other

instances wives, ordinarily honest even in the smallest matters, feel that they must defraud the customs as a necessary incident to concealing from their husbands the real extent of their extravagance.

Few passengers are arrested on the piers. We do not purposely seek to humiliate any one. If search of the person is necessary it is always done in a place screened from public view—most likely in the passenger's stateroom. Women, of course, handle such cases when women passengers are involved. In the inspectress' presence the unhappy and mortified offender must remove her clothing piece by piece and hand over each for examination.

Frauds against the revenue may be roughly classed under five heads, in the order of the loss sustained by the Government in their operation, as follows:

1—False claims to non-residence.

articles in the baggage-such as, for in-

2—Concealment of jewelry on the person.

3—False claims that articles are of domestic origin or manufacture.

4—Concealment of articles in trunks with false bottoms or similar devices. 5—Concealment of



Away above all other subterfuges as a sapper of duties come the false claims to non-residence. Non-residents fall into two classes—aliens who at no time have had residence in the United States, and Americans who have adopted bona-fide residence abroad.

When I tell you that practically no limit is placed on the value of personal effects a non-resident may bring in duty free, you will understand the popular though unpatriotic demand thus to be classified. Accurately determining the truth or falsity of such claims is about as easy as swatting a will-o'-the-wisp. No other feature of the tariff act is more difficult to meet with a hard-and-fast rule.

It must be borne in mind that from a customs standpoint citizenship and residence are not necessarily one and the same thing. The Treasury Department tried to determine the length of time one must remain abroad before a claim of non-residence could be sustained. In this it failed, and the regulations under which we now work sidestep the issue, merely specifying persons arriving in the United States and residents of the United States returning from abroad. In the circumstances every case must be considered on its own merits. About the only restriction placed on a non-resident and his personal effects, aside from the formal "not intended for sale or commission," is the proviso that his outfit shall be suitable to his station and appropriate to his journey. Here again is a beautiful little puzzle.

Yet it gives us an opening wedge for investigation. Maids, valets and other persons of inferior station frequently are pressed into service as carriers; and we are quick to note whether articles and garments, as well as their containers, are in keeping with the breeding and demeanor of their ostensible owners.

I regret to say that many an American woman of refinement and unsullied reputation has lent herself to the cheating of our customs by becoming a carrier while traveling under a false or legitimate claim to non-residence. More than one clear-eyed American girl has brought in a batch of Parisian gowns for dishonest dealers, conspiring

here and abroad; and more than once we have caught her at it.

Whenever possible we find and convict the guilty American dealer, and after hearing the girl's tearful confession let her go, with the expressed hope that she is ashamed of herself and will never attempt such a thing again.

I call to mind the case of an American woman, an army officer's widow, who resided in Paris, maintained by a Government pension. It was my bitter experience several years ago to wring from her on the pier a confession that an assortment of gowns in her trunks was intended for a dealer.

She had with her a letter from a gentleman in our diplomatic service attesting that she was a bona-fide non-resi-

dent, and bespeaking for her our courtesy and expedition in passing her baggage in bond to an interior city. For reasons not essential to state here, we felt that a careful examination was necessary.

#### An Indignant Smuggler

"MADAM," I asked, using the stereotyped query required of us, "have you any articles intended as presents, or for sale, or as commissions for others, which have not been mentioned in your declaration?"

"Certainly not!" she said indignantly.
"It will be necessary to open your trunks," I said as courteously as possible.

Her face grew livid.

"They are to go through in bond," she said. "You will open them at your peril."

"Madam, will you be kind enough to give me the keys?"

She turned and made as if to leave the pier.

"Your keys?" I said again.

She froze me. I called a porter. Let me explain here that we are not required to perform the physical act of opening baggage. The department thinks it unwise, on the theory that in the eyes of many it would injure the inspector's efficiency.

Besides it would mean dirty hands—and dirty hands would ruin a dainty wardrobe. Of course, in the absence of a porter or a cooper, we give assistance when needed. "The keys, madam!" I insisted.

Again she ignored me. Her scorn was superb. I spoke to the porter. In a twinkling he had done something we seldom resort to: he neatly cut out the lock of a trunk and threw back the lid. Before us lay a shimmering mass of women's finery.

Appraisal showed three thousand dollars' worth of apparel in those trunks, only a

small part of which belonged to the would-be carrier. Subsequently she turned state's evidence and gave testimony that resulted in the conviction of the dealer. In consideration of a few gowns and transportation to and from the United States she had become his tool. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A slim young miss from Chicago, we shall say—though Chicago was not the city—essayed a similar performance after establishing residence in Paris. She had gone there to study, with a woman of apparent culture and integrity, retained by the girl's busy father—a widower presumably—as chaperon and traveling companion.

The character of the girl's baggage and the simplicity of her dress were so at variance with a lot of costly model gowns found in her trunks that the intent to defraud was patent. None of the models fitted her.

Gently we questioned the girl. She broke down utterly, weeping. Her chaperon, in league with a dressmaker, had persuaded her to take the chance. This woman was found guilty in the Federal courts; but to our great diagust she was fined only eighty-four dollars. The little girl was allowed to go.

(Continued on Page 33)

# HEN TAKES POSSESSION

EN HINKLEY softly shut the picket gate behind him. Then he looked stealthily around the corner of the house. He drew a long, deep, alcoholic breath - a sigh of satisfaction. Two figures labored in the dim distance. Ma Hinkley must be in the house alone. Things were coming Hen's way.

He tiptoed into the house. When he reached the kitchen he drew himself up to his full height and clomped in.

"Hello, ma!" he said. "Where's Gret and Gretta? They ain't takin' to leavin' you alone? "Tain't right, ma. I'll have to talk politics to 'em.

Hen's voicewas lowered instinctively to a certain pitch. He wanted ma to hear him-and yet he preferred that two other people, working at the fence out there, should not even know he was about.

Ma Hinkley scrutinized his face.

"Hen," she said in quavering tones, "Hen, you're lookin' better. Y'ain't so pale.

Hen nodded. He had been palevery pale. He had spent the winter months in the penitentiary, sent up as the chief offender in a drunken brawl, and he had been out but three short days. For two of the three days he had remained with this deathly pallor on his face. The reason was sufficient: He could not get drink without money or credit, and he had neither.

Only yesterday ma had yielded. Hen had had to buy some tools to start working at his new trade-what it was Hen did not just say-and ma had furnished a reasonable amount of the wherewithal. She had furnished it in secret, behind closed doors. Ma's daughter Gret had not known anything about it.

Hen, having procured this reasonable sum of money, had laid it out in tools that improved his complexion. His face was ruddy. So was his proboscis.

"Y'ain't so pale, Hen," repeated his mother. "Ye'r lookin' better, Hen."

Hen nodded toward her with an affectionate leer assumed for the occasion. He was glad of one thing-old age and many coughs and colds had taken from ma one of

her five senses: she couldn't smell.

"I'm feelin' better, ma," returned Hen. "You know I can't drink no more. They cured me of the habit up there. I've come to hate drink, ma. Look here!"

He rolled over to a little cupboard and opened it. Inside there was a brown bottle, kept for emergencies. He uncorked it. He smelt of it. A beatific expression overspread his countenance. Hen felt the need of a drink. He placed the bottle in close proximity to his lips. Then, remembering suddenly, he thrust it from him in disgust.

"You see, ma!" he went on virtuously. "I hate the stuff now. It ain't not only that I don't want it-I can't take it. I've been cured."

"That's fine!" said ma gratefully. Something in her mouth—her teeth possibly—became disarranged. She paused in her speech to correct the interruption. Finally she mumbled—almost apologetically, as one who would not look a gift horse in the mouth: "Hen, did you get the tools?"

"Ordered 'em," returned Hen, "special. They told me up there where I learnt th' trade to order special; if I didn't I'd get stuck. So I ordered special, ma-f'm New York," he added glibly. "I couldn't order special in this God-forsaken town of Hendershot—now, could I, ma? So I ordered I'm New York. An' ma," he went on confidentially, looking carefully round, "what d'ye think I got? I'm goin' to get a job."

"Come over close," said ma; "I can't hear—on'y don't talk so loud 'at Gret'll hear you. You've got a job, Hen?" Her eyes shone proudly. She wheezed with satisfaction.

Hen lumbered over toward ber, but still stood at a respectful distance. He wasn't sure whether ma's infirmity as to smell was total or merely constructively so. Alcohol is an insidious thing. It searches out the feeblest kind of an olfactory nerve.

"What's yer job?" asked ma.

"You wouldn't understand, ma," returned Hen; "but you've heard tell of concrete, ain't you? Well, ma, it's a job on concrete. An' the tools-there's a dozen of 'em,

## By William Hamilton Osborne



"Hen, Put That Money Back!"

graded—has got to be just so. You see the job is the same as the trade I learnt up there. An' I c'd go to work tomorrer if I had my tools." He looked at the floor. "If I only had my tools," he repeated; "an'—an' somethin' else. An' if I can't get that somethin' else I don't get the job." "What else d'ye need?" asked Ma Hinkley.

Hen scraped the unoffending kitchen floor-it was as clean as wax-with his muddy shoes.

"I hate to tell you, ma," he faltered, his eyes on the floor.

"It ain't—it ain't money, is it, Hen?"

"Money!" returned Hen in despair. "It is money, ma. Money is the only thing that keeps me from that job. If I don't get th' money I don't get th' job; an' if I don't get th' job I'll get discouraged; an' if I get discouraged I'm liable to take to drink."

His eyes wandered toward the cupboard. He wished that he could take to drink at once.

"I-I thought you couldn't drink no more!" said ma. Hen nodded.

"The doc at the—up there," he answered, "says there's only one thing that'd drive me back to drink, an' that's discouragement. That's what he said, ma. So long as I c'n get a job, I can't drink. An'"—he added desperately—

"I got to have money to get it, ma." "How much d'ye need, Hen?" she quavered.

Hen drew a long breath.

"I need ninety dollars, ma," said Hen.

Ma shivered.

"I ain't on'y got ninety-two dollars," she said.

"I know it, ma. The man wanted a hundred—that's what he wanted. An' I told him I c'd on'y raise ninety. So he said all right. But I got to have it, ma-t' keep me from drink."

Ma rose feebly, struggling from her chair. Hen didn't dare to help her-he feared to go too close. Besides, it was not within Hen's code to help anybody else.

Ma turned and lifted up her cushion, and then lifted up the seat. Under the seat was a little square recess and fitting tight within the recess was a battered tin box. This tin box was a thing ma lived with, day and night. She sat on it all day and slept on it all night-and she was a light sleeper and a heavy sitter, was Ma Hinkley-especially of late years. She drew forth the box, replaced her cushion and the seat, and sank once more, wheezing, into her chair,

Hen, forgetting caution, bent over her. Ma fumbled with the bills.

"I've spent all my money on you, Hen," she said.

"You'll get it back, ma-every cent!" said Hen. He held out his hand and ma counted out the bills.

"An' ten is ninety-there y'a.re, Hen!" she finally exclaimed.

Hen's hand closed on the bills. He thrust them into his trousers pock et. He was just in time. An instant la ter a woman in a gray duster and with a disheveled hat on her head swoop ed down on him and on Ma Hinkley.

"Hen," said this woman, "put that

money back!"

Ma glanced up in surprise.
"It ain't Gret!" she exclaimed. "Well, if it ain't Mena Kessler took us by surprise!"

Mena Kessler-she was ma's oldest daughter and she lived "over to Bascom," five miles away—did not answer. With one hand she held Hen's arm; with the other she gripped the tin box.

"Put the money back, Hen!" she exclaimed. "Y'ain't got no right to it." "It's ma's!" returned Hen stoutly.

"She kin do with it what she likes." "She can't!" said Mena. "She's got to leave it to us when she dies. How much did you give him, ma?"

Hen wrenched himself free and attempted to secure the tin box. Mena retained possession of it.

"You b'en drinkin' again, Hen! Shame on you!"

"He ain't b'en drinkin'," protested ma; "he's stopped drinkin'. He can't drink-it disgusts him, Mena. Hen don't drink no more."

"He must wash in it, then," said Mena sniffing.

Hen shook his head.

"What you smell, Mena," he explained, "is a medicine I take to keep me from it. I don't drink, I tell you. I've quit for good an' all."

Mena turned her back on Hen. Hen stole softly toward the door. Mena opened the cover of the tin box. In it there was a collection of odds and ends and a two-dollar

bill—and nothing else.

"Ma Hinkley!" cried Mena, glaring in astonishment—
"Ma Hinkley, what's become of all your money? You had hundreds an' thousands, fer all I know, in this box. What's become of it? I've got a right to know!"

Ma did not answer. The thin blood crept into her face, "You give it to him!" cried Mena. "Is thet so?" Ma did not answer. Mena Kessler stooped over and shook her

mother. "Answer me!" she commanded.

Ma was silent. The full force of the truth broke in on Mena. Ma had permitted Hen to rob her, bit by bit, of almost every dollar she had.

"You ought to go to the penitentiary, ma," said Mena. "You're as bad as Hen-every bit. I got some rights, ain't I? When you was dead I was goin' to set up my boy Herman in business with my share of that money. You're a criminal, ma-that's what you are! You've robbed

honest people of their money—you've robbed me ——"
"Who's robbed you, Mena?" said a voice behind her.
Mena swung about. She knew that voice. An undersized, middle-aged, wiry, well-formed little woman faced Behind this woman was her counterpart-a young girl. The woman was not without traces of beauty-she certainly looked fit. The young girl had all her mother's wiriness and form, and she had all the beauty her mother had lost as years went on.

"Who's robbed you, Mena Kessler?" defiantly queried this woman.

Mena Kessler folded her arms and looked down in contempt and anger at her sister.

"Gret," she cried offensively, "y'ain't fit to manage mother—ye don't know how. Mother's gone an' give all her money to that big drunken sot there!"

She turned to Hen—that is, she thought she did; but Hen was not in sight. With his clutch on ninety dollars in real cash Hen was on his way. His way, he assured himself, led along the primrose path. He humped himself, for he needed a big drink—and then another; then possibly some more.

"For years," cried Mena Kessler, "she's been givin' him her money." She leered suspiciously, "Unless," she added, "she's b'en givin' some to you."

Gret-her name was Gretta Schepp-had married; the young girl was her child. Gret was Ma Hinkley's youngest daughter. Gret shook her head.

"Ma never give rae no money, Mena!" she exclaimed. "What I need, I earn. What Gretta needs, I earn. An' what's more—what ma needs, I earn.

"Ain't you never borrowed?" queried Mena.

"Not from ma," said Gret.

Finding no thoroughfare here, Mena Kessler grew more angry than ever.

"It's all your fault—lettin' ma squander on a drunken

loafer, Gret! Why didn't you watch her close?"
"I did," said Gret quietly. "There ain't nobody can keep nothin' from me. I knew all about it all the time. What's more, many times I seen her give it to him."

"An' you didn't stop her!" screamed Mens.

"I didn't even let her know I saw," said Gret.
"You darned fool!" yelled Mena. "Why not? That
money belongs to us."

"It belonged to ma," said Gret; "an' it was ma's one pleasure—givin' to Hen. She's got a right to pleasure, ain't she, in her old age? You know she always liked Hen. She never had no time for us girls-it was always Hen. Well, she's had her pleasure-an' she had a right to it. I'm satisfied to let my share go for that."

"I ain't satisfied!" cried Mena. "An'-what's more-I'm goin' to see that ma don't get robbed no more."

"She ain't got no more—Hen Hinkley's got it all," said Gret.

"She owns this place, don't she? An' it's worth thousands, ain't it? It's one o' the tidiest places an' one o' the biggest places in Hendershot, ain't it? 'Fore long she'll be givin' it to Hen."

"No, she won't," said Gret. "It'd take a lawyer to do that, an' ma's skeered o' lawyers. And, besides, the lawyer wouldn't let her give it to Hen."

"He would if he was Hen's lawyer."

"Hen can't get no lawyer," answered Gret.

"Ma," said Mena firmly, "you git yourself ready.

You're comin' home with me—to Bascom."

Ma flushed. She flushed with pleasure and excitement. She had often hinted at a visit—had almost asked Mena; and not only Mena, but Sophie Gebhard-her third daughter-to take her for a visit. Hitherto invitations had not

been forthcoming. She brightened visibly.
"You're comin' home with me," went on Mena; "for a while anyhow," she added, hedging a bit, for she wasn't just sure how her man might take this thing; "for a while, till I can get some sense in your head." She turned back

on Gret. "You're no good, Gret!" she yelled. "You ain't got sense. You never ain't had sense. Th' idea! Lookin' on while ma squandered on a drunk! Ha! You never was o' much account. You couldn't keep your man for more'n ten months, c'd you now? An' look what you got-a miserable beast like that man Schepp!"

Gret smiled.

"I don't know," she said reminiscently, "but I'm about as well off as you be, Mena. I got married anyhow. An' I got a child. An' ten months is just about enough for me. Now I ain't got to knuckle down to no man-like others have. It was considerable of a strain f'r Schepp to keep decent for ten months. He was a beast, all right. I know

that now. But that ten months was pretty average, Mena. An' I ain't got no man a-naggin' at me now-like others has."

"Who do you mean by others has?"

Gret laughed tauntingly.

"I was just a-thinkin' o' my sister, Sophie Gebhard," she returned.

"That's different," said Mena.

"Sophie Gebhard-an' others," added Gret dreamily.

That very afternoon Ma Hinkley started for Bascom. Mena took her over in a hired carriage. Gret supplied the horse—Gret had a horse. He was an ice horse in summer and a coal horse in winter. Gret sold ice by the piece and coal by the pail to the surrounding neighborhood. Her storehouse was an old shed next the barn. Her horse was a necessary asset, for every day she went to the canal and bought half a wagonful of ice and half a wagonful of coal.

"He'll get you there, ma," said Gret; "an' he won't get much excited over it. So don't you worry-on'y," she added to Mena, "you get him back termorrer."

"Where's that two dollars, ma?" said Mena. "It costs me that to hire this carriage for a day." Ma passed it over.

"Now," went on Gret, "you treat ma kind and gentle, Mena. That's all I ask o' you." Mena bridled.

"Don't you tell me how to treat ma!" she cried with asperity as they drove off.

As a matter of fact she did treat ma "kind and gentle." So did all the family in Bascom. Even Mena's man was kind and gentle. Ma felt as though she were in a butter tub. There was plenty of heat and lots to eat, and her favorite . dishes were always in evidence. The children bought her gifts and made her aprons, pillows and wash-rags. They played games with her.

Ma began to revise her ideas. Bascom was almost a city, and Mena Kessler and her man were almost city folks. Ma found herself quivering with pleasure and excitement.

Gret would have left her to revel in this Paradise; but not so Mena. Mena brought the morning paper in one day and laid it on ma's lap.

"Ma," she said, pointing out an item, "you might as well know first as last: Hen Hinkley has gone up to the penitentiary-fer a year this time. He's been on a tear ever sence you give him that money that I caught you givin' him-an' he got into another drunken brawl.

"Now, ma," Mena went on, ignoring ma's whimpers "the time's come when your best friends have got to talk to you. Do you believe that I'm your best friend? That's the question now. I'm your oldest, ma, and I'm best calculated to advise you. Ain't I? An' my man an' my children-ain't we your best friends? Don't we know what's best? Don't we treat you right?"

Ma had to acknowledge that they did. This point gained, Mena followed up her advantage. "I'm your best

friend, ma," she went on, "and I'm goin' to give you good advice. You ought to make your will. You got a tidy piece o' property in Hendershot, ma, and you ought to think about it. You ought to make your will."

Ma made her will in fear and trembling. She expected to drop dead immediately thereafter-but she did not. Something else dropped, howeverthe enthusiasm of the Kesslers. Bit by bit they lost interest in ma. They even made overtures to Sophie Gebhard. They invited Sophie-Sophie, remember, was ma's second daughter-over to lunch one day, an unprecedented thing; and told Sophie, much to ma's surprise, that ma was visiting all her daughters before she died.

During the course of the day, Menn, with considerable lack of tact, outlined the history of Hen's iniquity in getting his hands on all ma's tangible assets. From that time forth Sophie took interest; she urged ma to visit



"We Got to Hire a Speaklust, er We'll Die, Both of Us"

her-urged with enthusiasm.

Ma went with her. The Kesslers after her departure sighed with relief. Mena Kessler drew out the will and read it for the hundredth time to her

"She leaves everything to me," said Mena ecstatically. "Now I've got just what I want."

Her man nodded inquiet satisfaction.

"It's all in legal form," he said; "the lawyer said so. They'll never be able to break that will."

"Never!" said Mena.

Ma went to Sophie Gebhard's, where she was treated with eminent distinction. Mena had made the mistake of not keeping up her enthusiastic hospitality until the end. The social air was getting chilly when ma left Mena's. The

warmth of Sophie Gebhard's welcome was delightful. Ma spent some months at Sophie's. At length Sophie had a heart-to-heart talk with ma behind closed doors.

"Ma," she said, "of all your children I'm the one who liked you best. I always liked my ma. Don't you remember, when I was a little kid, how I used to like you? And I like you now. . . . Ma," she said tenderly, "I want you to do something for me-I want you to make a will."

Ma started.

"I-I made one!" she gasped.

It was Sophie's turn to start.

"For Hen?" she cried. "He's a good-for-nothin', ma."

"It—it wasn't for Hen I did it," whimpered ma.

"Gret ain't no right to think she owns you, ma,"
protested Sophie. "We all 've got some rights."

"It was Mena," faltered ma.

Sophie burst forth into vituperation against Mena. Then she went out to see a lawyer. She came back with the lawyer and with a radiant face.

"Here's the lawyer, ma," she said. "You're goin' to make your will."

"I made one," faltered ma. "How can I make another?" "You may make as many as you like," said the lawyer.

It's the last one that counts." He took out his notebook. "What's your pleasure, Mrs. Hinkley?" he inquired.

"I've talked it all over with ma," said Sophie; "and to tell the truth, ma is afraid of all her children but me. She can trust me—can't you, ma?"

"Yes, Sophie," said ma.

"Mena has done a mean thing," went on Sophie: "she's got ma to make a will in her favor, and she intends to keep it for herself. Now I thought that if ma put her estate in the hands of some person she could trust-like me-why, I'd see to it that the estate was rightly divided up. I'd see that all got justice. Ma can trust me to that extent—can't you, ma?"

"Why shouldn't I?" weakly responded ma.

"So ma wants you to make out a will leaving everything

And appointing you executor?" said the lawyer.

"Exactly," said Sophie; "just leaving it outright to me; and I'll treat 'em all right-Hen and Gret and even Mena too. That's right, ain't it, ma?"

Ma said it was. So the lawyer went back to his office and drew up the will and brought a witness back. The second will was signed.

Once more ma found the mercury descending. Finally Sophie sent for Gret. Before doing so, however, she cau-tioned ma not to say a word about the will—and cautioned her against making any other wills. She told ma that under the law a person could make two wills, but no more; and that to make a third was a state's-prison offense. Then she sent for Gret.

Gret came by train.

"We got to go back by train, you an' me, ma," said Gret, "unless Sophie can blow us to a ride."

(Continued on Page 48)



## THE GAY-CAT By Patrick Casey

T WAS a night of fog. Slowly over the sleek, wet ties the two hoboes shuffled. They were a man and a boy. The boy did not walk at an even stride with the man. He followed, like a shrunken shadow, a step behind. It was significant. Both were tattered, blackened by grime and chilled with the fog. They were hunched of shoulder, heavy-legged. They were alike save for that interval of a step. That marked a difference. It was a difference old as the world. It began when first a slave stumbled after the dominator through the bleak dusk of the primeval. It showed

The face of the boy burned with the chill of the fog. They had ridden the brakes from Ogden in cramped proximity to the roadbed and the clacking wheels. Flying pebbles had cut their skin with nasty scratches. Dust and cinders had eaten like acid into the cuts. The damp of the fog loosened those gatherings. Like salt in the wind it made the cuts sting.

that the one served the other.

The boy rubbed his face with a threadbare sleeve, stiff as sandpaper with dirt. He whimpered. The man went on. He heard the boy. He did not turn his head. The boy, had he done so,

would have backed away in fear. He rubbed his face again. Again he whimpered. It was not to arouse sympathy. It was the outpouring of a soul's misery. It was like an animal's. Misery was inside of him. Like an animal he whimpered to rid himself of that misery. All the while, at that interval of a step, hunched of shoulder, shuffling legged, he slouched on after the other through the fog.

Neither the man nor the boy caught the moan of the dog that followed them. It was like an echo of the boy's. It came from behind them, at each whimper of the boy, like sympathy. It echoed, as they reached the hangout, the last whimper of the boy.

The hangout was down from the railroad embankment in a field of rusted car-wheels. The wheels were in immovable twos, a three-inch axle slung between. At the end of the stretch of wheels was the hangout, barricaded on one side by a corrugated iron windshield, roughly thrown up, and on the other by a derelict gondola freight car.

The man and the boy halted at the end of the car-wheels. The hoboes in the hangout had finished eating. They lay on stray ties or on the scattered straw and excelsior with faces to the fire. The light of the fire disclosed the man, and behind him the boy.

"If it ain't Frisco Red!" exclaimed one prone figure. A number of hoboes sat up and greeted the man.

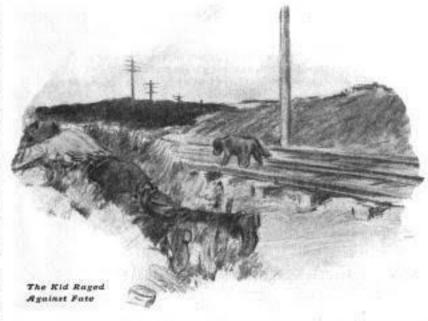
No one spoke to the boy. He made at once for the fire. A stew was cooking there in a smoke-blackened oil can. He sniffed the stew like an animal as he drew near. He peered into the blackened can. There was enough left. It was a mulligan. Everything was in that stew-meat, potatoes, onions, bread-an appetizing hodgepodge. They could eat their fill. What remained of the stew, now that the hoboes had eaten, was any one's that would come and take.

The man had appropriated a tie near the fire. On it on his stomach he basked, his face to the blaze. It was a large face. The red stubble of a week's growth thickened the outline and made it appear more bloated. His nose

was fatly bulbous. He had borrowed the makings from one of the hoboes. He puffed deeply. At long intervals, in thick, complacent streams, he exhaled the smoke.

The boy hunted round for the tin plates. With excelsior he cleaned two. He fished out on a stick potatoes and onions and meat and bread, and heaped them in a smelly, steaming mess upon the plates. To Frisco Red he brought one of the plates. The stew steamed fragrantly about the red shaggy head as with grimy fingers the burly hobo dug for the first mouthfuls among the potatoes and shreds of meat.

"That's some kid yuh got, Red," said one hobo. He watched the boy as the youngster carried his own smoking dish to the



outer rim of the crowd and sat down with it on his knees. Say, how much yuh want fer that kid?"

The boy ateravenously. He did not lift his head. He ate as though he had not heard the offer of purchase. He ate inelegantly, quickly, greedily, with a thorough and wholesome enjoyment of the coarse food. It was his first meal in twelve hours.

"You wanter buy that kid?" Red said. He looked at the boy. The hobo was watching the boy. "Wal, that kid ain't for sale. He's a valyable road-kid, that's what, and he ain't for sale. There ain't a kid like him this side of the Hump—nor t'other side either. He's valyable, I tell yuh. You should have seen him batter the back doors up in Ogden. Handouts every time. Handouts for me. That kid don't want no handouts. He gets setdowns. Yes, siree, bo; every time. Setdowns in the kitchen.

"And State Street, Chicago, bo. He sure mooched that stem. No nickels. Dimes, buddie, and most like a quarter or a half. The women fall for that kid. Them high-waisted farmers' wives most of all—'He's so wis'ful kinder,' one says to me-him bein' that white and thin and scrawny, though yuh see how he sure digs into that stew. But he handles em cute, that kid. He's too valyable. He don't need to batter no back doors. He can beg coin. He don't have to throw his feet. He can beg coin enough to keep me in booze regularlike. He's a valyable prushun, that kid. Yuh can't buy him."

He fell to again on the food. He thrust a dripping, meatcoated bone in his mouth. He sucked at the brown cells greedily with a clucking of licking lips. He gnawed the bone. He looked round like a huge mastiff, bone in mouth, greasy fingers upholding the ends, to view his property. The boy was bowed-head over his food.
"No, bo." He removed the bone and shook his great

shaggy head. "I don't sell that kid, not for no money. I've had him for three years, that kid. He was twelve. He's kept me in grub and rum money for all that time. Three years I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-inthe-glass stiff. I'll make him that, like you and me, blowed-in-the-glass stiffs. He's not what yuch call attached to me. I'm a wicious man when drunk. But he knows enough, that kid. He knows enough to do what I say and hand me the coin.

"I learned him that, yuh see. One time it was comin' over the Hump under the headligh t. It was cold under them snowsheds and black. That light overhead was without any heat. Its beam 'ud make yuh shiver. It was cold. The kid he was whimperin' like a sick dorg. You know the way. It got my goat-that and the cold and that light in all the dark. I told him I'd showe him off. I did bend him over the irons. I guess he never forgot that. Did yuh, Kid?"

"No, Red," said the boy without raising his eyes from the plate.

The man looked triumphantly round at his

listeners, smudgy faces trembling red in the light

"Three years ago that was. Three years I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-in-theglass stiff. But he's still enough of a kid to be worth coin to me. Not fur five bones would I

sell him. He's too valyable. No," he added, more to himself than to the tramps, "I won't sell him."

The boy was thin-wristed and slim. His face was

pinched and very pale where it was not streaked with dirty scratches. His eyes were the blue of the gypsying Celt. They were pitifully deep-sunken.

He was a road-kid who begged at back doors and along public streets for the hobo who had appropriated him. There are many such road-kids. Their youth assures success at begging. Therefore they are of value. The hobo with a road-kid lives a life of ease. The kid is his drudge, his slave. It was that way with Frisco Red and the Kid. The Kid's appearance gave him power to attract sympathy. The burly hobo exploited that power. In return there were lessons in the tricks of the hobo trade. Also there were lessons in brutality. By sundry cuffs and kicks the man made the boy's life almost unendurable. At regular intervals there were thorough beatings.

Frisco Red had appropriated the Kid to his own use. Had he not, another hobo would have done so. Three times they had tried to steal the Kid. The boy had clung to him. Kicking, biting, screaming, the boy had clung to the red-headed, unlovely hobo. It was not attachment. He was afraid of the others. He was afraid of the road alone.

The Kid threw the bones and few left-over scraps of the meal upon the ground. He went over to Red to borrow from that borrower the makings of an after-dinner cigarette. He came back deftly rolling it.

In a sort of piteous delight, as it nuzzled the bones the boy had thrown away, the dog was making soft noises. It had been haunting the shadows since it had followed the two along the tracks and into the jungle. The Kid had turned his back. Thereat the smell of meat had lured it in.

The Kid run toward the dog.

"Hello, pup," he said. "How are you, old hobo?"

The dog was a yellow dog. He was a mongrel. There was some strain of terrier in him that made him small. He

backed away, growling. He would not trust the Kid. He was starving. Yet, as the Kid approached to pet and make friends with him, he left the meat and, growling,

backed away.

"Aw, bo," the Kid
pleaded; "let me pat you, will yer? What yer'fraid of? I sin't no gay-cat that 'ud kick you after makin' friends. I'm a blowed-in-the-glass stiff. I am. Come on, oldtimer. Let me pat yer. Aw, will yer?"

He leaned forward. His breath came in gasps. His hands went out. The partially rolled cigarette dropped from his fingers. The fingers moved in soft caresses. They were wasted on the air, but they were pitifully significant; they were significant of how the Kid would treat that dog.



"Aw, Red Shouldn't be Jo Mean. What's Eatin' Red?"

Onlis pale, dirty face was a peculiar expression. Rapture was in the deep-sunk eyes. In his eyes was the look some umarried women have when they see a child.

"Tryin' to scare me, huh?" Step by step he advanced on the slowly backing dog, his body crouched, his hands patting the air with infinite tenderness. "You old Gay-cat, you can't scare me. I'm a-goin' to make chums with you. You see. Aw, yer old Gay-cat, what you 'fraid of?'

The dog turned tail. With the indescribable hunched back of a cur, yellow tail snuggling between his legs, the dog bolted in fear of him into the shadows.

The boy sat down on a tie. He fingered his ears. "Aw," he said, "I wouldn't 'a' hurt him."

The dog was starving. From a different angle he stole into camp. He breathed with fear. The meat drew him on. The boy did not look up. He did not know that the dog had come back. He had lost all faith in that dog. The dog would not trust him. The dog was not a blown-in-the-glass

stiff. He was a cur. He was a gay-cat!
"Not a real gay-cat," qualified the Kid. "No, not a real gay-cat. It's mean treatment that's a-done it. He's horstile to everybody, even boes like me. He's a stiff, all right. But he's 'fraid like a gay-cat. That's all."

A gay-cat is the scorn of hoboes. He is a fake hobo. He lacks altogether the qualities of a blown-in-the-glass stiff. He will "peach" on his mates.

He will turn against a friend when that friend is down to tomato cans. Anything and everything vile and despicable is worthy of a gay-cat. To call a man that is to brand him with the most loathed name a hobo knows. It is the quintessence of contempt.

The dog made the final whimpering plunge. Down on forepaws he went and burrowed his slant muzzle in the straw for the meat. He made soft sounds of self-pity and of joy. The while teeth and forepaws struggled over the bones, the tragic curl of tail, so used to snuggling his back in fright, wagged forlornly in a daze of

happiness. Neither the forlorn tail nor the squeals of joy did the boy see or hear. His elbows were on his rocking knees. His fingers rubbed slowly up and down, with the gentle unconscious motion, under the lobes of his ears. It was not often he thought of home. But now, while his boy's soul was possessed by an utterness of despair, he visualized the little cottage clearly. Whenever he

thought of it it was the samealways as it had been in the morning when the air was sweet and the marguerites near the picket fence had no dust on their whiteness.

It was up in Grass Valley. Before the damp had got him his father had been a workman in the mines. His mother always gave setdowns to hoboes. Year after year she did that. All the hoboes knew the white-faced little woman. "The lady in the shawl," they called her. Always she asked them, in return for her kindness, to look for her baby who was out there among all those lost boys and men.

For him every night she kept a lamp lighted-an oil lamp in the window. That was his room. A hundred roadkids had slept for a night within the pink-papered little cubby. They had told him.

But the Kid did not go back. He felt he never could go back. He knew when the train shrilled high up on the side of the valley and the sounds dropped down he would go as he had gone before. He never could stay on. An urge was in him. That urge had drawn him out of the arms of his graying mother when he was twelve, and after a circus train that had dipped into the little valley to extract its tribute of quarters and the irretrievable tribute of boys. That miserable urge kept him moving-moving to find peace. It was the wanderlust. The wanderlust held him in a ble slavery than did Frisco Reueler and more irrevoca For it he endured Frisco Red. But the urge for always moving on was his real master. The accursed wanderlust!

The dog sought beneath his feet for more scraps. But the Kid did not know. He remembered one morning when the train whistles came clear across the valley and there was no dust on the white marguerites. He had played that morning with a black-and-tan puppy beneath the smelly bushes near the picket fence. The puppy was the gift of a miner. The boy called it Prince. All the time it had struggled in his arms in an ecstasy of affection to lick his face. The round bundle of fat had made him laugh. He remembered he had rolled, shrieking with laughter, over on his back and the puppy had licked his face. He remembered exactly how it had licked his face.

He thought he imagined that wet kiss on his downheld cheek. It was as wet as real. A cold breath fanned the scratched cheek. The Kid's lack of movement had won the dog over. The mongrel that had fled from him was making friends. But it did cringe in a terribly abject way when the Kid leaped to his feet at the kiss.

"Yer not a gay-cat, are you?" he said exultantly. "You

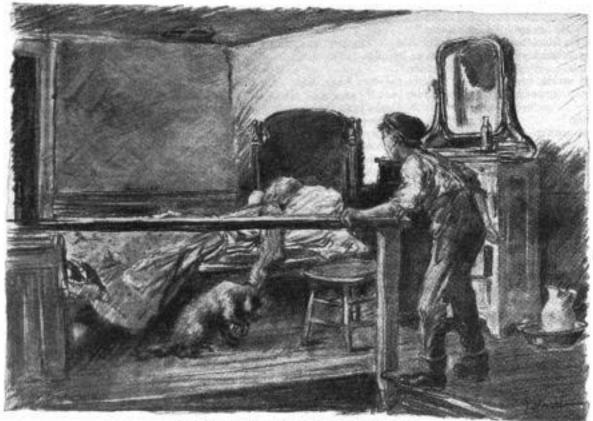
came back like a regular stiff. Now yer did!"

He reached down and quickly lifted up the dog, the while the frightened mongrel struggled and tried to bite. He sat down and began to pet, to reassure the dog. Against his pinched white face he rubbed the cold muzzle. The dog whined piteously. Then the dog squatted down and, cocking its head to the movements of the petting hands, tried to lick them. The little brute whimpered softly. The whimpers came every now and then as if in an excess of gratitude. He climbed up on the boy. Just as the other dog had done he tried to lick the boy's face.
"Like Prince," the Kid glowed. "He tries to lick my

face just like Prince." He put his cheek, in the restfulness of whole-souled affection, against the cold muzzle.

"What yuh got there, Kid?" asked a hobo, sprawling near.

"A dog. Can't yer see?"



The Dog Did Not Leap Up and Upon the Kid

Frisco Red looked round at the proud rejoinder. "A dorg? Wot yuh doin' with a dorg, Kid?"

'Aw, playin'. Jes' playin', Red. But ain't he some dog though?'

The better to show off the mongrel the Kid put him down upon his feet. Frisco Red returned, without another word or a second look at the dog, to his conversation with Pittsburgh Shorty and Cheyenne Joe. Dogs did not interest him at all, and his road-kid but little.

Some time later Frisco Red spoke a short word. The Kid went out into the darkness to gather a few staggering armfuls of wood. It was to keep the fire blazing through the night. He paid with toil for what he and his master had eaten; also for what the dog had eaten. That was a last thought. It made the boy stoop with a certain thrill of pleasure to the task. He ripped off planking from the floor of the derelict flat car. He trotted back and forth with the reighty armfuls. All the while at his heels the dog sniffed.

The hoboes drew nearer the fire and curled up preparatory to going to sleep. The Kid drew up his tie. It was not so near the fire as theirs. He knew his place. He took off coat and vest. He placed the folded vest under him for a pillow. Loosely over him he cast the dirt-stiffened coat.

The dog wriggled and squirmed, pulled with his teeth with his head, until he coat. Snuggling close for warmth he lay on the Kid's chest. So they slept, the Kid and the dog. The lean hairy body was held tightly in the boy's arms. Against his neck lay the warm-breathing muzzle. The Kid waked from time to time with the cold of the night. The dog whimpered each time and ran a wet tongue along the Kid's neck. Then the Kid smiled and hugged the dog the tighter.

The Kid awoke in the brisk of dawn. "Get out, you old Gay-cat," he mumbled to the hairy bundle of warmth on his chest. He called the dog a "gay-cat" and smiledgay-cat, which means all that is despicable and loathed!

It was a species of mock contempt. So a man calls his wife old woman." It was to hide, in masculine fashion, the thrill of love in his voice.

The camp was heaving awake, like so many maggots in the dew. The hoboes crawled out of their floppings like dead souls awakened by some inexorable law in which they had no wish or say. They stood up and stretched grotesquely and shivered in the damp. Frisco Red stood up, raw of beard, ashen of face and seedy. He kicked into cowering life one who was old and who overslept.

"Get up, bo," he said, the before-breakfast husk in his voice. "Got to throw your feet if yuh want scoffin's."

He turned a gray face to the Kid.

"Kid," he said, "you'll have to batter for handouts this mornin'. I'll get my own scoffin's. Gee, I feel like I used to when I'd downed three cups. But you batter for handouts, Kid. The women are horstile to me. I look rough and raw. But you're sure to get'em snivelin' over yuh, a pretty kid like you. We got to walk to the water tank this mornin' and we need handouts."

The boy started to leave the hangout. The Gay-cat stalked into life at his heels.

"Say, Kid," said Frisco Red, "can't have that dorg round. Lose him in the first back yard. Hear me, Kid? The boy turned back beseechingly.

"Aw, Red, can't I keep him? Can't I keep him, Red?"

"The first back yard, Kid. Get me? I don't want no pet dorgs for mine. How yuh goin' to batter back doors with him all the time snoopin' round at yer heels?"

"Aw, say now, Red, he ain't hurtin' yer none. He's only a dog-a hobo dog, Red. He won't a-hurt me beggin'."

Frisco Red looked into the deep-sunk eyes of the Kid.

"The first back yard," he said with monotonous insist-

With shoulders hunched and head drooped miserably forward the Kid led the way. There was the field of rusty brown car-wheels, two by two, forever two by two. Then it was up the rough embankment of gravel where the tracks shot on either way into the lift of distance. Beyond that, after they had mounted it, could be seen a gray flat of marshy land that lay far to a blue suggestion of hills. Hunched of shoulder, shuffling-stepped, the black hulks of the hoboes, at regular intervals along the embankment, punctuated the sky like perverted question marks.

The Kid led the way. The dog ran by his side. His head drooped in sympathy. Every now and then the Kid spoke. "Aw, Red shouldn't be so mean," he would say. "What's eatin' Red? He acts awful mean."

A side-tracked train of disreputably old boxcars bulked ahead. A man was climbing down the ladder of the first bunk car as, with the dog at his heels, the boy shuffled by. The dog barked at him as he leaped to the ground. "That your dog, Kid?" he greeted.

The Kid halted. The other hoboes slumped spinelessly by toward town.

"You've said somethin', bo," he answered quite manfully. "Say, yer couldn't stack us up to some eats, could yer, boss-jes' the dog and me?"

The look of the drooping dog and the pale, thin-wristed and wistful Kid had its effect. It was a picture so boyish and forlorn. The Kid ate with the foreman of the blocksignal installation crew. And the Gay-cat ate also, out of a tin plate of his own. The boss liked dogs. He placed, so he could watch him, the dog and his tin plate upon the oilcloth-covered table.

Smoking a cigarette he had borrowed from the construction boss the Kid went back to the hangout. There in that deserted field of rusted car-wheels he tossed sticks for the Gay-cat to fetch. It was a trick the dog had learned from some one in the past. Proudly he showed it off. All the time the Kid swore in fond raillery at the dog. When the little brute drew near he loved him with petting and as often with gentle cuffs. It was a strengthening of comradeship.

Frisco Red slouched into the jungle. He looked at the quieted dog. Then he looked at the Kid. The Kid cowered. He put out his hand. In it was the handout he had obtained for Red from the foreman.

Frisco Red squatted down on a tie and munched the cold meat and bread. To the constant clicking of his jaws the burly hobo watched steadily the boy and the dog.

When the last mouthful was finished he wiped his fingers on his stubbly lips. He drew from his overalls' pocket the inevitable little white muslin bag and sheaf of brown papers. These he fortunately had forgotten, the night before, to return to their owner. He lighted a cigarette. He drew deeply a few times. Then, half-consumed, he flipped the cigarette away. He got up in his track-worn shoes.

"Goin' to keep the dorg, Kid?"

"Aw, Red," said the Kid with dry lips. "Aw, let me keep him, Red."

"I told yuh to lose him, didn't I? The first back yard it was, wasn't it?"

"I only went as far as the construction train, Red. Let me keep him, will yer, Red? I didn't pass no back yards; honest, I didn't. Aw, Red!"

Frisco Red reached for the cowering Kid. He grasped him by the nape of the neck. He threw him on his face. He kicked him. He kicked more than once. He kicked viciously.

"The first back yard. Yuh was to ditch him. Yuh

The Kid sobbed from the straw and excelsior: "Don't, Red! Aw, Red!"

The dog snapped at that swinging foot. A well-directed kick caught him in the soft hanging part of the neck beneath the bristling ears. Over and over into the crackling litter the dog sprawled.

At last the Kid crawled out of it. He lay on his face behind a tie. By a roundabout path far from that booted foot the dog slunk to him. The dog 'icked his neck and exposed ear.

Frisco Red walked at a sharp stride toward the embankment. At the foot of the embankment he slowed up. He came back.

"Kid," he said, "yuh ditch the dorg."
The huddle behind the tie did not answer. Only in a tumult of sobbing it shook all over.

Frisco Red drew out papers and tobacco. Rolling a cigarette he moved away.

Two hours later, one of a reeling lot of hoboes, he reappeared. All were more or less drunk with cheap whisky. In Sacramento, in an alley behind the Capitol Bar, they had "rolled" a drunken rancher for his pocketbook.

The Gay-cat crouched in fear, at sight of Red, behind the Kid's legs. He whimpered softly in tense nervousness. Frisco Red stood absurdly hesitant on legs askew. He paid no attention to the Kid. He did not see the dog.

There was a consultation among the unsteady men. Then the grotesque squad moved forward. They moved forward in what appeared an exaggeration of their peculiar hobo shuffle. Dully, with heads lolling on necks, they followed the tracks away from town; the while, as occasional accompaniment, they bawled broad songs or the hymns learned in some slum mission where he that would sing might eat.

The endless punctuation of ties led on and on until even the marshes rose and became level with the tracks and were prairie land. Here, behind a barbed-wire fence and beneath soughing eucalyptus trees, a weather-worn farmhouse stood. About the foundations of the farmhouse was a flurry of chickens; but there was no other sign of life.

Along the line of wire fence the water tank upreared on its stilts. Frisco Red and the litter of tramps lay down upon their backs and drowsed in the shade of it. A little apart sat the Kid, the dog between his knees.

It was stinging noontide. The sunlight pelted down upon the drab eucalypti and the drabber men. Everything

was silent and dead with heat as high noon of an Indian summer Sunday.

"I'm hungry," said one youngish hobo some time later. "I'd like ter throw my feet at thet house. I'd batter it myself only-only it's horstile."

All knew it was hostile, On the water tank was plainly written that it was hostile. Beside the monakers or road names of a hundred hoboes were scratched such messages as: "Beware of dog." "Farmer has gun." "Farmhouse horstile." The messages were of a nature to cause the boldest of the hoboes to hesitate ere begging at that particular farmer's

Frisco Red got up. He drank for long minutes the drippings of the water tank. Then he went over to the trough that was an adjunct of the tank. He doused his head at the uncovered end. He came back. The hair, red and sodden, was dripping into his eyes. "Gee, that stuff had a kick to it!" he said. "I'm burnin' up. Burnin' up and hungry."

The dog escaped, at sight of Red, from between the Kid's knees. Backing away into the sunlight, he barked once in fear of the dripping red hair of the man. Frisco Red stared at the dog. A stupid expression of surprise marked itself on his hair-streaked face.

"You here?" he asked the air. "Where's the dorg?" He looked round, his head moving stiffly on his neck. The Kid shrank into the sunlight. Circuitously he made toward the burly hobo.

"Aw, let me keep him, Red," he whined.

That dull apathetic surprise in his eyes, the hobo looked at the boy. He looked at him for a long time. Slowly, as he looked, his eyes narrowed into a certain squint of craftiness.

"The whole push is hungry, Kid," he said. "I'm

hungry." "Yes, Red," said the Kid submissively. His body fell into the conventional hobo slouch. Shoulders hunched, head lowered toward the ruts in the road, he followed in the shade of the trees the line of the fence. He turned back a short space on and whistled for the dog. The Gay-cat trotted out with spirit at that call and commenced the inevitable dogging of his steps.

"Kid," called Frisco Red, "better leave the dorg behind. You can't batter that horstile house with him along."

The Kid steadily kept on. He was suspicious.

"Aw, let him come along, Red," he flung over his shoulder.

"Send the dorg back, Kid," said Frisco Red. "Better send him back.

The Kid gave in to that monotonous repetition of command. He shooed the dog back toward the water tank. Dejectedly, tail snuggling between his legs, the dog walked slowly into the shadows of the tank and stretched out, with only now and then a questioning look after the Kid.

The Kid climbed over the one-hinged, wire-secured gate. He approached the front door of the sundozing farmhouse. He knocked and repeated the knock. The door was opened

by an asthmatic and worn old woman.
"Such as I have I'll be givin' you with the help of God," she said in a remote way. She invited him into the stifling shadows of the kitchen.

When he came out he carried what the gasping old woman had given him for the other tramps—eight egg sandwiches. He himself in the shadowy kitchen had eaten his fill. An anxious frown knuckled his forehead as he came back. His eye was agile for sight of the dog. He handed the sandwiches to Red and the others.

"The little Gay-cat, where is he gone to?" he asked, his breath coming short and hard as though he were the gasp-ing woman. "My dog? He was here a little while ago."

A great to-do of struggle in the trough made him look past the munching Red. The trough was partitioned into halves. One half was open. The other was covered by a stout board. Under the board Frisco Red had shoved the dog. He had slammed the board tight. There was no chance at all for the dog to climb out. Paddling desperately in the water, with that board but a few inches above its head-scant inches of air and life-the dog was struggling for life. It sobbed passionately. As the Kid looked toward the trough the sobbings rose into a long, echoing

The Kid's pale, dirty face was much paler than usual and by contrast much dirtier. "Aw, Red!" he sobbed.

He ran toward the trough! His dog! Quite unconsciously, as he ran, he pulled up his sleeve for the plunge. The whine died away in a choked sob.

"That's all right, old feller. I'll -I'll -

Frisco Red sidled out of the shadows between him and the trough.

"I ditched the dorg, Kid," he said hoarsely. "Now you leave him there. You're not goin' agin me in this. Myself, I'm horstile to him from first sight. The first back yard it was, Kid. The first back yard and yuh didn't.

The burly hobo spread his legs. In the old known gesture he reached out his hand for the Kid's collar. The Kid tried to slip past him for the trough, but Red got his grip. By the collar, as the Kid squirmed, the hobo swung him round into his arms.

"The first back yard, Kid," he muttered.

A certain pride was in his voice. It broke in a scream of pain. Red dropped his hold of the Kid. Frantically he pushed him away. All the while, as he did, he screamed as with pain unendurable.

The Kid had bitten his arm. The Kid had clawed with long fingernails across his temples. The blood was burning into his eyes. The hobo backed away. He screamed with pain. He screamed with fury. He pulled from beneath his overalls apron his miserable weapon. Brushing the blood from his eyes Frisco Red groped forward for the Kid.

Quivering, ghastly white, his eyes aglare with an intensity of outraged feelings, the Kid crouched. To his ears came the shrill walls of his dog. Frisco Red groped toward him. In the hobo's hand was the razor doubled up against the crotch of thumb and forefinger in the regulation hobo manner. It was a glistening, terrible thing. But the Kid did not shrink away. The wail of his dog shrilled on his ears. He was in a madness of revolt. He had bitten Frisco Red's arm. He had scratched Frisco Red's temples. He had aroused in Frisco Red an anger that lusted for blood. The Kid did not shrink away. It would do no good. He had drawn blood. In blood he would have to pay. Always that has been primitive law.

The half-blinded hobo came on. The Kid sprang in. As he sprang he caught that razor-wielding wrist. He turned that wrist. He was half-crazed with a madness of revolt and with fear of that vicious weapon. With strength born of his desperation he turned and turned Red's wrist.

Frisco Red was blinded by blood trickles. To the core of his being he was shocked by the Kid's frenzy of fighting. It was a thing utterly unlooked for. It was an appalling thing to him. It overwhelmed him. The razor fell from his wrenched wrist.

It fell into the gray-yellow dust. In a trice it was stamped out of sight. It was stamped under the feet of the Kid. In that trice the Kid had leaped. Upon the bloodblinded and bewildered hobo, at his bloated stubbly face the Kid leaped. He shrilled curses. He beat upon that face. He scratched. It was a frenzy of fighting.

It was the fight of a wolf and a wounded moose. With the tireless pursuits of his slavery the Kid was strong and healthy. It was a wiry strength, an emaciated healthiness, like that of a lean-flanked wolf. His tissues were not wasted by cheap whisky. He had all that makes for the courage to fight fairly; but his education had run in different channels. He had seen men fight, kicking and clawing and shricking like depraved souls. Always they had been in liquor. Always the fight had been vicious. It was only for him, in the madness of revolt, to fight as he had been taught. He could not take any chances.

The Kid was on the hobo's neck. Like a wolf dragging down a moose he hung to that neck. Beating and scratch-

ing, shrilling curses the while, he worked round. He never released his hold on that neck. He jumped upon the hobo's back.

It was the dreaded "strong-arm" that is the road-kid's standby. Thus upon a man's back, forearms entwined about his neck, a puny boy can exert enough leverage to curl that man, gasping, upon his back. It was that way with the Kid. His thin, bony wrists were knotted about the hobo's throat. He pulled back on them. Frisco Red, as he cursed, swallowed hard for breath. He struggled to heave the Kid off. The Kid pressed his right knee against the joints of the man's backbone at the small of the back. Redshrieked terribly. His back gave. It gave like a fish spine. Drawing for breath, on his back in the dust he collapsed.

(Continued on Page 52)



He Had Drawn Blood. In Blood He Would Have to Pay

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

### When the seven a.m. tut-tut leaves for anywhere



Advice at the Top of Their Voices

IN TENDERING sundry hints and observations to such of my fellow countrymen as may be contemplating trips abroad I will, with their kindly permission and the editor's, preface this chapter by setting forth briefly the following principles, which apply generally to railroad travel in the Old World:

First—On the Continent all trains leave at or about seven A. M. and reach their destination at or about eleven P. M. You may be going a long distance or a short one—it makes no difference; you leave at seven and you arrive at eleven. The few exceptions to this rule are of no consequence and do not count.

Second—A trunk is the most costly luxury known to European travel. If I could sell my small, shrinking and flat-chested steamer trunk—original value in New York eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents—for what it cost me over on the other side in registration fees, excess charges, mental wear and tear, freightage, forwarding and warehousing bills, tips, bribes, indulgences, and acts of barratry and piracy, I should be able to laugh in the income tax's face.

In this connection I would suggest to the tourist who is traveling with a trunk that he begin his land itinerary in Southern Italy and work northward; thereby, through the gradual shrinkage in weight, he will save much money on his trunk, owing to the pleasing custom among the Italian trainhands of prying it open and making a judicious selection from its contents for personal use and for gifts to friends and relatives.

Third—For the sake of the experience, travel second class once; after that travel first class—and try to forget the experience. With the exception of two or three special-fare, so-called de-luxe trains, first class over there is about what the service was on an accommodation, mixed-freight-and-passenger train in Arkansas immediately following the close of the Civil War.

Fourth—When buying a ticket for anywhere you will receive a cunning little booklet full of detachable leav s—the whole constituting a volume about the size and thickness of one of those portfolios of views that came into popularity with us at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial. Surrender a sheet out of your book on demand of the uniformed official who will come through the train at from five to seven minute intervals. However, he will collect only a sheet every other trip; on the alternate trips he will merely examine your ticket with the air of never having seen it before, and will fold it over, perforate it with his punching machine and return it to you.

#### Hardships of De-Luxe Travel

BY THE time you reach your destination nothing will be left but the cover; but do not cast this carelessly aside—retain it until you are filing out of the terminal, when it will be taken up by a haughty voluptuary with whiskers. If you have not got it you cannot escape. You will have to go back and live on the train, which is, indeed, a frightfulfate to contemplate.

Fifth—Reach the station half an hour before the train starts and claim your seat; then tip the guard liberally to By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

keep other passengers out of your compartment. He has no intention of so doing, but it is customary for Americans to go through this pleasing formality—and it is expected of them. Sixth—Tip everybody on the train who wears

Sixth—Tip everybody on the train who wears a uniform. Be not afraid of hurting some one's feelings by offering a tip to the wrong person there will not be any wrong person. A tip is the one form of insult that anybody in Europe will take.

Seventh—Before entering the train inhale deeply several times. This will be your last chance of getting any fresh air until you reach your destination. For self-defense against the germ life prevailing in the atmosphere of the unventilated compartments, smoke a German cigar. A German cigar keeps off any disease except the cholera; it gives you the cholera.

Eighth—Do not linger on the platform, waiting for the locomotive whistle to blow, or the bell to ring, or somebody to yell All aboard! If you do this you will probably keep on lingering until the following morning at seven. As a starting signal the presiding functionary renders a brief

solo on a tiny tin trumpet. One puny warning blast from this instrument sets the whole train in motion. It makes you think of Gabriel bringing on the Day of Judgment by tootling on a penny whistle. Another interesting point: The engine does not say Choo-choo as in our country—it says Tut-tut.

Ninth—In England, for convenience in claiming your baggage, change your name to Xenophon or Zymology there are always about the baggage such crowds of persons who have the commoner initials, such as T for Thompson, J for Jones, and S for Smith. When next I go to England my name will be Zoroaster—Quintus P. Zoroaster.

Tenth—If possible, avoid patronizing the so-called refreshment wagons or dining cars, which are expensive and uniformly bad. Live off the country. Remember, the country is living off of you.

Except eighty or ninety other things the British Channel was the most disappointing thing we encountered in our travels. All my reading on this subject had led me to expect that the Channel would be very choppy and that we should all be very seasick. Nothing of the sort befell. The channel may have been suetty but it was not choppy. The steamer that ferried us over ran as steadily as a clock and everybody felt as fine as a fiddle.

A friend of mine whom I met six weeks later in Florence had better luck. He crossed on an occasion when a test was being made of a device for preventing seasickness. A Frenchman was the inventor and also the experimenter.

This Frenchman had spent valuable years of his life perfecting his invention. It resembled a hammock swung

between uprights. The supports were to be bolted to the deck of the ship, and when the Channel began to misbehave the squeamish passenger would climb into the hammock and fasten himself in; and then, by a system of reciprocating oscillations, the hammock would counteract the motion of the ship and the occupant would rest in perfect comfort no matter how high she pitched or how deep she rolled. At least that was the theory of the inventor; and to prove it he offered himself as the subject for the first actual demonstration.

The result was unexpected. The sea was only moderately rough; but that patent hammock bucked like a kicking bronco. The poor Frenchman was the only seasick person aboard—but he was sick enough for the whole crowd. He was seasick with a Gallic abandon; he was seasick both ways from the jack, and other ways too. He was strapped down so he could not get out, which added no little to the pleasure of the occasion for everybody except himself. When the steamer landed the captain of the boat told the distressed owner that, in his opinion, the device was not suited for steamer use. He advised him to rent it to a riding academy.

In crossing from Dover to Calais we had thought we should be going merely from one country to another; we found we had gone from one world to another. That narrow strip of rolly water does not separate two countries—it separates two planets.

Gone were the incredible stiffness and the incurable honesty of the race that belonged over yonder on those white chalk cliffs dimly visible along the horizon. Gone were the phlegm and stolidity of those people who manifest emotion only on the occasions when they stand up to sing their national anthem:

#### God save the King! The Queen is doing well!

Gone were the green fields of Sussex, which looked as though they had been taken in every night and brushed and dry-cleaned and then put down again in the morning. Gone were the trees that Maxfield Parrish might have painted, so vivid were they in their burnished greenand-yellow coloring, so spectacular in their grouping. Gone was the five-franc note which I had intrusted to a sandwich vender on the railroad platform in the vain hope that he would come back with the change. After that clincher there was no doubt about it—we were in La Belle France all right, all right!

Everything testified to the change. From the pier where we landed a small boy, in a long black tunic belted in at his waist, was fishing; he hooked a little fingerling. At the first tentative tug on his line he set up a shrill clamor.

#### The French for Sport

AT THAT there came running a fat, kindly looking old priest in a long gown and a shovel hat; and a market woman came, who had arms like a wrestler and skirts that stuck out like a ballet dancer's; and a soldier in baggy red pants came; and thirty or forty others of all ages and sizes came—and they gathered about that small boy and gave him advice at the top of their voices. And when he yanked out the shining little silverfish there could not have been more animation and enthusiasm and excitement if he had landed a full-grown Presbyterian.

They were still congratulating him when we pulled out and went tearing along on our way to Paris, scooting through quaint, stone-walled cities, each one dominated by its crumbly old cathedral; sliding through open country where the fields were all diked and ditched with small canals and bordered with poplars trimmed so that each tree looked like a set of undertaker's whiskers pointing the wrong way.

And in these fields were peasants in sabots at work, looking as though they had just stepped out of one of Millet's pictures. Even the haystacks and the scarecrows were different.

In England the haycocks had been geometrically correct in their dimensions—so square and firm and exact that sections might be sliced off them like cheese, and doors and windows might be carved in them; but these French haystacks were devil-may-care haycocks wearing tufts on their polls like headdresses.

The windmills had a rakish air; and the scarecrows in the truck gardens were debonair and cocky, tilting themselves back on their pins the better to enjoy the view and



fluttering their ragged vestments in a most jaunty fashion. The land though looked poor—it had a driven, overworked look to it.

Presently, above the clacking voice of our train, we heard a whining roar without; and peering forth we beheld almost over our heads a big monoplane racing with us. It seemed a mighty, winged Thunder Lizard that had come back to link the Age of Stone with the Age of Air. On second thought I am inclined to believe the Thunder Lizard did not flourish in the Stone Age; but if you like the simile as much as I like it we will just let it stand.

Three times on that trip we saw from the windows of our train aviators out enjoying the cool of the evening in their airships; and each time the natives among the passengers jammed into the passageway that flanked the compartments and speculated regarding the identity of the aviators and the make of their machines, and argued and shrugged their shoulders, and quarreled and gesticulated. The whole thing was as Frenchy as tripe in

a casserole.

I was wrong, though, a while ago in saying there remained nothing to remind us of the right little, tight little island we had just quit; for we had two Englishmen in our compartment-fit and proper representatives of a certain type of Englishman. They were tall and lean, and had the languid eyes and the long, weary faces and the yellow buck teeth of weary carthorses, and they each wore a fixed expression of intense gloom. You felt sure it was a fixed expression, because any person with such an expression would change it if he could do so by anything short of a surgical operation. And it was quite evident they had come mentally prepared to disapprove of all things and all people in a foreign clime.

#### The Cyclone Sneeze

SILENTLY, but none the less forcibly, they resented the circumstance that others should be sharing the same compartment with them—or sharing the same train, either, for that matter. The compartment was full, too, which made the situation all the more

intolerable—an elderly English lady with a placid face under a mid-Victorian bonnet; a young, pretty woman who was either English or American; the two members of

my party, and these two Englishmen.

And when, just as the train was drawing out of Calais, they discovered that the best two seats, which they had promptly preëmpted, belonged to others, and that the seats for which they held reservations faced rearward, so that they must ride with their backs to the locomotive—why, that irked them sore and more. I imagine they wrote a letter to The London Times about it afterward.

As is the pleasing habit of traveling Englishmen, they had brought with them everything portable they owned. Each one had four or five large handbags, and a carryall, and a hatbox, and his tea-caddy, and his plaid blanket done up in a shawlstrap, and his framed picture of the Death of Nelson—and all the rest of it; and they piled those things in the luggage racks until both the racks were chock-full; so the rest of us had to hold our baggage in our laps or sit on it.

One of them was facing me not more than five or six feet distant. He never saw me though. He just gazed steadily through me, studying the pattern of the upholstery on the seat behind me; and I could tell by his look that he did not care for the upholstering—as very naturally

he would not, it being French.

We had traveled together thus for some hours when one of them began to cloud up for a sneeze. He tried to side-track it, but it would not be sidetracked. The rest of us, looking on, seemed to hear that sneeze coming from a long way off. Personally it reminded me of a musical-sketch team giving an imitation of a brass band marching down Main Street playing the Turkish Patrol—dim and faint at first, you know, and then growing louder and stronger, and gathering volume until it bursts right in your face.

Fascinated we watched his struggles. Would be master it or would it master him? But he lost, and it was probably a good thing he did. If he had swallowed that sneeze it would have drowned him. His nose jibed and went about; his head tilted back farther and farther; his countenance expressed deep agony—and then the log jam at the bend in his nose went out with a roar and he let loose the moistest, loudest kerswoosh! that ever was, I reckon.

He sneezed eight times—the first sneeze unbuttoned his waistcoat, the second unparted his hair, and the third one almost pulled his shoes off; and after that they grew really violent, until the last sneeze shifted his cargo and left him with a list to port and his lee scuppers awash. It made a ruin of him—the Prophet Isaiah could not have remained dignified while wrestling with a sneezing bee of those dimensions—but oh, how it did gladden the rest of us to behold him at the mercy of the elements and to note what a moist, waterlogged wreck they made of him!

It was not long after that before we had another streak of luck. The train joited over something and a hat fell down from the topmost pinnacle of the mountain of luggage above and hit his friend on the nose. We should have felt better satisfied if it had been a coal scuttle; but it was a reasonably hard and heavy hat and it hit him brimfirst on the tenderest part of his nose and made his eyes water, and we were grateful enough for small blessings. One should not expect too much of an already overworked Providence.

The rest of us were still warm and happy in our souls when, without any whistle-tooting or bell-clanging or station-calling, we slid silently, almost surreptitiously, into the Gare du Nord, at Paris. Neither in England nor on the mainland does any one feel called on to notify you that you have reached your destination.

It is like the old formula for determining the sex of a pigeon—you give the suspected bird some corn, and if he eats it he is a he; but if she eats it she is a she. In Europe



if it is your destination you get off, and if it is not your destination you stay on. On this occasion we stayed on, feeling rather forlorn and helpless, until we saw that every one else had piled off. We gathered up our belongings and piled off too.

By that time all the available porters had been engaged; so we took up our luggage and walked. We walked the length of the trainshed—and then we stepped right into the recreation hall of the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, at Matteawan, New York. I knew the place instantly, though the decorations had been changed since I was there last. It was a joy to come on a home institution so far from home—joysome, but a trifle disconcerting too, because all the keepers had died or gone on strike or something; and the lunatics, some of them being in uniform and some in citizen's dress, were leaping from crag to crag, uttering maniacal shrieks.

Divers lunatics, who had been away and were just getting back, and sundry lunatics who were fixing to go away and apparently did not expect ever to get back, were dashing headlong into the arms of still other lunatics, kissing and hugging them, and exchanging farewells and sacré-bleuing with them in the maddest fashion imaginable. From time to time I laid violent hands on a flying, flitting maniac and detained him against his will, and asked him for some directions; but the persons to whom I spoke could not understand me, and when they answered I could not understand them; so we did not make much headway by that.

I could not get out of that asylum until I had surrendered the covers of our ticket books and claimed our baggage and cleared it through the customs office. I knew that; the trouble was I could not find the place to attend to these details. On a chance I tried a door, but it was distinctly the wrong place; and an elderly female on duty there got me out by employing the universal language known of all people. She shook her skirts at me and said Shoo! So I got out, still toting five or six bags and bundles of assorted sizes and shapes, and tried all the other doors in sight.

Finally, by a process of elimination and deduction, I arrived at the right one. To make it harder for me they had put it round a corner in an elbow-shaped wing of the building and had taken the sign off the door. This place was full of porters and loud cries.

To be on the safe side I tendered retaining fees to three of the porters; and thus by the time I had satisfied the customs officials that I had imported no spirits or playing cards or tobacco or soap, or other contraband goods, and had cleared our baggage and started for the cabstand, we amounted to quite a stately procession and attracted no little attention as we passed along. But the tips I had to hand out before the taxi started would stagger the human imagination if I told you the sum total. There are few finer things than to go into Paris for the first time on a warm, bright Saturday night. At this moment I can think of but one finer thing—and that is when, wearied of being short-changed and bilked and double-charged, and held up for tips or tribute at every step, you are leaving Paris on a Saturday night—or, in fact, any night.

Those first impressions of the life on the boulevards are going to stay in my memory a long, long time—the people, paired off at the tables of the sidewalk cafés, drinking drinks of all colors; a little shopgirl wearing her ne w, cheap, fetching hat in such a way as to center public attention on her head and divert it from her feet, which were shabby; two small errand boys in white aprorus, standing right in the middle of the whirling, swirling traffic, in imminent peril of their lives, while one light—of his cigarette butt from the cigarette butt of his friend; a handful of roistering soldiers, singing as they swept saix

abreast along the wide, rutty sidewalk; the kiosks for advertising, all thickly plastered over with posters, half of which should have been in an art gallery and the other half in a garbage barrel; a well-dressed pair, kissing in the full glare of a street light; an imitation art student, got up to look like an Apache, and-no doubt-plenty of real Apaches, got up to look like human beings; a silk-hatted gentleman, stopping with perfect courtesy to help a bloused workman lift a baby-laden baby carriage over an awkward spot in the curbing, and the workingman returning thanks with the same perfect courtesy; our own driver, careening along in a manner suggestive of what certain East Side friends of mine would call the Chariot Race from Ben Hirsch; and a stout lady of the middle class sitting under a café awning caressing her pet mole.

To the Belgians belongs the credit of domesticating the formerly ferocious Belgian hare, and the East Indian fakir makes a friend and companion of the king cobra; but it remained for those ingenious people, the Parisians, to tame the mole, which other races have always regarded as unbeautiful and

unornamental, and make a cunning little companion of it and spend hours stroking its fleece. This particular mole belonging to the stout middle-aged lady in question was one of the largest moles and one of the curliest I ever saw. It was on the side of her nose.

You see a good deal of mole culture going on here. Later, with the reader's permission, we shall return to Paris and look its inhabitants over at more length; but for the time being I think it well for us to be on our travels. In passing I would merely state that on leaving a Paris hotel you will tip everybody on the premises.

Oh, yes-but you will!

Let us move southward. Let us go to Sunny Italy, which is called Sunny Italy for the same reason that the laughing hyena is called the laughing hyena—not because he laughs so frequently, but because he laughs so seldom. Let us go to Rome, the Eternal City, sitting on her Seven Hills, remembering as we go along that the currency has changed and we no longer compute sums of money in the franc but in the lira. I regret the latter word is not pronounced as spelled—it would give me a chance to say that the common coin of Italy is a lira, and that nearly everybody in Rome is one also.

Ah, Rome—the Roma of the Ancients—the Mistress of the Olden World—the Sacred City! Ah, Rome, if only your stones could speak! It is customary for the tourist, taking his cue from the guidebooks, to carry on like this, forgetting in his enthusiasm that, even if they did speak, they would doubtless speak Italian, which would leave him practically where he was before. And so, having said it myself according to formula, I shall proceed to state the actual facts.

#### The Eternal City at a Glance

IF, COMING out of a huge and dirty terminal, you emerge on a splendid plaza, miserably paved, and see a priest, a soldier and a beggar; a beautiful child wearing nothing at all to speak of, and a hideous old woman with the eves of a Madonna looking out of a tragic mask of a magnificent fountain, and nobody using the water, and a great, overpowering smell—oh, yes, you can see a Roman smell; a cart mule with ten dollars' worth of trappings on him, and a driver with ten cents' worth on him; a palace like a dream of stone, entirely surrounded by nightmare hovels; a new, shiny, modern apartment house, and shouldering up against it a crumbly, cankered rubbish heap that was once the playhouse of a Casar, its walls bearded like a pard's face with tufted laurel and splotched like a brandy drunkard's with red stains; a church that is a dismal ruin without and a glittering Aladdin's Cave of gold and gems and porphyry and onyx within; a wide and handsome avenue starting from one festering stew of slums

and another festering stew of slums; a grimed and archway opening on a lovely hidden courtyard are green and flowers bloom, and in the center minds a statue which is worth its weight in minted and which carries more than its weight in dirt-if in everybody in sight is smiling and good-natured bry, and is trying to sell you something or wheedle and something, or pick your pocket of somethinga ned not, for confirmatory evidence, seek the vast dome e Peter's rising yonder in the distance, or the green ithe cedars and the dusky clumps of the olive groves whilsides beyond—you know you are in Rome.

get the correct likeness of Naples we merely reduce , asts by one-half and increase the beggars by twowe richen the color masses, thicken the dirt, raise mels to the wth degree, and set half the populace to THE We establish in every second doorway a mother of offspring tucked between her knees and forcibly incre while the mother searches the child's head for a a mybow, it is more charitable to say it is a flea; and and a special touch of gorgeousness to the street

Maples a cart is a glory of red tires and blue shafts, at per hubs and pink body and purple tailgate, with a and it that would have suited Sheba's Queen; and that draws the cart is caparisoned in brass and are like a circus pony; and the driver wears a broad and part of a shirt, and half of a pair of pants-usually a that half. With an outfit such as that, you feel he and be peddling aurora borealises-or, at the very an ainbows. It is a distinct shock to find he has only at a cheeses or garbage in stock.

Wales, also, there is, even in the most prosaic thing, tadden your eye if you only hold your nose

variation on it. On the stalls of the games the cauliflowers and the cabnaked up with an artistic effect statement equal if we had roses and na to work with; the fishmonger's cart and the tripe is what ne all a harmonious interior.

#### Plute's Italian Brother

VEARLY all the hotels in Italy are con-. rerted palaces. They may have been sees a palaces, but, with their marble assand their high ceillings, and their dank, ammiders, they distinctly fail to qualify sixes. I should have preferred them mand and sinful. I likewise observed a wallarity common to hotelkeepers in aly-they all look like cats. The propriw of the converted palace where we exped in Naples was the very image of a we used to own, named Plutarch's which was half Maltese and half mon. He was a cat that had a fine with voice-though better adapted for work than parlor singing-and a methert in every port.

It's letelkeeper might have been that cat's own brother the dather on—he had Plute's roving eye and his bristling thorn and his sharp white teeth, and Plute's silent, teathy tread, and his way of purring softly until he had 10 Just confidence and then sticking his claw into you. and difference was, he stuck you with a bill instead

latter interesting idiosyncrasy of the Italian hotelwere is that he invariably swears to you his town is the

only honest town in Italy, but begs you to beware of the next town which, he assures you with his hand on the place where his heart would be if he had a heart, is full of thieves and liars and counterfeit money and pickpockets.

The tourist agencies issue pamphlets telling how you may send money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy, and then append a footnote warning you against sending money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy. Likewise you are constantly being advised against carrying articles of value in your trunk, unless it is most carefully locked, bolted and strapped. It is good advice too.

An American I met on the boat coming home told me he failed to take such precautions while traveling in Italy; and he said that when he reached the Swiss border his trunk was so light he had to sit on it to keep it from blowing

off the bus on the way from the station to the hotel, and so empty that when he opened it at both ends the draft blowing through it gave him a bad cold. However, he may have exaggerated slightly.

If you can forget that you are paying first-class prices for fourth-rate accommodations-forget the dirt in the carriages and the smells in the compartments-a railroad

journey through the Italian Peninsula is a wonderful experience. I know it was a wonderful experience for me.

I shall not forget the old walled towns of stone perched precariously on the sloping withers of razorbacked mountains-towns that were old when the Saviour was born: or the ancient Roman aqueducts, all pocked and pecked with age, looping their arches across the land for miles on miles; or the fields, scored and scarified by three thousand years of unremitting, re-



lentless, everlasting agriculture; or the wide-horned Italian cattle that browsed in those fields; or yet the woman who darted to the door of every signal-house we passed and came to attention, with a long cudgel held flat against her shoulder like a sentry's musket.

I do not know why a woman should exhibit an overgrown broomstick when an Italian train passes a flag station, any more than I know why, when a squad of Paris firemen march out of the engine house for exercise, they

should carry carbines and knapsacks. I only know that these things are done.

In Tuscany the vineyards make a fine show, for the vines are trained to grow up from the ground and then are bound into streamers and draped from one fruit tree or one shade tree to another, until a whole hillside becomes one long, confusing vista of leafy festoons. The thrifty owner gets the benefit of his grapes and of his trees, and of the earth below, too, for there he raises vegetables and grains, and the like. Like everything else in this land, the system is an old one. I judge it was old enough to be hackneyed when Horace wrote of it:

Now each man, basking on his slopes.

Weds to his widowed tree the vine; Then, as he gayly quaffs his

Salutes thee, God of all his hopes.



Classical quotations interspersed here and there are conderful helps to a travel article, don't you think?

In rural Italy there are two other scenic details that strike the American as being most curious-one is the amazing prevalence of family washing, and the other is the amazing scarcity of birdlife. To himself the traveler says:

What becomes of all this intimate and personal display of family apparel I see fluttering from the front windows of every house in this country? Everybody is forever washing clothes, but nobody ever wears it after it is washed. And what has become of all the birds?"

For the first puzzle there is no answer; but the traveler gets the answer to the other when he passes a meatdealer's shop in the town and sees spread on the stalls heaps of pitiably small starlings and sparrows and finches exposed for sale. An Italian will cook and eat anything he can kill that has wings on it, from an ostrich to a katydid.

Thinking this barbarity over, I started to get indignant; but just in time I remembered what we ourselves have done to decimate the canvasback duck and the wild pigeon and the ricebird and the red-worsted pulse-warmer, and other pleasing wild creatures of the earlier days in America, now practically or wholly extinct. And I felt that before I could attend to the tomtits in my Italian brother's eye I must needs pluck a few buffaloes out of my own; so I decided, in view of those things, to collect myself and endeavor to remain perfectly calm.

We came into Venice at the customary hour-to wit, eleven P. M .- and had a real thrill as our train left the mainland and went gliding far out, seemingly right through the placid Adriatic, to where the beaded lights of Venice showed like a necklace about the withered throat of a longabandoned bride, waiting in the rags of her moldered wedding finery for a bridegroom who comes not.

#### The Tactless Tax Gatherer

AND better even than this was the journey by gondola from the terminal through narrow canals and under stone bridges where the water lapped with little mouthing tongues at the walls, and the tall, gloomy buildings almost met overhead, so that only a tiny strip of star-buttoned sky showed between. And from dark windows high up came the tinkle of guitars and the sound of song pouring from throats of silver. And so we came to our hotel, which was another converted palace; but baptism is not regarded as essential to conversion in these parts.

On the whole, Venice did not impress me as it has impressed certain other travelers. You see, I was born and raised in one of those Ohio Valley towns where the river gets emotional and temperamental every year or two. In my youth I had passed through several of these visitations, when the family would take the family plate and the family cow, and other treasures, and retire to the attic floor to wait for the spring rise to abate; and when really the most annoying phase of the situation for a housekeeper, sitting on the top landing of his staircase watching the yellow wavelets lap inch by inch over the keys of the piano, and inch by inch climb up the new dining-room wallpaper, was to hear a knocking at a front window upstairs and go to answer it and find that Moscoe Burnett had come in a john-boat to collect the water tax.

The Grand Canal did not stir me as it has stirred someso far back as '84 I could remember when Jefferson Street at home looked almost exactly like that.

Going through the Austrian Tyrol, between Venice and Vienna, I met two old and dear friends in their native haunts-the plush hat and the hot dog. When such a thing as this happens away over on the other side of the globe it helps us to realize how small a place this world is

(Continued on Page 60)



The Most Ingenious and Wideawake of All the Earlier Rulers of Germany, King Verboten

# KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN—By Rufus Steele



WHY didn't the general manager tell me it was not a boost but a jolt he was dealing when he sent me here?"

The new division superintendent at Omaha drove his right fist into his left palm as he paced the floor of his office in the depot building, his extraordinary legs carrying him across the seven widths of green carpeting in seven strides.

"Why couldn't he tell me the division was shot to pieces?" he pursued, with no listener but himself. "Two freights clean off the right-of-way and four close calls in the three weeks I've been here! And Engineer Dennis Mason and the twenty passenger runners he leads by the nose actually boasting that they never climb into the cab until they've had their bracers! And the G. M. must have known it too!"

The truth of the situation caught the new Old Man with the force of an unseen locomotive pilot and lifted him across the room into his chair. Why had four superintendents succeeded each other at Omaha in three years? Why had he, after showing a little skill at handling men, been assigned suddenly to the job? Of course the G. M. knew! Why, the G. M. was watching right now to see whether he—Galloping Garson—could knock the liquor out of Denny Mason's crowd without knocking the whole gang out of the railroad's employ!

The superintendent hunched down and draped one long arm across the back of his chair and one long leg across his maple desk. He was thinking. In thirty minutes he pulled himself together, like a steel trap that had been sprung, and began to make notes on a yellow pad. His campaign was complete. There was a long chance in it—and he was going to take the chance.

A week later Superintendent Garson pushed the pearl button that summoned his chief clerk and inquired:

"Where is Engineer Dennis Mason?"

"In the engineers' room changing his clothes most likely," the clerk answered. "He's due to take out Number Ten in fifty minutes."

"Tell Mr. Mason to report here immediately. Fill his run with a short-call man—Mason won't be pulling Ten today."

Denny Mason entered with his cap collapsed in his great hands. He wore his cab clothes.

"Sit down," said the superintendent.

"No time for that," sparred the redfaced engineer. "I go out in forty minutes—and I haven't oiled."

"Did the clerk tell you your run would be filled today?"
"He's crazy! This has been my regular run four years."
The superintendent swung round to face his man.

#### What the Pictures Showed

"MASON, why do you allow yourself a drink before taking your locomotive, and why do you lead the enginemen who look up to you to do the same thing, when you know the use of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited by the rules?"

The engineer became as righteously rigid as a Patrick Henry statue.

"I stand on my rights as an American citizen!" he defiantly said.

"What will you stand on when you have piled the flier in the ditch as the monument over a hundred dead passengers?"

"Wait till I do!"

"No; I shall not wait!" Galloping Garson assured him,
"I'm going to prevent it. Mason, you are discharged!"

"What—what do you mean?" groped the unbelieving engineer. "Why, I've pulled that train under four superintendents."

"Yes; and you have been the finish of three of them. Now it is your finish!"

The Secret of an Untold Number of Railroad
Disasters Never Has Been Solved

"I'm a respectable man of family," shouted Denny Mason. "I've got a wife and four kids dependent on me; and—and I know my business!"

"You have the wife and children," admitted the superintendent quietly; "but you don't know your business, and the family isn't able to make you respectable, though they have probably done their best. It will soon be suppertime at your house and your kids will be eating—what? Liver, probably. But Monte Zink's kids will be eating porterhouse. You were in Zink's Sunshine Saloon from eleven until two, day before yesterday, and in those three hours you took ten drinks."

Mason's lips parted in scorn—then began to frame the word "spy." The superintendent opened a drawer and lifted out a stack of enlarged photographs. The pictures were numbered. The first showed Denny Mason in front of a bar. His face was upturned toward the skylight with a small glass held to his mouth.

"You began," said Galloping Garson, "with whisky."
He shuffled the pictures. "The third drink was a cocktail."
The shuffling continued. "Whisky—cocktail—whisky!
In nine and ten you seem to have both eyes glued to a
telescope—that means, of course, you finished on beer.
Look at the photographs!

"That thing in breeches there, always staring at the ceiling through a glass, claims to be a respectable family man and an engineer! Say, Mason, while those pictures were being taken through the wall I saw your second little girl coming from school. She had her hands tucked under her arms to keep them from freezing, and there was a hole in her shoe bigger than the dollar you were dribbling to Monte Zink for the stuff that would help you wreck your train. You are fired for being too big a fool to be trusted with an engine. Get out of here!"

The photographs accompanying the indictment had left Denny Mason temporarily without the power of speech. They had transformed the stiffest bully of the Omaha Yards into cartilage. They did not accuse—they damned! Mason swayed, clutched a corner of the desk and went to his knees.

"For God's sake, Mr. Garson," he at last exploded, "tear up those pictures and let's begin all over! I swear I'll do whatever you say."

"Get up and go home!" said Garson. "Let your wife know that when she is through with the supper things you have something to tell her. If she doesn't fall dead from shock when you speak kindly to her tell her you've lost your job. You have always told her it was none of her business when she asked why you forgot to bring home shoes for the babies; but this time you'll have to let her make your affairs her business, because you are going to need her help more than you ever needed anything in your life. Tell her you are in the ditch for a reason that no decent man could ever mention as an excuse. Get down at her feet and beg her to help you. Get acquainted with the mother of your children. After you and she have talked the situation over for four or five days, if you feel like it come here and talk it over with me—I mean both of you come."

As Denny Mason staggered out the clerk came in with a sheaf of papers requiring his chief's signature. The clerk stood silently until the pen had ceased its scratching. "Excuse me, Mr. Garson," he ventured then, "I wish to ask a question: As a student of railroading I should like to know what kind of a sledgehammer you used to hit that engineer."

In four days Dennis Mason came back. He returned at the heels of a patient-faced woman, who paused awkwardly at the edge of the superintendent's desk but who spoke without timidity.

"We thank you, Mr. Garson," she said. "You've been a friend. I've taught the children to bless your name along with their father's before they tumble into bed at night, Denny and I have come in to tell you that we've had an understanding—we're partners now. It'll be teamwork hereafter. If the railroad doesn't need Denny any longer—why, we haven't any complaint; but I wanted you to know—"

The road needed Denny. It did not need him for the flier—which was now carrying permanently on the righthand side of its engine cab a clear-eyed fellow who was no friend of Monte Zink—but for a freight trick that offered the right man an opportunity to earn a passenger run in two or three years.

#### After a Year on the Wagon

AFTER twelve months the Masons again stood before the superintendent. It was a friendly call. The partner-ship had made good. Man and wife looked about ten years younger. Something was due them and Garson did not withhold it. He told them their example had revolutionized the conduct of twenty men who held the throttles on his limited trains.

"Are the kids enjoying their porterhouse?" kindly inquired Garson.

"It's still liver," smiled Mason; "though the kids will be learning about porterhouse pretty soon, I guess—the home is almost paid for."

Dennis Mason went out of the service a passenger engineer—and a hero. His second daughter, a proud slip of animation, finds no holes in the shoes she wears to school these days, her wardrobe, as one of the details of her college course, having been carefully arranged by a railroad that honors the memory of her father.

Right on the heels of the discovery that the running of trains by steam could be made safe and practical came the discovery that the running of trains by alcohol could not. The secret of an untold number of railroad disasters never has been solved, for the reason that the engineman's stomach was allowed to go to the cemetery instead of to the chemist. Because alcohol became a factor in transportation soon after steam did, and because it has remained a factor, the general public has never learned to distinguish clearly between a hazard consequent on the natural stimulation of an engine and the hazard consequent on the unnatural stimulation of an engineer.

Late in the first half of the last century trains began to do better than fifteen miles an hour, and immediately splintered rolling stock began to litter the right-of-way. A fact apparent at the beginning, which has never altered a hairbreadth with the coming of devices marvelous beyond the early railroaders' wildest dreams, is that the placing of matter in violent motion—when the matter is measured in hundreds or thousands of tons—is safe only when controlled by intelligence alert to its highest capable degree.

For seventy-five years American mechanical genius has found perhaps its farthest expression in locomotive and train development, yet the invention of the airbrake has been as powerless as the invention of the automatic block system to reduce the operating importance of the human factor—the passengers are still at the morey of the man on is irward end, the brass-bound captain, the switchman is now pulls levers in a tower, and the brakeman with is sicred lamps and flags.

the new railroad era of "The people be blessed!" the rome out. It appears that the vital concern of raildicals has always been not the rolling stock but the
For two generations the stuff that could make
wes of the transportation department lapse from
liertness has been a bigger worry than governcommissions. Railroad officers have wrestled—even
with an enemy more dangerous than
switches, washed-out bridges, and train orders that
supped. Also, like Jacob, they wrestled unto reward.
Insight into what has been and is being accomplished by
mireads makes the familiar propaganda of prohibition
childish and vain.

The net results are embraced in the twofold statement a minwrecks are going out of fashion and that every a difference of the United States has subscribed to a rule that sen to leave him no hour in the twenty-four, whether and duty, when he may lift an intoxicant to his lips. It was because two fingers of red liquor can turn a subscribed and as a subscribed of the difference of money that Rule G was framed. The as worded with the maximum of adroitness by inerican Railroad Association and set forth in the article Book of Rules, is in force on every railroad in the cost. It reads thus:

These of intoxicants by employees while on duty is proied. Their use, or the frequenting of places where they wid is sufficient cause for dismissal.

Most employees concur in the opinion that the rule is used publishies—that the loophole one at first seems to be a taking but a deceptive shadow on an unbroken are still. Division superintendents, who are the bookness of the men and directly concerned in enforcing to 6, differ somewhat in construing its clauses—though the supplain that it does not meet their requirements as to any mere rule might do. The weakness of Rule G at the punishment it prescribes for violation.

Like men of the transportation department begin 'ag. For the most part they are the youths who drift

say from the small town and the farm. hey begin at braking or firing on freights. here is no such thing as a permanent fire-tals or brakeman's job. It is strictly a pessive game that is played. Before a sperintendent or the trainmaster strictly the applicant on probation the wag man had passed a physical, moral ad chratical examination more rigorate than he would have to survive to get the tearny. He was made to account is every month of his time since he left tool. He told of his parents and of what a simily hearth was like.

#### The Road's Best Investments

HE WAS admitted finally, not merely because he answered questions well to because it was believed he was a man make of being developed. He does devisoor he vanishes from the service. The brain develops into a freight engineer; not on the proudest day of his life he is direct to pull a passenger train. The latent, after four, five or seven years, because a freight conductor; after as many now build years he may be uniformed and make master of the train that carries [31]. Engineer and conductor are the surface of the fittest of a choice lot.

The milroad regards an engineer as of presisterest commercially than his engine, and a conductor as better property than an elsevation car—the road regards the men is as developed as its chief investments. The penalty for violation of Rule G is factory; and a railroad has no eagerness a discharge its chief investments. The mais have gone at the matter the other by road. In varying degrees and by samilar methods they have undertaken to

Their men to keep Rule G unbroken.

People don't quite understand railraing, because railroading is so different
to anything else," a veteran passenger
touter said. "For instance, the genrai inpression is that a train in motion
toutrolled from division headquarters.
The samistake. A train is controlled
to its front and its middle. We are told
to start and when to stop; the rest
to the hands of the engineer and the
foliator. They put the train in motion

and they land it in the station or in the ditch. Their responsibility is shared by the brakemen and the fireman, by switchmen, signalmen, and the dispatcher who sends the train orders and the operator who scribbles them off the wire and hands them to the conductor; but primarily it is the man on the front end and myself who are responsible.

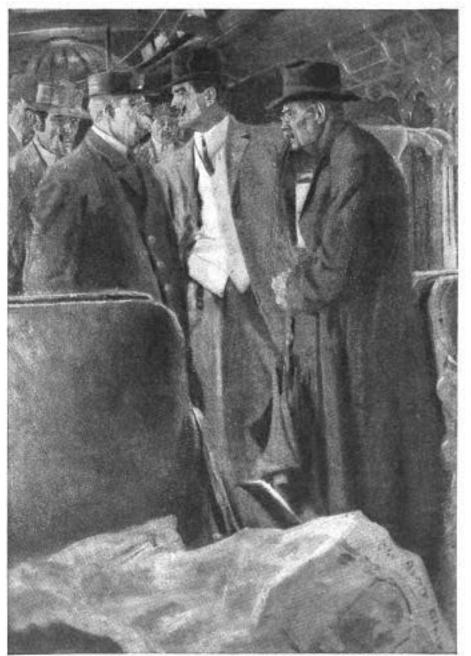
"I need my wits about me sixty seconds in every minute and sixty minutes in every hour. Things have happened to my train sometimes just because all the wits I have were not enough. It is my opinion that one day, when the devil had used all the tricks in his bag to ruin a trainman and had failed in his attempt, he sat down and invented booze."

"One man or one generation didn't make railroading what it is," said an engine runner who has pulled a transcontinental limited over a mountain division for twenty years; "and it is all one man can do to master enough of it to run an engine as it should be run. If there is any industrial job in the world that calls for more complete concentration, sounder judgment and quicker action than the engineer's, or that has more natural distractions, I have never heard its name.

"Giving all my attention while I'm running is not sufficient; I have to prepare my mind for the run before I climb into the cab. I leave things as harmonious as possible at home, kiss the wife and kids and promise to think about them—when I reach the other end of the division. I avoid quarrels or arguments, and never go near the mailbox before starting out—there might be a reprimand or a query there that would creep into my thoughts when I ought to be devoting myself exclusively to the throttle, the steam gauge and the Johnson bar.

"I do my gabbing and my storytelling with the fireman before we start. He never speaks to me when we are in motion except on business—and then he doesn't holler round the boiler; he comes and stands by my side so I won't have to take my eyes off the track and the semaphores that tell me every two or three minutes what about the block ahead. I build a stockade round my mind and then stand at the gate with a gun; I admit no thoughts except those that concern my orders and my train.

"Some enginemen may think they are big enough to carry a drink; I know I'm not. Frankly I had rather take the Limited over the division with a bandanna across my eyes than with two swallows of whisky in my insides!"



Engineer and Conductor are the Jurvivors of the Fittest of a Choice Lot

The railroad's big opportunity to help the men with Rule G grows out of the fact that the beardless husky who comes into the service as fireman or brakeman is not likely to have habits already fixed. The first step in cooperation is along the line of protection. The young railroader has some sort of home at one end of the division. The other end of the run, where he will lay over several nights a week, immediately becomes of interest to his superintendent.

The Old Man makes it his business to foster a stopping place for railroaders in that town which will supply something in the way of a cheerful atmosphere, company and diversion. Many a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, offering bed, board, athletics, reading room and amusements, thrives in an unpromising place for the reason that that place happens to be the end of a railroad run and the railroad company secretly takes care of the deficit.

One Eastern road is said to contribute substantially to the Y. M. C. A. in no less than a dozen towns. Many a concern, sectarian or secular, with accommodations near the tracks and the ability to keep the railroader from wandering downtown after supper, finds the railroad a sympathetic listener to the story of its financial needs.

A more difficult task than starting the youngster right has been keeping the veteran out of temptation. The railroad has learned to fight King Barleycorn for every individual who slips into the danger zone. The modern superintendent—through his observation, through his trainmasters, through his countless little sources of information—keeps himself as well informed of what his men are doing in their offtime as when they are running the train. He is not spying on them; he is spying for them.

#### The Case of Tlp Bunter

AT THE first appearance of financial or domestic difficulty
the railroader is surrounded with every supporting
influence—so that he will not go looking for solace in the
neck of a bottle. One Western superintendent who is an odd
mixture of iron and benevolence never misses a picnic of
any of the brotherhoods. He swings the offspring and
persuades the wives to tell him the secret of their pies.
Once, when he put off a conference with his general manager to attend an outing of engineers and their families, he

was asked whether he considered his going to the picnic as of more importance to the road.

"I do," he replied. "It is absolutely necessary for me to know how every engineer is standing with his family. I must know whether he is proud of his kids. If I don't find a man caring more for his wife as she grows older I prepare to keep a close watch on that man and his run. The engineer who knows he has an angel at home-or a bunch of angels-is not going to want a drink, is not going to pile up his train. One picnic is of more service to me than a hundred detectives. After every little outing of this kind you'll find my trainmasters busy with a list of names. The men whose names are on that list are going to be studied; then they are going to be wrestled with."

The superintendent knows that men do not drink liquor because they are thirsty. His business is with the fact behind the act. There was the case of Tip Bunter. No better mechanic ever groomed mountainclimbing locomotives in a certain Utah roundhouse. His skill at setting engine valves is attested by the fact that he was twice taken back into the service after knocking holes as big as a boilerhead in Rule G. The skeptics said he would fall again. He did; and the foreman told him to get out of the roundhouse forever. The mechanic went on a two weeks' spree.

The Old Man of the division saw Tip Bunter, after he became sober, leaning against a telegraph pole and looking the outcast he was. The Old Man went over and planted a shoulder against the pole.

"What made you do it, Tip?" he inquired.

"I had a right to get drunk if that suited me." testily muttered the jobless mechanic.

me," testily muttered the jobless mechanic.

"Just as we have a right to let you go hungry because you no longer suit us," assented the Old Man. "But what was the good of doing it?"

"Oh, because nobody cared a rap."
"That isn't true and that isn't the reason.

Why did you do it?"
"You're so darned inquisitive I'll just
tell you, though it doesn't cut any ice one
way or another," snapped Tip Bunter.

(Continued on Page 67)

# The Boy Who Counted a Million

Our town had thrived while the whale was worth hunting and rum worth shipping; then languished for a By HARRY LEON WILSON

couple of decades until the motor car made it a summer haven for the idle rich. It was thus a returned native came upon it, and stayed a bit to ponder its living newness. Three vast new hotels were there, a casino and a bathing beach. Here the moneyed aliens bathed more or less ritually where aforetime the natives had merely "gone in swimming." There were shops that ministered to weird wants, and the long-tranquil waters of the bay were stirred by pleasure craft. Our old general store was now a department store, with no longer a stove in the rear and a pleasant loafing group about it of an evening. Our one-time Lady's & Gents' Enting House was now emblazoned Ye Olde Tea Roome.

It was presently an acceptable game to explore those smartened streets for vestiges of the ancient order, with eyes warily askew for the strange electric car and the playfully murderous motor. Here and there a small shop survived dustily, dusty tradesmen lurking within like bewildered ghosts who had haunted too long and been caught by daylight. One such engaged the eye for its perfect look of the old days. "Silas Balch" spread the name on the glass above the tarnished lettering "Real Estate, Mortgages, Loans," adding in smaller letters, as if an afterthought, "Notary Public."

A glance within revealed the bare floor, the locked safe, the littered desk with its revolving chair, the two straight-backed chairs for clients, the county map on the east wall facing the well-remembered portrait of Daniel Webster caught in a moment of reposeful dignity. On either side of the old frame building were the gay new shops, for this was Main Street. Silas Balch had held his own. But how?

Even in the old days Silas Balch had been far descended into the vale of years—old "Slicky" Balch, the richest man in our town, who lent money at ruinously high rates of interest, who had no foolish and expensive vices, and who permitted himself a smile only when he grimly foreclosed a mortgage.

Hasty computation was revealing old Slicky to be now in his early hundreds when, to the puzzled wanderer's first glance, the veritable ancient one himself seemed to mount the steps, unlock the dingy door and vanish behind the lettered window—the spare, stooping figure, loosely clad in a pepper-and-salt weave from

some antique loom, the pinched gray face under the flabby soft hat of dusty felt, the sharp nose above the shaven upper lip, the wisp of whisker, concealing if not adorning the pointed chin. The wanderer stood aghast. By trick of gait and gesture this was old Slicky, yet younger than he could ever have been. What magic draughts of usury had he quaffed to prolong himself on God's green earth and acquire the title thereto by forced sale? Another glance at the window and a tiny bit of lettering, unnoted before, leaped to the eye and illumined the mystery: "Amos Apple, Successor to . . ."

Slicky Balch must have been moldering beneath his

own specialty these twenty years. But Amos Apple ——
Memory plunged into her sea, where it is thirty odd

Memory plunged into her sea, where it is thirty odd years deep, and brought Amos Apple to the surface. He had dawned on our world as "the new boy that's come to

live on the Stubbs place." Handicapped at once was Amos, for no entirely worthy person had ever lived on the Stubbs place. The house was a battered structure at the edge of town, set in a weedgrown lot that in itself shrieked despair. Usually it was without a tenant. Its transients either progressed to faintly reputable dwellings or slunk off with their scanty belongings. None could long endure the social ignominy of it.

This is not to say that Amos Apple could not by sheer merit have acquired honorable station in our hoyish democracy. We were not snobbish; merely exigent in the matter of gifts, powers,



Daily He Itood in His Doorway to See Amos Go By

achievements or peculiar possessions. But we found Amos a born deficient who rapidly slid down the scale of our requirements. Fighting was the first of these. In swift succession he was licked by enough of our gladiators to demonstrate the utter barrenness of such victories. Amos offered a mere tired submission, with so stolid a lack even of annoyance that the proceeding had no zest.

In our sports he was clumsy. We might let him play at baseball when a ninth man must be had, but only in far right-field. Socially he was slow-witted, lacking enthusiasm, initiative, magnetism. The aggressiveness of his upper front teeth might have brought him distinction of a sort; indeed he was dubbed Gopher Apple on his first appearance at school. The teeth were really noteworthy; but unsupported by talent they came to be overlooked, and he was at length merely called Sour. Such was our witty contempt for him. Who was he to stand beside persons of mark—beside him who had the largest collection of birds' eggs,

or him who could swim farthest under water, or was the most daring tree-climber, or could unjoint his thumbs with a ghastly ease? How could he have hoped to rank with the doctor's son, who carried a scalpel which he asserted had been dipped in a solution of arsenic and would, therefore, bring to instant and horrible death any whose person it might abrade?

Amos had met no test of worth. He was negligible in all his aspects. Dully he haunted the dim outskirts of fellowship, an unnoted wraith of futility, and one would have been a prophet of parts who had foretold his emergence from that obscurity. Yet he was destined to emerge, and memory now identified the moment when the first intimation of his fame stole upon us like a mist-shod dawn.

A group of Amos' ablest scorners played expertly at hop-scotch on a stretch of broad, elm-bordered side-walk. It will be observed that each was a person of glittering consequence when it is said that the least notable contestant was Spit Barclay, who, the previous autumn, had found an egg laid and long since abandoned by a cynical or perhaps too prolific screech-owl. The thing had burst in his mouth as he descended the tree, whence—let us be delicately meager of details—had issued his title, after his masterly analysis of the more than peculiar taste of his prize, together with an exciting estimate of the quantity of sassafras bark, happily obtainable on the spot, which in his agony he had macerated.

It was no group from which Amos Apple could have hoped for cordiality. And Amos seemed to know as much when he skulked into view that day. From the opposite sidewalk he surveyed us in silence, unnoted as ever. But after a moment of this he did, for Amos, a daring thing. He crossed the street and overlooked the game, though still from a safe remove. As his attitude remained one of wholly respectful aloofness he was, in the rigor of the game, permitted to remain unmolested. And presently the players became aware that a novel dignity marked his bearing. His ordinary solemnity of visage was strikingly intensified. He gazed aloft, raptly unconscious of us, and his lips moved as if in silent prayer. Curiosity was at once aroused, though this was for the moment ably dissembled,

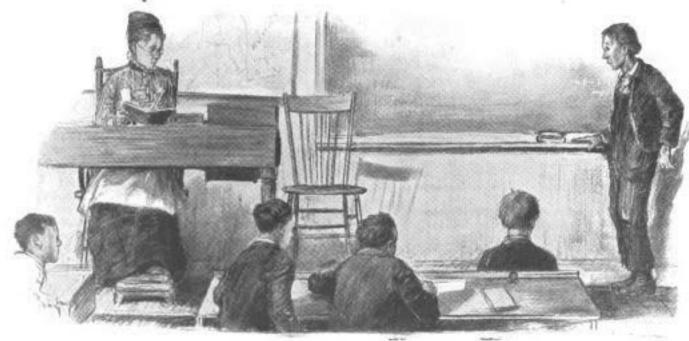
since the laws of caste commonly forbade any recognition of his existence. When, however, his eloquent lips were briefly stilled and he very formally transferred a white bean from the left to the right pocket of his tattered denim overalls, more than one pair of eyes frankly challenged him. There was visible annoyance that this lowly one should thus coerce the attention of his betters. With fine disregard Amos once more fastened his gaze remotely aloft, and again his lips moved swiftly, without sound, yet with a definite effect of rhythm.

One by one the players stood to stare, openly now and in sheer discomfort. There were twistings and writhings among them, lips half parted for insult, threatening steps toward the suddenly mysterious one. Yet he silenced and held them for another interval, until his trancelike absorption broke again and another white bean was solemnly

removed from his left to his right pocket. So impressively performed was this transfer that the person of Amos was for once held sacred. The raging curiosity was now voiced, unattended by the physical indignities that would commonly have lent it authority.

"What you doing, Amos?"

But Amos only lifted his gaze to the heavens and again waggled his upper lip in that maddening mystery. And this, quite naturally, was too much. His questioners broke for him. Amos turned and fled. But when our swiftest runner had caught and held him it was seen that his lips were still in frantic action. Again we



At "Sem Hund' Sem Thous', Sem' Hun' Siz-Two" the Ruler Rang Upon the Desk

stared, piqued but constrained by the something as of a priestly rite. Amos breathed with difficulty, owing to a tightened collar, but his lips were not stilled.

Then he of the poisoned blade fearsomely drew it and with sinister contortions approached the prisoner. This was rightly considered a guarantee of profuse and explicit details. A moment more the ordeal endured.

"Tell!" commanded the inquisitor, and the eyes of Amos were seen to roll in terror while the speed of his lips increased.

"You tell—now!" The blade was brandished alarmingly.
Then the answer came—exploded rather.

"Hunderd! Countin' a million!"

Again a white bean passed from the left pocket to the right, though this time with a sort of timid bravado.

Counting a million! We took it blankly, I think. "What do you mean—counting a million?"

"Countin' a million," persisted Amos, and again his lips took up their silent toil.

"There he goes again; stop him!" cried a watchful one, and the collar of Amos was savagely constricted by his captor. Moreover, the captor shook him in hearty disgust. "I tell you I'm countin' a whole million!" shrieked Amos

when sufficient breath was permitted him.

Then the vastness of the thing, the cosmic minutize of it, flooded our understandings. The dazed captor slowly released his victim and Amos doggedly confronted us, "Countin' a million!" he began, as if it were a chant,

but the scalpel-waver checked him.

"What do you mean by it? Do you think we want you to count a million? Who's making

you do it?"

"No one makin' me do it," declared Amos stoutly. "I thought it up myself. I jest says to myself: 'I'll count a million'—jest like that. I'll count a million. I'll count a million. I'll count a million. I'll count a —"

"Shut up!"

This was harsh but necessary, for Amos was chanting again. But instantly we were paying full tribute to the magnificent inspiration of his genius—not audibly nor openly, to be sure. Magnificent it might be, but it was also intolerable from one so abased and despised.

"You stop it, do you hear? We won't let you count a million." This from one of our quickest

minds.

"You can't hinder me from it. How'd you stop me countin' in the night—countin' all night?" Thus Amos staunchly and at the point of the still imminent scalpel. There was a whitish crust on the slender blade.

"I'll count a million myself," warned the scalpel's owner, plagiarizing shamefully. "I'll count two million!" "Yah, you'd never ketch up!" persisted Amos. "I'm forty-nine thousand seven hunderd a ready. You'd never

forty-nine thousand seven hunderd a'ready. You'd never ketch up. I'd always be ahead, always be ahead, always be ahead." He had become lyrical again.

"Shut up!"

We deliberated uneasily. Amos had us, it seemed. Then we paltered.

"You can't keep count."

"I can too now! I can too!" sputtered Amos with frantic volubility. "I put a lot of these here little white beans in m' left pants pocket, and ever' time I get to a hunderd I put one over into m' right pocket, and ever' time there's a hunderd little white beans I'm gonna hide a lima bean out in the barn, and when they's ten lima beans I'm gonna drive a nail in our maple tree, and when they's ten nails drove in I'll have a million counted."

He ended the deadly recital breathlessly and faced our gloomy stares. The scalpel's owner tamely sheathed it and

desperately resorted to ridicule.

"Well, what do you want to do it for? Ho! Ho! Who'd ever want to count a million!" He jeered, but falsely, lacking power to dissemble the envy that gnawed him. Nor had any of us the spirit to join in his pretense.

"What do you want to count a million for?"

And Amos went accurately to the keystone of his arch.
"No one else ever did—no one else in the whole world,"
he declared with the fine simplicity of greatness. "No one
ever counted a million."

We gasped anew. In the glamour of the bare performance we had not perceived its veritable uniqueness. Amos seemed newly impressed with it himself. He backed off a few paces, with needless caution now, for no one would have laid a hand upon him, and the fanatic light rekindled in his pale-blue eyes.

"Yah! No one ever done it—Alexander the Great never done it, Julius Cæsar never done it, George Wash'n'ton never done it——"

Slowly he faded down the street, calling back to us as he went the names of trumpery world heroes who had never done what the lowly Amos Apple was then doing.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln, Queen Lizabeth, Jesse James, Christopher C'lumbus, Dan'l Webster——" They came back with a note of hideous taunting. We were sickeningly done for. No more games were played that day.

Nor had we divined the true eminence Amos was fated to scale. News of his monstrous ambition spread through the quiet town; rapidly among the young, more slowly among the elders. The latter were at first inclined to take the thing lightly, but as the days of spring went by and Amos drew on to the half-million mark, the slow hypnotism of the idea had its way with more than one grown-up.

Majestically He Staiked to a Nearsby Maple Tree and Into its Aiready Abused Bole He Sternly Drove a Nail

Memory freshly records Amos' daily progress down Main Street. He came into view followed by three or four adoring-and much younger-disciples. He stared raptly ahead and passed with long, flat-footed strides, his restless lips in silent fervor ever weaving the intangible but splendid fabric of his vision. To the wharf he went, where he perched on top of a pile and stared with unseeing eyes out over the blue waters, counting and counting and counting. His disciples sat at a respectful distance, counting also with such concentration as their younger minds permitted. But they were weaker vessels. If, as occurred now and again, one or another of these threatened rivalry by actually achieving ten thousand or so, Amos had only to approach him and hiss out something like "Four hunderd eighty-six thousand and nine hunderd!" His was always heart-breaking to these aspirants.

Of the grown-ups there were those who merely called it a fool trick and reformers who declared that it ought to be stopped. Yet the most radical of these would not be above displaying an interest in the "score," as it came to be called. Quite brazenly, as Amos passed on his mumbling way, one of these would grasp his arm and, with affectations of the jesting spirit, demand to be told the score. It was usually the misfortune of Amos to be at some small remove from the terminating hundred. He would glare at his tormentor with harassed, appealing eyes, counting

hysterically against time, until he could burst into the relieving "hunderd!" concluding resentfully with some such minor explosion as "Six hunderd an' ninety-four thousand eight hunderd—you lemme alone!" It might be suspected that Amos courted these interruptions in the public highway for the advertisement they gave him. But he was, I am sure, above this; the fire of his genius burned pure. He even attended church gladly for the period of unbroken counting it secured him.

Enters here, quite unobtrusively at first, Silas Balch, Real Estate, Mortgages and the rest of it—old Slicky who, it was believed, could tell offhand, without "figgering," the interest at seven and one-half per cent on some such amount as \$219.73 for six years, four months and eighteen

days, compounded semi-annually.

One of the first to learn of Amos' audacious project, old Slicky had in the marketplace openly scoffed. "He'll never do it, mark my words! No boy could in these days. Now in my time—well, I never happened to think of it." And he continued incredulous through the first few hundred thousands of Amos' numbered progress. Then, blending with his unbelief, there showed a grudging but very certain respect for such tenacity in one so young. He came to be one of those who daily demanded the score of Amos, and his eyes widened as the score grew. Moreover, he never made any ill-timed demands for this item, as the other grown-ups constantly did. Always he awaited the end of the hundred, marked by the white bean's transfer. Old

Slicky was so much the artist himself!

After six hundred thousand he succumbed utterly to the fascination of Amos, and was now a fervid partisan of him he had once derided. Daily he stood in his doorway to see Amos go by. Daily his eagerness mounted with the thousands. At seven hundred thousand the magic that lies in immensities had him briefly engaging Amos in talk at their daily meetings. He frankly wished to know how "it felt" to have counted seven hundred thousand, and Amos, divining the delicate comprehension of a brother artist, seriously sought to analyze and impart the sensation.

"It makes you feel big and excited"—after a conscientious search for the right words.

"Does, hey? What else?"

"Well, now—it makes your backbone feel all grand and funny."

Amos was never a word painter, but his effort seemed to suffice. Old Slicky nodded eloquently. He was sharing the exaltation of it. There was now a bond between them. At eight

hundred and fifty thousand, achieved before old Slicky's door and in his breathless presence, he escorted Amos to the town drug store and halted him royally before the soda fountain.

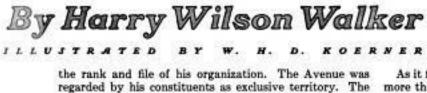
"Take some sodawater," invited Slicky most astoundingly. Amos timidly did so. His infatuated benefactor thereupon, in the presence of excited but veracious witnesses, several of whom had crowded in to behold the spectacle, removed from his most secret pocket a long, flat, well-tied black wallet. Opening this with trembling fingers he took from it a small-change purse with a metal clasp in perfect repair. From this he withdrew a dime and sternly pushed it across the marble slab. Receiving a nickel in change, he thrust it back, even ere Amos had drained his nexter.

"Lickrish drops!" he commanded, and turned to glare at his now gasping audience. As no million had by man ever been counted, so had old Slicky never before spent money with this licentious abandon. It created a sensation in the town that threatened for a week to dim the glory of its provocation.

Amos blushingly accepted the confection in a paper bag and ambled out at the heels of his patron. They were seen to return to the office of old Slicky, and it became known that Amos was to finish his counting in that sanctuary.

(Continued on Page 89)

# The Trail of the Tammany Tiger





The Most Wonderful Demonstration New York Had Seen

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MAYOR VAN WYCK'S irritable temper was exhibited from the moment that he took the oath of office as first mayor of Greater New York. The only two Tammany men who were conspicuous by their absence from his inauguration were Richard Croker and John C. Sheehan. Croker had made the rule that he would not visit the city hall, but would issue orders elsewhere; while Sheehan had been left entirely in the cold. Croker had achieved his ambition in having secured a good position for every Tammany leader, with the exception of Sheehan, whom he now regarded as a political enemy.

The new mayor was very abrupt to his predecessor, Colonel William L. Strong, who had prepared a lengthy address of welcome. Van Wyck did not mince words in telling Mayor Strong that he did not want any long-drawnout speech, and after taking the oath of office he declared the ceremonies at an end. I did not see Mayor Van Wyck until next day. I called at his office—a large outside room that was then used by the mayors.

"I do not like this office," he said snappily. "I wanted

"I do not like this office," he said snappily. "I wanted to be on the bench. This work is not at all to my taste. I am going to have a miserable four years."

The mayor then left with the same abruptness that he had used in beginning his conversation and went back to his desk in the outer room. I did not see him again for two or three days, and then he called at my hotel.

#### The King and His Court

"IT IS fortunate that the Democratic party has such a great leader as Croker," said the mayor; "because any mayor that tried to run the political part of his administration and attempted to conduct his other duties would break down. I have been working eighteen hours a day and shall have to continue to do so for months to come. The new charter is full of inconsistencies; besides all the towns and villages in the boroughs of Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond have piled up bonded indebtedness when they became aware that they were to become part of the greater city, with the expectation that the Borough of Manhattan would have to pay the bulk of the debt. It will be a difficult task to keep the tax rate down and weld this greater city together into a workable unit."

During this early period Van Wyck became known only as a hard-working mayor who discouraged publicity. On the other hand, Croker filled considerable space every day in the newspapers. He had established himself in a handsome clubhouse in Fifth Avenue, to the astonishment of

the rank and file of his organization. The Avenue was regarded by his constituents as exclusive territory. The old Democratic Club, which Croker now controlled, was first a Tilden and then a Cleveland organization, the great majority of the club members being known as independent Democrats. The club was almost bankrupt, owing to the withdrawal of members who had decided to support W. J. Bryan in 1896.

The day Croker was induced to visit the club the bar license had expired and the club was too poor to pay for a new one. Croker agreed to build up the club, provided he was given the majority of the board of governors. This was agreed to, because the only alternative was to close the club. Croker at once took rooms in this club; practically made it his residence. Every person who had any kind of job under the Van Wyck administration became a member. and it was necessary for the board of governors to meet every night in order to pass on the large number of applicants for membership. Within two weeks the club had about the largest membership of any in New York, and was in a remarkably short time afterward able to pay off the mortgage and still have a fair-sized surplus in the treasury. Inside of a year it was known to be the richest club in the city.

Croker carried on the management of the club on a most luxurious and elaborate scale. There was no end of entertainments of one kind and another. Ladies' day became a feature of New York life. One of the New York papers made a hit by running on its editorial page a court calendar, such as the London dailies print. Croker was called the king, and other prominent officials of the city government were given titles of nobility. This aroused so much interest that the court calendar was continued for nearly a year. Croker behaved as if he were doing his best to enact the rôle of king. He made such a success that he announced that he was going to make the club national in character, his idea being to follow out the plan of the National Liberal Club in London. He thought that all the leading Democrats who visited New York would make their headquarters there. A great many prominent Democrats did go there out of curiosity; for it was really as good as a play to watch Croker every evening. He had a table near the center of the dining room and only the chosen few were permitted to sit with him. An officeholder receiving ten thousand a year or more might be occasionally invited to dine at the "king's table," but an officeholder receiving less than five thousand a year would never think of approaching. Andrew Freedman, who had become Croker's right-hand man in business matters, had a permanent seat at the

When the mayor dined at the clubhouse he always dined at the "king's table," as did likewise John F. Carroll, who was now the assistant leader of Tammany Hall and looked after the small details relating to patronage. Any one who wanted to stand well with the chief was expected to dine at the club at least once a week. Only one dollar was charged for the dinner, but each dinner cost the club three dollars. No one ever thought of going into the dining room until Croker was seated. I have always believed that Croker regarded the whole thing as a huge joke and was continually laughing in his sleeve at his subservient followers. Frequently he would not go to the dining room until very late, and the hungry members would feel obliged to bear their hunger. Just as soon as Croker entered the

dining room there was a grand rush. The majority of those in the dining room would watch what Croker ordered, and then they would order the same things.

Croker, of course, pretended not to notice this, but he did. Frequently, to carry out his joke, he would order very little, and some of these brawny leaders who had large appetites would suffer because they were afraid to go any further than the chief. Nothing pleased Croker so much as to have Democrats of prominence go to the club. This gave me an opportunity to have my joke as well as Croker. I frequently would invite United States senators who happened to be in the city to dine with me at the club, and on such occasions I always picked out an obscure table in the dining room as far from Croker as possible. Croker felt it incumbent upon himself at the end of the meal to come over to my table in order to meet my distinguished guests. In this way I managed to receive courteous treatment from the leaders far beyond my importance, and it also gave them the impression that I was supposed to look after the national political end of the Democratic party as the representative of Croker.

As it fits in here, I will relate an incident that happened more than a year after Croker had established himself in control of the Democratic Club. William C. Whitney and a number of prominent men among anti-Bryan Democrats had sent a man to Manila to sound Admiral Dewey, and learn if he would agree to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president. The night that the man returned from Manila, Croker had a number of prominent Democrats at his table, and among them Colonel Henry Watterson, to hear the message from Admiral Dewey. The message was that Admiral Dewey would not consent to be the Democratic candidate, and this answer had a rather gloomy effect upon all present except Croker.

"I am glad that he won't be a candidate," said Croker, to the astonishment of his guests. "I have a much better candidate—a man who will suit the Southern Democrats."

"Who is it?" asked Colonel Watterson impatiently. "Who is it?"

"General Nelson A. Miles," said Croker with a selfsatisfied air.

"Good heavens!" shouted Watterson. "Man alive, don't you know that Miles is the man that put the shackles on Jefferson Davis?"

#### Van Wyck Takes the Aggressive

AT THIS time Croker was absolutely ignorant of American history or the biography of our leading statesmen. All he knew was that New York state cast so many votes in national conventions, and that no Democrat was likely to be elected president without receiving the electoral vote of the Empire State.

In the meantime Van Wyck was working hard, and he was generally given credit for the good work that he was doing at the city hall, although his frequent manifestations of irritability were telling against him. His nerves were on edge, and no one was quite sure of how they would be received at the mayor's office. He never failed to ask me what people were saying about his administration, and I was brutally frank with him. I continually advised him to assert himself more, and he always insisted that he did wherever the interest of the taxpayer was concerned. Finally early in May Croker set sail for England. There was an immense throng at the docks to see him off, and he announced to the newspaper reporters that during his absence John F. Carroll would act for him. Carroll was the leader of the district in which Van Wyck lived and they were warm friends. I thought at the time that this would be a good thing for Van Wyck, and I was fully convinced of this three weeks after Croker sailed. Van Wyck asserted himself. He removed two Republican police commissioners, and he appointed in their place two Republicans who were pledged to remove Chief of Police McCullagh. William S. Devery was elected chief of police instead.



As it turned out Devery's selection was the worst thing that could have happened to Van Wyck. About the same time Van Wyck removed two of the aqueduct commissioners. As a result of this action the mayor struck terror in the hearts of the other officeholders, and they did not breathe easily until after the first of July, when the mayor's power of removal expired. After that very few of them were loyal to Van Wyck, although he did not realize it until after his term of office had expired. They knew that they had been selected by Croker and were under obligation only to the organization. I could see the change in their demeanor toward the mayor and I told him of it.

"Mr. Mayor," I said, "if you continue in this office you will be a ruined man. Of course you can't resign, and Tammany won't put you on the bench because they want you in the mayor's office. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to be candidate for governor. You can be elected. I believe you can be nominated and that you can reunite the party up the state. I have already started

in to carry out this plan."

Mayor Van Wyck did not at first give me any encouragement, but on the other hand he did not tell me to stop, so I went ahead. The Jacksonian way in which Van Wyck had gone about the removal of the four commissioners had created a good impression on the up-state Democrats. Just at this time Governor Black had vetoed a two-cent-amile railroad bill, and the commercial travelers had begun organizing against him. I at once took advantage of this situation and set about organizing the Democratic commercial travelers. I got a great many of them to promise that as they traveled through the state they would boom the New York mayor for governor. I felt that Croker would not be altogether pleased with what I was doing, so I lost no time in launching the Van Wyck gubernatorial boom through the newspapers.

#### Tammany Solidly for Bryan

TAM MANY always showed up strong in Saratoga toward the end of July. Prominent Democratic politicians from all over the state usually went there to meet the Tammany men. Croker was to be at Saratoga about the first of August. By the end of July Van Wyck was more talked of for the Democratic nomination for governor than any other man, and if Croker was to kill the boom he would have to come out into the open. After I had got the Van Wyck boom pretty well going Senator Murphy indicated that he favored the nomination of ex-Governor Flower, who had bolted Bryan in 1896. I was afraid on this account that Croker might declare himself for Flower shortly after his return, and I began to work on the national Democratic leaders who were Bryan men. It happened that Governor William J. Stone, of Missouri, who was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was in New York at the time that Croker returned from England. The Flower boom was making some headway. I induced Governor Stone to give out interviews to the New York papers, saying that the National Democracy would resent the New York Democracy's nominating any one who had bolted Bryan. The interviews caused considerable sensation in political circles, and they were particularly well received by the up-state Democracy. There was no question as to how the rank and file of Tammany stood; they were almost solidly Bryan.

I Induced Governor Stone to Give Out
Interviews to the New York Papers

Croker was always with the rank and file, whether it was for love or fear. As a consequence of this, Croker did not come out for Flower, nor would be say anything about the Van Wyck move.

When I met him at Saratoga his manner to me was not very inviting, but I kept actively at work, and was constantly in company with Van Wyck and his brother, the judge in Brooklyn. One day Croker came up to me and asked me how I was getting on with the Van Wyck boom.

"Van Wyck will be nominated unless you prevent it," I said. Croker said that what he wanted more than anything else was the reflection of Murphy. I told him that I was as strongly in favor of that as anybody could be, but that as ninety per cent of the Democratic voters of the state were with Bryan, the only possible way to win was to nominate a man for governor who had cordially supported Bryan. I could see that this impressed itself upon Croker and I no longer feared any opposition from him. Then he began to question me thoroughly about the commercial travelers. He thought that it was a splendid idea, which he afterward paid great attention to, and in the Bryan campaign in 1900 Croker was a generous contributor to a commercial travelers' organization.

Ex-Governor Flower was at Saratoga at the time and he sent for me. "I hear you are booming Van Wyck for governor," said Mr. Flower. "I thought that on account of our old friendship you would be for me."

"Governor," I answered, "I would not support my own father for an office if he had bolted Bryan as you did."

There were a number of up-state candidates for governor and David B. Hill was encouraging all of them. He was strongly opposed to Van Wyck, saying that his election meant Tammany domination of the state. The fact of Hill's taking this position forced Croker to favor Van Wyck. I arrived at Syracuse where the convention was to be held several days in advance, and induced everybody I could to wear a badge marked "Commercial Traveler," and containing a picture of Van Wyck. I also distributed hundreds of buttons with Van Wyck's picture, and when the bulk of the delegates gathered together in Syracuse it was generally conceded that Van Wyck was well in the lead. Croker arrived a day ahead of the Tammany delegation, and I rushed to his room every delegate I could whom I knew to be favorable to the New York mayor. From the way Croker acted I have always believed that he intended to support the mayor. When the Tammany delegates arrived, to my great astonishment I found they were very lukewarm. They had not realized until they reached Syracuse how strong Van Wyck was up-state. Before they had been there many hours they were in a state of revolt. They said it was Van Wyck's duty to remain as mayor, and that if he became governor Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer, who was chairman of the city council, would become mayor, and that he was not a sufficiently dyed-inthe-wool Tammany man for them to trust. I soon saw that this was having its effect on Croker.

Late the night before the convention was to meet to make a nomination I learned that Croker had fully decided to yield to the wishes of his leaders. A number of the up-state delegates who had been for Mayor Van Wyck, then proposed that Judge Augustus Van Wyck should be nominated instead of his brother. The whole object of my efforts was defeated. I went to bed that night feeling more melancholy than I ever had been before, though personally I was just as fond of the Brooklyn Van Wyck.

Colonel Rossevelt two or three days previous to this had been nominated governor by the Republicans, and he

was regarded by his followers as the real hero of our war with Spain. I became the manager of Judge Van Wyck's campaign tour, and although he was defeated by less than seventeen thousand votes, I think it is conceded that he would have triumphed over Colonel Roosevelt had it not been that during the last two weeks of the campaign the question of Croker's interference with the independence of the judiciary was made an issue, and handled by Roosevelt in a most masterly manner. Once when T. R.'s voice failed, he said: "As long as Croker's voice holds out it makes no difference."

Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Dailey had been refused a renomination by Croker, although almost every leader in Tammany Hall believed that Dailey as a matter of good politics should have been renominated. When Judge Dailey first went on the bench he refused to appoint a clerk at the request of Croker. Croker then vowed that if he remained in power Dailey would retire from the bench at the end of his term. Thus Croker threw away the governorship and changed history by his stubbornness. Independent Democrats, although not opposing



"Good Heavens!" Shouted Watterson. "Man Allve, Don't You Know That Miles is the Man That Put the Shackles on Jefferson Davis?"

Van Wyck, held meetings denouncing Croker for his action regarding Justice Dailey. At one of the big meetings Bourke Cockran graphically described the situation in Tammany Hall.

"A nominal government is installed at the city hall—the actual government is administered in the Democratic Club," said Cockran. "Officials are sworn and appointed to discharge certain functions, and to a certain extent they do discharge them; but outside the mere routine duties of their departments, every exercise of discretionary power is controlled by, prescribed by, a private individual—Croker—who is not even under the necessity of recording his decrees or of acknowledging them.

"All city appointments are made through favor or the forbearance of the boss, whose nod may make a fortune or destroy a career. Every great interest in this great city courts his favor and dreads his hostility. Considering his power I wonder at his forbearance. Thousands of men are eager to do him any menial service. Croker has not created the boss-ship which he administers. He is the product of a system brought on by existing conditions."

#### Croker Before the Mazet Committee

CROKER laid the defeat of Van Wyck to Senator Hill.

Judge Van Wyck left the supreme court bench when he accepted the nomination for governor, so that he returned to his law practice after his defeat. His brother, the mayor, seemed to be more irritable than ever in his relations with visitors at the city hall, and the newspapers were anything but friendly to him. In view of the hard work that he really was doing he might have received considerable praise, but he did not seem to crave that. I happen to know that it was entirely through Van Wyck's initiative that the present subway system was established. Without consulting any one, Van Wyck arranged to save thirty million dollars to use in the subway construction. He accomplished this by saving so much from the appropriations of each department.

One day he went unannounced to a meeting of the Rapid Transit Commissioners, and astonished them by saying that he had arranged to secure the money in order that they might begin work at once. The commissioners were greatly surprised, for they had expected no such good luck under the Tammany administration. I urged the mayor at the time to give these facts to the newspapers, but he would not hear of it, preferring, if any credit was due, that it should go to Croker and the Tammany organization.

The lid was entirely off the town and gambling was conducted almost openly. There was no question that leading police officials were growing rich from this source of revenue, and that considerable money was finding its way into the hands of Tammany politicians. The newspapers openly charged that Chief Devery was rapidly becoming a rich man.

In the spring of 1899 a committee of the legislature was appointed to investigate conditions in New York City. The committee took the name of Mazet, from its chairman. In April of that year Croker was the star witness. He testified that he was working for his pocket all the time.

The investigation showed how Tammany was commercializing politics. But the probe did not go very deep on account of the bipartisan agreement still existing between Mr. Croker and Senator Platt. Another conspicuous witness at that time was Charles F. Murphy. The investigation drew Murphy more into the limelight than he had ever been before. Murphy was then the head of the dock board and he was closely examined about contracts with

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## THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

ETER took the polished horns to the hospital the next morning, and approached Jimmy with his hands behind him and an atmosphere of mystery that enshrouded him like a cloak. Jimmy, having had a good night and having taken the morning's medicine without argument, had been allowed up in a roller chair. It struck Peter with a pang that the boy looked more frail day by

day, more transparent.
"I have brought you," said
Peter gravely, "the cod-liver oil.

"I've had it!"

"Then guess."

"Dad's letter?"

"You've just had one. Don't be a piggy."

'Animal, vegetable or mineral?" "Vegetable," said Peter

shamelessly. "Soft or hard?"

"Soft."

This was plainly a disappointment. A pair of horns might be vegetable; they could hardly be soft.

"A kitten?"

"A kitten is not vegetable, James."

"I know. A bowl of gelatine from Harry!" For by this time Harmony was his very good friend, admitted to

the Jimmy club, which consisted of Nurse Elisabet, the dozent with the red beard, Anna and Peter, and of course the sentry, who did not know that he belonged.

"Gelatine, to be sure," replied Peter, and produced

It was a joyous moment in the long low ward, with its triple row of beds, its barred windows, its clean, uneven old floor. As if to add a touch of completeness the sentry outside, peering in, saw the wheeled chair with its occupant, and celebrated this advance along the road to recovery by placing on the window-ledge a wooden replica of himself,

bayonet and all, carved from a bit of cigar box.
"Everybody is very nice to me," said Jimmy contentedly. "When my father comes back I shall tell him. He is very fond of people who are kind to me. There was a woman on the ship — What is bulging your pocket,

"My handkerchief."

"That is not where you mostly carry your handkerchief." Peter was injured. He scowled ferociously at being doubted and stood up before the wheeled chair to be searched. The ward watched joyously, while from pocket after pocket of Peter's old gray suit came Jimmy's salvage two nuts, a packet of figs, a postcard that represented a stout colonel of hussars on his back on a frozen lake, with a private soldier waiting to go through the various salutations due his rank before assisting him. A gala day, indeed, if one could forget the grave in the little mountain town with only a name on the cross at its head, and if one did not notice that the boy was thinner than ever, that his hands soon tired of playing and lay in his lap, that Nurse Elisabet, who was much inured to death and lived her days with tragedy, caught him to her almost fiercely as she lifted him back from the chair into the smooth white bed.

He fell asleep with Peter's arm under his head and the horns of the deer beside him. On the bedside stand stood the wooden sentry, keeping guard. As Peter drew his arm away he became aware of the Nurse Elisabet beckoning to him from a door at the end of the ward. Peter left the sentinel on guard and tiptoed down the room. Just outside, round a corner, was the dozent's laboratory, and beyond the tiny closet where he slept, where on a stand was the photograph of the lady he would marry when he had become a professor

and required no one's consent.

The dozent was waiting for Peter. In the amiable conspiracy which kept the boy happy he was arch-plotter. His familiarity with Austrian intrigue had made him invaluable. He it was who had originated the idea of making Jimmy responsible for the order of the ward, so that a burly Träger quarreling over his daily tobacco with the nurse in charge, or brawling over his soup with another patient, was likely to be hailed in a thin soprano, and to stand, grinning

By Mary Roberts rinehart

ILLUSTRATED



sheepishly, while Jimmy, in mixed English and German, restored the decorum of the ward. They were a quarrelsome lot, the convalescents. Jimmy was so busy some days settling disputes and awarding decisions that he slept almost all night. This was as it should be.

The dozent waited for Peter. His red beard twitched and his white coat, stained from the laboratory table,

looked quite villainous. He held out a letter.

"This has come for the child," he said in quite good English. He was obliged to speak English. Day by day he taught in the clinics Americans who scorned his native tongue, and who brought him the money with which some day he would marry. He liked the English language; he liked Americans because they learned quickly. He held out an envelope with a black border and Peter took it.

"Who in the world -"From Paris!" he said. suppose I'd better open it."

So I thought. It appears a letter of—how you say it? Ah, yes, condolence."

Peter opened the letter and read it. Then without a word he gave it open to the dozent. There was silence in the laboratory while the dozent read it, silence except for his canary, which was chipping at a lump of sugar. Peter's face was very sober.

'So. A mother! You knew nothing of a mother?"

"Something from the papers I found. She left when the boy was a baby-went on the stage, I think. He has no recollection of her, which is a good thing. She seems to have been a bad lot."

"She comes to take him away. That is impossible."

"Of course it is impossible," said Peter savagely. "She's not going to see the child if I can help it. She left becauseshe's the boy's mother, but that's the best you can say of her. This letter — Well, you've read it."

"She is as a stranger to him?"

"Absolutely. She will come in mourning-look at that black border-and tell him his father is dead, and kill him. I know the type."

The canary chipped at his sugar; the red beard of the dozent twitched, as does the heard of one who plots. Peter re-read the gushing letter in his hand and thought flercely.

"She is on her way here," said the dozent. "That is bad. Paris to Wien is two days and a night. She may hourly arrive."

"We might send him away-to another hospital."

The dozent shrugged his shoulders.
"Had I a home ——" he said, and glanced through the "Had I a homedoor to the portrait on the stand. "It would be possible to hide the boy, at least for a time. In the interval the mother might be watched, and if she proved a fit person the boy could be given to her. It is, of course, an affair of police."

This gave Peter pause. He had no money for fines, no time for imprisonment, and he shared the common horror of the great jail. He read the letter again, and tried to read into the lines Jimmy's mother, and failed. He glanced into the ward. Jimmy still slept. A burly convalescent, with a saber cut from temple to ear and the general appearance of an assassin, had stopped beside the bed and was drawing up the blanket round the small shoulders.

"I can give orders that the woman be not admitted today," said the dozent. "That gives us a few hours. She will go to the police, and tomor-row she will be admitted. In the mean time

"In the mean time," Peter replied, "I'll try to think of something. If I thought she could be warned and would leave him here-

"She will not. She will buy him garments and she will travel with him through the Riviera and to Nice. She says Nice. She wishes to be there for carnival, and the boy will die."

Peter took the letter and went home. He rode, that he might read it again in the bus. But no scrap of comfort could be get from it. It spoke

of the dead father coldly, and the father had been the boy's idol. No good woman could have been so heartless. It offered the boy a seat in one of the least reputable of the Paris theaters to hear his mother sing. And in the envelope, overlooked before, Peter found a cutting from a French newspaper, a picture of the music-hall type that made him groan. It was endorsed "Mama."

Harmony had had a busy morning. First she had put her house in order, working deftly, her pretty hair pinned up in a towel-all in order but Peter's room. That was to have a special cleaning later. Next, still with her hair tied up, she had spent two hours with her violin, standing very close to the stove to save fuel and keep her fingers warm. She played well that morning: even her own critical ears were satisfied, and the portier, repairing a window lock in an empty room below, was entranced. He sat on the windowsill in the biting cold and listened. Many music students had lived in the apartment with the great salon; there had been much music of one sort and another, but none like this.

"She tears my heart from my bosom," muttered the portier, sighing, and almost swallowed a screw that he held

After the practicing Harmony cleaned Peter's room. She felt very tender toward Peter that day. The hurt left by Mrs. Boyer's visit had died away, but there remained a clear vision of Peter standing behind the chair and offering himself humbly in marriage, so that a bad situation might be made better. And as with a man tenderness expresses itself in the giving of gifts, so with a woman it means giving of service. Harmony cleaned Peter's room.

It was really rather tidy. Peter's few belongings did not spread to any extent and years of bachelorhood had taught him the rudiments of order. Harmony took the covers from washstand and dressing table and washed and ironed them. She cleaned Peter's worn brushes and brought a pincushion of her own for his one extra scarfpin. Finally she brought her own steamer rug and folded it across the foot of the bed. There was no stove in the room; it had been Harmony's room once, and she knew to the full how cold it could be.

Having made all comfortable for the outer man she prepared for the inner. She was in the kitchen, still with her hair tied up, when Anna came home.

Anna was preoccupied. Instead of her cheery greeting she came somberly back to the kitchen, a letter in her hand,

Mistory was making fast that day.
"Hello, Harry," she said. "I'm going to take a bite and hurry off. Don't bother, I'll attend to myself." She stuffed the letter into her belt and got a plate from a shelf. "How pretty you look with your head tied up! If stupid Peter saw you now he would fall in love with you."

"Then I shall take it off. Peter must be saved!"

Anna sat down at the tiny table and drank her tea. She felt rather better after the tea. Harmony, having taken the towel off, was busy over the brick stove. There was nothing said for a moment. Then:

"I am out of patience with Peter," said Anna.

"Why?"

"Because he hasn't fallen in love with you. Where are his eyes?"

"Please, Anna!"

"It's better as it is, no doubt, for both of you. But it's superhuman of Peter. I wonder

"Yes?"

"I think I'll not tell you what I wonder." And Harmony, rather afraid of Anna's frank speech, did not insist.

As she drank her tea and made a pretense at eating, Anna's thoughts wandered from Peter to Harmony to the letter in her belt and back again to Peter and Harmony. For some time Anna had been suspicious of Peter. From her dozen years of advantage in age and experience she looked down on Peter's thirty years of youth, and thought she knew something that Peter himself did not suspect. Peter being unintrospective, Anna did his heart-searching for him. She believed he was madly in love with Harmony and did not himself suspect it. As she watched the girl over her tea-cup, revealing herself in a thousand unposed gestures of youth and grace, a thousand lovelinesses, something of the responsibility she and Peter had assumed came over her. She sighed and felt for her letter.

"I've had rather bad news," she said at last.

"From home?"

"Yes. My father-did you know I have a father?"

"You hadn't spoken of him."

"I never do. As a father he hasn't amounted to much. But he's very ill, and—I've a conscience."

Harmony turned a startled face to her.

"You are not going back to America?"

"Oh no, not now anyhow. If I become hag-ridden with remorse and do go I'll find some one to take my place. Don't worry."

The lunch was a silent meal. Anna was hurrying off as Peter came in, and there was no time to discuss Peter's new complication with her. Harmony and Peter ate together, Harmony rather silent. Anna's unfortunate comment about Peter had made her constrained. After the meal Peter, pipe in mouth, carried the dishes to the kitchen, and there it was that he gave her the letter. What Peter's slower mind had been a perceptible time in grasping Harmony comprehended at once-and not only the situation, but its solution.

"Don't let her have him!" she said, putting down the letter. "Bring him here. Oh, Peter, how good we must be to him!"

And that after all was how the thing was settled. So simple, so obvious was it that these three expatriates, these waifs and estrays, banded together against a common poverty, a common loneliness, should share without question whatever was theirs to divide. Peter and Anna gave cheerfully of their substance, Harmony of her labor, that a small boy should be saved a tragic knowledge until he was well enough to bear it, or until, if God so willed, he might learn it himself without pain.

The friendly sentry on duty again that night proved singularly blind. Thus it happened that, although the night

was clear when the twin dials of the Votivkirche showed nine o'clock, he did not notice a cab that halted across the street from the hospital.

Still more strange that, although Peter passed within a dozen feet of him, carrying a wriggling and excited figure wrapped in a blanket and insisting on uncovering its feet, the sentry was able the next day to say that he had observed such a person carrying a bundle, but that it was a short stocky person, quite lame, and that the bundle was undoubtedly clothing going to the laundry.

Perhaps-it is just possible-the sentry had his suspicions. It is undeniable that as Jimmy in the cab on Peter's knee, with Peter's arm close about him, looked back at the hospital, the sentry was going through the manual of arms very solemnly under the stars and facing toward the carriage.

FOR two days at Semmering it rained. The Raxalpe and the Schneeberg sulked behind walls of mist. From the little balcony of the Pension Waldheim one looked out over a sea of cloud, pierced here and there by islands that were crags or by the tops of sunken masts that were evergreen trees. The roads were masses of slippery mud, up which the horses steamed and sweated. The gray cloud fog hung over everything; the barking of a dog loomed

out of it near at hand where no dog was to be seen. Children cried and wild birds squawked; one saw them not.

During the second night a landslide occurred on the side of the mountain with a rumble like the noise of fifty trains. In the morning, the rain clouds lifting for a moment, Marie saw the narrow yellow line of the slip.

Everything was saturated with moisture. It did no good to close the heavy wooden shutters at night: in the morning the air of the room was sticky and clothing was moist to the touch. Stewart, confined to the house, grew irritable.

He chafed against the confinement; he resented the food, the weather. Even Marie's content at her unusual leisure irked him. He accused her of purring like a cat by the fire, and stamped out more than once, only to be driven in by the curious thunderstorms of early Alpine winter.

On the night of the second day the weather changed. Marie, awakening early, stepped out on to the balcony and closed the door carefully behind her. A new world lay beneath her, a marvel of glittering branches, of white plain far below; the snowy mane of the Raxalpe was become a garment. And from behind the villa came the cheerful sound of sleigh-bells, of horses' feet on crisp snow, of runners sliding easily along frozen roads. Even the barking of the dog in the next yard had ceased rumbling and become sharp staccato.

The balcony extended round the corner of the house. Marie, eagerly discovering her new world, peered about, and seeing no one near ventured so far. The road was in

> view, and a small girl on ski was struggling to prevent a collision between two plump feet. Even as Marie saw her the inevitable happened and she went headlong into a drift. A governess who had been kneeling before a shrine by the road hastily crossed herself and ran to the rescue.

> It was a marvelous morning, a day of days. The governess and the child went on out of vision. Marie stood still, looking at the shrine. A drift had piled about its foot, where the governess had placed a bunch of Alpine flowers. Down on her knees on the balcony went the little Marie, regardless of the snow, and prayed to the shrine of the Virgin below-for what? For forgiveness? For a better life? Not at all. She prayed that the heels of the American girl would keep her in out of the snow.

> The prayer of the wicked availeth nothing; even the godly at times must suffer disappointment. And when one prays of heels, who can know of the yearning back of the praying? Marie, rising and dusting her chilled knees, saw the party of Americans on the road, clad in stout boots and swinging along gayly. Marie shrugged her shoulders resignedly. She should have gone to the shrine itself; a balcony was not a holy place. But one thing she determined—the Americans went toward the Sonnwendstein, She would advise against the Sonnwendstein for that day.

> Marie's day of days had begun wrong after all. For Stewart rose with the Sonnwendstein in his mind, and no suggestion of Marie's that in another day a path would be broken had any effect on him. He was eager to be off, committed



"Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?"

the extravagance of ordering an egg apiece for breakfast, and finally proclaimed that if Marie feared the climb he would go alone.

Marie made many delays: she dressed slowly, and must run back to see if the balcony door was securely closed. At a little shop where they stopped to buy mountain sticks she must purchase postcards and send them at once. Stewart was fairly patient: air and exercise were having their effect.

It was eleven o'clock when, having crossed the valley, they commenced to mount the slope of the Sonnwendstein. The climb was easy; the road wound back and forward on it:elf so that one ascended with hardly an effort. Stewart gave Marie a hand here and there, and even paused to let her sit on a boulder and rest. The snow was not heavy; he showed her the footprints of a party that had gone ahead, and to amuse her tried to count the number of people. When he found it was five he grew thoughtful. There were five in Anita's party. Thanks to Marie's delays they met the Americans coming down. The meeting was a short one: the party went on down, gayly talking. Marie and Stewart climbed silently. Marie's day was spoiled; Stewart had promised to dine at the hotel.

Marie's sordid little tragedy played itself out in Semmering. Stewart neglected her almost completely; he took fewer and fewer meals at the villa. In two weeks he spent one evening with the girl, and was so irritable that she went to bed crying. The little mountain resort was filling up; there were more and more Americans. Christmas was drawing near and a dozen or so American doctors came up, bringing their families for the holidays. It was difficult to enter a shop without encountering some of them. To add to the difficulty, the party at the hotel, finding it crowded there, decided to go into a pension and suggested moving to the Waldheim.

Stewart himself was wretchedly uncomfortable. Marie's tragedy was his predicament. He disliked himself very cordially, loathing himself and his situation with the newborn humility of the lover. For Stewart was in love for the first time in his life. In his despair he wrote to Peter Byrne. It was characteristic of Peter that, however indifferent people might be in prosperity, they always turned to him in trouble. Stewart's letter concluded:

I have made out a poor case for myself; but I'm in hole, as you can see. I would like to chuck everything here and sail for home with these people who go in January. But, confound it, Byrne, what am I to do with Marie? And that brings me to what I've been wanting Marie? And that brings hie to say all along, and haven't had the courage to. Marie to say all along, and haven't had the courage to. Marie talk her into reason if anybody could. Now that you know how things are, can't you come up over Sunday? It's asking a lot, and I know it; but things are pretty bad.

Peter received the letter on the morning of the day before Christmas. He read it several times and, recalling the look he had seen more than once in Marie Jedlicka's eyes, he knew that things were very bad indeed.

But Peter was a man of family in those days, and Christmas is a family festival not to be lightly ignored. He wired to Stewart that he would come up as soon as possible after Christmas. Then, because of the look in Marie's eyes and because he feared for her a sad Christmas, full of heartaches and God knows what loneliness, he bought her a most



All Day He Had Stayed in Bed for the Privilege of an Extra Hour

hideous brooch, which he thought admirable in every way and highly ornamental and which he could not afford at all. This he mailed, with a cheery greeting, and feeling happier and much poorer made his way homeward.

CHRISTMAS EVE in the salon of Maria Theresa! J Christmas Eve, with the great chandelier recklessly ablaze and a pig's head with cranberry eyes for supper! Christmas Eve, with a two-foot tree gleaming with candles on the stand, and beside the stand, in a huge chair, Jimmy!

It had been a busy day for Harmony. In the morning there had been shopping and marketing, and such a temptation to be reckless, with the shops full of ecstasies and the old flower women fairly overburdened. There had been anxieties, too, such as the pig's head, which must be done a certain way, and Jimmy, who must be left with the portier's wife as nurse while all of them went to the hospital. The house revolved around Jimmy now, Jimmy, who seemed the better for the moving, and whose mother as yet had failed to materialize.

In the afternoon Harmony played at the hospital. Peter took her as the early twilight was falling in through the gate where the sentry kept guard and so to the great courtyard. In this grim playground men wandered about, smoking their daily allowance of tobacco and moving to keep warm, offscourings of the barracks, derelicts of the slums, with here and there an honest citizen lamenting a Christmas away from home. The hospital was always pathetic to Harmony; on this Christmas Eve she found it harrowing. Its very size shocked her, that there should be so much suffering, so much that was appalling, frightful, insupportable. Peter felt her quiver under his hand.

A hospital in festivity is very affecting. It smiles through its tears. And in every assemblage there are sharply defined lines of difference. There are those who are going home soon, God willing; there are those who will go home some time after long days and longer nights. And there are those who will never go home and who know it. And because of this the ones who are never going home are most festively clad, as if, by way of compensation, the nurses mean to give them all future Christmases in one. They receive an extra orange, or a pair of gloves perhapsand they are not the less grateful because they understand. And when everything is over they lay away in the bedside stand the gloves they will never wear, and divide the extra orange with a less fortunate one who is almost recovered. Their last Christmas is past.

"How beautiful the tree was!" they say. Or, "Did you hear how the children sang? So little, to sing like that! It made me think—of angels."

Peter led Harmony across the courtyard, through many twisting corridors, and up and down more twisting staircases to the room where she was to play. There were many Christmas trees in the hospital that afternoon; no one hall could have held the thousands of patients, the doctors, the nurses. Sometimes a single ward had its own tree, its own entertainment. Occasionally two or three joined forces, preëmpted a lecture room, and wheeled or hobbled or carried in their convalescents. In such case an imposing audience was the result.

Into such a room Peter led Harmony. It was an amphitheater, the seats rising in tiers, half circle above half circle, to the dusk of the roof. In the pit stood the tree, candlelighted. There was no other illumination in the room. The semi-darkness, the blazing tree, the rows of hopeful, hoping,

hopeless, rising above, white faces over white gowns, the soft rustle of expectancy, the silence when the dozent with the red beard stepped out and began to read an address-all caught Harmony by the throat. Peter, keenly alive to everything she did, felt rather than heard her soft sob.

Peter saw the hospital anew that dark afternoon, saw it through Harmony's eyes. Layer after layer his professional callus fell away, leaving him quick again. He had lived so long close to the heart of humanity that he had reduced its throbbing to beats that might be counted. Now, once more, Peter was back in the early days, when a heart was not a pump, but a thing that ached or thrilled or struggled, that loved or hated or yearned.

The orchestra, insisting on sadly sentimental music, was fast turning festivity into gloom. It played Handel's Largo; it threw its whole soul into the assurance that the world, after all, was only a poor place, that heaven was a better. It preached resignation with every deep vibration of the cello. Harmony fidgeted.
"How terrible!" she whispered. "To

turn their Christmas Eve into mourning! Stop them!"

'Stop a German orchestra?"

"They are crying, some of them. Oh,

The music came to an end at last. Tears were dried. Followed recitations, gifts, a speech of thanks from Nurse Elisabet for the patients. Then-Harmony.

Harmony never remembered afterward what she had played. It was joyous, she knew, for the whole atmosphere changed. Laughter came; even the candles burned more cheerfully. When she had finished a student in a white coat asked her to play a German Volkspiel, and roared it out to her accompaniment with much vigor and humor. The audience joined in, at first timidly, then

Harmony stood alone by the tree, violin poised, smiling at the applause. Her eyes, running along the dim amphitheater, sought Peter's, and finding them dwelt there a moment. Then she began to play softly and as softly the others sang.

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,"

they sang, with upturned eyes.

"Alles schläft, einsam wacht. .

Visions came to Peter that afternoon in the darkness, visions in which his poverty was forgotten or mattered not at all. Visions of a Christmas Eve in a home that he had earned, of a tree, of a girl-woman, of a still and holy night, of a child.

"Nur das traute, hoch heilige Paar Holder Knabe im lokkigen Haar Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruk', Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh',"

they sang.

There was real festivity at the old lodge of Maria Theresa that night.

Jimmy had taken his full place in the household. The best room, which had been Anna's, had been given up to him. Here, carefully tended, with a fire all day in the stove, Jimmy reigned from the bed. To him Harmony brought her small puzzles and together they solved them.

"Shall it be a steak tonight?" thus Harmony humbly. 'Or chops?"

With tomato sauce?"

"If Peter allows, yes."

Much thinking on Jimmy's part, and then: "Fish," he would decide. "Fish with egg dressing." They would argue for a time, and compromise on fish.

The boy was better. Peter shook his head over any permanent improvement, but Anna fiercely seized each crumb of hope. Many and bitter were the battles she and Peter fought at night over his treatment, frightful the litter of authorities Harmony put straight every morning.

The extra expense was not much, but it told. Peter's carefully calculated expenditures felt the strain. He gave up a course in X-ray on which he had set his heart and cut off his hour in the coffee house as a luxury. There was no hardship about the latter renunciation. Life for Peter was spelling itself very much in terms of Harmony and Jimmy those days. He resented anything that took him from them.

There were anxieties of a different sort also. Anna's father was failing. He had written her a feeble, half senile appeal to let bygones be bygones and come back to see him before he died. Anna was Peter's great prop. What would he do should she decide to go home? He had built his house on the sand indeed.

So far the threatened danger of a mother to Jimmy had not materialized. Peter was puzzled, but satisfied. He still wrote letters of marvelous adventure; Jimmy still

watched for them, listened breathless, treasured them under his pillow. But he spoke less of his father. The open page of his childish mind was being written over with new impressions. "Dad" was already a memory; Peter and Harmony and Anna were realities. Sometimes he called Peter "Dad." At those times Peter caught the boy to him in an agony of tenderness.

And as the little apartment revolved round Jimmy, so was this Christmas Eve given up to him. All day he had stayed in bed for the privilege of an extra hour propped up among pillows in the salon. All day he had strung little red berries that looked like cranberries for the tree, or fastened threads to the tiny cakes that were for trimming only, and sternly forbidden to eat.

A marvelous day that for Jimmy. Late in the afternoon the portier, with a collar on, had mounted the stairs and sheepishly presented him with a pair of white mice in a wooden cage. Jimmy was thrilled. The cage was on his knees all evening, and one of the mice was clearly ill of a cake with pink icing. The portier's gift was a stealthy one, while his wife was having coffee with her cousin, the brushmaker. But the spirit of Christmas does strange things. That very evening, while the portier was roistering in a beer hall preparatory to the midnight mass, came the portier's wife, puffing from the stairs, and brought a puzzle box that only the initiated could open, and when one succeeded at last there was a picture of the Christ-Child within.

Young McLean came to call that evening-came to call and remained to worship. It was the first time since Mrs. Boyer that a visitor had come. McLean, interested with everything and palpably not shocked, was a comforting caller. He seemed to Harmony, who had had bad moments since the day of Mrs. Boyer's visit, to put the hallmark of respectability on the household, to restore it to something it had lost or had never had.

She was quite unconscious of McLean's admiration, She and Anna put Jimmy to bed. The tree candles were burned out; Peter was extinguishing the dying remnants when Harmony came back. McLean was at the piano, thrumming softly. Peter, turning around suddenly, surprised an expression on the younger man's face that startled

For that one night Harmony had laid aside her mourning, and wore white, soft white, tucked in at the neck, short-sleeved, trailing. Peter had never seen her in white

It was Peter's way to sit back and listen: his steady eyes were always alert, good-humored, but he talked very little. That night he was unusually silent. He sat in the shadow away from the lamp and watched the two at the piano: McLean playing a bit of this or that, the girl bending over a string of her violin. Anna came in and sat down near

him.
"The boy is quite fascinated," she whispered. "Watch his eyes!"

"He is a nice boy." This from Peter, as if he argued with himself.

"As men go!" This was a challenge Peter was usually quick to accept. That night he only smiled. "It would be a good thing for her: his people are wealthy."

Money, always money! Peter ground his teeth over his pipe stem. Eminently it would be a good thing for Harmony, this nice boy in his well-made evening clothes, who spoke Harmony's own language of music, who was almost speechless over her playing, and who looked up at her with

eyes in which admiration was not unmixed with adoration.

Peter was restless. As the music went on he tiptoed out of the room and took to pacing up and down the little corridor. Each time as he passed the door he tried not to glance in; each time he paused involuntarily. Jealousy had her will of him that night, jealousy, when he had never acknowledged even to himself how much

the girl was to him. Jimmy was restless. Usually Harmony's music put him to sleep; but that night be lay awake, even after Peter had closed all the doors. Peter came in and sat with him in the dark, going over now and then to cover him, or to give him a drink, or to pick up the cage of mice which Jimmy insisted on having beside him and which constantly slipped off on to the floor. After a time Peter lighted the night-light, a bit of wick on a cork floating in a saucer of lard oil, and set it on the bedside table. Then round it he arranged Jimmy's treasures, the deer antlers, the cage of mice, the box, the wooden sentry. The boy fell asleep. Peter sat in the room, his dead pipe

in his teeth, and thought of many things. It was very late when young McLean left. The two had played until they stopped for very weariness. Anna had

(Continued on Page 70)



# A YEAR IN BOHEMIA



HEN I realized that my husband had been disloyal to me; when I knew that he would not give up that other woman, would not come to our old home for the summer with the children and me; when I heard him shut the door and go to her, I think I went mad for a few minutes. I came to myself walking in the streets. After a time I found myself at the apartment house where Rhoda Sheldon lived. I hesitated; then I entered. I felt that if I stayed in the company of my own thoughts any longer I should throw myself into the water.

Rhoda knew at once that something had gone wrong. She told me afterward that my eyes were insane; that I looked as if I wanted to tear the flesh off my bones. She kissed me with more feeling than usual and put me in her most comfortable chair, talking about inconsequential matters while I looked at her blankly, not hearing, as miserably absorbed in my grief as if she were not speaking. Presently she said:

"Dollie, you know I am loyal to you and fond of you. I wasn't the first day we met; it was Grant I liked. Because you are so quiet and so conservative and so conventional, I thought you were just a little backwoods person born to hamper a brilliant husband."

"I suppose my dumpy figure helped," I put in bitterly. "But," she continued, "I found out that though you are conservative, it is your independent thinking that has made you that; you are not that just because you are blind. Also you efface yourself because you think Grant is

I began to say something, but she interrupted:

"Wait just a minute. You need me; you can't bear this thing alone. I went through it all alone because I couldn't trust any one. I like you too well to want you to suffer as I did without any vent."

Until she spoke of her suffering I had felt repelled, unwilling to confide in her. But when I saw in her eyes a shadow of the same torture that I knew was in my own I broke down, weeping on her breast.

"Don't men know what Sophie Marston is like?" I sobbed.

'Some of them don't. Some of them do and don't care," she replied. "For that man is rare who will judge severely a pretty woman who he thinks is fond of him."

"I can't bear it," I said.
"Oh, yes, you can," Rhoda said. "I'm here to belp you."

"You say you have suffered, Rhoda?" I asked. thought you believed a man and wife should each go his

or her own way?"
"Oh, yes," Rhoda said in a hard voice; "of course I play the game. Dollie, do you remember that first supper people there. Of all those people, only you and Grant, Archie and I and the Sigersons were living with the same partners with whom they had set

"Oh, not really!" I gasped.

"You take so much for granted," Rhoda said-"and so do the real Bohemians, for that matter.

You take it for granted that people have never been divorced. We Bohemians take it for granted that we are to accept each other at our face values and not ask any questions.

"The Sigersons!" I said. "That woman's face has haunted me. She isn't happy. I don't see how she could deceive any one. And no one seems to feel sorry-

"Of course they aren't sorry; however, we cover it up with manners. Ours is a cut-throat game of getting what we want. It's might that conquers, and the beaten one has the privilege of sheltering her wounds the best way she can—for in the end it is always the woman who is beaten."
"Sigerson looks like a brute," I said bitterly.

Somehow abusing any man made me feel a little as if I

ere punishing Grant and bringing him to heel.

"Sigerson is a brute," Rhoda said. "They were married over twenty years ago, and she worked like a slave to advance him. They came to New York ten years ago and in ten weeks she had lost him. You have only to look at her face to see what she has gone through and still goes through. She adores him. She looked at it in this way: She could divorce him, and maybe she would get alimony and maybe she wouldn't, according as he felt like paying up. For after all, you know, the courts may order a man to pay alimony, but they can't make him do it. If she did divorce him she could not hope to marry any one else, for she's too faded and she hasn't any charm. So she just plays the game his way. He falls in love with a new woman every year, and stays away from his wife for weeks and even months at a time. She never complains, never asks questions. When he is nominally at home, and comes in at three or four in the morning, she always has hot potato soup ready for him. If he is sick she nurses him."

"Doesn't he know it hurts! How has he got the

hardihood?" I stormed.

"Of course he knows, but he likes himself better than any one in the world. He would answer you that he supports her, and that if she doesn't like his way of living she is free to leave whenever she likes. I think he does appreciate her patience—and he likes the potato soup. Poor woman! She could play the game better if the men liked her more."

Rhoda looked at me speculatively. Then she went on: "I want to help you, so I'll tell you my own little tale of woe. Archie and I were lovers till about seven years ago, when he fell in love with some one else. I won't tell you what it cost me. When I got over the first smart I had an affair of my own. It didn't amuse me very much, and while it did have the effect on him that I hoped it would, that came too late to help me much."

"Don't talk about it if you don't want to, Rhoda,"

## By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Oh, I don't mind," she said wearily. "Archie and I are the best of comrades. I am sure he is sorry for that first affair of his, and I think he loves me better than he ever did. The difficulty is I'm not like most women—I can't forgive and let things be as before. That first affair of his killed my love. I like him awfully and I'll never leave him, but he robbed me of something infinitely precious. I'd like to love again. I've really looked about a bit for a great love, but I haven't found it in Bohemia. Archie and I have both philandered a bit since those first affairs, but not seriously."

Rhoda's eyes flashed and she added:

"I can't help feeling glad that he is the one that had to pay most in the end in our case. And still I do keep hoping I'll somehow get back that old fondness for him. A woman's life is so empty when she is not in love."

"Oh, it isn't fair!" I said passionately. "The men have such an advantage of us. All wives can't be pretty and fascinating. We've spent our youth and looks on taking care of the children and on advancing our husbands, and then-

"Then along come these unattached women of whom the world of Bohemia is full," Rhoda said-

girls of about twenty-eight; women separated from their husbands and seeking an understanding soul. They are always younger than we are, Dollie, and always with a little more vitality."

In our passionate duet we had been generalizing so vigorously that we had rather lost sight of my problem. I felt that Rhoda's words had made me understand our world as I never had before; it had made me realize the dangers of Bohemian life.

How I longed for the old binding force of the marriage tie as we had seen it in our little Western home! I wanted Grant and me to be humdrum, and fixed eternally in a rut

"What shall I do, Rhoda?" I asked helplessly.

"Of course, Dollie," Rhoda said, "Grant doesn't understand your suffering. He just thinks you're unreasonable. Men have a queer way of using that word, and letting it cover a multitude of traits in women which interfere with their having their own way. Really, Dollie, the best way to get on with a man would be to let him have his own way in every detail."
"It wouldn't be good for him, any more than it would be good for a child," I said drearily.

"We're talking of tact and not of morals, you little Puritan," Rhoda said. "Now as to what you're to do, you can't stop Grant—yet."

"You mean there is no way I can get him away from

Mrs. Marston?

"She wouldn't have it, and her tenacity is perfectly devilish. And Grant wouldn't have it. This is a piquant experience for him. Try to think of it from his point of view, Dollie. Imagine being married for seventeen years, and then coming to New York to find a score of pretty and charming women eager to attract you and considering you handsome and brilliant."

"Don't, Rhoda!" I said sharply.

"But Grant is handsome and brilliant," she persisted. "If you saw it, don't you suppose other women have eyes too? And there are plenty of women, like Sophie Marston, whose joy in the chase is intensified because the prey is supposed to belong to another woman."

I suppose I am too jealous and unhappy to be reasonable," I sighed.

Rhoda went on in the tone of a kindly surgeon who believes that the sight of the knife will prove good for the patient:

"Now the best way to lose Grant forever is to make scenes at home. That will drive him to Sophie for sympathy."

"I won't make scenes."

"And the next best way to make sure of losing him is to be cold and hard to him, and show that you think him a poor husband, and are only speaking to him at all for the children's sakes."

"Do you mean that I've got to act as if I approved of all this?" I demanded fiercely, looking at Rhoda with eyes that were full of indignation.

"Just that. You've got to play the game his way, for a while at least. You can't lose by it, and you're sure to lose the other way. If you keep on friendly terms with Grant, you've gained just so much." I reflected. "Very well," I said, "I'll try to play Grant's

I reflected. "Very well," I said, "I'll try to play Grant's game. I'll have all these people here, including Sophie Marston, and I'll go out whenever I'm invited."

"You talk as if you had intended to sulk at home," said Rhoda with a sharp glance.

I blushed and she went on: "That isn't enough. You'll have to stop being such a mouse. You spoke of your dumpy figure. It isn't a had figure, if you'd take care of it. You must wear conspicuous colors—deep blues and queer yellows. You can with your coloring. And you must be nice to the men."

"If you mean that I must flirt, I can't do it," I said.

"No, I don't mean you to flirt. They'll do that if you give them half a chance," Rhoda said. "I mean you're to try to forget when you are talking to a man that you are married. What difference does it make, in discussing a new play with Archie, whether you remember that you are married or not?"

"I don't think it does, but I feel as if it did," I said.
"But, Rhoda, even if I could do as you say, Grant would
only take it as an excuse for carrying on his attentions
to her."

"He'll do that anyway. I don't think he'll get jealous because men begin to pay you attention, but he won't

expect it, and he'll have more respect for you. Besides, it will take your mind off Grant and Sophie."

I could not agree with her. I knew that I had no talent for flirting. I could not try to philander with some man to make Grant jealous. But I put myself in her hands to the extent of staying all night with her, telling her, too, that I could not bear to see Grant again before I left for our old home. She suggested that I go with her to the seasshore to visit Mary Sigerson while Helena did the packing.

I think Rhoda believed that it would do me good to see Mary Sigerson with the look of strained pleasure all gone from her face, and on it serenity. She supposed that the contemplation of Mary and herself, two who had gone the road I was now about to travel, and quite as unwilling as I, might help me. For, as she pointed out, they both had lived through it and were getting quite a lot out of life. But I was by no means at the stage when any one else's example did me any good. I didn't accept my misery any the more placidly because Rhoda and Mary Sigerson had survived theirs. Rhoda did her best to comfort me, sometimes by abusing Grant and sometimes by excusing him.

"What a stupid give-away it was for him to hand you that jewelry," she said cynically. "That alone proves that he is new to this business. The convincing thing for him to have done would have been to come home and complain about the dinner, and ask you how you expected him to do his full stint of work on overdone beef. Never mind, Dollie, he'll soon get sick of her."

"He hasn't in seven months," I said miserably.

"That was because he was gently wading in, so to speak," Rhoda pointed out. "He didn't take the sudden dive that Teddy Sigerson would have taken and that Sophie is accustomed to. That was what kept her interested. She was determined to get him, and the way he held off only whetted her appetite. She'll tire him out this summer, you'll see. For one thing, she'll insist on late hours; there will have to be gayety every night. For another thing, she always has wretched food. It's so stupid in her, but she's really no judge of what good food is. She'll ruin his digestion and make him unfit to work, and he'll be glad to crawl back to you."

"I'm to have him when he is no good for her any more," I said bitterly.

"But you want him on any terms, don't you, Dollie?" she asked gently.

"I don't know what I want," I said. "I can't tell until I have gone home; until I have begun to live without him."

"You've got a great hold on him as long as you have the children." Rhoda said softly. "Isn't it strange how men can torture a woman with indifference and resent her sense of possession, and yet they want to own their children? Look even at this brute of a Teddy Sigerson! He comes to see Mary once a week and writes her twice a week. It's just because she is going to be the mother of his baby. There isn't a day during the last twenty years when he wouldn't have let her go if she had tried to divorce him. But now, he'd fight like a Turk if she suggested it."

But I didn't want Grant to wish to hold me just for the sake of the children. I wanted him to want me because be loved me. Rhoda saw that.

"He does love you," she said. "This is only temporary. Sophie is like a disease, and when she passes off him his blood will be clear and he won't have another attack. He's not like Sigerson; he's not even like Archie."

I did not see Grant before I went home. I wrote him that I was coming to our flat, but would rather not meet him. He replied that he would do as I said, though it would look strange to the children if he did not see us off. I replied passionately that that was not the only thing that would look strange to the children, if they knew the whole truth about our life in New York. To this he made no answer. When I arrived at our flat I found a note from him, inclosing the monthly sum he allowed me for house-keeping, and saying that he would send the same amount while I was gone, but that he hoped I'd be able to manage return railway fares out of it, because he had been slacking

"I'm Afraid I'm Old-Fashioned. I Really Believe That There is Only One Great Love in a Life"

up on his work of late and, besides, proposed to take a rest during part of the summer.

There was no happiness in going to my old home without Grant. Archie and Rhoda traveled with us, for they had not yet sold their farm, and indeed they were glad to go to it and rest and save money. When we reached our journey's end there was a crowd of friends to meet us, and I think I should have broken down if it had not been for Rhoda's warning hand on my arm. I explained to every one who asked that Grant was coming later; that business was keeping him in New York.

My mother thought I looked older and my friends said I looked smarter. I knew I did. As soon as I had been among them for a little while I realized that I really had taken on a kind of cosmopolitan air. Rhoda said so too. She said that whatever lack Grant might find in me, he could not accuse me of not keeping up with the procession. I was not one of these dowdy wives who hold their husbands back.

"Sophie Marston would say I was trying to hold him back," I said. "She would say that I was keeping his soul from developing."

"When Sophie goes to hell," Rhoda reflected, "this will be her punishment: She will be made to fall in love with a fascinating devil, and then for a billion years she will have to watch him making love to a series of devilesses, each more fascinating than she is."

One of Rhoda's forms of comfort was to figure out various kinds of punishment for Sophie here and hereafter.

We both knew that if we were willing to wait she would be punished in this world. For she could not always be thirty-five and a siren of men.

"The woman has uncanny luck," I said. "She will probably die just before she comes to the end of her power

of making wives unhappy."

I don't know what I should have done without the Sheldons that summer. To every one but Rhoda I had to keep up a pretense. To her I could speak freely. As the summer wore on Grant, who wrote me a brief letter weekly, always posted in New York, said nothing about coming to me. I do not know what I should have written if he had said he would come. But when he showed no signs of wanting to be with the children I felt I had lost him indeed.

Only a woman whose husband some other woman has taken can realize what I suffered. The horror of thinking through the day: "Is he with her now?" All his little ways I knew so well; it was maddening to think that any other woman should know them too. A man has only one way of making love. No matter how different the quality of love he feels for different women, his fashion of expressing it must be the same. When Rhoda was thinking up tortures for Sophie Marston I wanted to add: "Give her the torture of jealousy. There is nothing worse than that."

I am told that it is feminine for a jealous wife to wish to crush the woman in the case, but excuse her husband. If

that is true I am not feminine. I blamed Grant precisely as much as I did Sophie. I don't think I really should have wished to take revenge on either of them, but I certainly should have been glad if I could have made them both sorry, and then got my husband back.

August drew toward a close and Grant had not come. At last he sent a letter inquiring if it was not pretty nearly time for Tommy's school to open and wanting to know when I was coming back. He said that he thought I ought to try to rent the house to the schoolteachers again, and that indeed it would be impossible to do anything else, for he did not see his way to supporting the flat and the house both. He had not been working so hard as he meant to, and his finances were such that he could not manage unless we were all living under the same roof as economically as was consistent. I showed this letter to Rhoda.

"He's spent all his money on her," I said wildly.

"No, he hasn't," replied Rhoda. "I must do Sophie the justice to say that she does not graft off men. She would, of course, if she had to, but she gets heaps of cash out of the poor wretch she's married to. She's already

got more mere things than any man she's ever known could possibly raise for her. I suppose Grant has given her a few presents, but what has happened is what I've told you: She's hurt his power of work, and that's all to your advantage."

"I know his work has gone downhill," I said. "It's not good for a man's art just to be working for money. Still, I don't see how Grant's inferior work is to my advantage,"

"Well, anyhow," Rhoda said a little impatiently, "this letter has taught you what you want to do. You don't want to divorce him and you do want to go back to him."
"No, I don't want to divorce him," I said miserably.

"I can't give him up."

"You poor dear!" Rhoda said; "what you want is to go back to him, and have things as they used to be. But you can't do that, Dollie. You'll have to go back on his terms. He knows he has the whiphand of you too. That's what he means when he talks of money. Oh, I don't mean to say he is doing it consciously," she added, as I made a movement of protest. "But a man can be very brutal to a woman when she's in his power, and when he's angry at her; and he's angry at you because you've put him in the wrong."

For the moment I was angry at Rhoda too, and I wished fruitlessly, as I had wished so many times, that we had never gone to New York, and that I had never had to listen to her cynical interpretations of human nature. And to think that the human nature belonged to the one I loved most on earth, and that I had to admit that there was some truth in what Rhoda said! "You'll find that things will be better," Rhoda said.
"By now his first enthusiasm for Sophie is dulled. She makes the men devote themselves so deeply to her that she soon tires them. Just go back and act as if nothing had ever happened and I am sure things will change."

Grant was at the station to meet us. He greeted us joyfully and kissed us all, even Tommy, who glanced about fearfully to see if any other male creature was looking on. It was then that I noticed Helena's attitude toward her father. She shrank from him the least bit when he kissed her the second time. He did not notice it, but I did. This child, who understood me as no one else did, could not forgive her father because he had chosen not to spend the summer with us.

When we reached the flat I saw that Grant had had it thoroughly cleaned for our homecoming, and I praised him for that. He carried Helena's dress-suit case to her room and Tommy's to the spareroom and mine to our room. He put his arm about me and whispered:

"I've taken yours to the right place, haven't I, Dollie?"
"Oh, yes," I said, but I could not make my tone warm
or forgiving. Perhaps I lost a chance there for reconciliation. I don't know. Rhoda says not. She says that all any
man would want in such an affair would be for his wife not
to make a fuss.

Grant was a homekeeping soul for the next few days. Our friends were slowly coming back to town from the mountains and the sea. Through Rhoda I learned that Sophie Marston was in Maine with her husband—one of her placating trips, Rhoda called it—and rejoiced to think what boredom Sophie must be enduring. For my part I ceased to give Grant full credit for his present devotion.

Early in October Knight gave a supper, with the usual people present—all except Sophie Marston. She came when the evening was almost over. Late entrances were her specialty, but this one had not been calculated. She explained that she had not been able to stand her husband a minute longer, had reached New York at eleven, and had telephoned about until she found who was having a party. She and Grant gravitated to each other at once. I could tell by the amused eyes of some of the group that they considered that Sophie had not yet done her worst to my husband. Archie Sheldon sat by me and talked. I don't know what he said, but I know that he was infinitely kind.

Sigerson was present, and almost none of the group had seen him since he had become the father of twins six weeks before. Some of them congratulated him and some of them teased him. Sigerson, so strange are men, seemed far more willing to conceal the fact of his affection for his children than he ever had been to conceal his attraction for women other than his wife. He seemed positively irritated when Knight accused him of having spent most of the six weeks at the shore with his wife and babies.



I Believe the Child Hid in the Closet Most of the Time

"Well, what if I have?" he asked sharply. "How do I know but the maid might leave or the nurse? Mary and the children have to have some one to look out for them."

Sigerson had no sense of humor, and his friends kept him annoyed and apologizing for his attention to his wife and children until Rhoda interfered and rescued him. Afterward he came to me, as one of the few

women present who had children, and gave me a chance to draw him out about the twins. I did not like Sigerson and I was loath to believe that he could have any real sense of fatherhood. It was only, I thought, the newness of the sensation that interested him. But I had to believe that he really did feel a sense of proprietorship in his children, and affection for them. He described their appearance to me minutely, bragged about their strength and their appetites and their lung capacity and their prehensile qualities. I

listened to him, thinking all the time how little be deserved the happiness of having them. I am frequently blunt and impulsive,

and I interrupted him as he was telling me his theory of gymnastics for babies by saying abruptly: "I can tell you what your wife said when they told her their sex. She said: "Thank God, they are boys."

His jaw dropped.

"How did you know?" he asked. "Did she write you?"

"I just guessed," I said.

He stared at me. Of course he didn't understand. But I knew that poor Mary Sigerson, who had welcomed these children as the great reward of her life of pain and as the means of getting at last a family life for herself and her husband, had out of her very love and experience been grateful that they were not girls whom their husbands might some day hurt. Human like the rest of us, she was not sparing thought for the girl babies whom those boys might grow up to hurt.

"Well, they're great kids anyway," he said.

"Let me tell you this," I said: "You may be their father, but they won't be your children unless you help Mary bring them up."

"I'm helping her now," he said almost indignantly. "I rocked one of them to sleep yesterday. I'm going back day after tomorrow too. I just came down for a change."

I rose to join Rhoda; I never could stand very much of Teddy Sigerson. But I reflected that Mary Sigerson's life promised well, after all. A man like Sigerson could be held at fifty with children where he couldn't have been at thirty. Tears came into my eyes. I almost wished I could begin over with Helena and Tommy as lures to get Grant away from Mrs. Marston. She and Grant were off by themselves in a corner of Knight's smoking room.

It was dreadful just to look at the woman who had taken my husband away from me. I had intended to avoid her, but that was not always possible. One night she and I had arrived together at a studio flat and were taking off our things in a bedroom. Grant had not yet come, so she felt no reason for hurrying. She began to talk about Archie Sheldon.

"Archie is a wonderful person, Mrs. Hollister," she said.
"I knew him first seven years ago. We were very close friends. I think I helped him; but Rhoda——" She finished with an injured sigh.

In the mirror I saw her face with its mixture of triumphant reminiscence and mock sentimentality, and I realized that it had been she who had first spoiled Rhoda's happiness; it had been she with whom Archie had fallen in love. I wondered bitterly if Sophie Marston ever would, in Teddy Sigerson's words, "get hers." I didn't think she would.

"So often a man marries the wrong person," she went on plaintively as I rubbed a powder-puff over my face. "And after that his life principle sinks, unless the great love comes that develops his soul."

I went on powdering my face.

"But what about the man's wife and children?" I asked lightly.

"They cannot be considered, if it is a question of developing his soul," she said earnestly.

"I'm afraid I'm not so keen an individualist as some people," I said, taking some pride in the way I kept my tone light and seemed primarily absorbed in beautifying my face. "For example, take Teddy Sigerson. He's had half a dozen love affairs, I'm told. Did he need them all to develop his soul?"

"Certainly," she returned firmly.



"I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned," I said, returning my powder-puff to its box. "I really believe that there is only one great love in a life."

"Ah, you are wrong?" she said, in a tone which I suppose she thought was thrilling. "It may take several great loves fully to develop a person's soul."

I raised my eyebrows at her in a supercitious fashion.

It is the only facial trick I have that is especially effective.

"Really, Mrs. Marston," I said, "I wish you would tell me what is the good of a soul like that when it is fully developed."

She made no answer. There was none to make. I walked off furious at her insolence. If I had had the power at that moment to transport her to a desert island where there were only women who disliked her, I am afraid Sophie Marston would never have seen New York again.

That evening among the guests was a young man who came late. He was about twenty-eight, very blond and very handsome. Knight and two or three other men gave welcoming shouts. Rhoda peered doubtfully at the newcomer, and then she said to me excitedly:

"It's young Baring! He was with Scott on that expedition to the South Pole. It's four years since he's been in New York, so no wonder we failed to remember him. And, Dollie, I've a new plan to quell Grant and Sophie! You needn't ask me what it is, for I'm not going to tell you yet."

Sophie Marston craned her neck from the corner where she lurked with Grant. She reminded me of nothing so much as a tigress scenting new prey. Rhoda, I am sure, had the same thought. But presently Sophie sank back and again gave all her attention to Grant.

"Never mind," said Rhoda; "he'll be her meat sooner or later. But, Dollie, don't let us wait for that. I told you I thought I saw a way out, and I'm going to make you take it whether you like it or not."

At the moment I was too unhappy and listless to care what she meant. A very few days later I was to learn. She and Helena came to me together. Helena looked unhappy, but transfigured, and Rhoda looked rather guilty.

"I'm afraid you'll never forgive me," she said hesitatingly, but I've been talking to Helena."

"What do you mean?" I asked suspiciously and resentfully.

Helena put her slim arms round my neck.

"Mother dear, you mustn't blame Aunt Rhoda," she said. "I've known for a long time that you weren't happy, but you wouldn't tell me why. And Aunt Rhoda explained that it is because you don't like father's friends and what they do. So we thought out a plan for making father sick of them too." (Continued on Page 76)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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#### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1914

#### Steel Armor for Passengers

AMERICANS are always looking for a machine to save our lives because we have no time to save them ourselves by hand. To get the simplest safeguards for life and limb introduced into factories using dangerous machinery took an enormous amount of political agitation. Though the first blame for unguarded dangerous machinery rests on the employer, there is no question that workmen themselves take quite lightly the risks involved.

Trolley companies are finding it expedient to adopt a type of vehicle that is hermetically sealed when in motion, in order to prevent reckless citizens from jumping on and off moving cars. Stout chains and guards are necessary to keep impatient ferry passengers from throwing themselves into the water at each end of the trip. The annual railroad claughter is appalling; but the first analysis of the figures shows that a great proportion of those killed are trespassers who should not have been on the tracks at all, or being there should certainly have kept vigilant watch for trains.

Just now we are insisting on all-steel cars, which are no better than any other cars until after a collision or derailment caused by human carelessness has occurred. This is more or less like dressing pedestrians in motorproof steel armor, instead of requiring both chauffeurs and pedestrians to go circumspectly.

Of course all-steel cars are good and should finally be the only sort used on passenger trains; but to supplant the present wooden cars with steel ones will take ten years at the very least, and probably twenty. To do this in ten years would require the construction of from five thousand to six thousand cars of this type a year—and the lower figure is decidedly above the present capacity of the shops.

There is no question that carelessness of life is an American characteristic. So long as it remains one, no mechanical device will save us from a heavy mortality record.

#### The Russian Temperance Plan

THAT the Czar's Government is willing to keep his beloved subjects from worrying overmuch about politics by supplying them liberally with vodka is a charge that has recently been made with some force by Russian radicals. The statistics are rather on their side. For several years the traffic in vodka has been a government monopoly, for which Count Witte was originally responsible.

In ten years sales of vodka have increased by two hundred and fifty million dollars—the increase last year alone being over forty million dollars—which largely comes out of very meagerly furnished pockets. It is hardly disputed that drunkenness has greatly increased during the period of government monopoly; that there are industrial communities where at week-ends "in every house some one lies drunk"; that the spread of inebriety is a national problem.

Count Witte now comes forward with a novel suggestion: In addition to restricting the sale of vodka he would turn over to temperance societies a considerable part of the government revenue derived from the traffic, to be used by them in persuading people to abstain from the government's alcohol. The proposed temperance fund would

amount to fifty million dollars a year, or about a tenth of the national drink bill.

Giving a man a penny's worth of temperance for every dime he spends in drink does not look like a final solution of the liquor problem; but there is something in the suggestion that every government deriving a revenue from alcohol might study.

#### Policing the Seven Seas

"MAN'S control stops with the shore," said Byron; but in one very important sense it is much less true now than when he said it. Social control over the high seas is extended almost year by year. We are in the process of setting up a police court for Neptune.

In Byron's time the captain on the deck of his ship ten miles from shore was almost as unfettered by human control as the elements themselves; but law now steadily pushes out to see

It will not be long before a vessel in mid-Pacific will be subject to as exact and binding regulations as an automobile on Fifth Avenue. She will have to turn square corners and the captain will be arrested by wireless if he lets the tail-light go out.

No one nation, of course, could do much by way of socializing the ocean; but fourteen nations participated in the international conference on safety at sea that sat in London last November and ended its session recently. The conference formulated regulations as to an international patrol for ice and derelicts, watertight compartments, fire bulkheads, lifeboats and crews to man them, wireless apparatus, prohibition of dangerous cargoes on passenger vessels, and the like.

No doubt these rules will be duly ratified, thus constituting a code of police regulations covering practically every vessel on every high sea.

Humanity affoat almost anywhere on salt water, under almost any flag, will be as much safeguarded by law as in a city street.

Broadly speaking, the true interest of one nation is the true interest of all. This fact gets more and more practical recognition each year. In another generation it will be so universally recognized that dreadnoughts will be used as floating police stations to see that bars on transatlantic liners are closed promptly at one o'clock.

#### A Monroe Complication

IN 1910 Mexico issued some bonds and sold them to foreign investors. The bonds were secured not only by the general credit of the nation but by a special pledge of sixty-two per cent of its customs receipts. On application they were officially vizéed by the French Government and listed on the Paris Bourse, which was equivalent to the French Government's introducing them to French investors. The other day President Huerta announced that interest on the bonds would not be paid, owing to circumstances over which he had no control. Naturally the French Government made a formal protest. These bonds are held in England also, and probably in Germany and the Netherlands.

Mexico is now in the position of a defaulting mortgagor. Suppose the mortgagees—the bondholders—elect to foreclose on the customs receipts. Would this country have a moral right, by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, to forbid it?

When a country financially no stronger than Mexico borrows money abroad on bonds it is an almost invariable rule to give some specific security over and above the general credit of the nation—such as a first lien on customs receipts or on some governmental monopoly—exactly as a farmer gives a mortgage on his farm.

Even Japan thus secures foreign loans. Can we prevent a country like Mexico, which is theoretically under our wing because of the Monroe Doctrine, from giving a specific lien on some national asset? And if we cannot or do not prevent that, should we prevent the foreign creditor from foreclosing when a default occurs?

Probably France will not press the point in respect of the mortgaged customs dues at this time; but the point is very likely to be pressed some time.

#### English Schools and Ours

ENGLISH free schools are very good as free schools go. Free instruction furnished by the London County Council is said by respectable authority to be better than the average furnished by private schools, because the public body, with the resources of the community to draw on, can get the pick of teachers; but an Englishman in tolerable circumstances must not send his children to these free schools. They are for the poor; and in spite of all democratic politics the poor and the tolerably well-off people are still two distinct folks in England.

One of the heaviest burdens on many an English income of two thousand dollars a year consists of the cost of maintaining one or two children in expensive pay schools, while in this country the children of a similarly circumstanced family would go to the free schools as a matter

of course. Some Americans consider private schools more efficient; but those Americans who choose private schools for children under fourteen on purely social grounds are quite insignificant—thank heaven!—both numerically and intellectually.

In England there is hardly a choice. The tolerably welloff child does not go to the free school. "We do not make these class distinctions," said an Englishman recently; "they were made for us generations ago and we cannot ignore them."

In spite of Lloyd George, the sharp class distinctions do not seem in the way of getting unmade very fast.

#### Curbing the Money Trust

NEARLY forty years ago, when the biggest pot of money in the United States was inconsiderable in comparison with today's hoards, Henry George wrote:

But there is another far more insidious and far more general form of monopoly. In the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control there is developed a new and essentially different power from that power of increase which is a general characteristic of capital, and which gives rise to interest. While the latter is, so to speak, constructive in its nature, the power which rises on it as aggregation proceeds is destructive.

A railroad company approaches a small town as a highwayman approaches his victim. The threat, "If you do not accede to our terms we will leave your town two or three miles on one side!" is as efficacious as the "Stand and deliver!" when backed by a cocked pistol. . . Or if, where there is water communication, an opposition boat is put on, rates are reduced until she is forced off; and then the public is compelled to pay the cost of the operation. . . And just as robbers unite to plunder in concert and divide the spoils, so do the trunklines of the railroad unite to raise

rates and pool their earnings.

And just as the Duke of Buckingham's creatures, under authority of the king's patent granting a monopoly of gold thread, searched private houses and seized persons and papers, so does the great telegraph company, which by power of associated capital deprives the people of the full benefit of a beneficent invention, tamper with correspondence and crush out newspapers that offend it.

The tremendous power to plunder possessed by great masses of aggregated capital has long been recognized; but what should be done to cure the evils of which Henry George spoke?

Obviously railroads should be forbidden by law to hold up towns along a prospective right-of-way. They are already forbidden by law to raise rates except by permission of the Government. Law already reaches toward a prevention of that cutthroat competition to crush rivals of which the great singletaxer spoke. We do not think a telegraph company would venture to tamper with correspondence or discriminate against any newspaper nowadays. If it should the fault would be largely our own for not having brought telegraphing sufficiently under Government regulation.

In short, the best safeguard against a Money Trust is efficient inspection and regulation of those great and indispensable activities and agencies that employ big aggregations of capital.

If a Money Trust means the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control, there will be several of them just so long as the capitalistic system endures. The safeguard lies not in disintegrating the masses, but in forbidding them to do injurious things.

#### Some Bargains in Books

OUR mail constantly reminds us that one of the most deserving booksellers in the country is comparatively little known to the public. We imagine his sales are not at all what his authors think they should be or what the merit of the books really warrants, and that he must be as much in the dumps about the book trade as every other publisher we know anything about habitually is.

This bookseller's business style is Superintendent of Documents and his address is Government Printing Office, Washington, District of Columbia. His output covers a great variety of subjects and his prices are merely the cost of printing. On application he will send you a circular; and if you are interested in any one of many special subjects you will very likely find, on inquiry, that he has something worth looking at.

For many people the idea of favor and patronage is so closely associated with the idea of government that if they want a Government publication their first notion is to find a senator or a representative, or other influential person, who will procure it for them gratis. Indeed a great many people do not know that anything of the Government's can be procured except by the exercise of some pull; but it is not worth while to bother the senator or representative or anybody else.

The easy and simple way to get a Government publication is to send to the Superintendent of Documents and buy it at cost. You are beholden to nobody then, and the price is so low that you would probably rather pay it than ask a favor.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

#### The Shagbark by the Genesee

'OW dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood!" Thus the poet wrote and thus the souses sing, for no ballad lends itself with greater effect to the harmony superinduced by conviviality than the tender lines of The Old Oaken Bucket, of which this line

is the tenderest. How dear, indeed!

Full well do I remember a tall and stately shagbark hickory tree that stood proudly on the banks of the Genesee River-a noble shagbark hickory tree that guarded the calm waters of the Buck Hole, where the boys of Geneseo-the same being the most beautiful village in the most beautiful valley in these United States, or any other-went to swim-a haughty hickory and a high. How well do I remember that tree! Many a time have I shucked nuts beneath it-and shucked a calico shirt, and a pair of what it were courtesy to call pants, underneath it in the summer, to go whooping and headlong from its shade into the water.

And now it comes to mind with all the clearness of vivid retrospect, for I venture to say it is the only shagbark hickory tree in all this broad domain of ours that has attained a celebrity because of the recent assumption of the reins of government by the Democratic party-the driving being done exclusively by that eminent tooler of the political coach in which we are riding-Mr. Woodrow Wilson, to be exact. It is the only

tree of this kind. I am certain of that.

There can be no denial of the fact that trees have played great parts in politics as well as in poetry and in prose, from the great oak under which the barons met for the signing of Magna Charta down to those other oaks under which the Republican party was formed, and which were variously located at Jackson, Michigan, and at other points-the geography depending on the native obligations of the historian.

This tree, however, the shagbark hickory tree that stood—and, I hope, still stands—on the banks of the Genesee at Geneseo, is preëminently the historic tree of this era of the New Freedom; and it is my happy duty to tell the reason why. A historic tree-a historic hickory

tree-and the tale appends.

Away back yonder in the late seventies and the early eighties there was a brick house on Main Street, in Geneseo, not far from the Wallace House and next to the home of good Doctor West, who assuaged the ills of most of the populace. It was a big house, one of the big houses of the village, and notable because it was the residence of a most imposing Democrat of the old school, one Benjamin Franklin Angel, who had been Minister to Sweden and Norway, by appointment of President Buchanan-a stately man, who moved about in black broadcloth and becoming dignity, albeit a peppery one and much averse to having his harvest apples stolen.

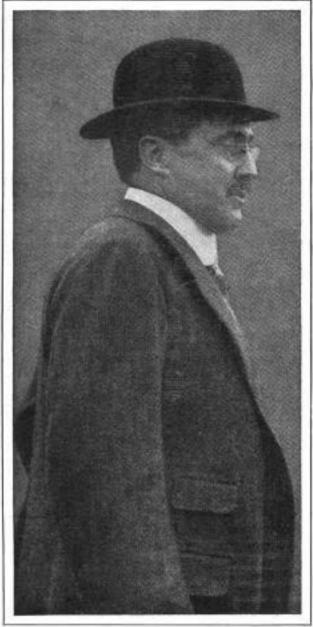
The Episcopal church and the rectory were just across the street; and that rectory was overflowing with boys, sons of the beloved Mr. Coale. Back of both church and rectory was a large lot, and there a coterie of the village boys played ball and pursued various other sports and pastimes.

#### How Buck Hole Became Historic Ground

WHEN summer came and school was out the big house that sheltered the diplomatist of those former days took on an air of life and gayety, for then there came to spend the heated term grandsons from New York—several of them-from the city of New York, mark you !- regular city boys. There came grandsons clad in city clothes, wearing shoes in July-think of that !- and stiff starched shirts and collars, and various other paraphernalia that seemed both unnecessary and absurd to the native ladsstrange garments that stamped their wearers as dudes, and to be scorned and scoffed at as such.

However, they had pocket money and they were eager to be of the gang. So they were taken in each summer and their eccentricities of costume were tolerated, as were their eccentricities of speech and New York manners; for trips to Rogers' corner drug store, with its soda fountain, the city boys standing treat, served to soften asperities caused by the enormities of Eton jackets and the insufferable stuckupness of shoes in summer, as well as condoned patronizing descriptions of the wonders of the elevated milroad, the theaters and the crowds, and all the wonderful details of metropolitan life.

So the grandsons of the Democrat of the old school were taken in and made integral parts of the definite section of boydom that used the lot back of the church as a rendezvous, battlefield and amphitheater.



He Was a Nice Boy, With a Lisp, a Smile and a Trustful Disposition

Once a day, at least, the whole crowd went rollicking down River Hill, across the railroad tracks, through the lumberyard, and thence to the deep side of the Buck Hole-only the kids who could not swim were forced to go round by the mill, tramp across the dusty covered bridge, and walk up the river bank to the shallow side. The older visitors were taken to the deep side, where the long slide was made in the slippery blue clay and where there was a

The brief ceremony of undressing took place regularly beneath the hickory tree-a brief ceremony, indeed, for when the last fence was climbed and the race across the narrow intervening field began it was an inexpert and clumsy boy who did not arrive there in such a state of preparedness that a shake and a clutch at the neck of a shirt were sufficient to unincumber him of all impedimenta in the way of clothes. The city boys, cramped as they were by shoes and collars, were forced laboriously to divest themselves, and were rarely ready to splash in before the rest had raced across the hole and back again.

Still, no boy, however tempered his aversion to city boys with city airs may have been by lavish soda-water hospitality, ever could or ever will be so false to all the accepted tenets of boydom as to let escape the chance provided by such a swimming expedition to prove rural superiority over urban sophistication.

Thus and then the shagbark hickory tree played its part; for the first time the city boys went in, after neatly piling their clothes beneath the tree-at that precise moment, with the metropolitan innocents disporting themselves in the water or on the blue-clay slide, the village boys swam down stream, climbed out, made a long détour to reach the foot of the hickory, and, taking the fashionable clothes of the city boys, tied a few artistic knots in each shirt; and then, with an accuracy achieved by long practice, they threw the garments one by one into the branches of the tree and sneaked back into the water to overwhelm the visitors with boyish kindness and attention.

The hours passed and the time came to hurrah back to the village. The village boys dashed up the bank and inserted themselves helter-skelter into pants and shirts-then waited. The visitors came. Greatly to the astonishment of all present, the city boys found themselves totally without protection against the outer air, save such as hung in the branches of the tree. There was much sympathy. It was the universal and vociferous opinion that the Temple Hill gang had sneaked in and done the dastardly deed. All hands tried to club down the clothes, but to no avail; for the city boys were inexpert at clubbing and the village boys took good care to throw clumsily.

Then came the distressing but now historic moment. The clothes must be secured. So the elder of the city boys was incited to climb the tree. Need I say more? Imagine a boy brought up in New York nakedly climbing a shagbark hickory tree! The world presents no sadder

sight—no more tearful spectacle.

I draw the veil, but only over the sorrows of the climber; for it is at this point and because of this episode repeated summer after summer-so credulous are city boys and so persuasive and innocent are village boys in such circumstances-because of this episode the tree became historic, and now, I hope, stands there as the only shagbark hickory tree in the country ever climbed by a future ambassador to Germany, when said potential diplomatist wore nothing to guard him against the shaggy and rasping bark save his tender city skin and such protection as his tears of woe afforded by softening the edges of those slings and arrows of his outrageous fortune.

#### The Hickory Hero's Rise in Life

 ${
m Y}^{
m OU}$  have guessed the name of the climber—none other than James W. Gerard, now, as the dispatches tell us, hobnobbing with the Kaiser and shedding as much luster on the job of being our ambassador to the Kaiser's domain as he shed scalding tears on the occasion to which I have referred. Possibly there will be a brass plate put on that tree. Let us hope so. Surely the Democracy must have one historic tree-an obvious necessity.

Jimmy Gerard was a nice boy, with a lisp, a smile and a trustful disposition. Presently he ceased to come to Geneseo for the summer visit and presently others of us left that favorite spot; and thus the world wagged along and Jimmy Gerard became James W. Gerard, one of the

leading young lawyers of New York.

The spirit of his stern granddad's Democracy always was strong in him and possibly he inherited his tendency to diplomacy, for his rise in politics was rapid. At an age when most young lawyers are just beginning to get cases he was on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Always diplomatic, he maintained an equable political position in the metropolis until he became a judge. After that he was judicial, of course.

The call of the chancelleries was strong within him. He was as ardently and usefully for Mr. Wilson after the nomination as a judge could be; and when the election was over and the contest won his friends and admirers suggested him as a most admirable person for an ambassadorship. The President canvassed his qualities and named him; and now he is in Berlin doing what an ambassador to Germany does with exceeding credit to himself.

He is in his middle forties—a most affable, polished and courteous man; a clever speaker, and tactful and tractable. He will make no mistakes, will represent his country skillfully, and undoubtedly will continue in high favor with the Germans, for he is able, cultured and a fine specimen of a well-bred young American. He made an excellent record for himself while he was a judge, and there seems to be no reason why he should not be as successful in diplomacy as he was in law.

Show me, I say, a hickory tree so worthy of celebration. You cannot. It is much more than thirty years since that dor-in-futuro shinned up that tree and left shreds of his epidermis on every jagged shag; but now the tree has come into its own. It is a noble tree-a historic

Of course we did not know, away back yonder, that the city boy would one day be persona grata at the Court of the Kaiser. We did not know that, for the future then was of no concern. Had we known it—ah, well, I suppose if we had known it we should have tied knots in his stockings and pants as well as in his shirt, and thrown the wholeregalia into the topmost branches rather than tossed it into the lowest boughs.

# The Translation of the Specialist

## Business Explanations to the Public Usually Begin Inside

ON THE books of a big manufacturing corporation the figures showing yearly sales to one of its best customers began to go down in a most alarming way, apparently without cause.

This company makes machinery and supplies of a technical nature, and its customer was another big corporation, which buys such equipment and with it produces various forms of service for sale to the general public.

Both companies seemed to be the last word in largescale organization and modern specialization. Everything the manufacturing concern made was centered in its particular department,

with the best experts obtainable, paying little attention to other products, and backed by research laboratories that sought advancement in the realm of pure science, as well as in matters of practical utility.

The public-service corporation, too, had specialists to make and distribute its products; and because it operated over a dozen states it had everything down to fine averages in finance, administration, standardization, and so on. Yet sales of the first corporation to the second were falling off.

One banner year they had reached nearly a quarter of a million dollars; but several years later the total had dropped to less than a hundred thousand, and two years after that only thirty thousand dollars' worth of equipment was sold to the second company, despite steady growth in its plant and business.

The situation became so serious that one of the manufacturing company's officers—a first-rate executive—undertook an investigation; and here is what he found:

From the many departments of his company a dozen or more experts were constantly calling on the purchasing and operating heads of the other company. All were technical men, each an authority in his line. One was abreast of developments in power production; another knew what the practice would be tomorrow in transmission; and others were deeply versed in transformers, alternators, switchboard apparatus, meters—but none of them knew much about other experts' fields or had a grasp of the business as a whole, or could grasp the customer's side of problems. Each had the specialist's disposition of regarding his subject as most important. Few knew where their specialties fitted into the other fellows' specialties. All were lacking in sales sense.

#### Utility Corporations and the Public

In TRYING to give the public-service company the best technical aid the manufacturing company had been bothering it with non-essentials, and the customer had cut down purchases in self-defense.

When he understood what was the matter this executive organized a clearing house for his own specialists, through which all the information, advice, schemes and technicalities were brought together, checked, harmonized, boiled down and translated into the bare essentials. The specialists were kept at the works and communication between the two companies was delegated to a couple of men who had little technical knowledge, but were strong on the generalities.

This new plan was developed about two years ago. Last year that manufacturing company's sales to the public-service company exceeded a million dollars!

In business everywhere this is a day of explanation. The public is asking questions that are apparently simple. It wants to know about rules, methods, rates, shortcomings,



## By JAMES H. COLLINS

LLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELI

was the breakfast
car, locked and
dark. The young
man from the passenger department
esteward cautiously peered

and so on, of the big public-service corporations; and it is curious about the affairs of industrial and commercial houses that yesterday were regarded as sacredly private enterprises.

Answering these questions is not always simple, for they involve technicalities and difficulties in carrying on the business; but they must be answered, nevertheless. The business has found that out by trying other measures. At first, it bluntly told the public to be blowed—with the outcome that public opinion singled out the most blunt and conspicuous official in sight and lynched him, with the willing assistance of his competitors and political opponents.

Then business tried hiding its head in the sand. When the public asked Why? it was blind, deaf and dumb. That did not work out happily either; and then it turned to special pleaders and secret agents, trying to influence public opinion and legislation, with no more success.

Finally the business world has come to understand that frankness is the best basis for meeting these questions. When the public asks Why? nowadays, business is disposed to tell the truth. This involves more difficulties than one would suppose.

Some months ago a crack passenger train going West ran into a blizzard. Autumn had hardly gone and there was no reason to think of snow in that place and season; but a big storm came sweeping East, burying the track in snowbanks, and the train ran into it, with the result that what was usually but a few hours' brisk run to its destination turned out to be an all-day creeping over a disorganized system.

This train was luxuriously equipped. It carried club cars, a barber, a manicure, a stenographer, and received the latest newspapers and market quotations all along the line; but for a whole day it ran without a dining car, and passengers accustomed to fat living were up against the elemental situation of having nothing to eat—three meals were missed forever, and not even a cup of warm coffee was obtainable.

When that train reached its destination eleven hours late it did not carry the crowd of confident, conservative business men who were its ordinary passengers, but a mob of howling radicals eager for the blood of the man who had blundered. By one mischance in a few hours there was created enough ill will to offset a year of good train service.

Now when the railroad management looks into a shortcoming of this kind it finds precisely what the executive

found at the bottom of the manufacturing company's diminishing sales—namely, specialization. Like other big business, railroading has been divided and subdivided. Each detail of its work is in charge of some specialist who centers on that one thing alone and develops it to the finest point, without much reference to other details or grasp of railroading as a whole.

All the specialties and the specialists are bound together in a unit organization that is a masterpiece of specialization too. Normally the units fit into one another and do their work skillfully; but if a blizzard happens along out of season, running wild, and the unit system provides for dropping the dining car off at a certain station where it has been found best to drop it in normal weather, off she goes, regardless, according to schedule.

In another case a fast train running East in the night apparently got tired of following the rails, for presently it left them and wandered a few hundred feet over into a cornfield, where the engineer brought it to a stop. None of the cars turned over and nobody was hurt; but the steam-heating connection from the engine was broken and in half an hour the passengers, who were all up to see what was the matter, were shivering with cold.

On that train was a young man connected with the passenger department. Hooked behind knocked on the door until the steward cautiously peered out, and then told him to open the car, get his crew at work making hot coffee, and serve everybody with coffee and sandwiches free of charge. The steward refused pointblank. His car was scheduled to open for breakfast, several hours later. He had to obey his orders. Besides, though the passengers might be cold and the train in a cornfield, he was still responsible for all the sandwiches and coffee, and anybody who got them would have to pay him.

The young man from the passenger department argued; but it was only when he paid for the refreshments out of his own pocket that the steward felt free to depart from the rules so far as to serve them. It cost the young man fortyodd dollars; but all the passengers got warm and cheerful, felt that the railroad company was big enough to take care of them, and went back to bed. The next morning, on arriving in New York, he went to his chief.

"You may fire me when I tell you what I did last night," he said, and explained the whole case.

"That was the right thing to do," said the chief. "I'd
'a' fired you if you hadn't done it!"

#### Specialism Run Into the Ground

BOTH of these happenings occurred on the same railroad and to the same crack train. One turned out happily, because a man was on hand to go over the routine; the other turned out otherwise, because there was no such man. Some of the most difficult explanations the business

Some of the most difficult explanations the business world is now called on to make do not involve statements to the public as to why service is not better, or how it broke down, but explanations to workers inside the organization as to what the business stands for as a whole, what it is driving at, and how those shortcomings may be eliminated that arise because every man sticks too close to his own job.

For years the specialist has been sought and encouraged everywhere. This began in Germany. The German felt that his country was a bit crowded and looked about the world for room to grow. Most of the good colonies were already in possession of other nations. Not being able to expand geographically, therefore, the German did it mentally. He sat down at home and expanded into a series of the hydrocarbons, and it was a magnificent success. Thus modern specialization appears to have been born, and other nations have been going in for it ever since.

American business, however, now suspects that the specialist has been rather overdone. He is often blind in one eye or deaf in both ears, so far as the rest of the organization is concerned. The organization tends to be a diversified patchwork of splendid technicalities. It lacks organization spirit. It is afraid to break a rule in an emergency—or does not know how to break one intelligently;



Three Meals Were Missed Forever, and Not Even a Cup of Warm Coffee Was Obtainable

to there is a disposition to develop the numan side of business as it existed in days when organizations were smaller.

Twenty-odd years ago a young man ran mill in one of the famous metal-working alleys of New England. His business of ice was in town. Once a week, however, a appeared at the mill, opened his desk, md got in touch with things and people.
Workmen came in from the shop to ask his dvice about educating a boy or investing i few hundred dollars. Farmers hauling ordwood to the mill in winter looked in, then they saw he was there, to ask how verything was going. Everybody called tim by his first name.

Since then a great trust has grown out of hat mill. It has two dozen big plants scatered over the country and processes have seen wonderfully developed by specialists. He was president for years and guiding pirit of the organization during its growth.

pirit of the organization during its growth. The other day he resigned, saying that he company has reached a point where it is ndispensable to get into it some of the old, lose personal touch of the days when he an the original mill. Size and distance and pecialization have brought public critism, legislative regulation, labor troubles and other difficulties—all due, he believes, o the cultivation of the technicalities at the appense of the humanities; so the rest of its business career will be devoted to restoris business career will be devoted to restorng the humanities. He says he himself
loes not know just how this is to be done;
sut he is certain it is the next thing to do

nd he is going to find out how to do it.

Some months ago a man prominent in great public-service industry brought to ight a larger phase of the same problem. This industry was about to hold its yearly onvention, and he urged that presidents of

ompanies and managers and executives enerally attend the meeting in person.

In the early days of that industry, he reminded them, every company was run by superintendent or manager, or perhaps y its actual owner, because it was small. These men came to conventions and were ble to discuss any phase of the business.

These men came to conventions and were ble to discuss any phase of the business rom their own experience and with authority. Any broad issue that arose was pretty ure to be settled promptly and wisely. As the business grew, however, and commiss became larger, they were split up no departments, each in charge of a specialist. Presently the yearly conventions were attended by these specialists only and levoted chiefly to technical matters. When t came to discussion of engineering, mainenance, cost accounting or claim adjust-ent, the specialist was in his element; but here the industry touched public welfare a matters like franchises, state regulation, aluations, investors' and employees' intersts, the specialists could not speak with uthority or give much light.

#### The Specialists' Narrow Groove

Because these broad generalities of the adustry were being neglected at conven-ions it was under fire from the public; and e believed that good public relations could ot be restored until the big fellows with he say-so again took an active part in the neetings.

For years the man dealing with broad uman issues in business has held the speialist in awe, looking on him as one so eeply learned in his particular line that was useless for a mere layman to try to allow his mental processes and, therefore, be judged only by his results. This view as been helped by the specialist's disposion to wrap up his knowledge in mysterious schnical jargon of his own making.

Now that overspecialization fails to prouce results in some important directions, overwer, the man concerned with the sen-

owever, the man concerned with the gen-ralities of business begins to see that there is good deal of charlatanry in specializa-on—that it is as full of dogma in some mys as the old world of theology ever was; nd that many an engineering, electri-al, chemical or metallurgical expert would illingly burn other experts at the stake as heretic

The broad-gauge business man sees, too, ast mystery, jargon and fine-spun points a specialization usually cover up lack of

ue technical ability.

So, without discounting the value of speal knowledge and service, business has its yes on the specialist with a view to broadring his gauge. It is going to translate im into plain language, make him human, ad set him working with the team.

The specialist himself has gone so far in is own special direction that nowadays he

begins to be lonesome. Big concerns grow up by making and marketing highly tech-nical products, and big public projects of a technical nature are carried out. The specialist knows all about doing the work, and success is built on his skill and learning; yet he sees other men climb past him into the big jobs and salaries—bankers, sales-men, managers, lawyers, politicians. When they want anything from him they re-tain him by a fee for consultation, or just press a buzzer and summon him from the

laboratory.

He is beginning to ask why he holds no place on the boards and commissions, and by a great specialist is so seldom found sitting in the boss' chair. Echo answers very plainly. It tells him that it is because he lacks knowledge of people, perspective, and the shrewd generalities and humanities that go so far in administration. He admits that echo is right and now shows a disposi-

tion to make good his shortcomings. Yesterday the specialist's conception of a great specialist was a man too busy with his specialist to pay attention to anything else; but today he sees that paying a good deal of attention to everything else is about the best way to become a great specialist— for specialists and specialist are not of much value in business unless they fit in

much value in business unless they fit in.

And in the work of explanation, by which business is now being adjusted to the public's standards, and public standards modified by a better understanding of business conditions, the specialist fits in patly and has broad possibilities ahead of him, for both business and himself.

#### Broadening a Technical Man

A rundown machinery concern was taken over by a man whose experience had been chiefly along the lines of organizing and selling. This concern made a type of me-chanical equipment that was then coming into wide use among all sorts of manu-facturers, and made it well, but had no particular standing in the industry technically, compared with competitors who maintained

experts.

To secure technical standing, the new boss picked out the best-known consulting specialist in that field and secured his exclusive services, on a salary, to advise the salesforce in selling equipment and bidding for contracts, and to supervise design and installation for customers.

This expert was really a wizard in his own work, but he was a narrow man in every other way.

His new boss went to work to educate him in the generalities. A big convention of manufacturers was to be held. The boss asked the expert to attend and give a little

"Humph! What do a lot of manufac-turers know about my line?" objected the specialist. "If I put my knowledge and time into a paper they wouldn't be inter-ested in the facts. I'm too busy to talk

anyway. Besides, it would hurt me professionally."

"You've got those fellows sized up just right," said the boss. "They don't think about our equipment five minutes a week. They wouldn't understand the science of it; but I believe you can tell them in fifteen or twenty minutes how to use our equipment

to the best advantage as part of a big plant."
The boss was a good salesman; and his specialist was at the convention and read a paper free from technical terms. It explained how to use the equipment in a general manufacturing plant so that employ-ees could be kept busy in slack seasons and

pressure relieved when times were good.

That simple, non-technical treatment of a complicated specialty was the feature of the convention. Trade journals printed it, manufacturers commended it, and in three months the specialist was looked on among laymen as the one authority in his line-because he was the only one they had ever been able to understand.

Once he had tasted the pleasures of general reputation the specialist liked it and repeated his hit at other conventions. In a year or so his counsel in connection with equipment was in such demand, and the concern doing such business, that his earn-ings increased far beyond anything he could have hoped for as a specialist in the bare

And it all came about because a general man took pains to translate a special man into ordinary terms for the benefit of people who needed his special services.

Editor's Note-This is the second of three articles by James H. Collins.





## For Large Business Buildings

THE St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla., is built on modern lines. And like almost all first-class modern buildings, its 60,000 square feet of roof are covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The general acceptance of The Barrett Specification among first class engineers and architects is a highly significant development in the roofing trade. It is a movement which began with the leaders of the profession, who recognized its technical soundness. Accordingly, the inclusion of The Barrett Specification in full in building specifications is rapidly becoming a universal custom.

The Barrett Specification has the advantage of furnishing a uniform and fair basis for competitive bids, together with satisfactory methods for determining the quality of the workmanship and materials on the job. Our own experts are usually available to inspect the contractor's work and certify whether or not the Specification has been strictly complied with.

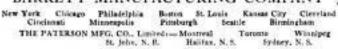
A Barrett Specification Roof will usually last twenty or more years without a cent's worth of repairs. It takes the base rate of insurance. It gives the most service per dollar, its unit cost being less than a quarter of a cent per foot per year of service.

Booklets on Request.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The
Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING-Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

## BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY





## What Next?

#### Antiseptics as Fertilizers

AN ODD discovery has recently been made—that the very antiseptics that help quickly to heal a cut or wound will help to raise plants quickly and healthily. Antiseptics are too expensive now to be used regularly as fertilizers, but the dis-tinguished British chemists who have made the discovery see hope of actually applying the idea to plant growth before long. Steam is an excellent disinfectant, for

instance, and under some conditions even now steam could be used as a substitute for

Why antiseptics will do this is not fully understood yet. The first result of apply-ing them—formaldehyde, for instance—to the soil is to kill off large numbers of the bacteria in the earth.

After the chemical has evaporated the bacteria begin to appear again; and the bac-teria that are useful in producing ammonia multiply with great rapidity until there are many times as many of these in the soil as there were before treatment. The final effect is therefore the same as though fertilizers had been applied.

Thus, in order to fertilize soil by antiseptics, what is needed is something that will work its way through the dirt thor-oughly and kill off the bacteria quickly— and then take itself out of the way, so that

other bacteria will get a chance to grow.
Learn does all this best; but formaldehyde and a long list of chemicals have been found to do the work fairly well, though expensively at their present cost.

### Rapid Stars

EVEN astronomers are expressing aston-ishment at a new speed record re-cently discovered among the stars. The Andromeda nebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about sixteen million miles a day, or nearly two hundred miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in

It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling sixteen million miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.

## Seeing Double

PHOTOGRAPHS that give the same I effect as pictures in a stereoscope, but that give the plastic effect without the use of any lens, have now been produced. The only requirement in viewing them to get the effect is to look at them squarely in front. The idea has been worked out so that it appears practical and a few such photographs have been exhibited, though the idea has not yet gone much beyond the laboratory stage. In order to get the plastic effect it is nec-

essary that the person looking at such pho-tographs should really see two photographs blended together exactly as they are blended by a stereoscope, and the new device ac-complishes this. Two photographs are placed one above the other, and the whole problem is to prevent them from interfering with each other. Each photograph is on a glass transparency, but one is taken so that it will be visible only when placed on a black background, and the other only when on a white background.

After the two have been placed one over the other a sheet of ribbed glass is placed over both. The ribbed glass has the effect of giving a different view for each of a person's eyes. The right eye will see the picture at one angle through the ribs and the left eye at a different angle. The whole device is so arrangen that the right ey the two photographs and the left eye sees only the other photograph. The eyes then blend the two together and give the stereoscopic effect.

In the best examples produced the person viewing the picture does not notice the ribs at all, but sees only a sharply defined picture with plastic values.





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## MY LADY'S Conscience

(Continued from Page 7)

We exercise this unrecorded elemency We exercise this unrecorded clemency wherever possible—tempering the wind to the weak. Many a lady's maid, palpably coerced into smuggling, has been sent away with a lecture. The law reads to the con-trary, holding all parties to a conspiracy to be equally guilty; but I am sure most of those who have thus escaped will be on our side in the future.

side in the future.

There was one woman on whom being caught in an attempt to defraud made such an extraordinary impression and resulted in such an extraordinary sequel that I must cite it as the one instance of its kind on record.

She was a woman past middle age and a bit eccentric. Always she carried with her a rope to be used as a means of escape in case of fire. For years she had made a study of the philosophy and religions of the East, and better to pursue this hobby she went to India. Shortly before starting home she bought a pearl necklace, paying ten thousand dollars for it. Homeward bound she stopped in Paris and there was told by a jeweler that she had been victimized. The pearl necklace was worth but five thousand dollars at the outside.

These details I learned subsequently from her. The voyage to New York found her brooding over her loss; and, womanlike—or manlike, for that matter—she was making plans to recoup. What was more natural than the thought of defeating the customs?

customs?

That is what she tried to do. She unstrung the necklace and wrapped the pearls in two paper packages, one much smaller than the other. In her declaration she specified simply pearls, and she was pre-pared to produce for inspection the smaller

pared to produce for inspection the smaller package.

Under the very first questions, however, she faltered and gave up the entire string, stating the full cost. She simply could not lie. So long as the fraud had been confined to a clerical operation she could submerge her conscience; but she could go no further.

## Pearls Lead to a Tragedy

The pearls were seized and with their owner taken to the Custom House preparatory to a hearing. There the woman confided to me the history of the necklace. She added that she had but one friend in New York, and if that person should hear of her plight she believed she would die of mortification. I felt extremely sorry for her and suggested that she employ counsel. This she did; the hearing was postponed and she was allowed to go to a hotel. She selected one of the smaller, quieter places on Fifth Avenue. on Fifth Avenue.

Early next morning, standing on a corner near that hotel, a sleepy policeman chanced to look up. Dangling from a rope over the sidewalk of the avenue he saw a woman's body. The lady from India had tied her fireescape coil about her neck, fastened it in the room, and leaped through a window to her death.

Contrary to general belief, the customs service maintains no agents abroad to spy on the casual traveler in the matter of his purchases. Certain men are sent there as attachés of the Treasury Department, but their chief duty is to keep in touch with and report market-price changes as a basis for

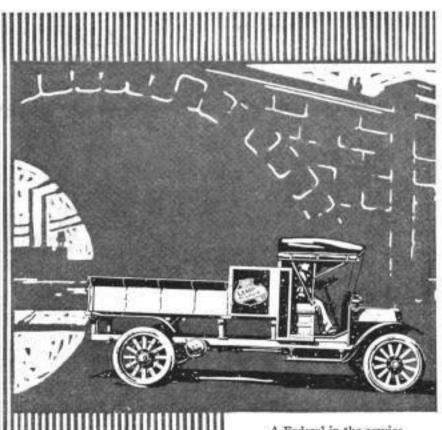
duties on this side.

We do manage to hear of any conspicuous jewel sale; but the returning American, no matter how potential his purchasing power or how great his reputation for exercising that power, steps on the dock innocent in the eyes of every inspector, unless there are marked indications to the contrary. This is one of the cardinal doc-trines of the service. And therein lies one of its greatest problems.

To indicate by word or action that he

suspected, of intent to smuggle, a pompous individual, with a haughty wife, two demure daughters and twenty trunks, might embroil an inspector in an unpleasantness leading to his dismissal. Yet even swifter might be his end should a costly lot of dutiable articles escape him. Only a level-headed man of skill and long experience can meet such situations with credit.

To a veteran, baggage speaks a various language. By noting the character and the number of pieces he can with reasonable accuracy tell you the size of the family



A Federal in the service of the Lemp Brewing Company, St. Louis.

# FEDERAL

## Not Merely Sold to You-**But Fitted to Your Business**

We pride ourselves upon the fact that so many concerns now using large fleets of Federals started with the purchase of one, and bought the others largely because of the assistance we were able to give them in economizing haulage labor and costs. For instance:

> "During July, 1912, we purchased one of your Federal Trucks. After unloading from the shipping car we at once made a temporary body and started the rig on its way. With the exception of two weeks for painting last winter the truck has done daily work. Never in the last year's use have we been held up a minute. The truck has been used in hauling water from our spring to city warehouse, a distance of about four miles (round trip); roads are very poor in places in winter, but wherever the FEDERAL can get traction it will go through."-Rock Spring Water Co.

Many other bottlers, dairies and creameries have had similar experiences with Federals.

Our advisory service—the result of years of experience in practically every line and under all haulage conditions—is free to any manufacturer. It is one of the best means of demonstrating conclusively the relative value of motor and other haulage in different lines of business.

Why not write us? One of our representatives will be glad to call; and he will not try to sell you a truck unless he has convinced both you and himself that you can use one profitably.

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It is safe—the base (which we ourselves manufacture for use only in our dentifrices) gives it cleansing efficiency. This base is wholly free from the hard, sharp-edged crystals which in inferior dentifrices so often scratch the enamel.

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It is delicious—the flavor is so pleasant that regular twice-a-day care of the teeth becomes a habit because Colgate's is a treat.

Take the Tube home without a day's delay.

Your dealer has Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for you: or Colgate's Dental Powder if you prefer that form—as good a Powder as the other is a



accompanying it, the sex of the various members and the approximate age of each. A glance at the hotel, steamship and railroad labels reveals to him with equal swiftness a fair idea of the course of their journey; and a cursory examination of the condition of the baggage gives him more than a sugges-tion as to the duration of the trip. The determination of the latter is highly im-

Obviously persons who have been away from home a year have had greater need for making and greater opportunity to make purchases than those absent a month. Similarly brand-new trunks almost always indicate that the passenger's luggage ca-pacity has not kept pace with the additions to his wardrobe and effects. It is a curious thing that perhaps four out of ten persons will fail to include a new piece of luggage— itself dutiable—in their declarations. Of-tener than otherwise it is a case of honest forgetfulness

Now a word concerning tips-both kinds, gratuities and what purport to be inside information of smuggling plots. We are equally suspicious of each. Aside from the fact that accepting fees of any sort is pro-hibited, we have learned by experience to regard with suspicion even the individual anxious to press a cigar on us. If you are a passenger it might be well to remember this. To offer an honest inspector a tip will not only get you nothing but will incite him to probe every cranny of your trunks. Un-doubtedly there are amiable persons whose motives are of the best; but it is not human

nature to give without expecting a return.

Tips of the other sort pour into the Custom House continually. They come by mail, telephone and telegraph—warning us to watch Mr. A. or Mrs. B., who is, so our mysterious informants assert, about to smuggle in a fortune in jewels, perhaps concealed in

the gentleman's socks or the lady's coiffure.

The vast majority of such communications are based on malice, desire for revenge, misinformation, a perverted sense of humor, or what-not; and we take them with considerable salt. If one should incite an investigation the case is put in the hands of a tried and tactful inspector, lest he stumble into an embarrassing situation.

#### The Lady Who Boasted

Regularly we receive misleading reports concerning persons of prominence. For years some busybody, writing anonymously, has sought to involve a well-known woman writer, accusing her of repeated attempts to bring in diamonds in her shoes. This woman makes frequent trips abroad. Her mythical attempts to beat the customs have become a matter of jest with her and certain inspectors.

Yet I have in mind a vivid exception to the rule. One of the most important arrests ever made in the history of the service was brought about on information received from

a patriotic woman.

While in a London hotel she overheard another American woman boasting, while she displayed valuable jewels purchased abroad, that she knew a customs official who would enter the jewels free. This so roused the unintentional eavesdropper that she made it a point to ascertain the steamer on which the other was sailing. When the vessel docked in New York the customs authorities had in their possession proof that the jewels in question had been pur-chased abroad. Moreover, they were aware of their cost, and had other facts. The jewels were found cleverly concealed on the woman's person and, after a scene trying to all concerned, were seized. The woman was heavily fined.

Possibly you wonder, in view of the fact that no spies are kept abroad and tips are seldom productive of results, how frauds against the revenue as attempted by the passenger are discovered. It is no exaggeration to say that ninety-five per cent of the seizures are the result of original observation on the piers. No oath is required of the passenger; no traps are set for him.

contrary ever opportunit offered him to play on the square. If he has omitted to declare certain articles he may assume the rôle of forgetfulness and get by with it. The inspector is only too glad to clean the slate, provided the case is not a flagrant one. Let me quote here the words of a Nestor, as contained in a rulebook

for the guidance of the tyro:

"The discovery of undeclared foreign
articles requires careful consideration. The fact of their omission may indicate a willful intent to defraud, ignorance, or a careless

indifference to the law. To determine which taxes the judgment and common sense of the inspector. The method of packing, whether hidden or visible; the value and bulk of the articles; the action and explanations of the passenger before and after discovery; and even his mentality

are factors to be cautiously weighed.
"It is not infrequently the case that small articles are omitted from a large declaration unintentionally, by reason of the large number of small purchases, or that the passenger declares nothing, deeming that few small, inexpensive articles are too insignificant to mention. In the absence of any evidence of intent to conceal or defraud, such instances should not be taken

too seriously.
"The successful inspector finds that a close study of human nature and externals is of material assistance in formulating at opinion of the power, desire and oppor-tunity of a passenger to purchase. Intui-tively he considers age, sex, nationality, occupation, residence, station of life, demeanor, condition, personal appearance.

#### Things Inspectors Notice

"He learns in this wise, among other things, that the aged, infirm and sickly acquire only necessities; that the wardrobe of women are more lavishly replenished than those of men; that the nationalities of the different travelers are reflected in the character of the articles imported; that the American of wealth is the most liberal and general buyer of all tourists; that occupation is frequently denoted by particular articles in the baggage; that there are a marked difference and a wide range between the possessions of a school-teacher and a dressmaker; that the baggage of physicians is likely to contain surgical instruments; that frequently the most valuable of the dutiable effects are f women are more lavishly replenished most valuable of the dutiable effects are on the person and not in the trunks; and that the passenger's demeanor is more often a better index of his intent than the declaration of the baggage.

The last clause cannot be made too emphatic. Frank and positive answers are always a point in the passenger's favor. We notice everything—whether his hands tremble; whether helicks his lips nervously: whether he walks unnaturally, as if afraid of jouncing something from his clothing whether he seems loath to stoop or move rapidly. Meantime, no matter what we suspect, we proceed—or endeavor to— with an air of courteous solicitude, as if our sole aim were to grease his way through the

annoyance occasioned.

Visitors to the piers have to be closely watched. Frequently small articles, partic ularly jewelry, are passed to them. It is not uncommon for a thousand persons with pier passes to greet an incoming liner, mingling with perhaps more than a thou-sand cabin passengers.

One pretty little girl not so long ago, after impressing the inspector with her

naive frankness, turned to a girl who had

come to meet her, opened her fur coat ever so slightly and whispered stagily: "This is all I have!" Unfortunately for her the remark was overheard. "All she had" turned out to be a diamond sunburst, which was seized while she wept.

Naturally we save time in examinations by taking into consideration the class of the ship and the port from which she comes. The gayest birds of passage, with the plumpest purses and accordingly the most staggering array of foreign purchases, come and go, as a rule, on the big, supersumptu-ous floating hotels, which, notwithstanding their leviathan proportions, speed from Daunt's Rock to Ambrose Light at almost express-train speed.

In their baggage and on their persons are the rarest finds—jewelry, laces, furs, Con-tinental-made gowns and garments. The quality sloughs off as the luxuriousness of the craft decreases.

rs from the West Indies seldom have anything of great value-souvenirs, usually duty free, predominating. On ships from Mexican and Cuban ports we center our attention on drawnwork, mantillas, tobacces and cigars.

Of late we have been busy with the aigret crusade. By this I mean enforcement of the new law barring the plumage of wild birds. Most of the women have bowed before the regulation with good grace; a few have been fussy and argumentative. The newspaper boys have written a lot



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about our wielding long shears and snipping off hat decorations while the owners shrieked. That is not true. If the feathers are found to be those of a wild bird the owner is requested politely to remove them. If she has not the means at hand implements are provided.

The contraband property is then taken to the public stores for destruction. More than one woman has blushed when feathers she bought at a fancy price, as those of an egret or osprey, have been returned to her as imitations. Aigrets of the horsehair or barnyard variety are plentiful.

Recently I questioned a about the plumes on her hat.
"That's right!" broke in her husband, a "That's right!" broke in her husband, a

"That's right!" broke in her husband, a big, wholesome sort of man. "I'm a gamewarden. Take 'em along! I'm in favor of the law."

"Oh, you are, are you!" exclaimed the wife. "Well, then ——" And she snatched her hat from her head and threw it off the pier into the Hudson.

The plumage of unplucked game birds also comes under the ban. This has hit a number of New York's exclusive clubs, which import for their fastidious members pheasants, grouse, and so forth.

Several consignments have been held up while the anxious importers contended that they were not game birds, having been raised in captivity. If they were not game when they arrived such shipments as were removed to the public stores, pending determination of this moot question, were certainly game by the time they reached the club table.

the club table.

While on the subject of prohibited articles, I must not forget sealskins. The importation of skins or manufactures thereof of seals taken in the North Pacific is absolutely prohibited, even if they are bought in this country. When found they will be seized and destroyed—unless you care to ship them back to Europe.

If you have any sealskin you wish to take abroad—and bring back—the only way to avoid conflict with the law is to register it at the Custom House before you sail. Production of this certificate of registration when you return and identification of the

when you return and identification of the skin will insure its entry.

#### The Forbidden Mongoose

Finally, do not try to import a mongoose. Rikki's entrance is barred, the theory being that we have in this country more chickens than cobras. The mongoose, I understand, is a great killer. It has never been my pleasure to find one aboard ship or on a passenger's person or in a trunk. Nor have I ever run across a flying fox, or fruit bat. He likewise is classed as a nuisance.

At the outset I mentioned being a dor

At the outset I mentioned being a dog fancier as a necessary qualification of an inspector. Not only are dogs dutiable, but they are subject to inspection by the Bureau of Animal Industry in order that the state of their health and their breed and origin may be ascertained.

As it is inexpedient for the bureau to have its inspectors at the pier, this duty devolves on us. Dangerously unhealthy dogs are sent to a quarantine station at Athenia, New Jersey. You can picture My Lady's perturbation if she thinks Cutie or Tootles or whatever his name may be—is likely to be seized. Many Tootleses cross and recross the ocean in luxury these days.

A few years ago a well-known woman, accompanying the body of her late husband, sent a wireless message summoning a young New York physician to meet her at Quarantine. She was a wealthy woman, and the resum physician was a heart of the resum physician with heart of the resum physician who had heart of the resum physician who had heart of the resum physician who had heart of the resum the resum the resum that and the young physician, who had heard of her husband's illness abroad—but not of his death—climbed aboard at Quarantine with visions of fat fees and enhanced reputation. What was his disgust to be informed by the lady that she had summoned him to examine her pet dog! That

## The Magnet Lamp

A LITTLE electric light that will stick to almost any part of an automobile where it is placed is the latest form of the electric magnet, which has come into such great use for odd purposes in the last few years. The magnet is on the side of the lamp

and obtains its current from the same wires that supply the lighting element. As most parts of an automobile are of steel, it can be applied almost anywhere and stays put, furnishing light for any repairing or cleaning operations.

A new idea in Self-Filling Fountain Pens

The wonderful new Parker Self-Filler is a decidedly different self-filling fountain pen. Its barrel, without projections or outside contrivances, is a refreshing innovation. There is nothing in the way to interfere with your grip or impede writing. From outward appearances you can't even tell it's a self-filler,

but to see it work! - well, that just about settles it. You want one for its convenience, writing qualities and because the new self-filling idea will win your instant approval.



## Press the buttonfills in 2 seconds

Take off the shield cap at end of barrel, drop pen point in any inkwell, press the button and it fills itself in 2 seconds.

# Self-Filling Fountain Pen



move cap—press tion—Pen fills in seconds.

The new Parker Self-Filler is a practical fountain pen behind which are experience, stability and a well grounded reputation, plus the endorsement of 15,000 of the most progressive merchants in the country. Ask any Parker dealer

to show you this wonderfully handy pen. It makes writing a positive comfort. Find out for yourself how a clever invention made possible this big improvement in fountain pens. Regular prices prevail—\$2.50, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

## Transparent Pen

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## The Parker Jack Knife Safety

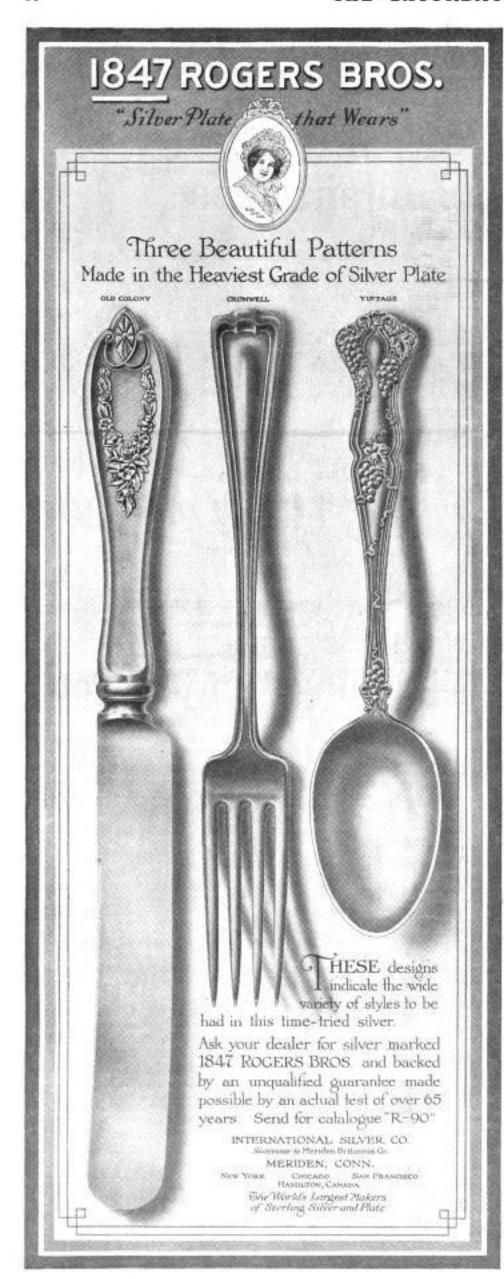
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Sec. 4



## THE LAME DUCK

## Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: To be conservative about tottering to its fall ten times in the past twenty years, and have observed twice as many crises within that period which, though not totting the nation to a totter, shook it to its foundations; or, in other words, headed it toward the reefs—to say nothing of jamming it over to the edge of

the precipice.

We laugh at the excitability of the French and jeer at the ebullitions of our lemon-colored neighbors to the south of us; but all persons and sundry will have a difficult time showing me where either the French or the Latins have anything on the Americans when it comes to emuliant absurdity. icans when it comes to emotional absurdity as related to national affairs. We tell ourselves we are a clear-headed and a sober-minded people, when the fact is there is no nation on the face of the earth more vola-

tile than ours.

We may have been staid in days gone by, but as things stand now we fly off the han-dle at the slightest provocation and often-times without the slightest provocation. And we run round in desultory circles, shouting over whatever crisis seems to crise at the moment, without any idea as to what it is all about, where we are going, why we want to go, or what we intend to do

after we get there.

As I recall our history, the progress of this country has been marked by one crisis after another. We had them in the beginning and we have had them regularly ever since—like chills and fever—and have es

caped dissolution each time and proceeded on our way with considerable celerity. However, few remember the past and fewer still take a peer at the future. Today is always the hottest day, or the coldest, or the finest; so the crisis that is at hand is the one to be excited over; and, as it falls out, we are now excited over the Mexican busi-ness. The newspapers are clamoring about it and the statesmen are yammering about it, and everybody is all torn up about itthat is, everybody with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, who has the final say in the matter.

#### The Warlike Investor

Let me tell you something about Mexico, Jim, and you can stick a pin in it: Unless there shall be some real—not fancied, but real—affront to our national honor and our settled American policy of the Monroe Doctrine, there is no more chance of our going trine, there is no more chance of our going to war over Mexico or with Mexico, because of what has happened or is happening, than there is of our going to war with Switzerland because we don't like the size of the holes in Swiss cheese.

It may happen, of course, that some of our Mexican friends will indulge in some indecency like the blowing up of the Maine and force us to go over there and larrup the

and force us to go over there and larrup the whole lot of them—federals, constitutional-ists, brigands, bandits and hoss-thieves in-cluded; but unless that sort of thing does happen, or a chesty European nation breaks in in an arrogant manner, we shall continue

in our attitude of absolute calm. Notwithstanding the newspaper screams about it, and the editorial howls, the Mexican situation isn't at this writing, and never has been up to this time, a crisis or any-thing like a crisis. What it is and what it has been is a troublesome affair nearby that has never in any sense demanded the sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers or the spending of our money. When you get to the bottom of most of these demands for immediate action of some kind in Mexico you will find they are based on self-interest

and on nothing else.

The loud shouters for protection and intervention, the men who are proclaiming that we have sacrificed our national honor and have become cowards, and all that, are men who own land or mines, or have some other similar interest there; and they do not care a hoot about national honor except to invoke it to help them save their money. There isn't one of them who isn't perfectly willing to have a thousand, or ten thousand, American soldiers killed by bullets or disease if the slaughter will avert the greater-to these men-disaster of losing a few dollars,

One man in this country who understands this is President Wilson; and you can put it down, Jim, and so can all others who are interested, that a greater incentive to war than greed and self-interest is needed to force him to move a soldier across the border. There have been some anxious mo-ments for him, but those have not been due to any lack of determination on his part to hold off, any lack of patience, any lack of self-control. They have been due to unforeseen situations arising always through the blundering, the vanity, the incapacity, the absolute asininity of others. The President hasn't flickered an eyelash since he took his stand on Mexico. He is not going to fight on a pretext or a protest, or because a lot of

on a pretext or a protest, or because a lot of hollow-headed jingoes are shouting at him. If there should come a real cause for fighting he will be on the Mexicans before they think he has started; but he is not a person who deals with half facts. More than any man I have ever known in public life, Woodrow Wilson demands to be shown. You cannot convince him with conversation. You cannot scare him with threats. You cannot swerve him by clamor. If you have the facts on your side he admits them and acts accordingly; but he does not admit them until he has proved to his own satisfaction that what you have are facts, and not half facts or shadows of facts, or reports, or rumors, or opinions.

#### The Englishman's Conundrum

Often the President must be reminded of the yarn about the Englishman who was a visitor at the Lambs' Club, in New York. At the time the members of the club were amusing themselves by asking conundrums. The Englishman listened for several nights, vainly trying to think up a conundrum of his own, so he might get into the game. He was out of it. No conundrum occurred to him.

One night, however, he came in beaming. "I say, you fellows," he shouted, "I have thought up a jolly good conundrum for you,

you know."

"What is it?" chorused the crowd.

"Aw," the Englishman replied, pulling at his mustache—"Aw, what is it, you know, that has feathers, a long bill, builds its nest on a chimney, stands on one leg, is popularly assumed to bring the babies, and barks like a doz, you know?"

Nobody could guess.
"What is it?" was finally demanded.
"A stork!" exclaimed the Englishman

"A stork!" exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly.

"A stork? Why, you bally ass, a stork doesn't bark like a dog."

"I know that, old chap; I know that. I put that in to make it more difficult!"

A whole heap of things seem to have been put into the President's Mexican conundrum to make it more difficult. Take that Benton killing, for example. That was had Benton killing, for example. That was bad enough; but when there were hopes of composing it, what happened? Why, nothing—nothing, at all, except that our old friend Carranza, universally esteemed to be the brains and, what is more to the point, the horse-sense possessor of the constitutionalists, gave a loud snort, grabbed out a hand-ful of his own whiskers and went stark, staring, raving mad at the exact moment when all the horse sense he was reputed to have was worth as much a gram as radium to the constitutionalist cause.

Instead of assuring Secretary Bryan that he would do all he could to help get himself and his people, and especially his brigand Villa out of the mess, Carranza haughtily replied that, inasmuch as Benton was a British citizen, he, Carranza, as supreme chief of the constitutionalists, would treat only with representatives of Great Britain in the matter. Whereupon the jingo press shouted that Bryan had been rebuffed by a rebel chieftain, and the pot began to boil again so furiously that it sounded like Mount Pelée blowing off its head.

It so happens that I know the men who are earnestly trying to bring about some semblance of order in Mexico, and who are trying to do what they think is best by eliminating Huerta and giving support to Carranza and the constitutionalists. Some of these men are in Washington. They have been and are in close touch with affairs, and

they have been aided to some extent by the iriendly attitude of this Government toward the anti-Huerta movement. They worked for a long time to get the embargo on arms removed and they have had considerable success otherwise. Do not think they are doing all this for love, Jim, for they are not; but they have at least a semblance of right on their side and certainly have a

strong case against Huerta.

Well, I have heard many men in my time rise to heights of denunciation of other men; but I must confess that all I ever heard before was merely kindergarten work compared with what these men said about Carranza the day he made it more difficult. The telegrams they shot into that swelled-up patriot must have scorched his whiskers! They told him about himself in code, in Spanish, in Mexican, in English and in American. They roasted, toasted, basted and lambasted him. They described to him what an idiot he is in any and all sorts of

what an idiot he is in any and all sorts of language the telegraph company would accept; and what the company wouldn't take straight, for fear there might be some lady operators on the line, they sent in code.

It all goes to show, though, that in a situation like this anything is likely to happen—or everything. No person on earth knowing the circumstances would have supposed Carranza would have taken such a wallon at men who were trying to such a wallop at men who were trying to help him, and at a president and a secretary of state who felt, bad as the constitutional-ist outfit is, that it is the best to be had, and is to be tolerated for a time provided it comports itself anywhere within the bounds of reason.

Anyway you look at it, it is a nasty mess; but that doesn't mean that we are to go to war about it. War, James, is a much more serious proposition than the gentlemen who howl about the flag imagine. No person realizes its seriousness more than President Wilson. War, as General Sherman said, is hell! And this Administration isn't taking

any of that, as we put it in English.

Meantime the celebrated aggregation of topliners in the State Department has been broken up. Of the Bryan-Moore-Folk com-bination there remains only Bryan, for John Bassett Moore has resigned and Joseph W. Folk has shifted. John Bassett couldn't stand the gaff and Joseph Wingate wouldn't, so Moore is retaring to private life and Folk is to become first attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Colonel Bryan holds the fort alone.

The action of Moore is not surprising. He is a big man, Jim, is John Bassett Moore, within his limitations. He lacks initiative, though he didn't need any where

he was. When you tell him what you want, | within the radius of his activities, he is a wonder at working out the correct details. He knows how to do everything that inter-national law and usage demand—but he starts nothing.

Cite a set of circumstances to him, and

after he has looked into the case he will hand you all the precedents, all the traditions, all the law, all the difficulties neatly tabulated, all the specifications and all the plans of operation, based on every national or international event of similar character from the time the Children of Israel crossed

the Red Sea until now. His heart was bowed from the very first however. He was in wrong—if you know what that colloquialism means. Of course you understand—or if you do not I am tell-ing you—that John Bassett Moore is the author of an eight-volume work on inter-national law and author of many other vol-umes of similar import; indeed, he is our umes of similar import; indeed, he is our leading authority on that evanescent subject. When President Wilson came in Mr. Moore was lecturing on international law at Columbia University. The President, who knew Moore, knew his reputation and admired him, and sent for Moore; and Moore came to the White House.

The President asked Moore to take the place of counselor for the State Department, ranking next to Mr. Bryan, and Moore consented.

Moore consented.

Moore consented.

Wherefore, the story goes, the President, after thanking Moore, suggested that he go over to the State Department and see Mr. Bryan, his new chief, and arrange about going into the Department. Moore went. Mr. Bryan received him graciously. They talked of many things. Mr. Bryan told Moore how glad he was to have him as his right hand, how sure he was they would get along together; they made many polite exchanges and a pleasant time was had.

As Moore rose to go, Mr. Bryan said:

"By the way, Mr. Moore, there is another thing I should have mentioned. Of course, as you know, there are many matters con-

as you know, there are many matters con-stantly arising in this Department that have to do with international law. Have you ever made any particular inquiry into that subject?" Well, I am telling you the story, Jim—telling it as it was told to me—Moore tottered out; and from that time, which was a year ago, until he quit there never has been any other outcome of his latest adventure into our diplomacy. His heart was broken at that particular

Small wonder, too, when one considers those eight volumes and what they contain! Yours diplomatically, BHL



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# The Forehanded Man

## By WILL PAYNE

UNDOUBTEDLY a great many small investors start wrong. I shall not attempt to estimate the number of letters I have received describing wrong starts, and I have heard many verbal reports on the same subject. It strikes me that the man who is beginning to invest is very apt both to fear too much and to expect too much, with the melancholy result that a lot of people start their investing career with a loss. We used to hear that the great difficulty

in making a fortune lay in accumulating the first thousand dollars; after that it would be comparatively plain sailing. Probably the typical amateur investor in this country is a man on salary or in a profession. He sets a point at which he will begin investing-one thousand dollars or five thousand, according to his income.

When he has reached that point he expects something rather important to hap-pen. The nest-egg, no doubt, represents a good deal of self-denial and careful nursing on his part. Now that it is ready to hatch, he wants it to produce a bird commensurate

He could have had a good deal of fun with the tens, twenties or hundreds he has dutifully salted down to make up that investible capital; his wife could have had some fine clothes and the flat some new furniture. He rather feels that the foregone enjoyments ought to come back to him in

a lump—or quite rapidly.

Naturally a poor five per cent looks inadequate. A man cannot get rich very fast
by adding only fifty dollars a year of bond interest to his income. Twelve per cent, or

something with a handsome bonus of com-mon stock, looks more like what he wants. Of course there are no statistics on the subject; but I am satisfied that venders of wildcat securities find their victims pretty largely among people who are making their first investment—especially if women with life-insurance money be included; in fact it is only the fakers who can promise what first investors are so apt to want—safety and an extravagant return.

Milk Cho

hilmans

On the other hand, by an odd sort of paradox, it is rather characteristic of the first investor to hesitate unduly long before investing at all. I knew a man who wound up a small business in which he had been engaged a good while, realizing twelve thousand dollars cash. The business from which he retired was the only one he knew anything in particular about. He spent eight months looking for a satisfactory investment for his twelve thousand, rejecting opportunity after opportunity because it did not quite come up to his mark. Then he invested all his money in a fly-by-night

Almost everywhere in the United States some sound bank will pay at least three per cent interest on a time deposit. If a man accumulates any money at all it naturally goes into a bank. He feels that it is safe there—yet wants a greater return than three per cent. Now if he has never made an investment he is very likely to attach an exaggerated importance to the rather simple act of converting that bank credit into a bond credit or a mortgage credit-of exchanging the piece of paper



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which shows that the bank owes him so many dollars for another piece which shows that some other concern owes him the same amount. He sort of feels that this exchange is a letting go of the sheet-anchor and sailing away on unknown seas. So in many cases, by an odd paradox, he sticks long at the dock, then sails off with a pirate. Now few bankers will deny that plenty

of other concerns can offer you, as a longtime creditor, a position as secure for all practical purposes as that which the bank offers you. They will take your money, give you better interest than the bank can afford to pay, and practically as good security. They can do this because they get more

complete use of your money. The bank gets a strictly limited use of your money. It must stand ready to pay it back at the end of ninety days—or even on demand; but the railroad or street-car line or gas company, borrowing on a long-term first mort-gage, gets undisturbed use of the money for twenty or thirty years, and so can well afford to pay more for it than the bank does—but not a great deal more.

The difference between the bank rate and

the bond rate simply represents the price for a less limited use of the money and not necessarily a difference in security or in the creditor's ability to pay. A and B are equally good. A will pay you three or three and a half per cent for your money on ninety days' time. B will pay you five per cent on twenty years' time

twenty years' time. There is nothing of a momentous character in converting the bank credit into a bond credit, and the point to which I have been working round is, if you are saving money begin investing it early. Do not say: "When I get one thousand or five thousand deliars in the bank I will make an thousand dollars in the bank I will make an investment." Let yourself into the invest-ing habit by shorter steps. A number of concerns now issue hundred-dollar bonds,

and the number, no doubt, will steadily

The city of New York, for example, now

issues bonds of that denomination. There are one-hundred-dollar railroad and other bonds, which any well-informed banker would recommend. As a cure both for being too fearful to invest and for expecting too much from investment the purchase of a good hundred-dollar bond is excellent. The whole point about investment, anyway, is that by exercising reasonable judgment and dealing with thoroughly responsible

persons you can get more interest than the bank will pay you.

#### The Safest Place for Bonds

One important consideration is involved, however, in the purchase of a bond— namely, a safe place in which to keep it. No doubt more than nine-tenths of all the bonds outstanding in this country are of the coupon form, which almost invariably means they are payable to bearer, and that, generally speaking, physical possession of the bond is taken as sufficient proof of

ownership.
In other words, the coupon bond passes from hand to hand like a banknote, without indorsement and with no record of the owner on the books of the company. So the possession of a bond may bring trouble to the unhappy individual who is always leav-ing his portable properties within reach of others or walking off and leaving them on

the counter.

It is a notable fact that wastepaper baskets are seldom found in the coupon rooms of safe-deposit vaults. The reason is that some absent-minded renter is always throwing his bonds into the wastebasket and putting the blotting paper securely away in his box. With a perfectly bare floor, it is easier for the attendants to discover the absent-minded renter's securities and return them.

I should not advise any one to buy a bond and trust its safekeeping to the bureau drawer or the mattress. It should, in fact, be kept where it is not liable to theft or to destruction by fire or other agencies, though every now and then a complaint at police headquarters shows that some cheerful investor has been keeping his bonds in the writing desk at home or on the sill of the open window.

The safe-deposit box is the usual expe-

dient for the safekeeping of bonds.

True, the rent of a small safe-deposit box will probably come to two or three dollars a year, which would not leave much from the interest on a hundred-dollar bond; but somebody else's box or safe may be available as a friendly accommodation.

The destruction of a bond by fire or other agency, to be sure, does not entail a loss of its value. Nearly all mortgages nowadays provide for the issue of duplicate bonds to replace those that may be destroyed, and on satisfactory proof that the bond has been destroyed the company that issued it will give the owner a duplicate; but the trouble and possible expense of getting a duplicate are enough to make it well worth while to keep your bond out of the fire.

Nor is the loss of a bond by theft neces-sarily irreparable—especially under the new income-tax law. Every bond bears a sep-arate number and wherever it is kept the owner should have a record of the number. If the bond is stolen notice should at once be given to the broker from whom it was bought. By newspaper notice or otherwise the theft may be published and banks warned not to handle the coupons-or the bond itself if it has matured.

The new income-tax law also requires that a certificate of ownership must accompany bond coupons when they are turned in for collection; so it should be comparatively easy to trace a stolen bond, and corre-spondingly hard for the thief to dispose of it. Even without this provision of the income-tax law, it was generally possible to trace a stolen bond; and payment of the principal and interest of a stolen bond can

be stopped. The income-tax law, I believe, will have another important effect, still further reduc-

another important effect, still further reducing the very slight liability to loss through theft, fire, and the like. As I said before, more than nine-tenths of all bonds in this country are in the coupon form, payable to bearer. Investors have preferred that form mostly because they did not want to be known. They felt a trifle more comfortable when no record of their ownership—which a prying assessor might possibly discover—was in existence.

#### Registered Bonds

It is true the payable-to-bearer form is easier to handle. It may be sold or put up as collateral by simply handing it over like a banknote; but the secrecy it permitted was no doubt a strong reason for its popularity. That reason is removed by the new law, which requires a bondowner to disclose himself when collecting his interest.

Title to a registered bond passes of

Title to a registered bond passes, of course, by an entry on the company's books. The mere physical possession of the bond is of no consequence. Thus there would be no more object in stealing a registered bond than in stealing a stock certi-ficate that is in some one else's name; and, with a registered bond, there are no coupons to be collected. On every interest day the company mails its checks to the registered owners of its bonds, just as it mails dividend checks to its stockholders.

Some bonds are registered as to principal. but not as to interest; but I expect the bond that is registered as to both princi-pal and interest will come into vogue as a result of the income-tax law. The borrowing corporations no doubt prefer the coupon bonds, payable to bearer, because that form involves less trouble and expense to them. It is easier to use the payable-to-bearer coupons than to keep a register and make out a check to each owner. Brokers also may prefer the coupon-bearing bonds because they are easier to handle.

To the investor—especially the small investor—the advantages of the registered form are that he need be at no trouble or expense to protect his investment against loss by theft and fire; that he is spared the bother of making out certificates every time he turns in interest coupons; that his in-

terest will come to him wherever he may be. Bond interest that falls due in the owner's nbsence is not collected until he gets back to his safe-deposit box—or else he has to cut off the coupons before leaving home and deposit them in the bank for collection at maturity. With a registered bond, the in-terest check would follow him like any other

Cashing your pay check or collecting money that is due you involves some little bother and risk. You may have to walk two or three blocks to the bank and back again. You may lose the check. It may be stolen. Yet you regard pay checks as very desirable things to have. So with the coupon-bearing bond—the slight trouble of taking care of it is amply recompensed by possession of it. Do not be too fearful about making an investment. Start small and early-and do not expect any miraculous return.

## The Coming Back of Jawn Doherty-by Edmund vance cooke

"I 'VE got to do it, dad, before I leave for Yard.

"I did it when I was yer age meself and I did it when I was twicet yer age," said the older man at the story-and-a-half cottage window, out of which he bulged like a yeasty loaf overrunning its pan. Then he sighed. "Tis manny the year—at least 'tis several—since I've been able to do it."

do it."

"Careful, dad! If any one hears you counting up on yourself like that you'll be chucked into the Home for Aged and Infirm

County Commissioners."
"'Tis not old I am. I'm stout!" asserted

"'Tis not old I am. I'm stout!" asserted the senior Doherty gravely.

"No one will deny you that last word, dad," grinned the youngest of the Dohertys from below.

"Do yer stunt!" said his father sharply.

"All yer brothers before you could do the same before they was allowed to vote the Dimmycratic ticket; but you—you may be on the track team of yer college, an' they say you're not bad at pushin' a pigskin full of wind across a whitewashed cow pasture if there's a gob of girls a-lookin' on! An' I also hear you did a fine job feedin' a pair of pillows to the perfesser at the Turnverein last Friday, him bein' nothin' but a Lutheran. But all that doesn't make you a Doherty—not yet."

a Doherty—not yet."

"Put your hands under your belt, dad, give yourself a grand tug, and see whether you can lift yourself off that windowsill—for I'm a-coming!" cried the lad.

With that he spat on his hands, leaped for the polished hickory pole and swung out until his pointed toes all but touched the clapboards of the house. As his body came back he brought the soles of his feet against the pole, and as his head came up he re-leased his hands and came upstanding on the pole, his legs slightly bent. Then, as he poised for one dizzy half-instant atop of the pole—perhaps five degrees past the vertical—his legs straightened out like two rods of spring steel and he shot into the air with arms outstretched toward the open

It was the Doherty trick which, up to that time, he had never accomplished. He could do the snap-up as easily as a painted monkey can climb its stick; he could do the giant swing; and could chin himself with one hand—his left one at that; he could hang from the bar and go straight up to a vertical arm position above it in a single pull, keeping both elbows even all the way— but all these may be seen wherever good barwork is done.

The Doherty stunt was as individual to the Doherty pole as some particular hazard is to its golf links, or some extraperilous water-jump to a hurdle course. The Doherty mansion had been founded

in the old days when Doherty Senior was on the force at eighty dollars the month and could handle any three roughnecks on the river beat in a short scrap. It was not a very lofty mansion, being of the kind known as a story-and-a-half cottage; and, moreover, it was not so wide as some church doors nor yet so deep as some cathedral altars; yet it covered most of the cramped city lot and left but scant room for the open lawn in front—on which his wife had insisted—and the athletic field at the back

which had been John Doherty's chief desire. In consequence of this the horizontal bar In consequence of this the horizontal bar was erected but a few feet from the house, and most of your fancy stunts had to be done with your back to the house, so that you might have room to swing forward and alight gracefully when you had finished.

For the Doherty stunt, however, you faced the house, as we have already seen. It was well for you if you did not face it in a most familiar sense: for if you leaved at

a most familiar sense; for if you leaped at any but the exactly correct fraction of a second in your orbit round the pole, or if you weakened ever so slightly in your jump so that you missed the windowledge by an inch, or failed to find sufficient prehensibility in your flat fingers against a sloping surface, down you came, leaving part of your face attached to the Doherty clap-boards and crumpling into a hapless heap at the bottom-lucky if you escaped a

snapped bone or two.

And has Danny Doherty been pointing, like a human indicator, at five minutes past

the hour all this time, or hung in midair like Mohammed's coffin? Not he! As before explained the entire trick is a single operation and admits of no pauses. It is one fine exemplification of the motto that he who hesitates is—well, whatever he is,

he is no Doherty.

Danny made the leap and his fingers clutched the ledge—but, alas! the ledge only. The trick is to make your leap strong enough so that you hook the sill. His father, standing just inside the window, saw the finger ends whiten against the ledge and restrained his deep yearning to grasp the lad's wrists. Even though he expected, in a moment more, to see him crumpled like an old newspaper at the foot of the window, he would not help. It was the Doherty

There was a mighty cohesiveness in Danny's finger tips however. Even the swing of his body against the house did not wholly jar him loose. For a second he not wholly jar him loose. For a second he hung; then slowly, slowly, up he came. It was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip, such as it was, weakening. With a great effort he stuck on, his elbows crooking. Then, with a sudden lift, he shifted his weight to his right hand, thrust in his left and hooked the sill.

"Come on in!" said his father kindly but calmly. "Ye'r a Doherty!"

"Lucky I haven't got your front elevation, dad!" grinned Dan as he somersaulted into the room. "Well, I can go back to the U now, a grave and reverend senior—and at peace with the world."

"Dan," said his father, "that's twice today you've cast slurs at me figure. Honest, am I so damn fat?"

The earnest note in his father's voice got under Danny's skin; yet he was too honest

under Danny's skin; yet he was too honest

to spare him entirely.

"Why, dad, surely you're entitled to a bit of flesh at your age! You eat like a—well, I mean you have a fine inclination toward mealtime. And you haven't trained for fifteen years, have you?"

His father was silent a minute before he

answered:
"Don't tell your mother, Dan; but I'm

afraid it's that which grips me inside once in a while."

Danny took the Ann Arbor Special that

night; and the next morning his father woke betimes, but had no inclination to woke betimes, but had no inclination to get up. He lay and fought for breath and pretended he had no pain over his heart. After a while his wife woke also, lay idly for a few minutes, then rose; and still he did not move. She berated him in her wifely way about his laziness and he took it so meekly she saw something was wrong. "You stay in bed and rest yourself, Jawn!" she cried. "Maybe you're gettin' somethin'. Is there annythin' particular you want to eat?"

you want to eat?"

Half an hour later she brought him a grapefruit, a bowl of oatmeal, eggs and bacon, a Pisa'd tower of pancakes and a pot of coffee.

"You must keep up yer strenth, Jawn, dear," she said.

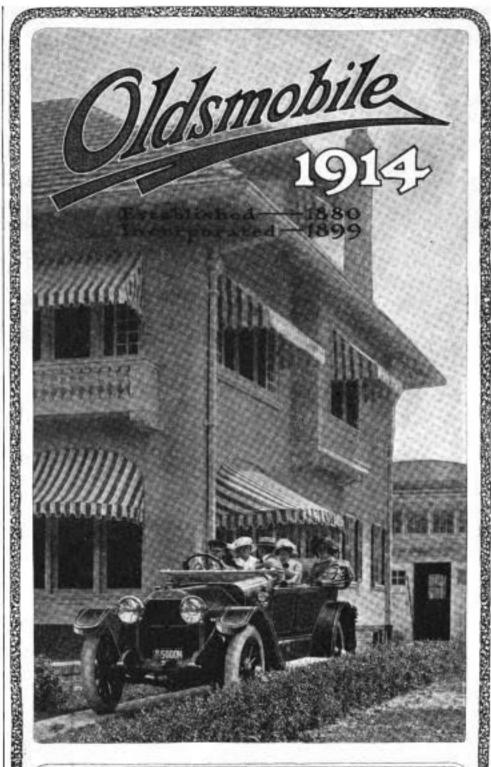
Doherty ate the breakfast and felt no better. He lay and thought a long time. Then he crawled out of bed with an effort and got his friend, Doctor Holliday, on the

wire.
"Say, doc, don't think I'm gone looney,
but I got a little bet with myself. Do you remember fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was runnin' the Alhambra Gym, and Billy Madden and Jawn L. come through town?—Yeah; that's it! Well, you was some sport in those days, and you and me and Billy Madden and Jawn L. was gassin'. and Billy Madden told us of a wonderful doctor that knew all the good people and could tell what ailed a man by giving him a once-over.—Yeah, that's the name, Mac-Murray. Where is he now? New York? Somethin' in the press dispatches about him this mornin'?—Well, what do you know about it? I guess I win my bet. Good-by!"

Doherty, exhausted, crawled back to bed; but not for long. He ate his luncheon, still keeping up his strength, and then said: "Mollie, gimme my clothes and call me

"A hack!" cried his wife, aghast.

"Oh, well—a taxi, then. Why bother me with yer fine distinctions? I was minded of the time when Jawn L. visited my old



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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.,

Makers Brooklyn New York





Safety Razor

10 'Radio' teel Blades

Gym, and a low-necked hack was good enough for him-and him Champeen of the

World! Call me a taxi, woman."
"But, Jawn, yer sick!"
"I am and I'm takin' one taxi for that all-gone feelin'. When taken, likely I'll be well shaken."

It speaks well for what was to be the vital ingredient of John Doherty's treatment that his wife gave in, recognizing his in-domitable determination, even though she euphemized it by the more expressive name

of pigheadedness.
"Union Station!" ordered John to the

chauffeur.

"Mollie, I'm off for New York on busi-ness. I'll be back in three days at the furthest. Don't sit up for me." The trip to New York was not an easy

one for Doherty, but he was upheld by a great hope. He was going to see Mac-Murray. Arriving at the Grand Central he called another taxi and drove straight to the office of the great MacMurray. He was two hours too early and was told he could see the physician only by appointment; but

"I've come six hunderd mile and I was a friend of Billy Madden. You tell him!" he

God is on the side of the heaviest artillery and luck favors the determined man. In this instance luck brought the eminent diagnostician to his office half an hour earlier than usual. Doherty seized the half

Tell me what ails me!" he demanded,

and his jaw clamped hard.
"All right. Strip!" said the doctor and

turned to the window.

"Is it a fight to a finish or a Turkish bath?" murmured Doherty. He had refused to disrobe on the Pullman the night before through sheer weariness; but now, when the doctor turned round, he was as naked as Adam.

The doctor gave him a comprehensive

glance. "You were a good man once," he conceded. Why not twicet?" jerked out Doherty. "Man, you were once a wedge from your

shoulders down, and now you're a pyramid from your belly up. Lie down!" The doctor went over him carefully with

most of the usual instruments and with his own good digits. He burrowed for Doherty's bone until the big man grunted in spite of himself. He spirometered him; he stethoscoped him; he sphygmomanometered him, and thumped him in many places. Then he said:

places. Then he said:

"You may have a test breakfast and a blood count, if you like, but I don't think it is necessary. Your case is plain enough."

"So is me face," answered John Doherty;
"hut I can't see it like you can."

"You drink, don't you?"

"Sure! I take me glass on occasion, not to

say opportunity; but I'm no two-handed

souse."
"You don't put any such limitations on your eating, do you?"
"I have a fine, healthy appetite,"

protested Doherty.
"Wrong adjectives—diseased appetite
would be better. You used to be an active

would be better. You used to be an active athlete. Your severest exercise lately has been pulling at a cigar." Doherty opened his mouth, but found no words. "You're fat!" snapped the doctor.
"Is that all? Just fat?"
"That's all, but that's fatal. You're

seventy pounds overweight and getting heavier. Your heart's fat; your liver's fat. In a sense your brain's fat. You've lost the power of resistance, of determination. I can send you to Carlsbad if you prefer to die in Europe instead of America; but I don't suppose you do. Some of the sanatoriums might help you temporarily, but not for long. The fault's in you. You've dug your grave with your teeth." But Doherty had heard only the first

"Seventy pounds, did you say? Only seventy pounds! If I shook that off, would I be well again?"

The doctor smiled grimly.
"Why, man, at your age it's an impossibility! Every ounce of you is crying to be fed—crying for sugars, starches, fats, carbo-hydrates. You're like an alcoholic or a dope fiend—only worse. Drugs and alcohol are an unnatural diet, and, properly aided, Nature overcomes the desire for the un-natural; but the appetite for food is entirely natural and you have two men in you demanding food—your natural self and your superfluous self. You have pampered

## The Pipe That Became "House-Broken"

"That pipe of yours" and "Oh, that pipe" and "Please, you are not going to light that pipe in here" are familiar expressions on the lips of the wife of the man who loves to smoke his pipe in the dining room after

supper. Now this is the tale of a man whose wife formerly was displeased when the pipe came

This man saw one day an advertisement headed, "The Man With Fifteen Pipes And What He Said."

"Whew, I wonder what his trife said," he thought, as he read further.

The upshot of his reading was that he sent to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street. Richmond, Virginia, for a free sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco that they offer to send.

In due time the sample came-a liberal package of tobacco.

That evening he pushed back his chair, fetched out his pipe, blew in it, opened up the Edgeworth sample and filled up. Then be fumbled, tried another pocket, found his match box and lighted up.

Alter a few minutes the good wife looked up and sniffed —"Well. thank goodness you've bought a new pipe, she said. "But I haven't—this

"Well, it isn't the same old olfactory in-sult," the woman per-sisted. "What have you done?"

Her husband puffel a couple of satisfiel puffs before answering. Then he said, in a most decided tone:

"I'll tell you what I've done. changed my brand to Edgeworth, and I think I shall never change again." A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is

ADYRUBBIO

something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post card request to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention you tobacco dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

That every man who smokes a pipe will try Edgeworth at least once is a fond hope of the makers, and this offer of a liberal sample free is the best means they know of meeting

you half way. Will you go the other half by sending that post card?

The original Edgeworth was a Sliced Plug wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in hand to be sended to be a support of the property of the some \$1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Soli by practically all dealers but mailed prepail

yours has none. To Retail Tobacco Merchant-If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



# The Little Beaver that



MGHT years ago, BEAVER BOARD was unknown; today it is almost as staple a building naterial as brick or concrete.

It is used to build walls and ceilings, and is made in large panels of difbrent sizes, which are nailed to the studding, joists and headers of new tioms or over the plaster of old walls.

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## EAVE BOARD





them both until they have mastered you and they're two to one anyhow; and the majority rules.

I'wo to one, did I say? Millions to one! "Two to one, did I say? Millions to one! The cells of your tissue are erroneously trained. Their habits are fixed now; and those habits are fatty habits, so to speak. You've noticed how rapidly a young athlete can train down to weight and how impossible it is for an old one to get down to ringside requirements? It's a matter of cellular habit."

"Seventy nounds!" reneated Deberty."

"Seventy pounds!" repeated Doherty.
"Doc, how much do I owe you?"
"Call it twenty-five."

"It's cheap at twicet the money. Here

'tis. I'll be on my way, doc."

As soon as he had finished getting into his clothes Doherty walked to the station, upheld by a new purpose in life. The said new purpose in life was to live. On the way home Doherty thought it all out. He walked to his office in the courthouse from the train. He also walked home at night,

where Mary greeted him with an excep-tional banquet in honor of his homecoming. "'Tis a fine supper, Mary," groaned John. "Could I have some toast and

John. "Could I have some toast and tay?"
"Toast and tay! What's come to the man?" cried Mary in genuine alarm.
"I can't eat like this any more, Mary. I'm in trainin' to fight old Adipose Tissue three rounds a day for the rest of me life. You've got to belo me gurrul and not You've got to help me, gurrul, and not tempt me with such conglomerations of joy as will put me into Purgatory before

From prehistoric times-not that I have any more knowledge of prehistoric times than other prehistorians, but that is one reason for making the assertion-from prehistoric times woman's prime duty has been to prepare man's food and to see that

she prepared enough of it.

It is second nature in her to resent any interference with this plan, especially on the part of the beneficiary. John knew that his first fight was to overcome his wife's culinary kindness; so—though his yearning esophagus yammered for the roast chicken, the mashed potatoes with the butter melting into them, the hot biscuit, the candied sweets, the pickled pears, the marble cake and the sandariam has a standard reached isless. and the apple pie—he sat and cracked jokes over his dry toast and diluted tea. It might have been a consolation to his

wife had she known that he was not to forget the sight and smell of that supper for months—that his glands were to ache and his nerves to tingle at the tantalizing memory of that lost opportunity!

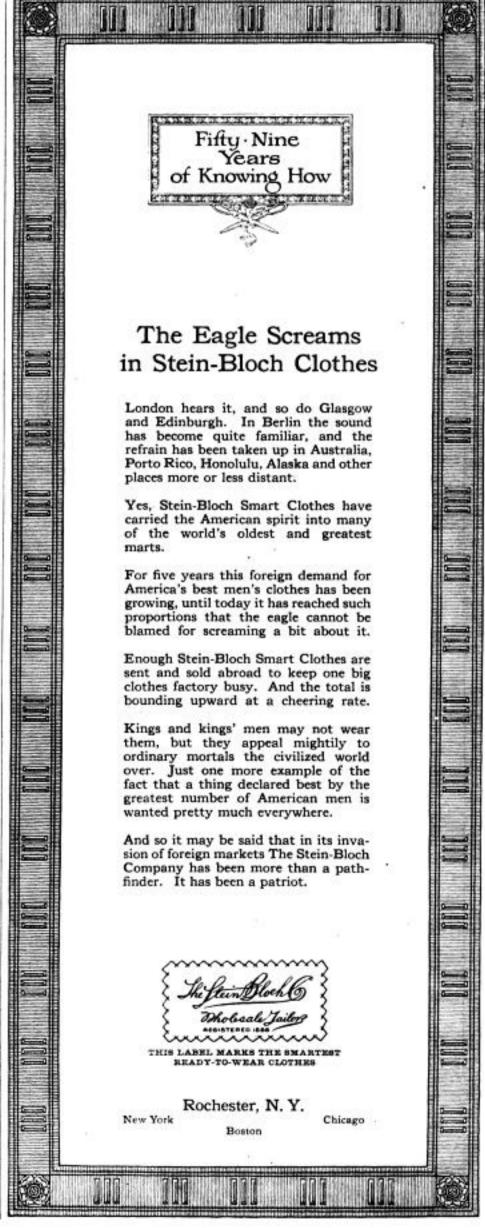
After supper Doherty read the paper for a while, without lighting his pipe; then he took a walk, as brisk as he dared make it, a bath and a rubdown, which left him puffing like a grampus; and he rolled between blankets and lost himself in sleep.

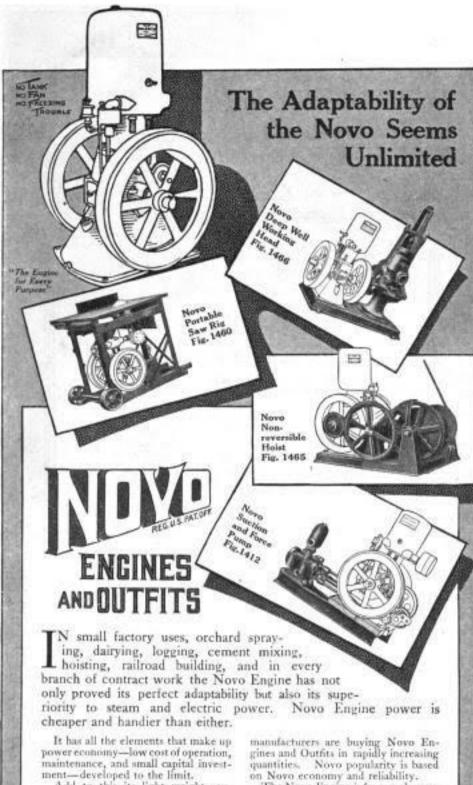
Next morning Doberty woke and, lying on his back, tried to bring his body to a sitting posture—a familiar exercise of his youth. He was startled to find he could youth. He was startled to find he could not do it. His abdominal muscles refused to raise his hulk. Doherty reversed the process, trying to lift his feet slowly back to touch the pillow. He failed by considerable, there being too much Doherty intervening; and when he let his feet return to normal

position they got away from him and jarred Mrs. Doherty into wakeful complaint. "Ye'r right!" said Doherty. "I'll take Danny's room at the back. It has little but the bed in it and will give me room to swing myself."

Back to Dan's room he went, where he tried the bricklayer's exercise. Standing with his feet apart, he extended his arms at right angles to his body and stooped with a straight back as though trying to pick up a brick from the floor with each hand. Two or three trials convinced him he was not yet ready for the severity of this. Standing flatfooted and stretching his hands above his head he lifted himself from the pelvis and let himself down again until he was tired. Still keeping his hands above his head he swung round in a circle from the waist, making very heavy work chiefly because he had no waist.

One of his old exercises had been to lie on the floor, face downward, and-keeping a straight back-see how many times could raise his shoulders from the floor. It sounds like an arm exercise. As a matter of fact the strain comes on the abdominal and diaphragmatic muscles, which, indeed, was the aim of all Doherty's exertions. There had been a time when Doherty could let himself floorward to the limit and only his toes and nose touched; now when he had





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Add to this its light weight, extreme compactness and easy portability and you have the reasons why, for example, over 61% of the best concrete mixers in the country are run by Novo-Engines, why 40% of spray outfits in-clude a Novo, why contractors and

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Novo Centrifugal Pumps—Three types—chain drive, direct-connected and belt-driven. Used by contractors for draining excavations and for irrigation. Mounted on all-steel trucks, channel-steel or solid iron bases,

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Nove Hoists — Made in three types — non-reversible, reversible and double drum— and in ten sizes from 600 to 4,500 lbs. lift-ing capacity. Used in building construc-tion, lee handling, hugging, car building, back filling of sewers, freight handling, etc.

Novo Double Drum Holst is the newest ddition to the Novo line; equipped with 0, 12 and 15 H. P. engines.

Novo Portable Saw Rig-Rips J-Inch lumber, joints 4-inch, planes, plows and bores window frames, etc. It is strong, light and rigid.

MIND ENGINE CO.

473 Willow Street Lansing, Mich.

pushed to the highest his frontal protuber-ance filled the space. Doherty blushed with mortification.

Now Doherty tried shadow fighting, lunging at an imaginary opponent, ducking from an expected blow, escaping punish-ment by pretty footwork, and coming back strong, with a tattoo on shadowy ribs. Eventually the shadow beat him, but not until Doherty was drenched in perspiration. A bath and a rubdown, and Doherty could have eaten a horse right down to its shoes. Instead he ate one hard graham biscuit and drank a cup of milk.

He took a roundabout route to the office and day by day increased the roundabout-ness until he was walking four or five miles to work. Then he added indoor pedestrian-

ism to his curriculum.

Be it known that county commissioners have some very important work to do. Now let us, after the manner of Koko in the opera, step to the other side of the stage, where the captious taxpayer cannot hear us, and remark in a properly modulated aside that county commissioners also have some idle moments.

The top floor of the courthouse was little used. The space round its railed rotunda made a very fair running track, with no gallery for annoying spectators. Several times a day Doberty ascended to the top floor and did his mile, at first at a brisk walk and later at a doctron

and later at a dogtrot.

At first, too, he took the elevator to his track; later he climbed the stairs. If you have any doubt about the effectiveness of stairclimbing on wind and limb, just try lifting your own weight, plus seventy pounds, several hundred feet several times

a day.

We have seen the simplicity of Doherty's breakfasts. His luncheons were exactly the same. His dinner was a little more elaborate, for he usually allowed himself a portion of white meat or fish and a single vege-

He cut out coffee, tobacco, alcohol. Water he drank inordinately except at meals. Whenever he felt hungry, which was pretty much all the time, he drank water—cold water, hot water, or just water. Even in the middle of the night he would rise and drink all the water he could hold.

all the water he could hold.

And he frequently woke in the night; not from insomnia but from pain; from the mental and physical pain of hunger—keen, crying hunger. Often he had the most delicious dreams—always dreams of food, of good things to eat. Often and often he smelled his wife's last supper. Often he was in a favorite café, where the joint was wheeled round on a server and one fell to

wheeled round on a server and one fell to and helped oneself to just the quantity of juicy tenderness one wished.

Often he was in Florida, with a repast of red snapper, crisp lettuce, tender peas, luscious strawberries, sparkling wine, aro-matic coffee—all served on a snowy cloth spread in a perfumed orange grove with the golden globes bending down to tempt his fingers. Then, as he touched them, he would wake up, crying like a child with the

In a bound he would be on his feet, headed for the pantry, telling himself he would eat one real meal and die happy. And then MacMurray looked at him from six

then MacMurray looked at him from six hundred miles away:

"You're fat! Your heart's fat; your mind's fat. You're a dope fiend—only worse. Habit holds you in the hollow of its hand. You think you can crawl away from it. You can't! You're weakened by indulgence and you carry the sign of your decadence in front of you."

Yes, a man had so talked to him—to him, a Doherty! So John Doherty would drink much water, bite his lips, nip his nails into his flesh and resolve to die fighting if die he must. For Adipose Tissue was fighting too—fighting for its life; and it is a stubborn foe.

For a long eternity—or so it seemed to

a stubborn foe.

For a long eternity—or so it seemed to Doherty—the said A. T. utterly refused to retreat at all, though Doherty's muscles grew responsive and his wind durable. Then—almost, as it seemed, while Doherty was not watching him—A. T.'s forces began to desert, and desert rapidly. Doherty began to feel some of the rewards of a vicines. to feel some of the rewards of a winner.

He was still hungry, but he felt well. He got past Thanksgiving without any of the trouble he had anticipated—except that it was all he could do to restrain himself

from rushing on to the football field when he witnessed the game. "Man! Man!" he yelled at the quarter-back. "Are you a stump waitin' for the blastin' powder to move ye? Push in a



This pure, non-greasy emollient, protects and restores the skinpreventing roughness and windburn. The reward of usingevery day this refreshing, cleansing, antiseptic cream is an always dear, velvety, youthfully fresh complexion.

We guarantee Hinds Cream not to cause a growth of hair. It is safest and most beneficial for baby's skin

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# Preachments $\int_{\mathcal{S}_{\mathcal{Y}}} ailoring$

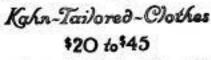
of Indianapolis

F you crave the lean-and-lithe figure in your Spring Suit most young men do—see that the waistline of the coat is placed high in the back, as this creates the illusion of lengthening you out and seems to add to your inches.

This is as true of the "un-English" suit sketched here, as of the English" clothes some men like.

Whatever your preference may be you cannot get clothes with the un-

mistakable "custom-air" that will compliment your taste and supplement your figure unless they are tailored of "cus-tom" materialsby"custom"-trained men with custom methods. Nor can you get them for less than you'll pay



-"custom"-drafted and "custom"needled singly in every process, part and particle. Some of our tailors—born and bred to "the bench"—have served us an unbroken quarter of a century.

Sketched here is a "smart" Three-Button Sack Suit for Spring. And, one of the precious privileges of Kahn Service is that you don't have to take this suit as it's drawn here. We will gladly model or modify it to meet your precise want or whim.

Indeed, we will tailor this or any other style to your measure from any of 500 "custom" fabrics that our Authorized Representative in your town will be proud to show you. Go to him to-day. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company



few faces and run! Run, you light-headed, heavy-footed Swope! Give me the ball and

heavy-footed Swope! Give me the ball and let me show you!"

There was a telegram from Danny, who had to play on the Varsity that day against Wisconsin, but who promised to be home for the Christmas holidays.

"Think of that, mother!" cried John, executing an Irish jigstep and then kissing his wife long and loudly. "Our little boy will be home for Christmas!"

"Go along with you!" cried Mary, wiping off the kiss and looking immensely pleased. "Our little boy, is it? If he's gained a pound since last summer he's bigger than you this minute, you scarecrow,

gained a pound since last summer he's bigger than you this minute, you scarecrow, with yer clo'es flappin' on four sticks!"

A few days before Christmas it chanced that Doherty was called out of town. Re-turning in the middle of the night he found himself minus his latchkey. Stepping round to the back he found the window of his soon wide open for the winter was open

to the back he found the wintow open his room wide open, for the winter was open too and the night was mild.

A boyish whim seized Doherty. He laid his suitcase on its side, put his hat, coat and vest on the case, and his shoes along-side of it. Then he leaped for the hickory was a superposed by the highest state of the highest land to the land to the highest land pole, swung out and snapped back. Not for fifteen years had he tried it; but the memory latent in well-trained muscles remembered. He came atop of the pole, his legs straightened and he shot for the window, hooking the inside of the sill cleanly. A joy welled up in Doherty's soul as he head-longed into the your. longed into the room.

The next instant a heavy body fell on him and two hands clutched his throat. Doherty seized the hands, tore them away indignantly and dropped on all fours, with his head huddled into his shoulders.

Seemingly his assailant understood the challenge and accepted it. He tried for the half-Nelson once, twice, thrice; and thrice Doherty's bullneck evaded it. The man on top now feinted for a toehold, but presently his hands shot under and he had an irresistible full-Nelson.

Doherty's hulk came into the air with the pressure on his neck; then his feet shot straight up, he spun on his head out of his opponent's grasp and came down across his body. Out of the mêlée he issued with a cruel hammerlock; and, with a sudden effort, he flung the other man over and landed him heavily three points down.

Both were on their feet in an instant and both seemed to realize instinctively that the game had changed. Doherty stood, his left hand forward, his right guarding his body. The other crouched like a panther, his hands in front of his head and working ceaselessly. Like a panther, too, he

Doherty took a single step aside and swung to the other's head as he went by.

Like a fury the panther-man came back and in that fury he lost his mode of defense.

Doherty straightened him up with a left uppercut and crashed heavily to his right sending him flying across the with his right, sending him flying across the room. Despite himself the man's hands came down and, finding himself near the electric button, he flashed on the light.

'Dad!" he cried. "Dad!" he cried.

"I thought it would likely be you, Danny," said John Doherty, breathing easily, "though you said Friday and 'tis only Wednesday. Would you go down to the yard and bring up my suitcase like a good lad?"

"Dad!" cried Dan again in the same tone.

Dad!" cried Dan again in the same tone of amazement, and running his hands over

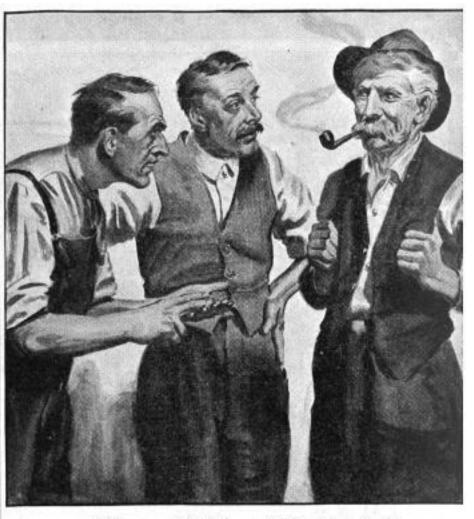
his father's body with a sort of awe.

"'Tis all my fault, son," said his father apologetically; "me coming in at the window that way. I should have wired I was coming back."

"Dad!" exclaimed Dan for the third time. "You don't need to wire anybody you're coming back. You are!"

## Electric Scrubwomen

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## HEN TAKES POSSESSION

(Continued from Page 9)

"Seein' as how business is," said Sophie, "It can't be done. I'd like to do it, but — An' what's the matter with yer horse?
You could 've brought over the ice wagon
fr ma to ride back in."
"Ma couldn't ride in that," said Gret
wearily: "she'd die with the jolt. Besides,

I ain't got no horse no more. He's gone. Somebody stole him." "Who?"

"I don't know!" returned Gret, with the emphasis on "know."
"Hen's in jail," went on Sophie; "he couldn't 've ——"

"It wasn't Hen," interrupted Gret curtly. "Come on, ma; we've got to catch that train. We've got to get back early, f'r Gretta'n me has to cart ice an' coal in handcarts now. Come, ma!"

On the train she gripped ma by the arm. "Ma," she said, "it was Schepp that stole

"Ma," she said, "It was Schepp that stole
the horse."

"Your man?" cried ma. "How do you
know, Gret?"

"Al Simonson saw him," returned Gret.
"He saw him with the horse and he knew
him; and he spoke to him. Al thought
he'd come back and that I'd taken him in."

"You can get the law on Schepp,"
returned ma.

returned ma.

Gret shook her head.

451 SHORT STORIES

LONG NOVELS

O. HENRY

KIPLING

chames, 179 Ma. nd poeaus, one sold tops, Alk

"I don't get the law on nobody," she returned, discouraged. "If he's that mean let him take the horse. It's tur'ble, ma. Me an Gretta's gettin' all wore out." She shrugged her shoulders. "Let 'em go!" she went on. "There's two men I ain't got no further use for—one of 'em's Schepp."
"Who's the other, Gret?" quavered her mother.

"Never you mind, ma," returned Gret. "Look! We're almost home."

In due time Ma Hinkley shuffled off this mortal coil. There were two people present at her deathbed—one was Gret her daugh-ter, the other was Gretta Schepp her grandchild, the young girl. Hen was still in jail. Sophie and her older sister were too far away to stir themselves to come. They got word but they did not heed it. They attended the funeral—that was expense enough; and then they went back to their respective homes.

"Twasn't necessary," Mena explained to her husband, "that the will should be

read at the funeral—or after, neither. Our lawyer told me so; so I didn't fetch it. Our

lawyer says we'll go over to the courthouse after ten days and he'll probate it for us."

Eleven days after, Mena and her husband went up the courthouse steps.

"Won't Sophie an' Gret an' Hen be furi-

ous?" said Mens, her eyes glittering. "But my lawyer says they can't break the will. He says ma knew what she was about."

They turned a corner in a corridor and met Sophie Gebhard and her husband. "We got ma's will," said Mena. "Our lawyer's goin' to probate it today." Sophie nodded and followed Mena into

the probate office. Mena's lawyer was al-ready there with the other witness to the

will.

"Let me have it, Mrs. Kessler," he said, holding out his hand. He turned to an official. "This is Mrs. Hinkley's will," he

official. "This is Mrs. Hinkley's will," he said.

"No it ain't!" cried a voice in tones of assurance. "This is Ma Hinkley's will—and it leaves everything to me!"

It was her will—there was no doubt about that, for it was the latest. No later will had been offered. The ten dayswere up. Sophie's witnesses were present. The probate office, in the presence of the gaping Kesslers, admitted Sophie's will.

"It leaves all to me," repeated Sophie with a lofty smile.

"It's a fraud!" said Mena.

"Why?" said Sophie's lawyer, "Because it leaves everything to Mrs. Gebhard,

cause it leaves everything to Mrs. Gebhard, one daughter, rather than to you, another daughter? Rather difficult, isn't it? Better go ahead and try it out. We'll meet you— and we'll beat you too."

The Kesslers did not fight it out. They had played a trick. Sophie had played another. She had gone them one better, however; so they slunk away in dudgeon. Sophie and her husband left the court-house with their heads in six Sorbio.

house with their heads in air. Sophie nodded to her lawyer.

"You must come with us to Hendershot," said Sophie. "We've got to take possession of that house."

The lawyer went with them. Before they entered, the lawyer from a discreet

distance looked the place over.

"Some property!" he said admiringly.

He was quite right. There was a white house—small but quaint; kept constantly coated with repeated doses of whitewash—Gret saw to that. There were green shutters. There were a white barn and a white shed. There was almost helf a mile of white picket. There was almost half a mile of white picket fence—so it seemed—inclosing the entire domain. There were a small orchard, a big garden and a multitude of flower beds. The garden and a multitude of flower beds. The place just as it stood was a gem, a bit of pleasing landscape. It might have caught the eye of any artist. "Some place!" repeated the lawyer. He knocked at the front door. Gret opened to him. Gret kissed Sophie on the cheek and shook hands with Gus Gebhard.

"You wasn't over to the courthouse," said Sophie. "We been over there today to probate ma's will."

"I didn't know ma made a will," said Gret. She turned to the pretty young girl who stood behind her. "Did ma say any-thing to you about making a will?" she

thing to you about making a will?" she asked.

Gretta shook her head.

"She never did," she answered.

The lawyer interposed.

"I may as well tell you, Mrs. Schepp," he said. "that she did make a will and that the will was probated today; and that by its terms Mrs. Hinkley left everything to Mrs. Gebhard here."

"Everything!" echoed Gret. "Why, madidn't have anything but this property here. All the household goods was mine."

Sophie lifted her chin. She glanced contemptuously about the room.

"I don't care about the household goods," she said loftily; "they're not worth having. You're welcome to them, Gret."

"Thanks!" said Gret. "They belong to me anyway; but I didn't want to have no trouble—I thought you might be thinkin' ma had some claim on 'em."

"All we want," the lawyer proceeded, "is possession of this place. You can have a reasonable time to get your goods out, Mrs. Schepp."

Gret seemed startled.

Mrs. Schepp."
Gret seemed startled.
"I don't have to move, do I?" she

queried. "Of course!" said Sophie. "I got to get

"I don't know nothin' about law," said Gret. "You know Brad Fettinger, don't you—the lawyer here in Hendershot? Well, you go down and see Brad Fettinger. If he says for me to get out, I'll git—that's all."

all."
"That's better," said Sophie's counsel.
"I can talk to him. He'll understand and he'll advise you right. We'll go down and talk to him."
"There went down. Gret did not accom-

They went down. Gret did not accompany them. They found Brad Fettinger. He was a long, lean, lanky individual with long hair shot with gray, and with a dingy office replete with dusty lawbooks. He possessed a drawl. He knew Sophie's lawyer and shook hands with him. He acknowledged that he represented Mrs. Schepp.

"Here's a copy of Mrs. Hinkley's will,"

said Sophie's counsel.

Brad Fettinger examined it.

"Satisfactory to me—seems to carry
everything the old lady had to Mrs. Gebhard here. Looks all right and regular to

me."
"Then," said the other man, "you'll advise Mrs. Schepp to move out?"
"Bless you, no," exclaimed Brad Fettinger; "not at all!"
"Why not?"
"Why should I?"

"Why should I?"

"This will gives everything that Mrs. Hinkley had to Mrs. Gebhard here."

"True; but what's that got to do with Mrs. Schepp's moving out, I'd like to

"It's our property—it's Mrs. Gebhard's house and lot."

"Oh, no," drawled Fettinger; "it's Mrs. Schepp's. It was Mrs. Schepp's before Mrs. Hinkley died."

"Did she leave a later will?" queried the

"Did she leave a later will?" queried the

other man, alarmed.
"No," said Fettinger. "I'll tell you all about it. Ten days before she died—she was a spry old woman, Mrs. Hinkley, even if she couldn't smell Hen Hinkley's breath ten days before she died I was passing

there—I pass there once in a while—and she called me in. Mrs. Schepp was down to the canal and so was Gretta. They were carting ice and coal by hand—Schepp stole their only horse, you know."

"Never mind the horse," said Sophie's

lawyer.
"The old lady called me in. She was in a great state of mind. She said she'd made her will twice and she'd go to state prison if she made another—she said you told her

Sophie flushed-her own lawyer even

"She said she'd treated Gret, her daughter, like a dog. She'd given all her money to Hen when Gret needed it. Gret had supported her and had worked for her. Nobody else had done anything for ——" "Oh-h-h-h!" said Sophie, shocked. "And

it cost us over twenty dollars extra to have ma visit with us!"

"That's what she said," went on Brad Fettinger; "but she wouldn't make another will, for she'd go to state prison. She didn't see any way out; but she wanted me to fix it right. Bless your heart"—Brad laughed in his long-drawn-out way—"I didn't want to send her to state prison; so I had her make a deed—she executed it. I delivered it to Gret and then I recorded it for her. You can search the record. Mrs. Schepp has no objection to the will at all. It carries anything of which Mrs. Hinkley died seized—but she didn't die seized of this real property. Bless your heart, before her death it belonged to Mrs. Schepp!"

"It's a fraud!" screamed Sophie in the

"It's a fraud!" screamed Sophie in the accents of her other disappointed sister, Mena. "An underhanded swindle—that's what it is!"
"Good!" drawled Brad. "It's that kind of spirit that makes lawsuits. If you feel that way you hire my brother at the bar and Gret Schepp'll hire me; and we'll go to it, tooth and nail—and may the best man win!"

They did not fight it out, however. Law-

They did not fight it out, however. Law-suits in Hendershot and Bascom were events too overwhelming for the Gebhards. Besides, as their counsel took pains to inform them, there was a doubt—considerable

doubt—about success.
"Ding 'em!" said Brad Fettinger to him-self one day. "Why don't they fight?"
His musings were interrupted. The door

of his office was flung open and a man lunged in. He was a very disreputable-looking man. He was Hen Hinkley. He was not alone. With him was another disreputable individual. They had been drinking, both of

Hen Hinkley brought a heavy fist down

on the desk. I won't stand fer it!" he said.

"I won't stand fer it!" he said.

"Where did you get your money to buy drink, Hen?" queried Brad. "And where did you get the nerve, two bums like you, to come into my office? Get out!"

"Not," said Hen, "until I've had my say. I serve notice on you. I know a thing or two! Gret Schepp—my own sister—what do you think of that!—she sends me to jail to get me out of the way. An' then she gets my mother—my poor old mother—to give her all her property!" At the words "all her property" Hen's voice broke with deep emotion.

deep emotion.

"All her property, you understand! An' when they let me go, what do I find in the warden's office? A five-dollar bill—a measly five-dollar bill—and a letter—an insultin' letter—tellin' me all about it; an', warnin' me—warnin' me!—her own brother—to clear out and to stay cleared out! Sava she stood me just on account of out! Says she stood me just on account of ma, to make ma happy. Now she's through with me. Insultin' minx! Through with me, eh?" He turned toward the door, pulling his companion with him. "Well, I ain't through with her—nor Schepp ain't,

ain't through with her—nor Schepp ain't, neither."

"You bet I ain't," said Schepp—for the other man was Schepp. "I'm her husband. Ain't I got some rights in that there property? Ain't that there my home?"

"Come on, Schepp!" went on Hen Hinkley. "We ain't through with her. We'll just naturally go down and talk politics to her." He stopped and brought his fist crashing down once more. "I give you fair warning, counselor," he said, "that piece of property belongs to me. My mother piece of property belongs to me. My mother

meant it for me. It's mine! And I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do—I'm goin' down today—I'm goin' down to take posses-sion! See if I don't. Schepp an' me'll go down and take possession. Won't we,

go down and take possession. Won't we, Schepp?"
"Yer kin stake y'r bottom dollar 'at we will!" said Schepp.
"Fair warning, counselor!" repeated Hen. "Hen Hinkley goes down and he takes possession! See if he don't!"
They left the office. Brad followed them downstairs. He prepared to follow them further; but Brad was a lawyer and his chief concern for the past few days had been the further; but Brad was a lawyer and his chief concern for the past few days had been the scarcity of clients. The richest man in town was coming up, and he stopped Brad as Brad was going down.

"I was looking for you, Brad. Are you coming back?"

"I'll come back now," said Brad.

Brad went back to his office. He tried to get the town hall on the wire, but nobody answered. He tried to get the constable's home, but no one answered.

home, but no one answered.
"What's the row?" queried the richest man in town.

"Never mind," said Brad; "I can't help it. It's beyond me now. I'm not a peace officer. Go ahead and spin your yarn."

It was late in the afternoon when the arn was fully spun. Brad advised his rich client and started a proceening. He got a fee. His client left. Then Brad's con-science smote him. He felt that he should have warned Gret Schepp and her daughter somehow, at any rate.

"I can't sleep tonight," he told himself, "unless I go right down there and tell her all about it."

It was dusk when he reached the turn in the road that led to Gret Schepp's house. As he turned he saw two figures coming toward him. They were clinging together. He stood and waited. Finally they approached

stood and waited. Finally they approached him. He looked them over.

One of them was Schepp. Schepp had both eyes blackened. His nose was bleeding generously. One ear was three times its normal size. The other man was Hen. Hen as an exhibit was quite as wonderful. Hen had a scalp wound that would have done duty as a saber stroke. He was expectorating blood. Three teeth were out. His coat was torn to rags.

"Come on!" moaned Hen. "We got to hire a speshlust er we'll die, both of us—an' go to hell."

They did not even notice Fettinger. Fettinger went on.

When he reached the little white house he pushed open the door and stepped fear-

he pushed open the door and stepped fearfully inside. His alarm was unjustified. Gret Schepp, clad in a clean white shirt-waist, was washing off a rolling-pin at the

The pin in spots was slightly ruddy. "The hair sticks to 'em sometimes," she said nonchalantly.

"Hen came to take possession, then?" queried Brad Fettinger. Gret dropped her rolling pin into the water

to let it soak.

"Hen come to take possession," she repeated; "but he took us by surprise. We wasn't wasn't quite prepared for Hen. We wasn't quite prepared for Schepp. If I'd knowed they was comin' I'd 'ave made out to treat 'em rough; but they took us by surprise. We wasn't quite prepared."

We wasn't quite prepared."

Brad looked at Gret. He looked at the rolling-pin. He recalled some blackened eyes and broken noses and injured scalps. "I wonder." he said gently, "what would have happened if you had been quite prepared!"

prepared!"

"As I was sayin'," returned Gret, "I might 've treated 'em some rough."

A young vision of beauty had tripped into the room. She was warm and rosy. Probably she had been taking exercise, but she did not show it.

"Somebody f'r some coal, ma," she announced.

announced.

"I'll get it," said Gret. "You run along. There's Al Simonson a-comin' up the road, and he'll be wantin' to lalligag with you from now till suppertime."

Fettinger strolled homeward, laughing

to himself.
"They wasn't quite prepared," he smiled,
"not quite prepared! Dear me!"





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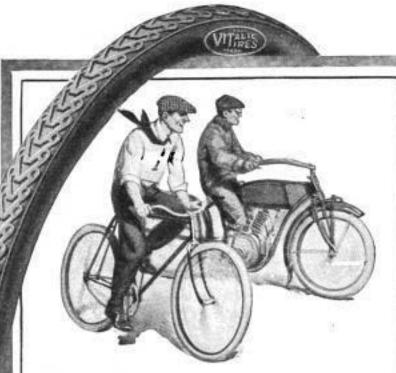
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## The Gay-cat

The Kid was on his feet. He was sob-ng. The madness of revolt was still on bing. The madness of revolt was still on him. He must knock out Frisco Red. It was the law of the road. Ere he could save his dog he must prove his right thereto—his right to run his own game. The Kid had learned from Frisco Red to be cruel and brutal. Cruelty and brutality are the gods of the pagan road. Frisco Red was supine, flat on his back in the dust. With his foot the Kid applied two finishing blows. They the Kid applied two finishing blows. They were cruelly placed. They were brutally

It had all occurred in a shock of time. The Kid looked down at the still heap on the ground. Then the Kid looked full at the many eyes in the shadow. He had beaten Frisco Red. Viciously, in brutal fashion, he had beaten his master. That brutality was the fault of his education. But that brutality was effective with the many eyes in the shadow. He was free to run his own game, to work his own will, to

do as he pleased.

The wail of the dog shrilled on his ear.
He stepped over the body of Frisco Red.
Precipitantly, breathing hard from the fight, he ran to the trough.

"Come out, old-timer," he called.

"You're in a deuce of a fix, aren't you?" His voice was, for all its gasping, strangely pliant and tender. He jerked up the board cover. By one of the frantic forepaws he lifted out the drowning Gay-cat. He hugged the whimpering, wet, shaking form

to him. He laughed once hysterically.
"You little drownded rat!" he whispered. "You should have seen how I beat up Frisco Red."

The dog whimpered and snuggled close The dog whimpered and snuggled close. Hugging the dog in his left arm the Kid came back. He felt round with his right hand until he found the razor. That he examined with great pride. He doubled it up against the crotch of thumb and forefinger and, like a regular blown-in-the-glass stiff, slashed about with it in the air. Then very constraint he tucked it arms in an overally he carefully he tucked it away in an overalls

Silently he joined the hoboes asprawl beneath the tank. They had no word for beneath the tank. They had no word for him; but they made space for him—for him and for his dog. It is the way of the road. As soon as a road-kid is strong enough to beat his master the domination of that hobo ends. Age makes no difference. It is the primeval law of strength. The Kid becomes a masterless road-kid, a younger hobo. The Kid had beaten Frisco Red. Impossible it was for him longer to serve that hobo. He was free. He was free to wander wherever the wanderlust called. serve that note. He was free to wander wherever the wanderlust called. He and his dog were free. That thought made freedom sweet. He was for at once being off along gypsying roads where Red would be forgotten and the dog could chase sparrows through the fallen leaves.

"Give me a smoke," he said to the haboes.

In his voice was the note of equality. In the silence of equality they gave it him. The Kid rolled the brown-paper tube. The Southbound whistled far up the track. He Southbound whistled far up the track. He lighted the cigarette. The rumble of the approaching train shook through the ground. The Kid got afoot. Walking to the trough, the Gay-cat at his heels, he filled his cap with water. He dowsed it on Frisco Red. "Get up, bo," he said, the gruffness of manhood in his voice. "Can't yer hear the train?"

Frisco Red opened his eyes. The Kid turned and walked away. Dazedly Red rolled over and felt in the dust for the razor. But the Kid did not notice the futile search.
The hoboes had spread out. The train was
slowing at the tank. The Kid lifted the
dog in his arms.
At ten o'clock that night at a waystation the Kid was ditched. The bark of

the startled dog at sight of a brakeman was the cause. The Kid with the dog had been riding all alone on the bumpers between two freight cars. The others were not discov-ered. The Kid stood on the tracks, the dog in his arms, as the train foreshortened into

the night.
"Goodby, Frisco Red," said the Kid soberly. Then his head lowered to the

dog's drooping ear and he whispered:
"It was for you I done it, Gay-cat, old-timer! Honest, it was for you I done it."

"Always movin', always movin' on," the Kid would say to the dog. "Gay-cat, when we gets tired of bein' boes we'll go

back to the valley and surprise my ma. But I guess"—with a wistful smile—"you and me'll never get tired of bein' hoboes. We're blowed-in-the-glass stiffs, we are, and it's in our blood."

The Kid was, when he said that, an older boy by a full year. Also his love for the Gay-cat had made him thoughtful. Sometimes on dewy mornings he saw, more clearly than the road he walked, the cottage up in Grass Valley. The marguerites near the picket fence were white and fresh. It was sweet where he was born. Sometimes he wished he could go back. But there was that itch in his boy's soul that kept him wandering—wandering to find peace.

And the dog understood. It was wonderful. The dog understood why he could not

ful. The dog understood. It was wonderful. The dog understood why he could not go back. The dog, too, was cursed with the wanderlust. The dog whimpered in sympathy up into his face. Then onward into the dawn the dog led the way.

They came back over the Hump for the fall and winter in California. The freight from Ogden was headed for Sacramento, the great dumping-off place of the wintering hobo. It was here near Sacramento, just a year gone, that the Kid had found the Gay-cat and that he had beaten Frisco Red. It was near Sacramento and in the case of the sacramento and the case of the winter-ing hobo. Gay-Cat and that he had beaten Frisco
Red. It was near Sacramento, up in
Grass Valley, where were his mother, graying in her shawl, and the cottage with the
picket fence and marguerites. Perhaps
that was why, while the Kid still wandered,
he wandered close.

There relied in that train of that some

They rolled in that train of flat cars through the Sacramento Valley, golden with autumn, until Sacramento neared. The train slowed down. The Kid swung off. He feared the railroad police in the terminal yards. The train clacked onward in a slowed flow that the train clacked onward in a slowed flow. cloud of hot dust as he stood to one side, the dog in his left arm. He set the dog afoot, and the dog led the way up the levee for a look at the river where so often they

had gone swimming.
In a flushed sky slowly the sun sank. It dropped behind the black feathers of tule on the other levee. The levee dimmed and grew remote. A stern-wheeler from San Francisco coughed upstream. Its whistle sounded, through the screen of dusk, weary and lonesome. The swell from its paddles broke in tiny ripples at their feet as the steamboat rounded a bend in the river and

was gone with the day.

Thoughtfully the Kid and the Gay-cat turned their backs on the darkened river. They walked down the slope. The Gay-cat barked. He dashed, with a sudden show of spirit, across the tracks and into a little faded road hidden in the mystery of twi-

The Kid followed his brave lead. The lane was pungent with fruity odors. It wound between green curtains of hop vines, softly stirring in the breezes of the evening. A strange peace was on the Kid. Some-thing about the lane, lost in the thick of twi-light, the smells and random breezes filled his soul with a gypsy content. That gypsy content it was that made his wanderings with the Gay-cat sweet. And so they came to a white wooden gate beyond which, on the black flat of a patch, melons lay cut and tempting, splotches of gold and green. "Cantaloupes," said the Kid. "Canta-

loupes would go good now. Wet and cool after that ride, hub—Gay-cat?"

The Kid clambered over the creaking gate. The dog bellied under the gate. They were inside when, in the gray house that squatted down in the field, a door was flung open and voices came from the lighted dooropen and voices came from the lighted door-way in the uncouth vocables of the Jap-anese tongue. The Kid crouched. The dog barked sharply. The Kid pulled the dog off his feet and quieted him. The door slammed shut. The house slept grayly. Sniffing the air for danger, the Gay-cat trotted out on the black loam of the natch.

the patch.
"Come here, Gay-cat," the Kid whis-pered. "Keep close to me and don't think you own this here patch. Them Japs don't invite boes in here to mooch melons. They sleep in the fields sometimes with guns."

The Kid made short dashes between the muskmelons to see how ready for eating each was. Some were green. Others were overripe. One, cut from the trailing vine

and leaves, was a golden temptation. He lifted that. It was quite heavy.

The dog scuffled ahead. The Kid, ready for retreat, called softly. The dog answered in a yelp of fright. Abruptly the



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dog came back. He came back as if shoved by some invisible hand on his quarters.

To see what was the matter the Kid moved forward. The dog was whimpering nervously at his heels when he came full upon the Japanese laborer asleep on a mat among the vines and leaves, his brown, shiny, stupid face upturned. The Kid stepped back in fright just as the dog had done. His heel caught in a melon vine. The vine tripped him. His arms flung behind to ease the fall. The muskmelon bounded from his the fall. The muskmelon bounded from his

the fall. The muskmelon bounded from his flinging arms and rolled against the laborer.

The laborer leaped afoot. His arms were upraised before his face in an almost articulate gesture of bewilderment. The Kid leaped afoot. Thereat the laborer, seeing what had awakened him, screamed shrilly in Japanese. He gave chase. He showed in his hands a long-handled shovel.

"Gay-cat!" yelled the Kid. "Oh, Gay-cat! Come here!"

But the dog did not run for the gate at

cat! Come here!"

But the dog did not run for the gate at the heels of the Kid. He dashed, barking and snapping, toward the oncoming laborer. The laborer cried out. He cried out in what appeared to be genuine fear of the dog. Full on the head of the rushing, snapping dog he brought down the sharp metal edge of the

The defiant barking of the dog rose into a shrill yelp of pain that was almost a scream. A second yelp followed on the heels of the first. Then another, and another. The yelps were continual and

The Kid ran back. Unconscious of all personal danger he ran back to the yelping dog. He had no eyes for the Japanese laborer. He saw only his dog, bleeding from a red gash in the head and staggering, as he yelped, on bending legs. He scooped the bleeding Gay-cat up into his arms. White and cold and blind with grief, he rushed past the bewildered laborer. He floundered through the soft field to the gate. He sobbed love words. The yelps of the little Gay and drawned to white soft field. little Gay-cat dropped to whimpers, slow

little Gay-cat dropped to whimpers, slow and dull as moans.

The Kid walked in a miserable dream. He was stupefied by his despair. On the outskirts of Sacramento he stumbled into a drugstore. At sight of his anguish-filled eyes and the bleeding dog the druggist was won over to mercy. With a gauze bandage he bound up the gash in the Gay-cat's head between the drooping ears.

The pain of the dog was somewhat soothed. The Kid staggered on through the railroad yards, through the city and along the road to where, in a grass-disheveled field, a haystack bulked. The wretched search was ended. In the hay he would find some soft nest wherein to lay the wounded Gay-cat.

All that night in the haystack the Kid watched and worried over the whimpering dog. He was a boy alone in a waste where sympathy was not. Yet out of those barrens of brutality had come to him a great love. And that love was stricken, sick with pain. Through that long night, as the dog whimpered continually in dull agony and the moonlight silvered down, the Kid accused himself:

"It's all my fault that you're half dead."

"It's all my fault that you're half dead, Gay-cat, all my fault. Cantaloupes! I couldn't do my own moochin' for canta-loupes! And look at the other risks I let loupes! And look at the other risks I let yer take. I let yer ride where you could be killed. You could fall off the rods. You could slide from the roof. A piece of coal thrown from the cab could mash yer. You, the only one that loved me, and I let yer hobo with me like that for all these months and days and days."

The dog licked his face. That only made him the more miserable. He wanted to ask forgiveness of the dog. And the dog reached up and licked his face. It was terrible, such love. He would prove himself worthy of that love!

"Hoboin' is no place for to keep a dog!" he told the dawn. "Jes' supposin' he was killed!"

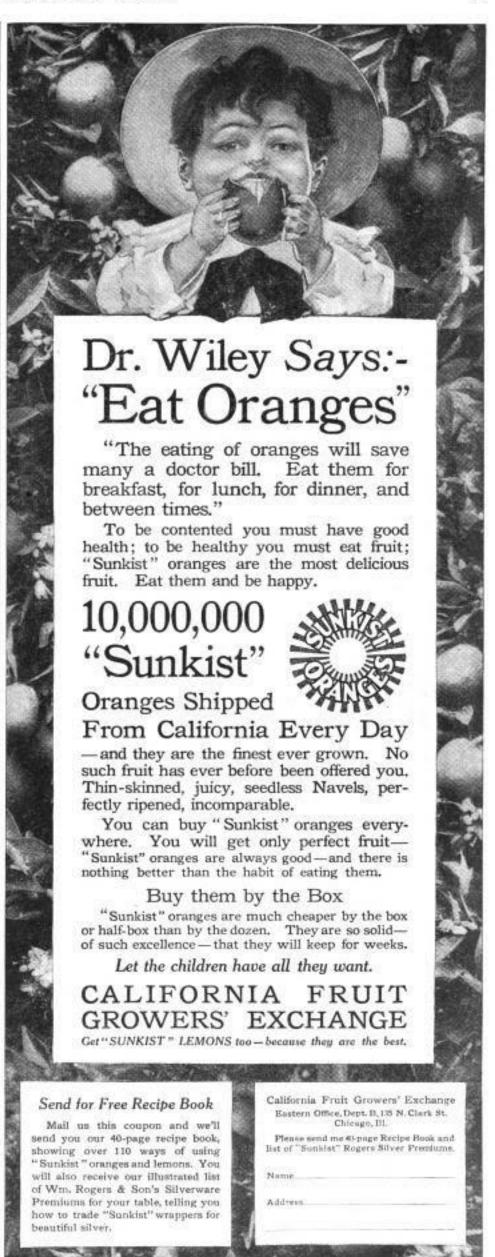
His white face was set with lines deeper than ever had been the dirt scratches. lifted up the bandaged head of the wh pering little brute.

"Gay-cat, we'll square it!" he said fiercely. "It'll be hard for you. It will be hard for me. But it's got to be done. This night has give me a lesson. Right now it's got to be done. This mornin' I gets a job, see? I gets a job. We'll square it, Gay-cat, old-timer. You and me, we'll square it."

That was an appalling step, but after the tragic happening of the night it had to come.

The Kid took that step without quiver of lip. He would prove himself worthy of the

lip. He would prove himself worthy of the



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dog's love. He would cease to be a hobo. He would fight the lust for moving on. He would settle down in one place.

place—that was the appalling thing.

The Kid slid down out of the stack in the early morning to beg food for the hungry dog. He had little choice. There was the camp beyond the fence of the field where ate the workmen who were macadamizing, for the county, the road into town. There was the shanty of a farmhouse. The Kid looked at the house.

The house was two-storied, clapboarded and drab. It stood sullenly alone in the grass-disheveled field. On the second floor were two windows, opaque with dirt. Ye some one lived in that house. As the Kid looked a wisp of smoke lifted out of its roof. It was a pathetic wisp of smoke, like the draggled exhalation of an old hobo's last cigarette. All that night no lights had showed in the house. The wisp of smoke was the only sign of a life within.

The Kid decided. The miserable aspect of the house made that decision. Its occu-

pant or occupants would be as miserable. Were the Kid to approach that house it would be discovered that he was living in the haystack and he would be routed out. There was no better nest, no softer flopping for the wounded Gay-cat than that hollow in the hay

The Kid begged food from the camp cook. He fed in pinches most of the bread and meat to the dog. In a battered tomato can, sunk in the hay, he left a supply of water. He pressed the warm muzzle of the dog to his cheek. Then he went into Sacramento to make, along K Street, his last clean-up of dimes.

With a load of groceries and a singing heart he reappeared at noon. He had landed a job. A man from whom he had begged a nickel had offered him work. It was in a cracker factory, piling empty boxes at the bottom of an endless hoist. It was treadmill work, but it was an anchor to

hold him fast.

The while he fed the dog the Kid talked happily, but there was no hiding the sacri-It was a sacrifice. Day in, day out for a full year the dog never had been out of eyesight of the Kid. And now the Kid was going to leave him for the greater part of the day. It was a terrible sacrifice. But they were squaring it. That meant sacrifice.

As the Kid left in the damp earliness

of morning the dog whimpered miserably.
The Kid, as he tore himself away, muffled his ears with his hands. He worked manfully; but his thoughts were not with the empty cracker boxes. They were out in the sun-scorched haystack with the dog. He knew it was lonely for the dog. His own life, while he was away, seemed desolate. Through the dragging hours he heard, as he bent over the boxes, the whimpers of the lonesome Gay-cat. He even remembered how the love-mad dog had licked his hands,

his face, and forlornly wagged its tail when he had hurried back at noon to the farm.

They lay, that night of the first day's work, side by side in the haystack. Over their heads the stars breathed.

"I brown it's language Coverant" said the

"I know it's lonely, Gay-cat," said the
Kid. "It's lonely for me as well as for you.
But yer got to bear it. I got to bear it,
Gay-cat. I hates the smell of crackers.
The piles of boxes jes' bear me down. And
I hates to think of you so lonesome. Perhaps if we went home, Gay-cat, if we went up the valley to my ma it might be easier. She could take care of you and love you for It would not be so lonesome for you while I was away at work, and we would love her so much we could square it. There would be no longin' to be hoboin' it again.

We'd never want to leave her no more."

The dog lifted up his bandaged head and

The dog litted up his bandaged head and licked the Kid's face for all the world as though he understood and sympathized.

The Kid fell into a period of uneasy slumber. Rose, against the lids of his eyes, a bush of white marguerites, clean of dust and sparkling with dew. Behind it shaped the cottage and on the doorsill a pale little shawled woman. He could see the dimmed plaid of the shawl about her thin shoulders. Her pale face was that near and distinct he could see the blackness of her once brown eyes. She looked over the marguerites along the road. She called. She called his name. Then she faded from sight. The white marguerites faded.

The Kid looked up at the breathing stars. The air was thick with odors. It seemed to quiver with his name. That call of his mother seemed, in all reality, to be quiver-ing through the heavy air. He sat up in the

(Concluded on Page 57)



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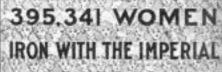
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THOMAS KEYLESS LOCK CO. 9668 West Street, Dayton, Ohio (Concluded from Page 54)

(Concluded from Page 54)

(Concluded from Page 54)

(Concluded from Page 54)

(Concluded from Page 54) at all stirred poignant memories.

"She must be a-callin' me up there in trailey," he said, "a-callin' me all these

The dog grew strong enough to play res he was sliding down the slopes of the as to the ground. Often, at noon or night, a Kid found the dog nesting in some nook as the base of the stack. Because of that the Kid grew afraid. He was afraid lest, his way, their presence would become year to the inmate or inmates of the year and the Gay-cat mistreated while be UB IVAY.

But there was another thing that worried the Kid. The Gay-cat was growing indif-ferent to the Kid's leavetakings. True, he did tried in forlorn attempts to follow the kid but why did he not whimper at the grings? The Kid brooded over the case. be dog's indifference was quite natural. be dog was growing used to being left and The Kid should have foreseen it. Yet

set it now pained the Kid. One still noon as he hurried, in a cloud of I-raised dust, up the road and under the rice, no Gay-cat ran from the baystack to jump on him and lick his hands. The Ed went to the stack. He whistled. No rice old head shoved above the ragged edge the hay. No four-legged streak of yellow tabed out from some nook in its base. The arm was steeped in noontide sun. There rus not so much as a rustle from the hay.

The Kid was alone.

"Where is he?" he asked himself. "The
trie Gay-cat! He's a-foolin' me to make
as skeered."

Enserved.
Under the gray of dust his face was white.
Esserved the field. He looked along the
ad. There was no sign of the Gay-cat.
For whistled. He called. He was in a
pair of dread. Despite his fear of the ocpaints of the house he called and called in d shouts. Nor dog nor answer of any

Indicate to him.

That which was broad noon closed like the black and elemental, about the Kid. It stood in the dead field stooped to an uniterable despair. From his heart, testening him like the loss of blood, someting was running out. And he could not the for all his loss and his despair he add not cry

Some time later, with hard eyes, he ad-acted on that old derelict of a farmhouse. "Maybe," he choked—"maybe he's in

The door, lacking knob and lower panel, gened to his touch. He reeled into shadwa. The place was thick with dust and A musty smell hung heavy in the air. Here was no living thing on that whole over floor, excepting some horseflies that runmed back and forth through the dusty

Up one wall from the entrance totof sanded white near the wall with fallen lister. The Kid went up. At the top he wed across a creaking flooring in a room tere the sun fought through a dirt-coated thou to light a bed and a bureau.

I pon the hureau were a tin plate of food, up and a prayer-book. A woman lay between clothes of a woman that struggled ber feet until the last insufferable pang. in hair fell disheveled and white about her themsted head. She lay, eyes closed, on beeige of the bed. One hand hung limply the side of the bed, and snuggling and being that hand was the Gay-cat.

The dog, at the creaking sounds of the coring, turned from licking the hand. He was the Kid. He did not leap up and upon Kid. He turned back to licking that

The old woman did not move. The Kid and over her. Her eyes opened, but she dut see him. She was looking up at that hadow as though to pierce its dirt-thick like and see into the day.

"Ralphie," said she. "Oh, darlin'!"

Her voice was plaintive with longing. the pillow. On her old worn face was

the saw with eyes undimmed by sick-

a brain unclouded by sorrow. Her love saw. And in an indescribable voice she

cried out:
"My boy! Ralphie! It's prayin'—
prayin' on my worn old knees that brought

you. Four years and me prayin' all alone.
Oh, my boy!"
There was everything in her voice. Sorrow suffered, and age, and joy transcendent.
Until she could stand no longer the loneliness and the longing she had lived in the little cottage up in Grass Valley, where the marguerites were fresh and white. She had fed hoboes, and as she rocked in her misery They had told her to go to Sacramento. That city was the clearing-house of all the hoboes. Soon or later he would come there, they had said.

For a small sum she sold the place in the before the fire they had given her advice.

or a small sum she sold the place in the For a small sum she sold the place in the valley. She came down to the city. She was pitifully wrought up for the meeting; but he did not come. She waited and slowly spent her money. She became penniless and then, with lack of nutritious food, sick. Sick of workworn body and sick of living all alone she crept to the ramshackle farmhause to die.

an alone she crept to the ramshackle larm-house to die.

So she cried and yearned and faded. He did not come. Only came a little yellow dog to lick her hands. It was the Gay-cat. He came every day. She told the dog of her lost boy, and he seemed to understand. In with he licked her hands. She called that

pity he licked her hands. She called that dog Prince.

And now her boy had come!

The Kid put his tousled boy's head on the pillow beside her. She touched and kissed his hair. The Kid wept as she crooned

over him. "It was the Gay-cat," he gulped to him-self. "It was the Gay-cat that done it. The little old hobo Gay-cat brought me

The Kid went to work in the sunny, pungent hopfields behind the levee below town. He had lost, on account of his absence, the job in the cracker factory. Bare of foot and happy he picked hops. At noon his old mother brought him his lunch. She sat in the shadow of the vines and watched the boy—her boy—eat. She picked a few hops for his basket. She picked as much as he would let her. Then she went softly into the peace of the afternoon.

The Gay-cat was growing stronger and friskier. Of afternoons she left the Gay-cat with the Kid. The Kid would weigh in his hops at four o'clock. Then it was over the levee with the dog to take in the mellow-He had lost, on account of his ab-

levee with the dog to take in the mellow-ness a swim in the river.

ness a swim in the river.

Thus each day the road called. The sunset lured. The tracks had in them some magnetic pull.

The day was mellow and golden. Again were they fresh and tingling from the swim. The dog was wet and draggle-haired. He was eager. He leaped upon the ties. The Kid fell into the slouching stride, shoulders hunched, head lowered. The dog whined with happiness. Down the tracks he followed the Kid. He was eager. Down the tracks he followed the Kid. We was eager.

tracks he followed the Kid toward the glow of sunset.

The Kid drew up. Pale with the effort of it he drew up. He turned slowly round. The Gay-cat whimpered. He kept on. The Kid stood still. He watched. His face was drawn. He whistled. The dog looked back. The dog barked once shortly. The lust surged up in the Kid. The world reeled—the world of glistening tracks and glowing, beckoning sunset. He bit his lip. That held him from taking the first step—that first step that would give momentum and send him onward all his days!

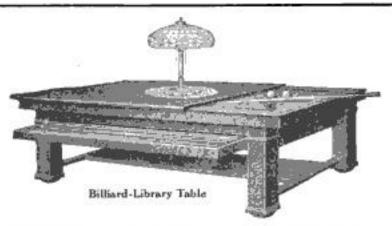
The Gay-cat went on. His head was lowered to the ties. His tail was a-droop. There was in that drooping tail something that appalled the Kid. He stood aghast. After a time he called:

After a time he called:
"Gay-cat! It's for her!"
The dog halted. All that time he had been going on. He sat up. Over a wet, hairy shoulder he sent back one look of utter misery. He dropped down. Alone

and drooped to the long walk the dog swung on into the sunset. Flat on his face on the grassy bank the Kid threw himself. He raged against fate.

He cried hotly. He was to cry for love and longing of that dog later in his mother's arms. But just then, as he cried, in his voice was all the contempt of those that resist temptation for those that fall: "The Gay-cat!"

For the first time he said the word as a blown-in-the-glass stiff should say that



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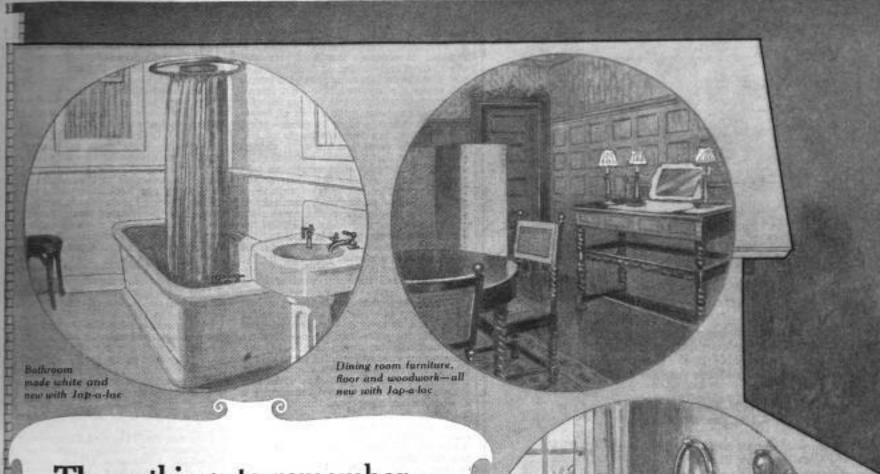
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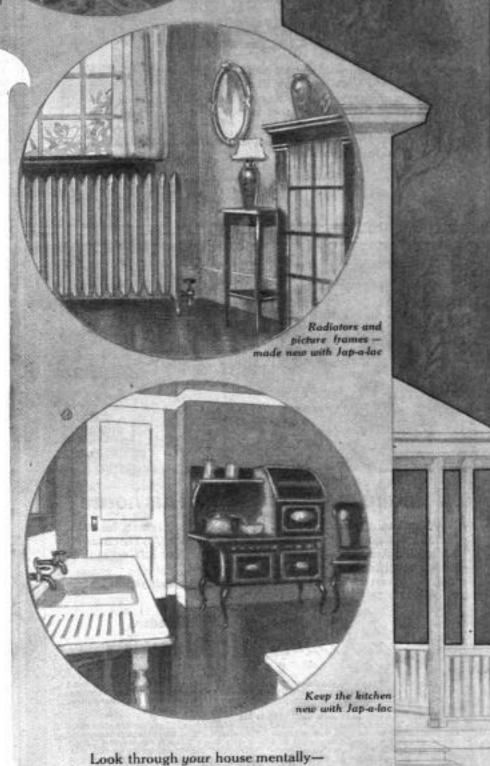
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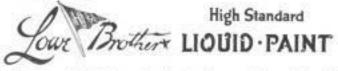
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## AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 15)

after all, and how closely are all peoples knit together in common bonds of love and affection. The hot dog, as found here, is just as we know him throughout the length and breadth of our own land—a dropsical Wienerwurst entombed in the depths of a rye-bread sandwich, with a dab of horseradish above him to mark his grave—price, creation over five cents the copy.

creation over, five cents the copy.

The woolly plush hat shows no change either, except that if anything it is slightly woollier in the Alps than among us. As transplanted, the dinky little bow at the back is an affectation purely—but in these parts it is logical and serves a practical and a utilitarian purpose, because the mountain byways twist and turn and double, and the local beverages are potent brews; and the weary mountaineer, homewardbound afoot at the close of a market day, may by the simple expedient of reaching up and fingering his bow tell instantly whether he is

going or coming.

This is also a great country for churches. Every group of chalets that calls itself a village has at least one long-spired gray church in its midst, and frequently more than one. In one sweep of hillside view from our car window I counted seven church steeples. I do not think it was a particularly good day for churches either; I wished I might have passed through on a Sunday, when they would naturally be thicker.

Along this stretch of railroad the mountaineers come to the stations wearing the distinctive costume of their own craggy and slabsided hills—the curling pheasant feather in the hatbrim; the tight-fitting knee-breeches; the gaudy stockings; and the broad-suspendered belt with rows of huge brass buttons spangling it up and down and crosswise.

Such is your pleasure at finding these quaint habiliments still in use amid settings so picturesque that you buy freely of the fancy-dressed individual's wares—be

always has something to sell.

And then as your train pulls out, if by main force and awkwardness you jam a window open, as I did, and cast your eyes rearward for a farewell peek, as I did, you will behold him, as I did, pulling off his parade clothes and climbing into the blue overalls and the jean jumpers of prosaic civilization, to wait until the next carload lot of foreign tourists rolls in. The European pessant is indeed a simple, guileless creature—if you are careless about how you talk.

In this district and on beyond, the sight of women doing the bulk of the hard and dirty farmwork becomes common. You see women plowing; women hoeing; women carrying incredibly huge bundles of fagots and fodder on their heads; women hauling heavy carts, sometimes with a straining, panting dog for a teammate, sometimes unaccompanied except by a stalwart father or husband, or brother or son, who walks alongside smoking a china-bowled pipe to see that the poor human draft-animal does not shirk or balk, or shy over the traces.

## Where Nobody Works but Grandma

To one coming from a land where no decent man raises his hand against a woman—except, of course, in self-defense—this is indeed a startling sight to see; but worse is in store for him when he reaches Bohemia, on the other edge of the Austrian Empire. In Bohemia, if there is a particularly nasty and laborious job to be done—such as spading up muck in the rain or grubbing sugar-beets out of the half-frozen earth—they wish it on dear old grandmother.

She always seemed to me to be a grandmother—or old enough for one anyway. Perhaps, though, it is the life they lead, and not the years, that bends the backs of these women and thickens their waists and mats their hair and turns their feet into clods and their hands into swollen, red

monstrosities.

Surely the Walrus, in Alice in Wonderland, had Germany in mind when he said the time had come to sing of cabbages and kings—because Germany certainly does lead the known world in those two commodities. Everywhere in Germany you see them—the cabbages by the millions and the billions, growing rank and purple in the fields and giving promise of the time when they will change from vegetable to vine and become the fragrant and luscious trailing sauerkraut; but the kings, in stone or bronze, stand up in the marketplace or the public square, or on the bridge abutment, or just back of the brewery, in every German

city and town along the route.

By these surface indications alone the most inexperienced traveler would know he had reached Germany, even without the halt at the custom house on the border; or the crossing watchman in trim uniform jumping to attention at every roadcrossing; or the beautifully upholstered, handswept state forests; or the hedges of willow trees along the brooks, sticking up their stubby, twiggy heads like so many disreputable hearth-brooms; or the young grain stretching in straight rows crosswise of the weedless fields and looking, at a distance, like fair green-printed lines evenly spaced on a wide brown page.

Also, one observes everywhere surviving traces that are unmistakable of the reign of that most ingenious and wideawake of all the earlier rulers of Germany, King Verboten the Great.

In connection with the life and works of this distinguished ruler is told an interesting legend well worthy of being repeated here. It would seem that King Verboten was the first crowned head of Europe to

learn the value of keeping his name constantly before the reading public.

#### The Legend of King Verboten

Rameses the Third, of Egypt—that enterprising old constant advertiser who swiped the pyramids of all his predecessors and had his own name engraved thereon had been dead for many centuries and was forgotten when Verboten mounted the throne, and our own Teddy Roosevelt would not be born for many centuries yet to come; so the idea must have occurred to King Verboten spontaneously, as it were. Therefore he took counsel with himself, saving:

saying:

"I shall not erect statues to myself. Dynasties change and wars rage, and folks grow fickle and tear down statues. None of that for your Uncle Dudley K. Verboten! No; this is what I shall do: On every available site in the length and breadth of this my realm I shall stick up my name; and, wherever possible, near to it I shall engrave or paint the names of my two favorite sons, Ausgang and Eingang—to the end that, come what may, we shall never be forgotten in the land of our birth."

And then he went and did it; and it was a thorough job—so thorough a job that, to this good year of our Lord 1914, you still see the name of that wise king everywhere displayed in Germany—on railroad stations and in railroad trains; on castle walls and dead walls and brewery walls, and the back fence of the Young Ladies' High

And nearly always, too, you will find hard by, over doors and passageways, the names of his two sons, each accompanied or underscored by the heraldic emblem of their house—a barbed and feathered arrow pointing horizontally.

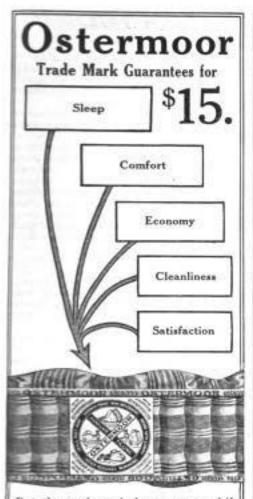
And so it was that King Verboten lived happily ever after and in the fullness of time died peacefully in his bed, surrounded by his wives, his children and his courtiers; and all of them sorrowed greatly and wept, but the royal signpainter sorrowed most

I know that certain persons will contest the authenticity of this passage of history; they will claim Verboten means in our tongue Forbidden, and that Ausgang means Outgoing, and Eingang means Incoming or, in other words, Exit and Entrance; but

surely this could not be so.

If so many things were forbidden, a man in Germany would be privileged only to die—and probably not that, unless he died according to a given formula; and certainly no human being, with the possible exception of the comedian who used to work the revolving-door trick in Hanlon's Fantasma, could go out of and come into a place so often without getting dizzy in the head. No—the legend stands as stated.

Even as it is, there are rules enough in Germany—rules to regulate all things and all persons. At first, to the stranger, this seems an irksome arrangement—this posting of rules and orders and directions and warnings everywhere—but he finds that every one, be he high or low, must obey



But the trade mark does you no good if you don't insist on seeing it before you buy a mattress—and if you don't believe in the Ostermoor sufficiently to refuse any one of the hundreds of initations which are offered in its place—at a lower price—of course. Their cheapness (not their economy) is their only excuse.

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or go to jail-there are no exceptions and no evasions; so that what is a duty on all is a burden on none.

Take the trains, for example. Pretty much all over the Continent the railroads much all over the Continent the railroads are state-owned and state-run, but only in Germany are they properly run. True, there are so many uniformed officials aboard a German train that frequently there is barely room for the paying travel-ers to squeeze in; but the cars are clean and the schedule is accurately maintained, and the attendants are honest and polite and cleanly of person—wherein lies another point of dissimilarity between them and those scurvy, musty, fusty brigands who are found managing and operating trains in

certain nearby countries.

I remember a cup of coffee I had while going from Paris to Berlin. It was made expressly for me by an invalided commanderin-chief of the artillery corps of the imperial army—so I judged by his costume, air and general deportment—who was in charge of our carriage and also of the small kitchen

at the far end of it.

He came into our compartment and bowed and clicked his heels together and saluted, and wanted to know whether I would take coffee. Recklessly I said I would. He filled in several blanks of a printed form, and went and cooked the coffee and brought it back, pausing at intervals as he came along to fill in other blanks. Would I take cream in my coffee? I would; so he filled in a couple of blanks. Would I take sugar?

I said I would take two lumps. He put in two lumps and filled in another blank. I really prefer my coffee with three lumps in it; but I noticed that his printed form was now completely filled in, and I hated to call for a third lump and put him to the trouble of starting his literary labors all over again. Besides, by that time the coffee would be cold. So I took it as it was—

with two lumps only—and it was pretty fair coffee for European coffee.

It tasted slightly of the red tape and the chicory, but it was cleanly prepared and promptly served.

#### Hessian Hands Across the Sea

So, over historic streams no larger than creeks would be in America, and by castles and cabbages and kings and cows you come to Berlin; and after some of those other Continental cities Berlin seems a mighty restful spot to be in and a good one to tarry in a while.

It has few historical associations-has Berlin; but you are loaded to the gills with

historical associations by now.

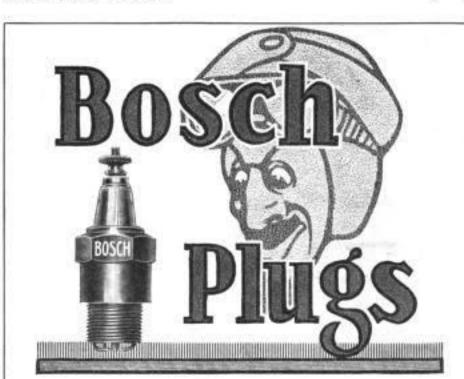
Most of the statuary in Berlin is new and shiny and provided with all the modern conveniences—the present Kaiser attended competently to that detail. Wherever in his capital there was space for a statue he has stuck up one in memory of a member of his own dynasty, beginning with a statue apiece for such earlier rulers as Otho the Oboe-Player, and Joachim, surnamed the Half-a-Ton—let some one correct me if I have the names wrong—and finishing up with forty or fifty for himself—that is, there

with forty or fifty of him when I was there.
There are probably more now.
In its essentials Berlin suggests a progressive American city, with Teutonic trimmings. Imagine a bit of New York, a good deal of Chicago, a scrap of Denver, a slice of Hoboken, and a whole lot of Milwaukee; imagine this combination as being secured every day until it shines: imagine waukee; imagine this combination as being scoured every day until it shines; imagine it as being beautifully though somewhat profusely governed, and laid out with magnificent drives, and dotted with big, handsome public buildings, and full of reasonably honest and more than reason-

ably kindly people—and you have Berlin. It was in Berlin, too, that I picked up the most unique art treasure I found anywhere on my travels—a picture of the composer Verdi that looked exactly like Uncle Joe Cannon, without the cigar; whereas Uncle Joe Cannon does not look a thing in the world like Verdi, and probably wouldn't if he could.

I have always regretted that our route through the German Empire took us across the land of the Hessians after dark, for I wanted to see those people. You will recollect that when George the Third, of England, first put into actual use the great Anglo-American policy of Hands Across the Sea he used the Hessians.

They were hired hands. Editor's Note-This is the third in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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## KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Nineteen years ago, back in Tennessee, I married a girl whose folks didn't like me any more than my folks liked her. Both sides made all the trouble for us they could. Finally the girl's people convinced her that I was a bad one. I was so disgusted I skipped out and went to New Zealand. I heard two or three years later that a boy had been born after I left. It took me fifteen years to realize what I should have

done under such circumstances.

"Lately I've got to thinking what a fool
I was, and I can't stand it—that's about all
there is to it. You wouldn't like to tell the con of that train over there to carry me to

the next town, would you?"
"Suppose I made them take you back
in the roundhouse for three months, would you give me your word not to take a drink during that period?" asked the Old Man.

"No-because I might not be able to keep my word."
"I'm willing to take a chance on your word."

Two weeks before the three months expired Tip Bunter appeared at the superintendent's office.

"Lift my promise off my neck and fire me!" he said. "I haven't slept for three nights."

The Old Man grasped Tip Bunter by the shoulder, threw him into a chair, and went about coaxing a soul back into what had become beef. It was a changed Tip Bunter who slipped away to the roundhouse— after he had given his word to go another quarter year dry.

When the third three months, served

under a third promise, were ending, the Old Man sent for the mechanic.

"I've arranged a thirty-day layoff for you, Tip," he said. "Here's the wages you asked me to look after and here's a round-trip pass to Memphis."

"What does all this mean?" asked the

astonished Tip.

I thought maybe, now that you have a good job and money and a pass, you would be wanting to go back and look up that boy

## Tip's News From Memphis

Tip Bunter said nothing; he just grabbed the Old Man's hand as though it were the throttle of a train about to be run into from behind. Four weeks later Tip came back to the office. He had undergone a facial transformation.

"Did you find the boy?" the superintendent asked when he had made sure of

intendent asked when he had made sure of his caller's identity.

"Aw, say," Tip Bunter answered, "you ought to see that lad! Tall as I am—and they say he looks like me. His mother died years ago; but he's had a good raising. Why, he's the brightest boy in the old town! Last month he graduated from the high school. He was to go to work in a foundry, but the school principal got him to take the entrance examination for the university anyway—the professor told me he just anyway—the professor told me he just wanted to show off his prize pupil. The boy

"When I found him he was already an apprentice molder; but I got the foundry people to let him off. I took him to the university myself, got him started and left him about all the money I had. I must get over to the roundhouse now. You see, I'm

going to make a great railroad builder out of my son; and I've got to keep the money orders going back there regularly every month for the next four years. Do you want my promise for that length of time?" "No," smiled the Old Man. "Your promise for the rest of your life happens to be written in indelible letters across your

Eight years ago a young man from San Francisco presented a letter at the New York office of Edward H. Harriman.

"This note from the vice-president says you bring something he wishes me to con-sider. What is it?" said the head of the great railroad system as he tapped impa-tiently with his pen.

"A scheme for saving ninety per cent of the breakage on Rule G," confidently

answered the caller.

The magnate gazed at his visitor. His face undoubtedly was the face of a dreamer,

but sanity looked out of his eyes and pur-pose fastened the corners of his mouth. Mr. Harriman let his pen fall to the blotter.

"Do you mean you have discovered why railroad men drink?" he asked.

that workmen in countless other trades drink." Yes. They drink for the same reason

And that reason is what?"

"So they can forget for a little while our artificial social distinctions," the young man replied.

"You don't think they drink for the love of the drink, then?" asked the railroad

president.
"Men have to learn to love the kick in liquor. They drink primarily because they have found that alcohol wipes out the sense of inequality. With three jolts under his belt one of your section men feels himself equal to the head of the road-equal to

you."
"How do you know so much about our section men?"

#### Explaining to Mr. Harriman

"I have worked for you as a section man, as a section foreman and in other capacities. Also, I have gone up and down the right-of-way as a tramp. The railroader is the most interesting worker in the world. I have spent several years studying him in order to help him."

"And what has your study taught you about the railroader?"

"That he is subject to the same four instincts that govern all men-the fear instinct, the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct. He is going to give these four instincts expression. The saloon flourishes because the saloon catera to the last three.

The head of the system showed his in-terest in the ideas of this unusual young

By what process does the saloon get hold of the railroad employee in order to

cater to the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct?" he inquired.
"By an offer of equality that cannot be felt outside the swinging doors. The ordi-nary saloon is the home of the only true democracy. Any one who enters puts him-self on a parity with every other man who is there or who may come in. A total stranger denies your right to refuse to drink with him. You must play the game or get out.

"The workman doesn't want to get out, because he finds the saloon catering to instincts within him that he could not analyze if he tried. He has the blessed feeling of being mentally comfortable. Equality breeds real congeniality. The social instinct finds agreeable expression. Every drink adds to the sense of equality and sociability. The machinery for gratifying the play in-stinct is at hand. The pictures in saloons are not landscapes; they cater to the mating instinct."

### A Highly Developed Institution

"There is no doubt the saloon employs an admirable though unhappily directed intelligence in carrying on its business," the railroad president agreed.

"The saloon is the most perfectly developed of our institutions," the young man pursued. "It is the finished product of experience. It does nothing haphazard. The salt pickles and dried herrings on the lunch salt pickles and dried herrings on the lunch counter, the glint and shape of the glassware, the nature and location of the con-veniences, the lights, pictures, music—all are dictated by a system in which the crude

and the uncertain have no part."
"Sit down," said Mr. Harriman, "and tell me how we can knock the saloon off the

nd rescue Rule

The dreamer rested his elbows on the reat man's desk and unfolded his plan. What are known as the Harriman railroad clubs, of which fifteen are in operation on the Pacific System, grew out of that conference. The young man, often fighting for enlargement in funds and in specifications, put his idea into vigorous practice; and after several years, when his institution had outgrown reliance on its founder, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction and went into the practice of law.

(Continued on Page 65)

(Continued from Page 62)

The first clubhouse was established at a mentains. The town had a rough-and-eaty reputation. It had twenty-six saens, all within sight of the depot and the ergs and the roundhouse. An attractive unding was constructed on a site a little mon. The rooms were comfortably furand for lounging and recreation purposes.
here was plenty of light and warmth.
here was a library of interestingly chosen one and a reading table containing many and pastimes; there was a writing room and stationery; a tobacco shop; and a the room where a barber waited with your and shears.

A secretary was in charge. His function ras to supply any reasonable want that was reaght to him. There were no admission rs, no dues, no rules, no special privi-gs. Every man who had been in the emnoy of the company for ten years or ten minutes was invited to use the club as he rould his own home, without any expense

thatever—except for a shave or a smoke. The experiment was on. Could the hunands of railroaders be enticed into their Would it supply some of the human sessities that the twenty-six saloons were sustomed to supply? Predictions were that the men would be afraid of the session because it was free. At first be men came timidly—then boldly; then boy took possession, as a matter of course, and began to give the place an atmosphere. From the first they hung up their titles with their hats, and were equal. They beneate draw up their chairs round the great

replace of an evening and in congenial and noisy council to discuss the day's work, map tales of experiences, regulate all traffic malens and criticize the officials of the odd in six months the clubhouse was mirord headquarters.

There isn't a darned rule on the walls,"

menneer told his wife. "You can do

whing you want to—though the men are agreed among themselves not to play ares for anything but cigars. You never as so much light as fills the rooms! It made a fellow want to sing. Why, the place at like a saloon with the booze cut out."

#### Ladies' Night at the Club

Why can't you arrange to have ladies' resoccasionally?" asked the wife.
Forties and dancing would be mighty war the firemen and brakemen and shop who are not married. Ask the secreabout it.

what the secretary replied was that the set were boss—that the club belonged to dener. The ladies' nights began. They are never ceased. When a party is on at the dub you need not look anywhere else in the railroader who is off duty. Half the mathes in the town have their inception is served.

nunct is served. son after this first clubhouse opened, be vice-president of the road arrived in private car to inspect it. Standing
the porch that evening, he pointed
to the sparkling necklace of twentysisons and said to the division superinwhere the saloons in the town. Today

By the time the second and third railroad percent operation in substantial buildare man with the idea the title of social He was given an office on the consists and the general passenger agent.

It was no longer a theory occupying a booking. He was very busily social entering. He hired a chemist and requirement. d a chef from the dining-car service and a doctor from the chief surgeon.

is was moving scientifically toward the hig discoveries. He knew the mental on or drinking; now he was after the british reasons. When the little laboration had consent and smell, when the little had achieved berends, the social engineer stood before

in the name of Rule G, I must demand men must be able to do their eating of backing there.

"Your dining room would have to keep range hours," the vice-president smiled. strange hours, Railroaders do their eating when the train

gets in."
"Exactly," said the social engineer. "It is the trainman who gets in late, maybe long past the meal hour, and who is hungry and cold, that we must head off before he uptown. I want a restaurant that will be on the job twenty-four hours a day for seven days a week. I want two stoves in the kitchen so there will never be a time when the collections. when the coffee isn't hot or when a famished brakeman can't get a rib steak done to his order in five minutes; but it is not merely on account of the late brakeman that I want the restaurants. We have just discovered that the chophouses where rail-roaders now have to eat are the finest imaginable drummers for the saloon, though they don't know it themselves."
"I do not follow you," said the vice-

president.

#### The Water Cure

"We have discovered," explained the so-cial engineer, "that the food in the appetite-killers along the right-of-way is prepared and served without the slightest regard for the reasonable demands of the human digestive process. The means are carelessly selected and abominably cooked. The coffee is warmed over. But the chief crime lies in the vegetables. Usually they have been cooked several hours before they are served; and our experiments show that the served; and our experiments show that the longer a vegetable is off the fire the more indigestible it becomes.

"The railroader slides down from his

"The railroader slides down from his stool after a hearty meal and in ten minutes he is in distress. The lump inside is talking. He knows only one prescription for indigestion, which he can get filled in any neighborhood. Most men have a hard time remembering Rule G when there is work ahead and they are doubled up with pain. We must do as much of the feeding as we can and must do it scientifically. We will serve everything at cost; and the lower price, as well as the better food, will make the man out on the road willing to go hungry until he gets in."

"I suppose we can find the money some-

"I suppose we can find the money some-where," said the vice-president thought-ully. "Why the bathtube?"

fully. "Why the bathtubs?"
"To expand the skin. The logy condition that tells a man he is badly in need of stimulation is frequently due, we have discovered, to the fact that his pores are not properly exuding. His skin must rid itself of the unwholesome secretions. A proper bath will do it. I want to offer, for the sum of ten cents, a fine porcelain tub with shower, a forty-two inch Turkish towel and the services of a white-uniformed attend-ant who will conduct the man to his bath-room, draw the bath and look after the laundering of the man's linen if he wishes.

I want to make bathing a revelation. A man must be able to bathe whenever he gets in or whenever he wants to. Like everything else in the club, the bath department must be in operation twenty-four hours a day."

"I understand," said the vice precident.

"I understand," said the vice-president.
"This is just another of your physical
means for accomplishing a moral end."
"My double aim is to achieve pep and
purity at the same time. Why, a man just

out of a good bath can't even tell a smutty story! I wish to make the trainman so fit physically that he will not require an arti-ficial stimulant of any sort, and so wholesome mentally that the sight of a saloon sign will make him mad."

New clubhouses came into existence with architectural provision for a model kitchen and dining room—table or counter style, take your choice—and a bathing department. Every man found a ventilated locker ready for the safekeeping of his linen and his Sunday suit. The installing of eat-ing and bathing facilities made easy an addition the social engineer had had in his plan from the beginning—the building of sleeping rooms.

When prepared to feed his man the social engineer wished to be able to send him to rest close at hand, between fresh sheet so the finest hair mattress money could buy. It would be impossible, the social engineer theorized, for the man to wake up feeling himself any other man's inferior. He would bank on the man's eating a cheerful breakfast and going down to the yards with his face puckered in a whistling effort to express the harmony of his being. The theory is a mere theory no longer.

The addition of sleeping rooms completed the magic circle the social engineer was





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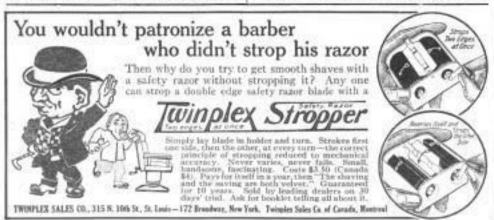
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drawing about his men. The club swallowed the man when he came off duty; and, since it now contained about everything he needed or desired, whether it was a postage stamp, a newspaper, or a domino opponent, the man did not need actually to emerge from the place until he went back to his train. It was really pretty rough on the saloon up in the next block.

And how the saloon-keepers in the clubhouse towns raved and roared! After that first club showed how twenty-six saloons could dwindle to seven in two years, the coming of the clubhouse to a railroad town was bitterly opposed and its reaching out for the men was contested at every step. The saloons smote the railroad company with the maul of their united political influence. Town councils and county boards of supervisors were adroitly worked up to the point of passing hostile and annoying ordinances.

A frequent form of attack was by false reports that had a semblance of foundation. It was cunningly suggested to the men that the generosity of the railroad was in order to get them into a trap. When a clubhouse was opened in a certain terminal town in California an effort was made to bribe the railroaders not to go near it. Unpleasant consequences were promised those who only laughed at the offer of a bribe. But presently the club thrived.

Then an era of illness fell on the place. At the end of an investigation in which many detectives played parts, the chef broke down and confessed that he had been supplied with a mysterious powder and had been paid to stir it into the food that went on the club tables. The powder was a light drug.

#### What the Committee Reported

The protective committee of an organization of liquor men was instructed to make an investigation into the secret of the railroad clubs' instant and undiminishing success. In time the chairman appeared before the parent body with the report. "Why," he exclaimed without reference to the typewritten paper in his hand, "they

to the typewritten paper in his hand, "they are making all this noise with our own thunder! With the single exception of liquor, they offer everything we offer—only they offer it more attractively. The railroad has a fortune tied up in those clubhouses. The only hope I see is that the big cost may soon begin to make the company tired of its little game of philanthropy."

a fortune tied up in those clubhouses. The only hope I see is that the big cost may soon begin to make the company tired of its little game of philanthropy."

What the chairman could not understand was that the company did not regard the club as philanthropy, but as the cheapest as well as by far the most effective device ever found for patching the hole in Rule G.

The social engineer kept on with his work. It appeared from the study of many cases that there were times when even the best of food, prepared by the most nearly perfect methods, did not meet the full demands of the husky railroader's husky stomach. The men grew confidential with the social engineer. They confessed to an occasional craving they could not explain. It was not exactly a craving for liquor, they thought—and yet alcohol seemed to be the only thing that would satisfy it. What they said was that a drink made them forget it.

The social engineer undertook to analyze that craving and find its non-alcoholic antidote. Again his efforts were rewarded by discovery. He discovered—candy! Candy has taken care of the craving; candy fills the bill. Every clubhouse now has its glass case of the choicest chocolates, caramels and French mixed. Last year the clubhouses sold at cost to the men of the Pacific System forty-eight thousand pounds of assorted sweets.

The average cost of a clubhouse when ready to open its doors has been twenty thousand dollars. The railroad asks of the clubs merely that they sustain themselves; no interest is asked on the investment. That sum is a cheerful sacrifice on the altar of Rule G. Maybe the auditor charges it off to disasters that never occurred!

to disasters that never occurred!

There is no doubt that the use of intoxicants by railroaders in the West has been reduced to a minimum. The number of discharges under Rule G has decreased amazingly—as has the number of wrecks.

A decrease in the minor mishaps attests to a gain in the individual efficiency of the trainmen. The duration of service has increased and so has the total amount to the credit of the men in numerous savings banks. There is more contentment. Several roads, sharers in the struggle to preserve Rule G, are taking up the clubhouse idea. One road is transforming its libraries into clubs.

If you are privileged to go into one of these clubhouses, where there is order without printed or unprinted rules, and where vandalism is unknown; where wholesome food, wholesome pastimes and wholesome habits are enjoyed; where the prices are low and the conversation is high; where neither secretary, waiter nor barber is able—on peril of his job—to distinguish between a rear brakeman and a division boss, you are likely to discover that in this place the man satisfies the wild craving in his heart to express himself to the full of his ability among men who are neither above nor below him, but his equals.

The social engineer came to know hundreds of trainmen intimately. Sometimes he was the target for the grouch, but more often he suffered the rich embarrassment of being idolized. He was a man of ready resources—he needed to be. Usually he could master the situation; but once the situation mastered him beyond any human expression that may be translated into

print.

The social engineer was visiting one of his towns. On the way to the club he was stopped by a passenger fireman he knew. The fireman introduced his wife. The wife extended a cordial invitation to dine at their home that evening. The invitation

was accepted.

When the social engineer arrived at the fireman's dwelling he was not met by his host, but by his hostess. There were no other men present, but there were women—ten of them. The lone male was led to the dining room and seated at the end of the long table. On each side of him stood a brilliant bouquet. There could be no doubt as to who was the guest of honor. The genuineness of the hospitality and the excellence of the cookery made him forget his unique position.

The topic from which they seemed unable to get away was the railroad club and its work. The social engineer told the ten women how the idea grew out of his study of the railroaders' needs; how the club-houses were made possible because the president and the vice-president gave their enthusiastic support. He declared that because the clubs were appreciated by the men the company could not fail to regard them as a good investment.

### The Thankful Ten

When they were finishing the lemon pie an elderly woman rose to her feet, and the nine other women laid down their forks. The elderly woman was the wife of a locomotive engineer. She might herself have been the engineer, for the burden of the runs was written on her face. Periods of mental anguish had pinched up her temples, but her eyes were the steady headlights of a conquering patience.

a conquering patience.

"We are the wives of ten railroaders, Mr. —," she announced; "and we asked you to come here tonight so we could tell you face to face how we thank you for the club. You have said that because the men appreciate the club the company is satisfied with its investment. No miracles between friends, my friend! We know what it is all about. Shall I tell you how we

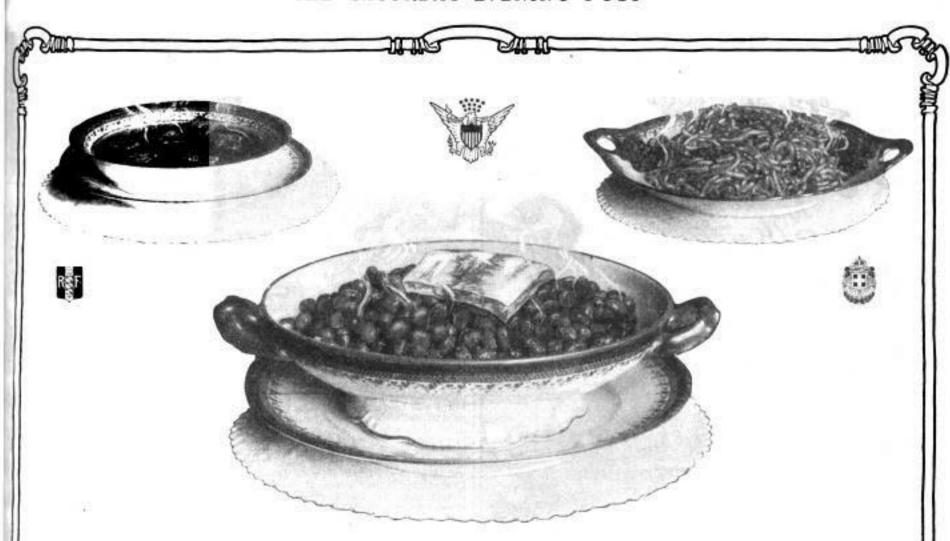
know?

"We are the wives of ten railroad men who used to be soaks. They never take a drink now—they never want a drink! That's why we got you here—to thank you out of the bottom of ten women's hearts. Maybe you think you can guess what it meant to be the wife of a trainrunner who had to have his booze. Well, you can't! Nobody could imagine it, my friend—unless maybe another woman who has had her own hell.

her own hell.

"Can you guess what it means to go to bed four nights a week knowing something dreadful may happen before sunrise to the father of your children? Can you guess what it means to sit holding your baby against your breast all night when the feeling is on you that your man's unsteady hand is going to pile up his train? Can

Vain inquiring! The social engineer's forehead had sunk down—down until it rested on the shining white tablecloth between the bouquet of red roses and the bouquet of pink and purple sweet peas; and, though his face could not be seen, the convulsive digging of his fingers into the cloth made it plain that he was not going to answer one of the questions the wrinkled old heroine asked.



# Some Far-Famed Dishes

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Where would you go for the finest Soups in the world? Perhaps most cosmopolites will answer, "To the Hotel Ritz in Paris."

But the chef who used to make those Soups is in our kitchens now. The very chef who won French medals against all rivals in this line. His finest creations are now known as Van Camp's Soups. And your nearest grocer sells 18 kinds, all at 10 cents per can.

Where would you go to get Chili Con Carne with the rarest tang and flavor? Bon vivants who travel will tell you the place—in Mexico. And the chef who created it gained international fame.

But that chef also is now in our kitchens—making Chili Con Carne for you. Your grocer will supply this identical article, made by the chef who made it in Mexico, if you specify Van Camp's.

## Italy's National Dish

Where would you go to get Spaghetti at its best? Among connoisseurs, perhaps nine in ten will name a restaurant in Rome.

But we use the same recipe and employ the same secrets. In the cheese and tomatoes we get better materials. Now Van Camp's Spaghetti—sold right at your door—has all the savor, all the richness of that famed Italian dish.

What nation excels in Evaporated Milk? Most experts in Milk will say Holland. But the scientist who perfected the best Milk in Holland came here and perfected Van Camp's. Now no homes in the Netherlands enjoy better sterilized Milk than your grocer can bring in five minutes.

## Where Would You Go For Baked Beans?

Once you would say, "To New England," but ideals on Baked Beans have changed. Now armies of city men who lunch downtown can tell you where to go. They will name you a lunch room, café or hotel which serves a superlative dish.

They will tell you of Beans which are mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken. Of a sauce that's baked into them—a matchless sauce with a zestful tang and sparkle.

Some think, no doubt, that only one caterer serves Baked Beans like those. But the truth is that thousands do it. Those

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## THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 21)

the dock department, which according to common gossip was the most vulnerable of the departments. However, the assertions

made at that time have never been proved.

Croker sailed for Europe immediately after giving his testimony, and when he came back in the fall he used all his energy and power in making a fight against the reelection of Chairman Mazet. There is no doubt that the machine Republican politi-cians aided Croker in his effort, and Mazet

went down to defeat,

Among all his achievements while leader of Tammany Hall, Croker was probably proudest of a banquet that he gave in 1899 to celebrate Jefferson's birthday. Acting for the Democratic Club he engaged the Metropolitan Opera House. It took considerable money to arrange the auditorium suitably for banquet purposes. In this he manifested his wonderful power over New York. He had two streets, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets, leading from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, closed for a couple of days. Improvised kitchens were set up in these streets, for there was no place to do the cooking inside the building. All the boxes were sold at big prices and each diner paid ten dollars. Unquestionably it was the most elaborate banquet, considering the large number who attended it, ever given in America. Everything was done with splendor. For weeks before the banquet was held it attracted national attention. Croker had not then become an out-and-out Bryan man. The friends of Mr. Bryan on the same day gave a largely attended din-ner at Chicago, where the Nebraskan was the guest of honor.

The chief orator at the Metropolitan hanquet was Former-Justice Augustus Van

Wyck. In his speech he said that the trust question was the greatest issue before the American people; and the conservative New York papers howled next day about Van Wyck's radicalism. As a result of this speech there was no end of talk for several months to come of a Van Wyck presiden-tial boom. Joseph J. Willett, a brilliant orator, took charge of the Van Wyck boom and in parts of the South it was taken quite and in parts of the South it was taken quite seriously. As a matter of fact it was only intended to make Van Wyck a candidate for vice-president on the ticket with Mr. Bryan, but the Ice Trust scandal which developed a year after this rendered Van Wyck's canvass out of the question.

## The Famous Ice Scandal

The greatest shock that Tammany had ever received since the days of Tweed was early in 1900, when it was discovered that Mayor Van Wyck, John F. Carroll, the assistant leader, Charles F. Murphy, and many other big Tammany leaders were involved in the Ice Trust scandal. When I first read of the charges in the newspapers. I first read of the charges in the newspapers I could not believe my eyes. Van Wyck had said to me a hundred times, if he had once, that any mayor who used his office to make money was a crook. I often heard him make the same remark after he ceased to be make the same remark after he ceased to be mayor. The exposure was first brought about when Van Wyck and Carroll, in com-pany with Charles W. Morse, visited the ice plants of the Kennebec River in Maine. If Van Wyck had actually been convicted of killing babies he could not have been more roundly abused by the newspapers. It was shown that the ice company had received some favors from the dock depart. received some favors from the dock department which gave it a great advantage over the independent companies, and with the power of Tammany behind it that meant a monopoly in the ice business, with increased

To make matters worse there was an stremely hot spell in the early spring. Two of the newspapers having the largest circulation yied with each other in airing the scandal. These papers also went into the courts. There was a clause in the city charter making it a felony for city officials to sell anything to the city. As it was proved that Van Wyck and other officials owned stock in the Ice Trust, which did business with the city departments, they were liable to removal from office. Van Wyck was hauled before the courts and forced to give testimony. He acknowledged that a block of the trust stock was in his name. He said that he had purchased it

from Charles W. Morse upon credit, giving his notes as security. He had sold the stock at a loss of \$40,000. There had been much speculation in the stock of the ice company, and on account of the exposure the price of the stock fell rapidly in value. Hundreds of Tammany politicians who had been induced to buy it were heavy losers. Assistant leader Carroll was generally blamed for these losses, as it was charged that he had advised his friends that ice stock was a "big buy." Charges were filed with Governor Roosevelt against Van Wyck and his removal from office was demanded. The scandal was at its height when the Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia, and Governor Roosevelt, in from Charles W. Morse upon credit, giv-

Philadelphia, and Governor Roosevelt, in a speech before the convention, after he had been nominated for vice-president, denounced the Ice Trust scandal and prophesied that no Democratic candidate for president would dare talk about trusts in the ensuing campaign. This led to the belief that Governor Roosevelt intended to remove Van Wyck. Croker was known to remove Van Wyck. Croker was known to own Ice Trust stock, but holding no official position he could not be brought into court. From this time to the end of the term of office Van Wyck's picture was seldom printed except encased in a block of ice. Usually Croker was pictured as the ice-man holding a block with a pair of tongs.

#### Croker Behind Bryan

When Mr. Roosevelt went on the stump as a candidate for vice-president a large part of his speeches dealt with the Ice Trust, which again strengthened the belief that Van Wyck was to be removed from office. During the campaign the report that Governor Roosevelt made, dismissing the charges against Van Wyck, was stolen from the governor's office in Albany and published in a New York paper. This was the only time that I ever heard Van Wyck make a complaint about the treatment he received when mayor. He always excused received when mayor. He always excused the newspapers for attacking him, but he said that Governor Roosevelt had no right to go on the stump and hold him up before

the country as a criminal when he had already dismissed the charges.

"I can only be thankful that my old mother is dead," said Van Wyck. "If she were living these speeches of Governor Roosevelt's would have killed her. The Van Wyck and Roosevelt families have been friends for years and I do not think that wyck and Rooseveit lamilies have been friends for years and I do not think that Theodore has treated me fairly. He should have made known his decision as promptly as possible, and not locked it up in his safe. However, he probably thought that as I was only a bachelor, political expediency justified his act. But I never can feel the same toward him again."

When the Democratic State Convention

When the Democratic State Convention met that year Croker practically assumed the leadership of the party in the state. He furnished ninety per cent of the money for the campaign. James K. McGuire, then in Syracuse, was in charge of the state com-mittee, but he strictly followed the orders of Croker. Croker attended the Kansas City Convention where Mr. Bryan was nominated for the second time, and he was the most conspicuous man at that conven-tion. His fierce fight with ex-Senator Hill made Croker the most prominent Democrat in the United States, with the exception of the Democratic presidential candidate. He stood for Bryan in everything, including free silver, and this was his excuse for pre-venting Hill from serving as a member of the committee on resolutions.

The fight over silver was probably one of the most dramatic things that ever occurred at a national convention. Croker, with the consent of Mr. Bryan, decided to make Judge Augustus Van Wyck the New York member of the committee. Hill fought desperately, and even went so far as to make a personal appeal to Croker not to humiliate him. When Hill entered Croker's room, hat in hand, and begged for the mercy of the Tammany leader, Croker turned his back upon him and simply remarked:

"I believe in Bryan and free silver."
Hill next appealed to Senator Murphy to save him, but Murphy also refused. Then Hill appealed to Judge Van Wyck, who, though he refused to accede to Hill's demand, was more sympathetic.



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Everybody was wondering how Croker would meet the Ice Trust scandal when the Democratic State Convention met. The majority of the committee on the platform was composed of up-state Democrats, and they did not want to offend Croker, knowing that he was expected to finance the campaign. They drew a platform simply denouncing the trust generally. When Croker saw the draft he pronounced the plank regarding the trust to be bosh. Tak-ing his pencil, he wrote: "And we particu-larly denounce the Ice Trust as the most vicious and indefensible of all trusts, be-cause it most affects the poor." While Croker was writing these words he never cracked a smile.

The demonstration in honor of Mr. Bryan about the middle of October was the most wonderful thing that New York had then

ever witnessed. The night of Mr. Bryan's speech Croker, surrounded by his chief advisers, the majority of whom were not Bryan men, pointed to the cheering crowds and re-marked: "If I had not come out for Bryan the rank and file would have taken Tam-

many Hall away from me."
Shortly after the election Croker appointed a committee made up of Tammany men, and headed by Lewis Nixon, to investigate the horrible social conditions on the East Side. The committee brought in a report showing that the conditions were

bird S. Coler, who was the controller of the city, had been fighting Croker for some time, and, sided by ex-Senator Hill and John C. Sheehan, had built up a considerable following. It was apparent to any close observer that Coler was about the cole was a point the cole was about the cole was a source. only man who could be elected by the Democrats as mayor to succeed Van Wyck. However, nobody believed that Croker would consent to Coler's nomination. The legislature had amended the city charter, cutting down the term of the next mayor to two years instead of four.

#### The Defeat of Tammany

Croker spent over six months in Europe this year, although his friends told him that if he did not stay in New York Tammany would be defeated at the approaching elec-tion of 1901. Croker replied that rather than give up his life in England he would prefer giving up the leadership of Tam-many Hall. It was generally accepted as fact that Croker had become very rich and that he was tiring of the hardships of politi-cal life; nevertheless he returned in the early fall and in a very had temper. He early fall and in a very bad temper. He became convinced that the police conditions were fully as bad as the newspapers had painted them. He met John F. Carroll, his assistant in the Democratic Club, and charged him with the full responsibility, in the presence of a number of others. He told Carroll that he had lied to him about the horrible conditions in the city. He also recognized that the Brooklyn Democracy. promised that the Brooklyn Democracy could name the candidate for mayor. Van Wyck was nominated for the supreme court bench and Carroll really made most of the other nominations. I am satisfied that Croker saw what was coming, although he buckled down to work and spent hours every day at Tammany Hall, after Edward M. Shepherd had been nominated as the Democratic candidate for mayor against Seth Low, the Republican and Fusion candidate.

The horrible social conditions on the East Side, Crokerism and Deveryism were the only issues of the campaign. It was in this campaign that William Travers Jerome was a candidate for district attorney, and he made a national reputation as a stump speaker. The whole Tammany ticket went to defeat. Van Wyck ran behind the greater part of his ticket. The Tammany defeat, however, was not so emphatic as the defeat of that organization at the recent election, when John Purroy Mitchel was elected mayor.

A few weeks after the defeat, Croker astonished New York by calling a meeting of the Tammany district leaders and tendering his resignation. He then made a motion, which was carried, making Lewis Nixon his successor as the Tammany leader. A few weeks after this Croker sailed for his home in England, and since then he has made only four visits to America, never spending more than two weeks at a time in New York.

Editor's Note-This is the third of four articles by Harry Wilson Walker. The fourth will appear in an early number.



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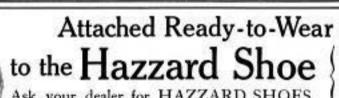
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## THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

yawned herself off to bed. From Jimmy's room Peter could hear the soft hum of their

"You have been awfully good to me,"
McLean said as he finally rose to go. "I—I
want you to know that I'll never forget this

evening, never."
"It has been splendid, hasn't it? Since "It has been spiendid, hash tit? Since little Scatchy left there has been no one for the piano. I have been lonely sometimes for some one to talk music to."

Lonely! Poor Peter!

"Then you will let me come back?"

"Will I indeed! I—I'll be grateful."

"How soon would be proper. I daresay

tomorrow you'll be busy-Christmas and

"Do you mean you would like to come

tomorrow?"
"If old Peter wouldn't be fussed. He

might think ——"
"Peter always wants every one to be happy. So if you really care -"And I'll not bore you?" "Rather not!"

"How—about what time?"
"In the afternoon would be pleasant, I think. And then Jimmy can listen. He loves music.

McLean, having found his fur-lined coat, got into it as slowly as possible. Then he missed a glove, and it must be searched for in all the dark corners of the salon until found in his pocket. Even then he hesi-tated, lingered, loth to break up this little world of two.

"You play wonderfully," he said.

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"So do you."
"If only something comes of it! It's curious, isn't it, when you think of it? You and I meeting here in the center of Europe and both of us working our heads off for something that may never pan out."

There was something reminiscent about that to Harmony. It was not until after young McLean had gone that she recalled. It was almost word for word what Peter had said to her in the coffee house the night they met. She thought it very curious, the coincidence, and pondered it, being ignorant of the fact that it is always a matter for wonder when the man meets the woman, no matter where. Nothing is less curious, more inevitable, more amazing. "You and I," forsooth, said Peter! "You and I," cried young McLean!

QUITE suddenly Peter's house, built on the sand, collapsed. The shock came on Christmas Day, after young McLean, now frankly infatuated, had been driven home

Peter did it after his own fashion. Harmony, with unflagging enthusiasm, was looking tired. Suggestions to this effect rolled off McLean's back like rain off a roof. Finally Peter gathered up the fur-lined coat, the velours hat, gloves and stick, and placed them on the piano in front of the younger man.

"I'm sorry you must go," said Peter calmly, "but, as you say, Miss Wells is tired and there is supper to be eaten. Don't let me hurry you."

The portier was at the door as McLean, laughing and protesting, went out. He brought a cablegram for Anna. Peter took it to her door and waited uneasily while she read it.

It was an urgent summons home; the old father was very low. He was calling for her, and a few days or weeks would see the end. There were things that must be looked after. The need of her was imperative. With the death the old man's pension would cease and Anna was the breadwinner.

Anna held the paper out to Peter and sat

down. Her nervous strength seemed to have deserted her. All at once she was a stricken, elderly woman, with hope wiped out of her face and something nearer resent-

ment than grief in its place.

"It has come, Peter," she said dully.

"I always knew it couldn't last. They've

always hung about my neck, and now ——"
"Do you think you must go? Isn't there some way? If things are so bad you could hardly get there in time, and—you must think of yourself a little, Anna."

"I am not thinking of anything else. Peter, I'm an uncommonly selfish woman, but I ——"

but I -

Quite without warning she burst out crying, unlovely, audible weeping that shook her narrow shoulders. Harmony heard the sound and joined them. After a look at Anna she sat down beside her and put a white arm over her shoulders. She did not try to speak. Anna's noisy grief subsided as suddenly as it came. She patted Har-mony's hand in mute acknowledgment and

"I'm not grieving, child," she said; "I'm only realizing what a selfish old maid I am. I'm crying because I'm a disappointment to myself. Harry, I'm going back to America."

America.

And that, after hours of discussion, was where they ended. Anna must go at once. Peter must keep the apartment, having Jimmy to look after and to hide. What was a frightful dilemma to him and to Harmony Anna took rather lightly.

"You'll find some one else to take my place," she said. "If I had a day I could find a dozen."

"And in the interval?" Harmony asked

without looking at Peter.
"The interval! Tut! Peter is your brother, to all intents and purposes. And if you are thinking of scandal-mongers, who will know?"

Having determined to go, no arguments moved Anna, nor could either of the two think of anything to urge beyond a situation she refused to see, or rather a situation she refused to acknowledge. She was not as comfortable as she pretended. During all that long night, while snow sifted down into the ugly yard and made it beautiful, while Jimmy slept and the white mice played, while Harmony tossed and tried to sleep and Peter sat in his cold room and smoked his pipe, Anna packed her untidy belongings and added a name now and then to a list that was meant for Peter, a list of possible substitutes for herself in the little household.

She left early the next morning, a grim little person who bent over the sleeping boy hungrily, and insisted on carrying her own bag down the stairs. Harmony did not go to the station, but stayed at home, pale and silent, hovering around against Jimmy's awakening and struggling against a feeling of panic. Not that she feared Peter or herself. But she was conventional; shielded girls are accustomed to lean for a certain support on the proprieties, as bridge players

support on the proprieties, as bridge players depend on rules.

Peter came back to breakfast but ate little. Harmony did not even sit down, but drank her cup of coffee standing, looking down at the snow below. Jimmy still slept.

"Won't you sit down?" said Peter.

"I'm not hungry, thank you."

"You can sit down without eating."

Peter was nervous. To cover his uneasiness he was distinctly gruff. He pulled a chair out for her and she sat down. Now that they were face to face the tension was that they were face to face the tension was lessened. Peter laid Anna's list on the table between them and bent over it toward

her.
"You are hurting me very much, Harry,"
he said. "Do you know why?"

"I? I am only sorry about Anna. I miss r. I—I was fond of her."

her. I—I was fond or ner.
"So was I. But that isn't it, Harry. It's something else."

"I'm uncomfortable, Peter."
"So am I. I'm sorry you don't trust me.
For that's it."
"Not at all. But, Peter, what will
people say?"

"A great deal, if they know. Who is to know? How many people know about us? A handful, at the most, McLean and Mrs. Boyer and one or two others. Of course I can go away until we get some one to take Anna's place, but you'd be here alone at night, and if the youngster had an attack

"Oh, no, don't leave him!"
"It's holiday time. There are no clinics until next week. If you'll put up with me-

"Put up with you, when it is your apart-ment I use, your food I eat!" She almost choked. "Peter, I must talk about money."

"I'm coming to that. Don't you suppose you more than earn everything? Doesn't it humiliate me hourly to see you working

here?"
"Peter! Would you rob me of my last
vestige of self-respect?"
This being unanswerable, Peter fell back

on his major premise:

"If you'll put up with me for a day or so I'll take this list of Anna's and hunt up

(Continued on Page 73)

(Continued from Page 70)

somebody. Just describe the person you desire and I'll find her." He assumed a certainty he was far from feeling, but it reassured the girl. "A woman, of course?"

"Of course. And not young."
"'Not young," wrote Peter. "Fat?"
Harmony recalled Mrs. Boyer's ample

figure and shook her head.
"Not too stout. And agreeable. That's

most important."
"'Agreeable,'" wrote Peter. "Although
Anna was hardly agreeable, in the strict
sense of the word, was she?"

"She was interesting, and—and human."
"Human!" wrote Peter. "Wanted, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. Shall I advertise?"

The strain was quite gone by that time. Harmony was smiling. Jimmy, waking, called for food, and the morning of the first

day was under way.

Peter was well content that morning, in spite of an undercurrent of uneasiness. Before this Anna had shared his proprietor-ship with him. Now the little household was his. His vicarious domesticity pleased him. He strutted about, taking a new view of his domain; he tightened a doorknob and fastened a noisy window. He inspected the coal supply and grumbled over its qual-ity. He filled the copper kettle on the stove, carried in the water for Jimmy's morning bath, cleaned the mouse cage. He even insisted on peeling the little German pota-toes, until Harmony cried aloud at his wastefulness and took the knife from him.

And afterward, while Harmony in the sickroom read aloud and Jimmy put the wooden sentry into the cage to keep order, he got out his books and tried to study. But he did little work. His book lay on his knee, his pipe died beside him. The strangeness of the situation came over him, sitting there, and left him rather frightened. He tried to see it from the viewpoint of an outsider, and found himself incredulous and doubting. McLean would resent the situa-tion. Even the portier was a person to reckon with. The skepticism of the American colony was a thing to fear and avoid.

And over all hung the incessant worry

about money; he could just manage alone. He could not, by any method he knew of, stretch his resources to cover a separate arrangement for himself. But he had undertaken to shield a girl-woman and a child, and shield them he would and could.

Brave thoughts were Peter's that snowy morning in the great salon of Maria Theresa, with the cat of the portier purring before the fire; brave thoughts, cool reason, with Harmony practicing scales very softly while Jimmy slept, and with Anna speeding through a white world, to the accompani-

ment of bitter meditation.

Peter had meant to go to Semmering that day, but even the urgency of Marie's need faded before his own situation. He wired Stewart that he would come as soon as he could, and immediately after lunch departed for the club, Anna's list in his pocket, Harmony's requirements in mind.
He paused at Jimmy's door on his way out.
"What shall it be today?" he inquired.
"A postcard or a crayon?"
"I wish I could have a dog."
"Well have a dog."

"We'll have a dog when you are better and can take him walking. Wait until spring, son."
"Some more mice?"

"You will have them-but not today."

"You will have them—but not today."
"What holiday comes next?"
"New Year's Day. Suppose I bring you a New Year's card."
"That's right," agreed Jimmy. "One I can send to dad. Do you think he will come back this year?" wistfully.

Peter dropped on his baggy knees beside the bed and drew the little wasted figure to him.

to him.
"I think you'll surely see him this year, old man," he said huskily.

Peter walked to the Doctors' Club. On the way he happened on little Georgiev, the Bulgarian, and they went on together. Peter managed to make out that Georgiev was studying English, and that he desired to know the state of health and the abode of the Fraulein Wells. Peter evaded the latter by the simple expedient of pretending not to understand. Thelittle Bulgarian watched him earnestly, his smoldering eyes not with out suspicion. There had been much talk in the *Pension* Schwarz about the departure together of the three Americans. The Jew from Galicia still raved over Harmony's beauty.

Georgiev rather hoped, by staying by Peter, to be led toward his star. But Peter left him at the Doctors' Club, still amiable, but absolutely obtuse to the question nearest

the little spy's heart.
The club was almost deserted. The holidays had taken many of the members out of town. Other men were taking advantage of the vacation to see the city, or to make acquaintance again with families they had hardly seen during the busy weeks before Christmas. The room at the top of the stairs where the wives of the members were apt to meet for chocolate and to exchange the addresses of dressmakers was empty; in the reading room he found McLean. Although not a member, McLean was a sort of honorary habitué, being allowed the privilege of the club in exchange for a dependable willingness to play at entertainments of all sorts

It was in Peter's mind to enlist McLean's assistance in his difficulties. McLean knew a good many people. He was popular, good looking, and in a colony where, unlike Lon-don and Paris, the great majority were people of moderate means, he was conspic-uously well off. But he was also much younger than Peter and intolerant with the insolence of youth. Peter was thinking hard as he took off his overcoat and ordered beer.

The boy was in love with Harmony already: Peter had seen that, as he saw many things. How far his love might carry him, Peter had no idea. It seemed to him, as he sat across the reading table and studied him over his magazine, that McLean would resent bitterly the girl's position, and that when he learned it a crisis might be pre-

cipitated. One of three things might happen: He might bend all his energies to second Peter's effort to fill Anna's place, to find the right person; he might suggest taking Anna's place himself, and insist that his presence in the apartment would be as justifiable as Peter's: or he might do at once the thing Peter felt he would do eventually, cut the knot of the difficulty by asking Harmony to marry him. Peter, greeting him pleasantly, decided not to tell him anything, to keep him away if possible until the thing was straightened out, and to wait for an hour at the club in the hope that a solution might stroll in for chocolate and gossip.

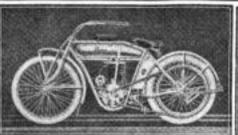
In any event explanation to McLean would have required justification. Peter disliked the idea. He could humble himself, if necessary, to a woman; he could admit his asininity in assuming the responsibility of Jimmy, for instance, and any woman worthy of the name, or worthy of living in the house with Harmony, would understand. But McLean was young, intolerant. He was more than that, though Peter, concealing from himself just what Harmony meant to him, would not have admitted a rival for what he had never claimed. But a rival the boy was. Peter, calmly reading a magazine and drinking his Munich beer, was in the grip of the fiercest jealousy. He turned pages automatically, to recall nothing of what he had read.

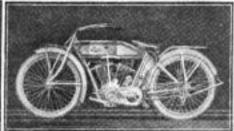
McLean, sitting across from him, watched him surreptitiously. Big Peter, aggressively masculine, heavy of shoulder, direct of speech and eye, was to him the embodiment of all that a woman should desire in a man. He, too, was jealous, but humbly so. Unlike Peter he knew his situation, was young enough to glory in it. Shameless love is always young; with years comes discre-tion, perhaps loss of confidence. The Cru-saders were youths, pursuing an idea to the ends of the earth and flaunting a lady's guerdon from spear or saddle-bow. The older men among them tucked the handkerchief or bit of a gauntleted glove under jerkin and armor near the heart, and flung to the air the guerdon of some light o' love. McLean would have shouted Harmony's name from the housetops. Peter did not ac-knowledge even to himself that he was in ove with her

It occurred to McLean after a time that Peter being in the club, and Harmony being in all probability at home, it might be possible to see her alone for a few minutes. He had not intended to go back to the house in the Siebensternstrasse so soon after being peremptorily put out; he had come to the club with the intention of clinching his resolution with a game of cribbage. But fate was playing into his hands. There was no cribbage player round, and Peter himself sat across deeply immersed in a magazine. McLean rose, not stealthily, but without

unnecessary noise.

So far so good. Peter turned a page and went on reading. McLean sauntered to a window, hands in pockets. He even whistled a trifle, under his breath, to prove how





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very casual were his intentions. Still whistling, he moved toward the door. Peter turned another page, which was curiously soon to have read two columns of small

"Yes."

"Mind if I go with you?"
"Not at all."

Peter, taking down his old overcoat from its hook, turned and caught the boy's eye. It was a swift exchange of glances, but illuminating—Peter's whimsical, but with a sort of grim determination; McLean's sheepish, but equally determined. "Rotten afternoon," said McLean as they started for the stairs. "Half rain, half

snow. Streets are ankle deep."
"I'm not particularly keen about walking, but—I don't care for this tomb alone."
Nothing was further from McLean's mind than a walk with Peter that afternoon.

He hesitated half way down the upper flight.
"You don't care for cribbage, do you?" "Don't know anything about it. How about pinocle?"

They had both stopped, equally determined, equally hesitating.

"Pinocle it is," acquiesced McLean. "I was only going because there was nothing to do."

to do."

Things went very well for Peter that afternoon—up to a certain point. He beat McLean unmercifully, playing with cold deliberation. McLean wearied, fidgeted, railed at his luck. Peter played on grimly. The club filled up toward the coffee hour. Two or three women, wives of members, a young girl to whom McLean had been rather attentive before he met Harmony and who attentive before he met Harmony and who

bridled at the abstracted bow he gave her.
And, finally, when hope in Peter was dead,
one of the women on Anna's list.
Peter, laying down pairs and marking up score, went over Harmony's requirements.

Doctor Jennings seemed to fit them all, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. She was a large, almost bo-vinely placid person, not at all reminiscent of Anna. She was neat where Anna had been disorderly, well dressed and breezy against Anna's dowdiness and sharpness. against Anna's dowdiness and sharpness.

Peter, having totaled the score, rose and looked down at McLean.

"You're a nice lad," he said smiling.
"Some time I shall teach you the game."

"How about a lesson tonight in Seven-Star Street?"

"Tonight? Why, I'm sorry. We have

Star Street?"

"Tonight? Why, I'm sorry. We have an engagement for tonight." The "we" was deliberate and cruel. McLean writhed. Also the statement was false, but the boy was spared that knowledge for the moment. Things went well. Doctor Jennings was badly off for quarters. She would make a change if she could better herself. Peter drew her off to a corner and stated his case. She listened attentively, albeit not without

She listened attentively, albeit not without disapproval.

She frankly discredited the altruism of Peter's motives when he told her about Harmony. But as the recital went on she found herself rather touched. The story of Jimmy appealed to her. She scolded and lauded Peter in one breath, and what was more to the point, she promised to visit the house in the Siebensternstrasse the next

day.
"So Anna Gates has gone home!" she reflected. "When?"
"This morning."
"Then the girl is there alone?"
"You She is very young and inexpe-

"Yes. She is very young and inexperienced, and the boy—it's myocarditis. She's afraid to be left with him."

"Is she quite alone?"

"Absolutely, and without funds, except bough for her lessons. Our arrangement was that she should keep the house going: that was her share."

Doctor Jennings was impressed. It was impossible to talk to Peter and not believe him. Women trusted Peter always.

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Peter went home exultant,

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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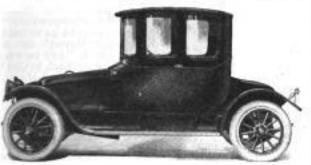
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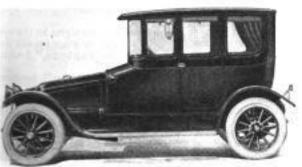
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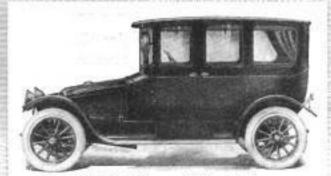
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## a year in bohemia

(Continued from Page 27)

I looked into her innocent young eyes. I looked into her innocent young eyes.
No, she didn't understand. Rhoda had said nothing to make her doubt her father. But I caught my breath at the narrow escape and I looked coldly at Rhoda.

"It's the only way," she said in answer to my unspoken accusation.

"Mother," Helena said, "I want you to take me to all those parties you and father go to. Aunt Rhoda says father won't want it, and she thinks he will begin to see that what isn't good for you and me isn't good

what isn't good for you and me isn't good

for him either."

"Go into your room for a moment, dear,"
I said, "and let me talk alone with your
Aunt Rhoda."

After she had gone I turned angrily to Rhoda.

"If this is your way out ——" I began.
"It is," she said coolly, "and it is the only way."
"It's nonsense. I can't let that ignorant

"Helena is innocent, but she is not ig-norant as you think," Rhoda said. "She knows you are unhappy. Outsider as I am, I have seen that she blames her father for it. You know her manner to him isn't natu-ral any more."

"But he doesn't know that. That is

"But he doesn't know that. That is not the point anyway. I can't have her meeting these men."

"Most of them would respect her youth. Besides, don't you see that Grant would have to be looking after her? I'd put Archie on, too, in case Grant ever fell asleep at his post."

"I can't do it, Rhoda," I said.

"You're always talking of using children to bind a man to his wife," Rhoda reminded me. "Here's a new way of using your daughter. It isn't as if Helena would get smirched."

"She can't help it," I said. "She doesn't even know that we drink at our parties."

Helena came down the hall.

Helena came down the hall.

"I can't help hearing some of the things you say, mother," she said. "I know you do have things to drink, because one day last year I saw the bottles in father's closet when I went to borrow his sweater.

Rhods compressed her smiling lips. "And once or twice you waked me last

"And once or twice you waked me last year when you came in, and I looked at my watch and it was past two," Helena said.
"Go away, child," I said irritably.
After she had gone, Rhoda said:
"Now do be sensible, Dollie. Won't the day come when Helena will have to meet your friends if you stay on here? You are simply pushing things ahead a year or so. I tell you Sophie's kept her hold on Grant far longer than I thought she would. I thought she'd let go when Baring was thought she'd let go when Baring was flashed on her sight, but she was in a crowd

mashed on her sight, but she was in a crowd with him last night, and as soon as Grant came in she dropped him. The point is, Baring's a nice, clean, sophisticated chap who wouldn't look at Sophie ——"

"Thanks on Grant's account!" I put in.

"Grant is no judge of women," she said impatiently. "At heart he's only a country boy, or he'd have shaken Sophie long ago. Excuse me for speaking the plain truth, but you've irritated me, when I'm ago. Excuse me for speaking the plain truth, but you've irritated me, when I'm doing my level best to help you. As I started to say, young Baring wouldn't look at Sophie, but Sophie doesn't know that. Doubtless she thinks she's got him in reserve. Now do you see what I mean?"

I shook my head.

"I mean," explained Rhoda patiently, "that if we bring Helena out, Grant will be so busy looking after her for a little while that he'll have to neglect Sophie. Then to

that he'll have to neglect Sophie. Then to make him angry she will begin on Baring. Presently she'll find Baring as impervious as one of his South Pole icebergs, and she'll drop Grant like a last year's bone and sink every tooth in her head into Baring. I tell you I know Sophie. She's taught me all

her ways."
"But if anything should happen to Helena ——" I began.
"How could it?" urged Rhoda. She saw that I was weakening and she pressed her advantage. "It's the only way to save things for yourself. The men are all saying that Grant's work is losing its grip. Of course if you're afraid of the row he will make when

he finds out what you're up to ——"
"I don't care for that," I said, tightening
my lips. "I suppose I'll have to do it, Rhoda, since you've gone so far with Hel-ena. But I do resent your doing this over

She kissed me relievedly.

"I don't care what you resent if you'll only doit," she said. "I had to proceed over your head, otherwise you would not have consented. It would have seemed to you as if you were making a burnt offering of your child."

It still looked to me a little like that, but I felt I was committed. I arranged for a big supper, nominally in honor of Baring. Grant was pleased with me for thinking of it, and for one or two of the special "stunts" I had hit on. He said to me that of course I had made arrangements for sending Hel-ena to spend the night with some one of her college friends, and I replied carelessly that I had attended to it.

On the evening of the supper Helena stayed in her room until half the guests had arrived. I believe the child hid in the closet most of the time, so fearful was she that Grant would spoil the plan. For all my Heiena's innocence and highmindedness, I think there was in her an element of excited enjoyment at being on the brink of the pit, so to speak. Grant did not see her when she first appeared, because he was talking to Sophie Marston. Between us Rhoda and I had introduced her to several people before Grant woke to her presence. She was listening to Knight's talk at the time, her big soulful eyes gazing up at him trustfully. I saw Grant go over and shake her playfully by the shoulder, and say something to her. Then he went back to Sophie.

Helena came to me presently.

"Father told me to go to bed as soon as Mr. Knight got through that paragraph, mother," she said, "and he was so sure I would that he went back to that thin lady. I think she's horrid. And Mr. Knight said."

"I should like that paragraph to last for-I should like that paragraph to last for-

ever!' Isn't he a funny man?"
"He didn't mean that," I said.
"Oh, I know he didn't," Helena replied serenely. "Aunt Rhoda told me that your friends always say things in jokes, and that I am never to take what they say seriously."

"Go over to your Aunt Rhoda now," I said, for I saw Grant coming toward us.

It was some minutes before Grant could

speak to me alone. Then he said rapidly,

for people were coming toward us:

"I told Helena to go to bed twenty minutes ago. What does she mean by disobeying
me?"

I looked him straight in the eye.

"She's going to stay up till the last person goes if she wants to," I said. "I told her she might."

"She shall obey me," he said, gritting his teeth.

"Make a scene, if you want to," I said, "but you know what Helena's will is. If it comes to a choice between her parents, I don't think she'll choose to obey the one who deserted her this summer."

A fresh guest arrived and I greeted him smilingly, and even with a little elation. For many months I had been unwillingly yielding to Grant. I had a feeling that I might get the whiphand of him now.

might get the whiphand of him now.

Later on, when the supper was half over, he left Mrs. Marston to come to me again.

"Send Helena to bed," he said, and this time his tone was pleading rather than commanding. "I don't want her to see any of these people taking wine."

"Can't you trust your friends?" I asked mockingly. "Anyhow you are free to protect your child from your friends."

Three things I noted in the course of that to me very exciting evening. What with

Three things I noted in the course of that to me very exciting evening. What with his anger at me, his watchfulness over Helena and the attention he had to pay his other guests, Grant was very little with Sophie Marston, and he was not so devoted as usual. She did just as Rhoda predicted—made a dead set at Baring. As Rhoda predicted also, Baring was impregnable, though dicted also, Baring was impregnable, though I am afraid Sophie could not bring herself to see it. And lastly Baring scarcely took es off my beautiful young daughter. I had a fierce pleasure in the irony of the

Grant scarcely waited for the last person to leave before he turned on me, his teeth

set, his eyes angry.

"Now what does this mean?" he said grimly. "Why did you let that child..."

"Helena? She's not a child. She's seventeen. Her birthday was last week, but

you weren't home." He winced at the thrust. "Seventeen is a baby."

Helena is quite mature for seventeen," I said. "You'd have noticed that if you



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had been with her very much during the past year."

I was trembling, and yet I was not afraid. I had been passive for a long time, for loving Grant so much I had been in his power. Now that I saw signs of his being in my power I liked the change. I am not one of those who prefer the meek martyr's crown. "I won't have it," he cried. "I forbid you

to allow Helena to——"
"To meet our friends?" I finished.

"If you put it so."
"What will you do if I disobey?"
I had him there and he knew it. He couldn't send us away. He had already said that he could not afford to keep up two establishments for his family. He could not afford to send Helena to some woman's college when she could live at home and attend Columbia. He could not drag her away from any company to which I took her without giving the people we knew a

chance to gossip.

"Why are you doing this?" he stormed.

"Isn't it obvious? You are away so
much, I can't always depend on your escort in the evening when we are invited out. I want Helens for a companion. It's only putting forward the time a year or so. Had you thought of that?" Evidently he had not. "Whom is she to meet if not our friends?"

pursued.

He began to storm again.

"She was talking to Knight—Knight whom two women have divorced! Upon my soul, Dollie, you amaze me! Where is your mother-care and love for that child?"

My voice broke.

"Where have been your husband-love and care for me, Grant, if it comes to that? She is only meeting the sort of people I have met. As to Knight, she might do worse him."

met. As to Knight, she might do worse than marry him."

"Might do worse!" Grant dashed his fist down on the table by which he was sitting. "Do you realize the sort of man Knight is?"

"Oh, of course," I said, pretending to misunderstand; "he's twenty-five years older than Helena, but he has money."

"Dollie," said Grant, trying to speak quietly, "I don't know what has got into you....."

"Oh, I don't prefer that sort of marriage for her," I broke in; "but as I tell you, whom is she to meet and marry if not one of our friends? I have had to change all my views of life since I joined this group you have chosen. I have not liked it, but I have accepted it. I want to keep our family together. If I have compromised to please you, so shall Helena—"
"But I don't want her to compromise!"

"But I don't want her to compromise!"
he shouted.

"Why not?" I asked innocently.

"Why not? You're mad. She's a young
girl; we're middle-aged. There is no need
for—for spoiling her girlish ideals."

"What you really mean," I said slowly,

"is that you don't want her to be in our
world and learn what kind of man you are.
But why should I help deceive her in that?
It will be better for Helena to open her
blind eyes soon. According to your scheme. blind eyes soon. According to your scheme, she would some day marry one of our friends and, finding out what he was, learn what you are. It will be less expensive for her to learn what you are, and decide whether or not she'll risk a husband like

I had Grant gasping, appalled at my cynicism, yet not daring to answer me for fear he'd get tangled still further in the net

of my logic. 'I'm sure, on thinking it over, that you'll "I m sure, on thinking it over, that you is agree with me and that your daughter might as well understand what is coming to her now as later," I went on in a reasonable tone. "Suppose she marries Knight. That's what you are afraid of, isn't it?"

"I won't discuss it!" roared Grant, for he

saw what I was coming to again.

"That is what you are afraid of. You don't want Helena to be hurt. But you let me be hurt. Knight, or whomever Helena marries, will probably look at things about as you do. He needn't protect his wife from pain if it interferes with his own pleasure, but he is determined to protect his daughter. Now I want Helens to be happy in her marriage. But I don't see how I can insure it. That being so, she might just as well get used to our world early. It is because I want to save Helena what I have suffered

that I am beginning to inure her now."

Grant was as baffled as he was enraged. There simply was no answer to my argument. I was merely carrying out logically for the whole family the kind of life he had

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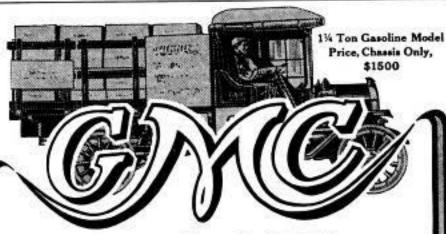
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He flung away to our room and locked the door on me. I was too exalted with my victory, for I saw it was that, to be annoyed, and besides I was amused at his childish-ness. After a little while I tapped on the door and said softly:

"You'd better open the door, Grant.
Otherwise I'll have to stay with Helena."
When presently he flung open the door
I could not help adding:

"I want to protect you from her judgment just as far as I can." It was a hateful thing to say, though true, but I had been hurt for so long, and

this was the first chance I had had for months really to count with Grant.

Then began for me a time of victory and of misery. For after the first glow of the battle I was not happy in getting on badly with the man I loved; and besides I was terrified about Helena. I was afraid that after all I might be sacrificing her to myself. Perhaps Grant went to Mrs. Marston for sympathy and perhaps he bore his anger alone. I saw very little of him for the next week or two, except when we were out to-gether. Then he was pretty busy helping guard Helena.

Things fell out much as Rhoda had predicted, with just one variation. Sophie Marston began to pursue Baring, but I do not think she did this at first because she thought Grant was neglecting her or be-cause she was really tired of him. She did it because she saw Baring's adoration of Helena. She could not bear to have a man whom she considered worth while prefer any one to herself. Besides, I think she considered it a test of her power to take a man away from a girl almost twenty years younger than herself. She was absolutely sure that she could do it. I do not think her interest in Grant waned until she realized that Baring would not look at her. Then she went after Baring tooth and nail.

Helena passed through it all, serene and with shut eyes. She still considered Knight amusing, and told me always what he said and thought it all just jokes. She looked on Sigerson as a funny old man rather silly about his twin boys. Grant's care of her she resented a little. She told me she thought father must be afraid she did not know how to talk to grown-up people, beknow how to talk to grown-up people, be-cause he kept poking round and listening

to all she said.

to all she said.

What my husband's psychology was I could not guess; I was too much interested to dare judge. Rhoda said that he plainly resented it when Sophie first abandoned him to sail after Baring. Her belief was that Grant did his best to hold Sophie, and that Sophie, angered that she could not move Baring, showed her teeth and claws to Grant and disgusted him. I suppose that was it. Grant had a good deal of vanity, self-righteousness and fastidiousness. He would have been hurt at Sophie's attitude; would have been hurt at Sophie's attitude; then angry; then he would have argued that she wasn't worth it, and pretty soon it would be hard for him to believe that he had ever been more than superficially attracted to her.

All I can be sure of is that I dragged him out as much as he would go, and that I entertained lavishly in our own home. Sometimes I let him think Helena was going to he with us when I really sent her to bed. I did my best to guard the child's health. But I did nothing at all to guard Grant's, for I wanted to wear him out. He did very little work, and Rhoda told me that not only his fellow-writers but even the editors now had begun to say that his power was leaving him. His attitude toward me was hard and disapproving. Sometimes he did not speak to me for days and sometimes we had dreadful scenes, and I felt all the time as if I were on a battlefield.

I wondered when it would all end. About May, Sophie Marston broke down from nervous prostration, and her long-suffering husband took her to a cure. I think now that Baring had told her he loved Helena. He told me so, and said he had not spoken to her because he knew I would think she was too young. I was glad he had so much consideration. I asked him to wait a year or two. I said I wanted to see how he wore in some place not New York." He announced

that when we went West he would com He was and is a very understanding perso

At last the end came, but in a way I hi not anticipated. Tommy had a dreadf fall from the roof of one of the school buil-ings. Grant was in Washington when I g the telegram, but I sent him word at one He reached the school only a few hours aft Helena and I did. For days Tommy hu between life and death, unconscious, som times delirious, calling especially for Grat Once when he was asleep and the thr of us were walking in the school ground Helena said:

"If Tommy dies you'll always be sor you weren't home last summer, won't yo

She did not mean to be cruel; it was ju the trick a young girl often has of dro ping into a state of tactless, truth-telli childhood.

"Oh, don't, Helena," I cried, and I p my hand on Grant's arm with all the c love showing in my face.

That was the beginning of our reunion sad one at first when we did not knowhether Tommy would live or die, a again when, though his life was saved, did not know what state his body and mi would be in. Toward the end of June, wh Tommy was fit to be moved, he ask

"Are you coming home with us the summer, father?"
"Of course I am," Grant said. "Bari is going to take the flat off our hands to the summer."

That was the only remark he made abo our plans. He and Helena went down New York and packed, and, as she was me, we didn't even leave a Hollister hair; me, we didn't even leave a Hollister harr behind. But it was not until we he reached our own home, and had giv Tommy his supper and put him in he with Helena sitting beside him, that Gra gave me any indication of what our futu would be. I had gone to walk in the graden, which the school-teachers had kind beart we for us and often a few memorial kept up for us, and after a few moments

joined me there.

We paced quietly up and down t paths, the starlight above us, the scent the flowers about us, and in the distance t laughter and voices and songs of our neig bors. It all fused into a sweet symphoof home, which made the tears roll do-

my face.
"New York seems a long way of Grant said.

I nodded. He looked into my face a saw my tears.
"It can stay a long way off for all of me

my husband said. He gathered me into his arms a

went on:

"Can you see, Dollie, that I had a ki
of mid-summer madness? No, it w
Indian-summer madness. I wanted a fre
go at youth, and Sophie Marston gave;
the chance. But it's all over now. I
purged and sane. I care so little about
that I don't even want not to see her are that I don't even want not to see her aga
I'm so indifferent that I'd just as soon pa
the time of day with her as not."
They were very sweet words to me, a
I sobbed quietly in Grant's arms.
"I have never loved any woman but ye

and I'll never look at any one but you."
said. "I'm afraid you'll never feel quite t
same again, but do try to let it all be as
was before."

It was the same as before, even thoug did not tell him it would be. It is amazi what human beings can live through, a be happy and not remember the scars. It as happy as I used to be, but a much ker critic of life. We live in our old home a Grant's work is better than ever. B that old adage about the tiger tasti human blood is true. Every two or the months Grant gets restless, and I kn that means a trip to New York. I ps up and go with him, putting Tommy in a mother's care. I trust my husband, bu prefer not to let him go to New York alor We do everything together-see our ( friends, stay up late, drink deep of Bohem And at the end of two weeks or so Gra

says:
"Guess I'm getting old, Dollie. Le go home.

(THE END)



## myson

(Continued from Page 5)

mome. He didn't rob his land to mainmuries as Mathews had done. He was

alle to do what he did and he was using a long way ahead.

My farm is going to pay in proportion aline, my partner, keeps well and strong chappy," he told me. "Every cent I've cent is with a view to saving her unnecessary effort and annoyance. There's plenty anawaidable work left even then."

It he very start of his housekeeping held down a set of rules which he

had down a set of rules which he

You aren't going to waste your time in acre folderols," he told her. "I don't to see any fancy cooking on our see with French names, no bridge-whist in no afternoon tea desserts. If I is work up an appetite for plain, wholesse food I'll go without. If you want se things I'll buy them all made or take in town to dinner. I'm willing to eat = an honest hash or a stew that isn't chid to show what's in it. And I can eat regstables plain-boiled with plenty of in on them. As for desserts, a simple in oid-fashioned chocolate frosting, with tany of doughnuts and now and then a spood enough for me. And what's not enough for me is good enough for prets.

hat is the way Ruth cooks. Take a town every recipe to a variation of the fundamental recipes that wouldn't have a book half an inch thick. You get caps fifty real recipes and then five and names for the same thing. It's orgonic with those five hundred that the hitchen slave. It's fooling round to those five hundred that helped bring but the decline and fall of the Roman increand goes a long way toward bring-guiout the decline and fall of many an

American household. The tried to figure out the reason for the Obviously they are meant, for one that to tickle a palate grown stale with with food and too little exercise. But that many a cook doesn't appreciate the hat that a few things made right will to see that better than a hundred things amply made. It often costs less to get a cut of meat and cook it well than it to get a cheaper cut and bolster it up mushrooms. A simple cake made of willter and eggs is cheaper and better many cakes dependent upon fancy and cream, expensive as it is, as in the long run a cheaper dessert any substitutes which offhand are with to be more economical. People take into account the fact that cream ent merely tickle the palate, but cos sound nourishment.

The we were living in Little Italy worked out a scheme of simplified that was a revelation to many. It was combination of the simple standards redby the foreign immigrants, applied sill better results to simple New Lod cooking. Dick's idea was a little look. Where Ruth's chief object was Where Ruth's chief object was to be money Dick's main object was to be money Dick's main object was to be more. The boy could well afford many that had been beyond our means. I want necessary for Jane to spend her than the nergy seeking food bargains. Her wild nergy seeking food bargains. Her wild nergy seeking food bargains. Her wild and was as well as her eggs, milk and had, were supplied by the farm, which we great saving. Her meats she could have to buy at current prices and buy the less. Even so she might have wasted a lot that the property if it hadn't been for Dick. thusbe energy if it hadn't been for Dick. a much of an art to save work as to

know many families of means who burdens in the home tion it in such headless fashion as to in home into the chief burden of all. > hisband, instead of securing a haven st discovers that he is nothing but proif relieved of some of the minor of housekeeping, finds herself the of saving them work, makes still work for them. It's small wonder any end either in sanitariums or - Twit houses.

Now Dick undertook housekeeping as every sane man undertakes a new business. He considered first what he wished to accomplish and then the best way to accomplish it. He planned his home as a man plans a business plant—for efficiency. Then be made it beautiful, still retaining his simple standards. Next he proceeded to operate it, keeping always foremost in his mind the idea of peace and rest and comfort for the wife first and himself next and his guests had the comfort of the wife first and himself next and his guests. last. This was to be first of all his wife's home, with some real meaning in the word home; then it was to be his home; and finally guests were always welcome so far as they didn't interfere with this mutual

When Dick said no folderols in cooking he meant it. Take, for instance, the matter of breakfasts. He was up pretty nearly the year round at four o'clock. There's many a man will do this in camp and come back boasting about how much better he feels, but there are mighty few in town who wouldn't think they were being killed if they had to rise at four regularly. But Dick was sound as a nut and in as good condition the year round as an athlete, and he enjoyed

the early morning.

A man who sleeps between dawn and

sun-up hasn't half lived.

Dick came downstairs and lighted the kitchen fire, which after all isn't much more of a job than getting some one else to do it. He put on the oatmeal and coffee and teakettle, which didn't take him five minutes. Then he went out to the barn, where he had plenty to do for the next hour. By that time Jane was up and had made the toast and boiled the eggs. That was all there was to it. Oatmeal and cream, toast, coffee and

eggs day in and day out.

I know that right here there's many a man and many a woman who'll turn up their noses at the scheme as impossible. No human beings could stand it; they'd tire of it. But understand this: that oatmeal was cooked right-some three hours the day before; upon that oatmeal cream was used—thick, yellow cream that tasted like nuts; the coffee was cooked right and when used with that cream turned a golden brown; the eggs were fresh from the nest; the toast was cut thin and served daintily. If a man tires of such things, then in my opinion there's something wrong with the man. Dick is no weakling and requires a man's diet, but he kept full weight and hard on this. That's true, too, of Jane

Having this first meal fixed, definite and easy to prepare both were left fresh for the day. I don't believe Jane was half an hour in the kitchen and the boy not over ten minutes. Once the breakfast things were alcounted around large search box times with cleared away Jane spent her time with Dick until he left for town.

After this she cleared up her routine housework and did her general cooking. Perhaps three days a week she was busy in this way until eleven, but more often she was through by halfpast nine or ten. Two ordinary servants would have puttered round about the same tasks until noon. To do this she had to get up about five o'clock. Yet I've seen many a woman come down yawning at ten and then not be half so fresh for dinner as Jane. I believe men and women were made to get up in the morning.

Jane consulted her own taste about lunch. She didn't worry much about what she had-bread and butter and milk as often as not. She was no more of a weak-ling than Dick, and perhaps it's this very fact that gave her a relish for the simple

Jane began her dinner about halfpast four. It seldom took much over an hour to prepare it—a plain soup, a roast with potatoes and sometimes one other veg-etable, lettuce, and a dessert prepared in the morning. This was ready for Dick as soon as he arrived, about five-thirty. It was out of the way an hour later. could be done in the new kitchen without any lost motion. I've seen it done day after day, and next to Ruth, who was a good housekeeper when ten years old, Jane, had very little previous experience, did it more easily than any one else I've ever

THERE'S nothing like beginning right. Dick and Jane began their housekeeping from the day they were married, for, in violation of all established custom, they





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passed their honeymoon quietly in their new home instead of wearing themselves out with travel. This was Jane's idea. The boy suggested Yellowstone Park, California, or a trip abroad, not because he himself wished to go, but because like every honest American he felt he ought to do something big to celebrate the event. But Jane said:

"Dick, starting life fresh in a new home is a big enough change for me. Let's just

visit by ourselves."

So instead of fretting themselves half to death jumping from train to train or adding the strain of foreign travel to hearts al-ready beating hard with excitement, they just drove from our house, where they were married, to the peace and seclusion of their own little home. And by passing their honeymoon there they hallowed their home forever with those first joyous memories.

I never saw a new house which showed its newness so little as Dick's. It was settled from the first day they moved in. Dick left no traces of the builders and had the patience to wait until it was complete in every detail. When he and Jane moved in, the early spring flowers were growing round the house as though they had always been growing there. And being right there by Jane's side during those early days gave Dick a chance to help. He had his own ideas about the home duties of man and wife. I think they were sound—absolutely sound. This is the way he put it to me one

day:
"I don't see why there should be any sharp line of division, dad. I expect my wife to take an interest in my business and to help me run it in every way she finds possible. I, in my turn, want to take an active interest in my home and help there in every way I find possible. It's the only way a home can be run today without servants, and a real home for the average man must be run without them.'

'Homes used to be run without servants,"

"Yes, but then the wife did all the home work. I don't think that's quite fair, either. Besides, mighty few women can do it to-day without killing themselves. They are the product of a different civilization. They haven't the physical endurance to stand what their grandmothers stood. Jane her-self hasn't. Women lead different lives today. But here's another point—the men folk are leading different lives too. In the old days when a man got out at dawn and worked his body until dark there was some excuse for leaving all the home work to the wife. There wasn't any alternative. But men aren't doing that today. Even most day laborers are on an eight-hour schedule. Why shouldn't they give the wife the benefit of their shorter hours by taking some of this extra leisure and making things

easier for her?"
"That might apply to the day laborer, but how about the business man?" I said

for the sake of argument.

The boy was dead in earnest about these things he was working out for himself and perhaps in his enthusiasm he overstated them. But I didn't mind that. I don't like to see young men too conservative. I like to see them make a dash for truths. I like to see them play the swift, impulsive game for a few years. Now Dick wasn't like that at all in his business, for there his training had been different; but in the way

he tackled everything else he was.
"What about the business man who

doesn't have time to do anything round the home?" I said. "Dad," said Dick, "you know as well as I what a hypocrite the tired business man is. He's as big a bluff as the man the hired labor agitator pictures as a slave to capitalism. You know this better than any one because you've had experience with both ways of earning a living. You know it isn't hard work that's killing either of them. but what they do with their time when they aren't working."

This is the way the boy argued, and he lived up to his own convictions. But at the basis of his convictions lay an unusual respect and passion for the home. I had never been aware of it until his engagement. don't believe the boy himself was aware of it. But when I spoke of this to Ruth she smiled-that deep, quiet smile of hers that comes from a spot in women men don't know anything about.

The boy had a passion for home—for the old-fashioned home built upon a warranty deed and free of debt. His house wasn't

(Continued on Page 84)



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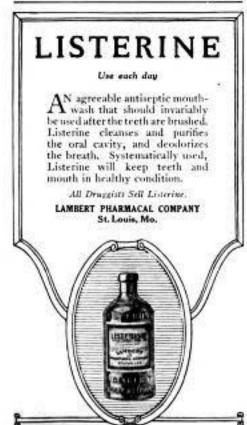


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(Continued from Page 82)

built as an investment or as a speculation; it was built as a home and nothing else. This was fundamental. It was built to be the permanent capital of his little republic. That was the way he felt about it from the first, and it had a lot to do with his whole attitude toward life. When he married he founded a new house of Carleton.

This was the boy's point of view and it accounted largely for the spirit in which he tackled the problem. It lent dignity to his home and to his work in the home. It accounts for the fact that with Dick the home was always first. If any sacrifices had to be made, either of time or money or social pleasures, those sacrifices were always made outside the home, which is rather an unusual stand for a young man to take as I've observed other young men.

The boy was young when I fought my fight in the suburbs, and yet I think he must have learned something from that. There the home was always last. We must have our social pleasures, our parade clothes, our clubs even though we couldn't afford them. If it was present to applies afford them. If it was necessary to sacrifice

afford them. If it was necessary to sacrifice anything we didn't sacrifice those items but we cut down our home expenses. We took it out of our hides.

But Dick didn't have to go back so far as that. He had among his town friends a dozen examples of this policy of considering the home last. His own partner wouldn't marry because it meant giving up his automobile, his clubs and a certain amount of freedom. That man was sacrificing a home freedom. That man was sacrificing a home after his own fashion. There was Stephens who had married, but who lived in apartments not to save money but in order to be able to spend more money outside the home. And his wife egged him on. There was Chadwick with a boy ten years old whom he shipped off to a boarding school in the winter and to a boys' camp in the summer, while he with his wife burned up gasoline all over the state and slept in any hotel

oline all over the state and slept in any hotel where they happened to be at night.

Lord pity all of them when with dulled senses they find their hands empty! Lord pity them when they realize the hideous, hollow selfishness of it all! With their unsatisfied longings, with their lives incomplete, some day they'll learn that the price of not sacrificing is in the end to offer themselves a sacrifice—a vain and useless sacrifice.

sacrifice.

The boy was making money in his con-tracting business and he might have made more, but from the day he stepped over the threshold of his home there never was a moment when he hesitated if the issue was raised whether it should be less home and more business or less business and more home. As much money as he was able to make and still maintain the established standard of his home, that much he would make and no more. His office hours in town were from nine to five, and no money reward could tempt him to extend them.
When he was at his desk he worked sanely
and consistently, but he never came home
exhausted. The business he developed on
the farm later on made a longer day for
him, but back of this was a spirit that made it different from the business of sheer money-making.

What was true of his business was true of his social life. He and Jane went out whenever doing so did not interfere with their home life. In this matter Jane was the boss. She said where and when it pleased her to go, and Dick went along cheerfully. But Dick was back of her when she didn't want to go. There were no social obligations or social duties in their lives. It must be a social pleasure or nothing. They never hesitated about refusing an invitation if they preferred to stay at home.

There were those who called them selfish at the start, but when they really knew Dick and Jane and knew their home, that feeling didn't last long among those worth knowing. Their home stood for something worth while in the village, and people came to understand this.

In their turn they entertained, but they entertained genuinely. The people they invited to visit them were the people they enjoyed. They were their real friends. And they established a new standard for enter-taining. A guest who came to their house came to their home. He or she became for the time being one of the family.

I have told of these things because to me the boy's home seemed just what a home ought to be and because in his home life the boy and Jane got back to ideals worth while. Their standards had a great influence not only upon Jane and Dick themselves



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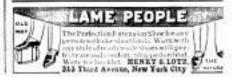
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but upon the whole village. Though Ruth has been doing much the same all her life, the influence of the older woman didn't carry as far with the new generation as did the influence of the younger.

WHEN Dick bought the Dardoni farm his interest was centered chiefly in the fact that it was to be the site of his future home. He didn't have in mind anything yery definite as to how he would work the farm itself, although he was definite enough about the necessity of working it. In a gen-eral way he had in mind the mixed farm that prevails in our town and that I have always recommended. He proposed to keep a horse, a cow, chickens and pigs for his own use, to raise his own produce and sell off all surplus. But about this time Doctor Barney, the young physician who had taken Doctor Wentworth's place in the village, had a talk with Dick.

This man Barney had come pretty near revolutionizing medical practice in Brew-ster. We had secured him right after his hospital service, while his ideals were high and his courage good. He hadn't fallen into any rut and he hadn't had his hands and feet tied by that old octopus of the profession, "Professional etiquette." He wasn't afraid to speak right out in meeting about conditions in the village needing a change, even when it meant hurting the feelings of the three other doctors in town. He was a live wire. One of the first things he did was to give a talk before the Pioneer Club on the dangers of the promiscuous use of morphine that made the other three physicians sit up and rub their eyes. As a result of that the three talked of bringing action against him before the medical society and one of them even proposed suing

him for libel.

"Let him do it if he dares," I told Barney.

"I'll furnish the money to fight it and we'll give him an airing such as a doctor hasn't had in this old state for a good many years.

As for Holt, he was so anxious to get at him that he almost pushed the old doc into the suit.

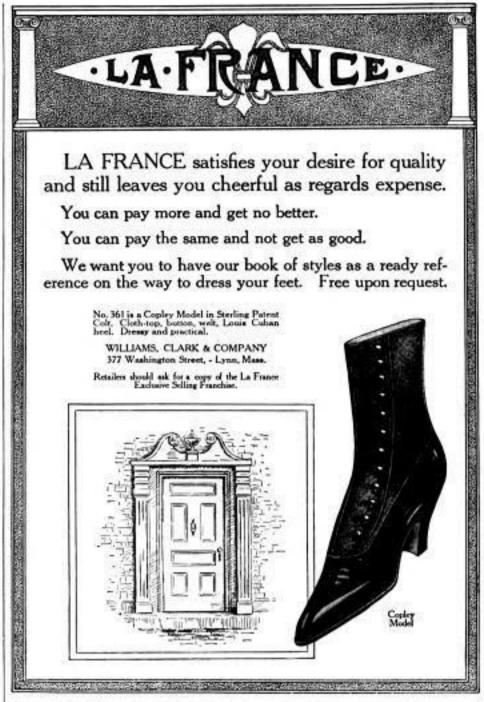
"If only I could get him into court once," he said, rubbing his hands together.

As a result of the talk Barney gave us we voted him a salary of five hundred dollars a year to give us a regular monthly talk on such problems of sanitation as he thought most urgent and to serve as general health officer for club members. He had just been married and needed the money to live on. I didn't want to see him forced to his knees for lack of money. That's what happens too often to young men. Our law schools turn out every year hundreds of young men filled to the brim with enthusiasm, clearsighted and untrammeled, ready to throw themselves into business reforms and po-litical reforms and legal reforms. Unbound by conventions, ungagged by business affiliations, afraid of no man, they may be a bit extravagant in their ideals but there's fire in them and a noble purpose. Then that grim old bully, Expediency, stands over them with a club and threatens them with starvation and bribes them with baubles until within a year most of them have fallen into line. That's equally true of the medical schools. Listen to a young doctor fresh from his hospital service and you'll learn what the professional weaknesses are and what ought to be done to reform them. You'll hear that farce, professional etiquette, which bids doctors protect each other at the expense of the pub-lic, called by its right name. Listen to that same youngster five years later and you'll probably find him right in line-a trifle shamefaced, to be sure, but right in line. And it's just as true of other professions. It's a burning shame the way the fresh and daring and noble enthusiasm is pounded out of young men.
So we gave Barney enough to live on in

connection with his small farm. Not only that, but we threw a lot of practice his way. Then I said to him:

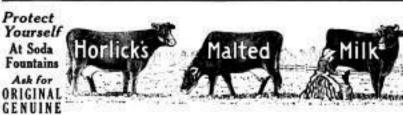
"Now you go ahead and express yourself. I'll guarantee to furnish the funds to protect you, and Holt will furnish the legal experience. Keep young. Call things by their right names. If you catch the other doctors leaving forceps in a wound after an operation, as I've heard has been done, let us know. If you catch them not setting bones properly, as I've also heard has been done, let us know about that. If you yourself make a mistake, own up to it. For heaven's sake let us have the truth."

So far as I've been able to see, that's what he's done, and we've benefited wonderfully









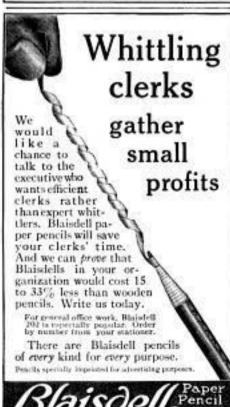
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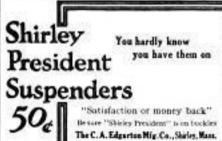


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by it. One or two hysterical women have objected to being told there was nothing in the world the matter with them after they'd been under Wentworth's care for fifteen years, but they didn't have a very sympa-thetic audience to listen to them.

Barney came over to the house one night shortly after the fact was announced that

Dick had bought the Dardoni place.
"I'm glad you've bought that farm," he said to Dick. "It makes you just the man I've been looking for."
"How's that?" said Dick.

"You can raise milk for some of my

Dick had used Barney to look after any of his men that were sick. The men liked him and had called him, in a good many cases, to their families. In this way Barney had worked up quite a practice in Little Italy. It wasn't a practice that paid him very much, for half the time he wouldn't present a bill and about half the rest of the time he spent in preventive work. His hearty common-sense and his genuine in-terest in these people made him tremen-dously popular. Some of the physicians down there—though not among the public health officers—were shysters and quacks. They were not only incompetent but bar-barously cruel, prolonging cases purposely, sometimes at the cost of lives.

"You mean you want to turn my farm into a free-milk supply station?" said Dick,

a bit frightened.
"Free?" said Barney. "I hadn't
thought of that now. But if you could

thought of that now. But if you could afford to do it ——"

"I can't," said Dick.

People in Brewster had become almost superstitious about Barney. He had put through so many reforms against opposition, which though for the public good had been at private expense, that folks began to think he had some privilege like that of Federal confiscation. Most of his suggestions came pretty near being commands.

tions came pretty near being commands.
"I'm not a millionaire," said Dick.
"I've put a lot of money into this farm and

"Ob, I see," said Barney. "Well, I wonder now if you couldn't make clean milk pay."

"I haven't thought about it," said Dick

uneasily.

"Then why don't you?" said Barney,
"I can't imagine any line of farming that
would bring a man a deeper personal satisfaction than the production of clean milk

at a fair price."

"But can the kind of milk you want be produced at what you call a fair price?"

"I believe you can produce it, Dick,"

said Barney "I don't know. The cost of sterilizing

it \_\_\_\_"
"I don't want my milk sterilized,"
exclaimed Barney.
"Huh?"

"If you're going to raise the kind of milk that has to be sterilized I don't want it for my babies. Clean milk is sterile milk. When milk comes from a healthy cow it's

as sterile as Nature wants it to be. All you have to do is to keep it clean."

This was a new idea to Dick. So it was

to me.
"Then what's the meaning of all this

"Then what's the meaning of all this hullabaloo you doctors are making about sterilizing milk?" Dick asked.

"It's a war measure," said Barney. "We sterilize it, not because we want to, but because we can't trust the average milk any other way. It's a shame it has to be. What I want is a milk the public can trust."

"But you demand so much of it."

"It demand nothing of it but decent

"But you demand so much of it."
"I demand nothing of it but decent cleanliness," broke in Barney. "Just simple, decent cleanliness and four per cent fat. It's kind of tough on the kiddies, isn't it, when that is classed as a luxury. Kind of tough on everyone when to stand a fair show of not noisoning their children a fair show of not poisoning their children so many men either have to pay a fancy price or denature their milk. That surely doesn't speak very well for some of the men who raise and handle milk."

Barney leaned over and put his hand on Dick's knee.

He spoke soberly, but with a touch of something in his voice that made my own

-----

heart beat faster. "I honestly believe that it's actually within your power to make a decent profit and at the same time save each year more children than all the doctors in the whole city save. That would be a fine thing to do, wouldn't it? And Carleton milk would do it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE CURTES PUBLISHING COMPANY

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## THE BOY WHO COUNTED A MILLION

Erect upon one of the straight-backed chairs beside the desk, he was seen to be moving his lips as always, seen by any who cared to peer through the window, secure at last from vexatious interruptions. It became known later in the day, also, that Amos had nobly relinquished the licorice drops, to be locked in the safe against the nearing day of his triumph.

Old Slicky had observed that they seemed

to delay his counting.

It was frankly conceded that evening, upon the best village authority, that Slicky Balch had come to his second childhood—"throwing his money right and left like that!" His mind had gone or was going. Even when it was definitely ascertained by several of these hopeful theorists that he was, in the matter of compound interest and overdue notes, still curiously his old normal self, the theory was by no means abandoned. It was still believed that he would presently be giving away all he had, and an unwonted cheerfulness sat the faces of his clients.

How were they, indeed, to divine that for the ordinary mechanics of his trade the delicately stupendous performance of Amos had merely ground his acuteness to a finer edge? How were they to conceive that he might—and still retain his craft—squander the interest for a year on nearly a whole dollar, in that delirious moment when Romance had flung her silvery veil across

his cunning old eyes?

Then came renown in the public prints. That spring was "in our midst," as the editor of the local weekly would have it, a New York reporter in process of recupera-tion from his city toil. He had sent to his paper such freakish items as came to his notice, and had written up several of our local worthies—to their mingled wrath and pride. And Amos was considered to be a Sunday feature. At the dizzy altitude of the nine hundred thousands he was led to the photographer; nor was old Slicky omitted. The two were portrayed, Amos standing a bit in advance, stiff and terrified, and Slicky sected and revealing a kind of old Slicky seated and revealing a kind of proud humility. A week later the likeness came to us in a Sunday issue of the New York paper, festooned with impressionistic portraits of Alexander the Great-in ar-mor-Julius Casar, Charlemagne, and some mor—Junus Casar, Charlenaghe, and some minor celebrities who supposedly had never counted a million. "Obscure lad in teens stirs New England village," declared the heading, and in the course of the column write-up it was intimated that one Silas Balch, "respected as the leading capitalist of this thriving community," intended to make the young poet of numbers his sole heir. In fact old Slicky was bluntly labeled 'A Village Mæcenas.

That was a bitter day for us who had so recently scorned Amos Apple for his inept-ness at sport, his rabbitlike timidity. How small beside him now was one who merely possessed a fishhawk's egg or a bone felon! At five hundred thousand he had been called upon to settle a dispute, and even at three hundred thousand we had asked himasked him-to join our games. Now we would as soon have asked the minister. Far above us, he went to and fro upon his lawful occasions and we were the abashed

Nor was the million to be achieved without a further, an unbelievable exaltation. At nine hundred and seventy-eight thou-sand—to be precise—Amos became truly feverish and was conveyed to his home in a hired carriage by old Slicky. There he was put to bed and the doctor was thrillingly called. Old Slicky, who was himself feverish, hore all the expense. The mother of Amos had stolidly declared for a mustard footbath and boneset tea, proffering gratuitously, moreover, the diagnosis that her son suffered from nothing but incurable laziness. Yet she was overborne by old Slicky, and the mysterious and expensive drugs were administered.

The doctor's son disclosed to us that Amos was indeed sick unto death-that the fever was slowly turning his blood to water. It was fascinating pathology. While I think none of us really wished Amos to die, there must have been an undercurrent of opinion that it might be best for all concerned. It would show that a mere nobody had better be mighty careful how he exalted himself above his superiors by a trick; and if he really had to go, it were better, dramatically, that he went before the count was done. We were discreet of speech in this matter, but I think that is how we felt.

But regardless of our secret convictions, our fine esthetic willingness to see Amos a martyr to his pride, the god of numbers permitted him to survive, not only to survive but to persevere; for on his sickbed he continued to count, and bulletins were fetched to us, chiefly by old Slicky, who watched and tended him as if he had been

a delicate mortgage.
On the third day's seclusion—a Satur-day—we learned that one million was at hand. A hushed and respectful group, we gathered on the new grass before Amos' door. We came at nine hundred and ninety six thousand, eight hundred, and we stared with awe at the inferior Stubbs house. We marveled, too, that the mother of Amos could apparently be discharging the common offices of her household as if no great moment were at hand. Too plainly she had

no spark of the true fire.

At nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand Amos tragically appeared, wan but unconquered. There was a discreet, a quickly stifled cheer. Amos ignored it. He seated himself in the doorway, gazed above our heads and waggled his upper lip as of yore. His expression was beatific. Before such intensity of devotion St. Cecilia at the organ would have seemed a gross and frivolous trifler.

We all counted with Amos now. That was no longer to be resisted. We must go out to meet the panting runner and pace the final stretch beside him. Only at the very last hundred did we lose our control. We could no longer count. We could but

Amos finished with the unhurried coolness of a veteran; with his last twenty he but toyed, mouthing the count deliberately, as one who would extract the final flavor from a prized titbit—and this before the day of Fletcher! We stopped breathing. Amos lifted his pale eyes full to the zenith and declaimed with thrilling slowness:

"One mill-yu-u-n!"

There was no immediate demonstration. The time was too great for aught but a shuddering sigh of relief. And discipline still gripped Amos. He arose and we saw that he grasped a hammer. Majestically he stalked to a near-by maple tree and into its already abused bole he sternly drove a nail—there were nine other nails beside it. Then at last he folded his arms and consented to receive our plaudits. We rendered them vociferously while he stood with lips for once at rest. After a time of this he graciously unbent and was good enough to converse upon the superficial aspects of his ordeal—such as beans. There were ten limas and hundreds of the small ones. It is unlikely that Amos had foreseen the now tremendous significance of these beans. He was not bright enough to have divined that they would become historic beans, especially the ten limas. He actually bestowed one as a gift upon the first boy who asked for it. But he was swiftly enlightened, for in the ensuing rush for the others offers of valuable property were frantically made, and Amos suddenly tightened up, as it were. On the spot he acquired, among other valuables, the best collection of birds' eggs in town, a poison-tainted surgeon's scalpel, a kite, a madstone and a tame crow. The last lima, so spirited had the bidding become, brought from Goat Edwards the amazing price of two flint arrowheads, twenty sweet-fern cigarettes and a fresh pig's bladder, inflated

and tied to a stick.
On account of their great number and the ease with which such coinage might be debased by the unscrupulous, the lesser beans were like silver in the days of Solomon the King, "nothing accounted of," though the very small boys traded in them and I have known twenty to buy a neatly blown

robin's egg.

And yet as we traded feverishly there for the beans, how blind we were! Not one of us had the wit to consider the driven nails which, as the ultimate counters, were patently of a superior value. It was old Slicky who came back later, and with much labor, for they were soundly driven, withdrew them one by one and carried them off



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30 x 31/2	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 41/2	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 31/2	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 41/2	35.00	37.10	6.45
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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

to lock in his safe-old Slicky, shrewdest of

us all, and the arch-sentimentalist.

And now, though the death angel had trifled with us unwarrantably, Amos was riding to a fall of another sort. At school riding to a fall of another sort. At school the following Monday he behaved with the arrogance of those great ones who are about to topple. He collected boys in his train and was insufferable to them. He demanded worship, and then brutally flouted his devotees. His followers were made to sound the lowest depths of servility. He was chary of words, though he hinted mysteriously of future feats. "I could count a billion if I wanted to," he was heard to say; and "Maybe I will count a billion if I take the notion. You can't tell what I might do if I took the notion." It was a perilous moment; had he but known was a perilous moment; had he but known it, a less lordly arrogance of bearing might

it, a less lordly arrogance of bearing might have marked him.

It was the closing hour of school that day. The heat had been trying, and Miss Apgar, the cartilaginous cynic who taught us, had been rather testier than was her wont. Under her irritated prodding we labored through the recitation in arithmetic. Amos Apple was called to the blackboard to demonstrate a problem in fractions. It was not complex. It was blackboard to demonstrate a problem in fractions. It was not complex. It was easily within his powers, and Amos swaggered as he went. There was disrespect for us and for his teacher in his brusque manner of grasping the chalk. And then he blundered. The dizzying toxins of adulation must have mounted to his brain, though I have always attributed his failure partly to the minuteness of the fractions he was called upon to manipulate. His soul had soared among starry millions, and now it must pettily engage itself with the absurd residue of the half of a fourth of an eighth. And nothing came right. All might yet And nothing came right. All might yet have been well with Amos, but when

have been well with Amos, but when nothing came right he was heard to sniff.

The lips of Miss Apgar tightened. She said: "Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" as if she had been made free of understanding's remotest caverns. Amos, still hardily arrogant in his new honors, sniffed again, while his right hand floundered with aimless chalk. "Tell me, Amos," demanded his enemy with an arch but acid sweetness, "is it true that you have intely been successful.

true that you have lately been successful

in counting some vast amount—five thou-sand, was it; or might it have been ten?"

To the rest of us this was smug, brazen effrontery. We knew that she knew what Amos had done. But Amos stepped neatly

"Huh! I counted a million—a whole million, that's what I counted. And maybe I'll count a billion if I take a notion——"

"No, Amos; you did not count a million!" Her words cut the air crisply. They dazed Amos—all of us. Such was the sensation that order had to be rapped for.
"A million—yes, ma'am!" repeated

Amos.

"Tell us, Amos," continued the implacable one in her sweetest public manner—

"tell us the precise method by which you were enabled to count so vast a sum."

"Why, now," answered Amos, recovering his blandness, "I'd count a hunderd, then I'd put a white bean in m' right pants packet, then I'd count another hunderd.

pocket, then I'd count another hunderd, then I'd put \_\_\_\_\_"

"That will suffice, Amos!" We heard the iron come into her voice. "You have not counted a million. You have merely counted one hundred ten thousand times." I now see that the "merely" was neat.

Amos glared reproach. He was a stricken door.

deer.

"Ain't that jest the same? Yes, ma'am!"

"Oh, not at all, Amos!" Still the venomous sweetness. "Let me hear you count aloud from one to one hundred. I shall note the time by my watch here. Proceed,

Amos did proceed, and as the final "hunderd" fell from his tired, patient lips, "hunderd" fell from his tired, patient lips, the enemy pronounced, "Ver-ry good! Ver-ry expeditious! Thirty seconds. You are undeniably a bright boy, Amos—in lived to borrow money of Amos.

some ways. Indeed yes-in some ways Amos should have known about poison scalpels, and yet he continued to sm

scalpels, and yet he continued to sm complacently.

"Now you will be good enough to cou for us clearly and distinctly so that all m hear, and giving each syllable its propresed of breath and tone, let us say from seven hundred and seven thousand, sev hundred, to seven hundred and sev thousand, eight hundred."

Amos blanched. He gasped. He sthe pit at last. Yet he blundered gamforward, bruising, crushing, smothering skipping syllables from the very start, was permitted to flounder miserably us

was permitted to flounder miserably us

defeat was too evident. At "Sem his sem thous', sem hun' sis-two" the rurang upon the deak.

"That will do, Amos. You see you not count a million. You merely—again counted one hundred ten thousand time. You may resume your sent and the lime. You may resume your seat and the less

will proceed."

The fiend pretended that nothing mu had happened. Perhaps she really believ that nothing much had happened. Perhaps she did not know that Amos Apple v once more abased and despised—sav from his former obscurity only because : had perched him upon a pinnacle of infan He had tricked us of our respect and o treasure. Already we muttered contentuously: "A hundred merely ten thousatimes!" as if more than one of us muhave done all of that and thought it:

worth mentioning.

Dearly did Amos pay for his arrogar when school was out. No boy there was a small to flout, to insult him. Loathing him was loudly expressed and violer freely offered. He had but one refuge. flung off his termenters as best he cou and fled to his staunchest adult partiss Old Slicky listened indignantly. The "Tain't no way to count a million, air it? Well, now, you jest tell that smar that sets herself up for a schoolma'am that much!"

And Amos sected in one of the straight

And Amos, seated in one of the straigl backed chairs, elate once more, now co sumed the remainder of his licorice dre while old Slicky beamed upon him and intervals mumbled: "Plenty enough go way to count one million dollars — y air."

sir."

"Makes your backbone feel all gra
and funny," said Amos.

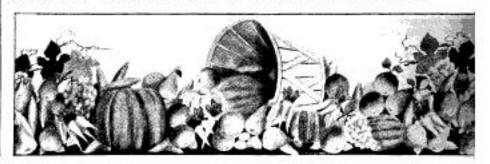
"I bet it does that," averred old Slick
"My, if only I was younger!"

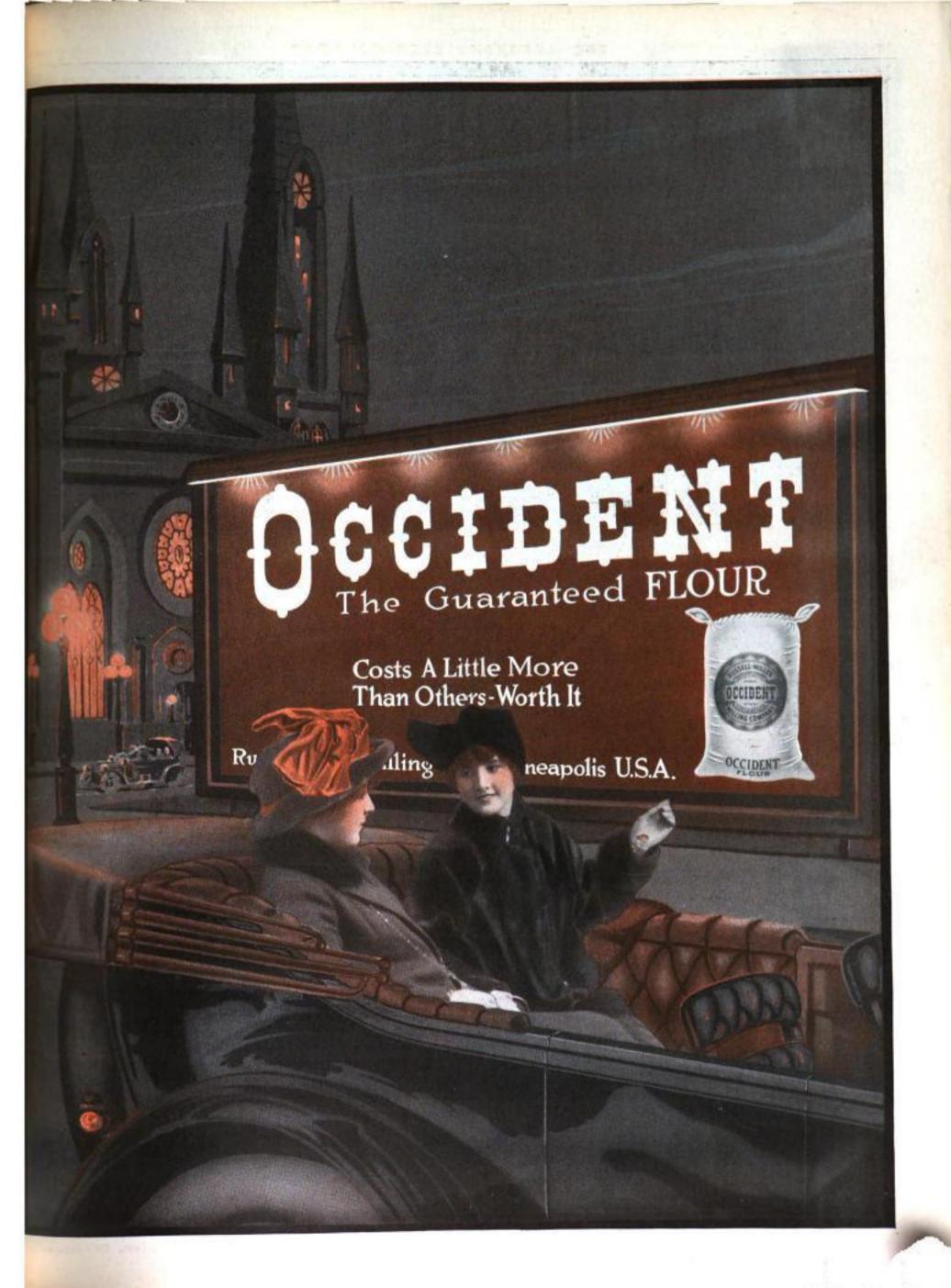
To how many of us does Beauty come t
late! Romance had cast her silvery v

where the old eyes of him, tangled athwart the old eyes of him, tangled grasping fingers in its meshes. He crept the magic shadows of her moonlight, a Amos Apple was his guide. More pritically, he sought to have the school bosoust Miss Apgar for her blasphemous sault upon Amos. He was unsuccessful this, but he did pay a finer tribute to tlady of the veil, for Amos in due time tribecame his heir and successor.

Amos had beheld his vision and was live out his dream in abounding realing

live out his dream in abounding reali He is the sole member of our group the seems to have done this. We all dream our dreams of a golden future. There v
Goat Edwards, who had gallantly made
believe that he should become a desperoutlaw in the Far West; and that
would return for the sole purpose of loot
old Slicky's safe at the pistol's point. I
I chanced to recognize Goat, a careles bearded but sedate and contented mater ist, on the seat of a delivery wagon the doubtiess conveyed groceries to the rentrance of the Apple mansion on Hi Street. So much for his dream—and much for ours! Amos, of us all, was liv-out his vision behind the lettered winds





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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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RADUALLY the stragglers had dropped back, until now only two were left—a woman and a girl. They stood on a rise, before them a moor, parched and crackling, with eddies of fine dust.

ILLUSTRATED

The broad plain was saucer-shaped, lipped by the rise. Under the midday sun it cracked, and beetles crawled over it, seeking shade and moisture.

The lip rose at the far side into two hills-round bare breasts that had gone dry like the rest of the world. The trampled path led between them and the dust cloud hung there like a curtain. Through this curtain filed the children, twenty thousand of them, with gray banners and gilt crosses, but

with feet that already dragged with weariness and eyes strained ahead for the city of the Sepulcher. As they shuffled on, the dust cloud grew denser. The gray-green of the hills turned brown; over the moor lay a gash that

still quivered. When the last straggler had disappeared the girl drew a long breath.

"They have gone," she said dully, and put a hand on her mother's arm.

The woman shook off the hand almost fiercely. Her eyes rested, not on the dust cloud, but south, over the hills toward the far-away Mediterranean.

"For the cause of God and without price," she muttered, and crossed herself.

The girl turned and looked back. The village was not in sight. Along the path went groups of drooping figures, heavy-headed, sodden in grief—returning to childless homes, to quiet streets, to the long waiting. The exaltation of sacrifice was over. Through their lives had swept a sudden fever, and left them desolate.

Come," said the woman, steady-voiced, and turned. "Come, child, the Holy Mother will care for them. They will neither hunger nor thirst. The path is smooth for the pilgrim's feet."

But the girl had less courage. She was hardly more than a child herself, still with

a child's terror of the unknown.

"He is so small!" she said with trembling lips. "So small and so frail! Who is to cover him against the wind at night? The others are larger—they may take his bread. And what about his milk? Are there cows in the land of the infidel?"

"The Holy Mother will feed him."

The girl eyed her wistfully. Why was her own faith so faint? Surely the Holy Mother would indeed care for those who sought to rescue the Sepulcher of her Son from the unbeliever! A mother was a mother. And also had she not herself seen, in the church that morning, the holy image smile and bow in evident approval.

Still she hesitated to turn back. It was like abandoning the child, the little brother she had tended for all of his few years, who was now manfully trudging beyond that dust cloud, the smallest, she thought, in all that army. His little pilgrim sandals, how tiny they had been, not the length of a hand! And his gray coat with its scarlet cross! He had liked the cross—it was bright and glowing.

She had put him into the coat with slow tears.

"But do you know where you are going, little brother?" she had asked. "Of course, great silly! We go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord."

"And when you reach it? The infidel is there with sword and battle-ax." She quivered with terror, but the child was undaunted.

"We bear the cross," he said. "When they see the cross they will kneel to it. And while they kneel we will kill them."

"Brave words!" she had cried and caught him to her. "Brave words, little brother!" The dust cloud was settling again. All was as it had been, save for the trampled path across the moor. The beetles scuttled about, seeking moisture.

Suddenly it seemed to the girl that she could not bear the parting. She faced her mother, agonized.

"But a little farther!" she cried. "Let me go a little farther. Let me but see that he can keep up and is not left behind! Let me watch his feet until they harden!"

Fanaticism blazed in the woman's eyes. She caught the girl's wrist as in a vise.

"You!" she sneered. "Girls there are that followed-strumpets who retard the holy work. But boys only are called. The pope has said so. Go back to your goats and pray for faith."

Over the lip of the moor they turned, joining the procession that dragged its broken length back to the village. Geese cackled by the path, stupidly bewildered at finding themselves untended. Goats wandered at will; the dust cloud had swallowed up the small goatherds. The fever had left behind it chaos, delirium.

The girl followed her mother, but with many pauses to look back. It was not for women, this task of driving the infidel from Jerusalem and the Sepulcher; but if only one might help in woman's way, a cup of water to the thirsty, the protection of the

She was a tall, slim girl, narrow-hipped, low-bosomed, broad-shouldered, with golden-brown hair in two heavy plaits. Her eyes were wide, fearless, fringed with black under narrow black brows. It was the day of the droit de seigneur. The girl had blood. It was said that the warrior overlord had begot her of this heavy-footed bigot who moved shead, and surely, if it were true, he had put his mark on her. She had beauty in an almost radiant degree-beauty, fire, race, and with them all simplicity. Only one passion she had-the small brother, son of the woman by her husband, but retaining in curious fashion some of the attributes of the girl's father.

The path, now trampled broad, led back toward the river again; a stone bridge and beyond that the town. At the bridge the girl stopped for the last time and looked

Little Farther!

Let Me Go a Little Farther"

back with trembling lips. The dust cloud had settled. There was nothing in sight but the twin dry breasts of the

"But a

hills, and over all the

brass face of the July sun. The village lay in a plain, a stream, tributary of the near-by Rhine, on one side, with its bridge of stones gathered from the fields. With all the countryside to spread over, the town was compacted within its gates of narrow twisting streets; of overhung houses; of lower floors, fortress-like, with doors of heavy oak and huge bolts of handworked iron. For sole breathing space a market square in the center, with wooden shoes on sale, fruit, crockery. But the marketplace was empty, benches were bare. No vegetables withered in the sun. The streets, accustomed to the voices of children at play, now echoed only to the heavy clack of wooden shoes. People knelt in the silent church, and crossing themselves withdrew to their houses to pray

The woman went into the church, but the girl passed on. There were plenty to pray, if prayer availed. But would prayer fill the small wallet with bread? True, the children of Israel had been fed; but they had been led by Moses, while these little ones were led by one of themselves, a child of ten! A sort of desperation possessed her, a madness of inaction.

As she went through the marketplace she passed a blind fruitseller, sitting unblinking in the glare. Lightly as she stepped, he knew her and called to her.

"Have they gone on?"

"They have gone, Father Nicholas!"
"Madness!" The fruitseller plucked at his beard.

"You-do you think they will come back?" "I came back, child, but as you see! I, who with sword and battle-ax had no equal in all the country round! Aye, they will come backperhaps."

"Is it very far?"

"A weary way. As they passed through the square their feet dragged. I gave them all my fruit, but it was little among so many."

The girl stood, wistful, her eyes turning ever south. "How do they go, father? By the sea?" "Over mountains and then

by the sea." Having lived always on the plain, mountains meant little to her. The sea she knew not.

"They say that the Blessed One will turn the sea back, so that the children will walk dry-shod to Jerusalem. Do you think He will?"

"There have been many who wore the cross, and none have yet gone through the sea dry-shod." His quick ears caught

her sharply indrawn breath; he modified his statement. "But all things are possible for the pure in heart. It may be that He will turn back the sea."

By grant of that baron who was the father of the girl the woman's husband had tended the town gates. But the husband had tottered

home from the fatal excursion of Henry VI to the Holy Land, had lived long enough to become the father of a male child, and had passed on to the New Jerusalem, where the infidel ceased to trouble, and no Sepulcher, but a living Christ, awaited him. So the woman tended the gates and morning and evening crossed herself before her husband's dented shield and heavy sword.

The girl kept the gate that afternoon. Toward sunset came flocks of bewildered goats, untended, and sought admission; long lines of geese and thirsty cows lowing softly. She let them in to pursue their uncertain homeward way. The people still stayed in the church, watching the Virgin for another sign. But whereas in the morning she had seemed to bow and smile, now she stood gray and rigid, and the Holy Child lay weary with closed eyes.

At dusk the woman came and they ate their supper of goat's milk and bread together in silence. Some of the light had died in the woman's eyes. The Virgin had not

'He Was My Good Friend and You Killed Him" smiled, and night was coming with the boy far away. The light of the open fire flickered over the girl's gold bair, over the child's bowl, empty on the shelf, over the sword and dented shield. Mother and daughter had little in common save the boy. They sat

on stools with a rushlight between them on the table. The silence of the town made their ears ache. The girl was quick to discover the mother's weakness. She bent over and put a strong young hand over the woman's. "He is so afraid of the

dark, mother!"

"It is starlight." "Think you he has supped tonight?" 'I gave him food."

"Ah, but there were others who had come a long way and were hungry. What chance has he?" She rose. Mother, I am going with him. He will die without me.'

The woman was not tender, but suddenly all her fiercely restrained maternity leaped up.

"Am I then to lose everything? I have given one child is it not enough?"

"I am strong. I

The woman whirled on her.

"Aye, strong enough," she cried. "But you, with your eyes, your hair, your princess body—you that men turn in the streets to watch, what will happen to you? God does his work sometimes with crooked instruments. Saw you not today, fringing the procession, abandoned women, thieves, sharpers, all the vilest of the kingdom?"

The girl remembered the blind fruitseller and quoted him. "For the pure all things are possible."

Her red lips, usually so tender, were mutinous.

At the time for the closing of the gates came a palmer, long of robe and broad of hat, carrying his palmer's staff. Sewed to the front of his gown in the shape of a cross, but now dusty and worn, was the sacred palm, emblem of his successful pilgrimage. But his face was set, not from the Holy Land, but toward it again. Although he used a staff it was with vigor. It rang out with a militant snap as he marked his way over the street stones—an elderly man with deep-set eyes that, like those of the children, looked ahead.

He passed on into the town, taking his way toward the blind fruitseller's. Though all the town harbored pilgrims, it was to the fruitseller that the majority made their way,

sure of a shelter and a welcome.

Toward dawn the woman ceased tossing. The girl listened with haggard anxiety. It was sleep at last.

She made her few preparations hurriedly—a cloak, bread, fruit and a bit of cheese, and after a moment's hesitation one of the coverings from her bed. Summer nights were occasionally chill, and the boy was liable to a huskiness that sometimes became a choking.

The dawn came early over the plain, a brassy glow in the east, silhouetting a row of poplars that, like everything else, seemed to march toward the south. It threw long pale shadows across the marketplace, over bare booths and closed houses. In the center of the square lay a white banner with a red cross, dropped by some weary, childish

The fruitseller's hut was closed and quiet. The girl waited with such patience as she could. Time was passing. Even the cuckoos, laziest of birds, were about and a cow lowed near by.

It was five o'clock when the palmer emerged quietly from the hut and rapped across the square. The girl followed him timidly; finally accosted him.

"Father!" He wheeled.

"You follow the-children?"

"Yes."

"I too-I wish-my brother has gone. He is very small.

The palmer paused. The sun shone full on the girl, on her gold hair and black-fringed eyes, on her lithe figure. There was no fault in her.

"It is a long and weary way, child."

"That is why I must go. He-he has never been away from me."

The palmer would have said many things, thought deep. looked at the girl's troubled eyes and determined mouth, and said only:

"Come, if you will. I, who have nothing, can share nothing."

But the girl was content. She told him of the bread and cheese and of the fruit. She walked along beside him, stepping easily and freely, keeping time to the tapping of his staff, and talked of the yesterday: of the twenty thousand children from Köln, led by young Nicolas, who had swept through the village like the river at flood and had carried away all the boys-their purpose to do what four Crusades had failed to achieve, to rescue the Sepulcher.

"Do you think they will succeed?" she inquired anxiously. "Perhaps where the sword has failed, the prayers of little children -

"'I came not to bring peace, but a sword," said the palmer into his beard.

THE town had been lax that night of loss. The river I gates were not bolted. The gatekeeper had lost three sons, all under twelve, and lay drunk to forgetfulness. The two passed out unquestioned. No need to seek the way; the unhealed scar lay before them.



Purpose to Do What Four Crusades Had Failed to Achieve

Through the long bright morning they walked, saying little. Now and then the girl looked back, but there was no pursuit. At noon they stopped in a shady place and she offered the palmer food. He took but a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were among low hills now, heavily wooded, so that the springs were not yet dead of the drought. Trampled about they were indeed; mud holes only, some of them, full of the tracks of small feet, basins feebly refilling after yesterday's thirsty onslaught. The girl's eyes read tragedy. She was for hastening on without pause. But the palmer was skilled in the ways of the road and the sun was white-hot. He rested for an hour or more, and then moved on without haste.

They were gaining on the children. In mid-afternoon they entered the village where the child-army had spent the night, sleeping in houses, in the streets, inside the gates, wherever a weary small body might lie. The holy palm brought them the small courtesies of the village—ale, bread, a cup of milk for the girl. And here they met the student.

He was sprawled out in front of a wretched inn, a mug of ale beside him, his long legs obstructing the narrow way. The palmer, who led, stopped at this barrier and plucked at his beard without words. The student hummed a song and looked ahead, whereon the palmer raised his peaceable staff and brought it down with vigor across the obstructing shins. From his slouching attitude the student leaped to his full height.

"Death of God!" he cried, and looked into the palmer's eyes, which were fringed with red lashes. Also his beard was red. Moreover, over his shoulder peered a face of most astounding loveliness. The student's heart stung suddenly as did his shins. With a mocking smile he doffed his cap and bowed deep.

his cap and bowed deep.

"Pardon!" he said. "If I unthinking have blocked the way it was because of my thoughts, which are confusing—a problem in astronomy, which suggested itself last night as I lay in the fields, the town being full of children."

The palmer inclined his head and passed, but the girl delayed timidly.

"You saw the children then?"

The student's bold eyes missed no detail of her white throat, of her oval face, of the delicate line of her eyebrows. He looked and moistened his lips.

"Children!" he cried. "I have seen nothing else, mistress; children that go like a pest of locusts, devouring everything in their path. Beds! The children sleep in them! Food! The children hunger and must be fed!"

The palmer, not without a glance over his shoulder, had gone on out of sight. They could still hear the tap of his staff. "Saw you then a very little one—a boy with hair like

mine? One of the smallest? He carried a banner."

"Nay, mistress." His bold eyes traveled over her, noting her slender ankles and slim hands. "Among so many, covered with dust as they were, even such hair as yours, mistress—"

Her color rose under his audacious gaze. Her troubled eyes turned in the direction the palmer had taken.

"Think you they are far ahead?"

"They move but slowly. With brisk going by sundown one could reach them."

Still he interposed his tall bulk in her path. Still he leered down at her, the mug of ale in his hand. But the tapping of the palmer's staff was growing louder again. He came in sight and stopped. As the student wheeled, brown eyes clashed with blazing red-fringed ones. Then with a sweeping bow the student stepped aside.

"Perchance, good sir," said the student derisively, "we may meet again. I, too, crave a sight of the Tomb."

The palmer muttered in his beard, and with the girl beside him moved on. Mug in hand, the student stood in the narrow street and listened until the tap-tapping of the staff faded into the mid-afternoon stir of the hamlet. His mocking eyes were not pleasant to see.

In his haste to leave behind the student and what he had read in his face the palmer pressed on. They did not stop for bread or meat; the girl felt a danger she had not comprehended and made no protest. Besides, were they not minute by minute nearing the army of the Little General of the Holy Ghost? Traces there were in plenty—dropped banners, flying clouds of dust, startled country folk slowly returning to their fields, springs swept dry. Soon they came on the stragglers, children in twos and threes struggling on, footsore, so weary that they zigzagged from side to side of the road and made slow going. In each hamlet these stragglers paused and asked their question.

"Is this Jerusalem?" they cried to the houses. But the townspeople, swept bare by the flood that had passed, could only shake their heads.

"Not yet, children."

So they wandered on, the stragglers making little plaintive spurts to regain the army, only to lose ground again.

"All There Years I Have Held
You in My Heart"

But always, unfaltering, their childish eyes were fixed ahead. Those who had breath to sing, sang:

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all Nature,
Thou of Mary and of God the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thee my soul's glory, joy and crown."

Back through the dust cloud came the song. The girl's heart ached, so indomitable was the spirit behind their weary voices. But the little brother was not among them. Something of pride mingled with her pain. He was keeping up, then, for all he was so small!

The palmer was a man of few words. Once or twice he asked the girl if she wished to rest, and on a negative reply had kept on his even way without noticing her. But the girl was conscious of comfort in his presence; the holy palm, too, visible symbol of the thing for which they were striving, gave her fresh courage. Once she spoke timidly:

"I have a very little money and we have eaten the bread. We must stop in the next town and buy food."

"Bread will be given for the asking. Keep your money," he replied gruffly. But a little later, as they paused at the top of a rise: "Give me the money," he said. "You will have danger enough without that."

Stragglers were plenty now. The roadside was lined with them. Some sat forlornly with blistered feet; others slept on dusty banks, heedless of the sun. Here and there

> one wept for thirst or homesickness. The girl was torn with pity. They made slower progress. There were eyes to dry, little motherings that must be done, and above all there was the boy to be sought. The palmer bent over his staff and waited.

> Sunset found the rear of the procession a scant mile ahead—a grayish, dust-colored column that defiled slowly along the winding roads, banners whipping in the evening breeze, gilt crosses glittering in the low rays of a red sun.

> There was no lack of food or need of purchase. The countryside, now aroused, was flocking to the line of march with the choicest edibles of that fertile land. The palmer and the girl could have supped a dozen times over. The girl ate heartily. An hour or so and she would be with the child, and she had eaten little all day. As at noon, the palmer ate a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were now among the hangers-on of the army. Groups of women with hard faces and evil eyes walked with swaying hips, or arm in arm with male adventurers who surveyed the countryside with the keenness of those who live by their wits. To the simple country folk, with their offerings of food, they threw coarse words. And always, just ahead, were the gilt crosses glittering in the sunset.

The student came up with them ere they had finished their simple meal. He swung along swiftly on his long legs, scanning each weary group as he passed it and whistling. When he saw the girl he paused before her and bowed. The palmer he ignored.

"Slow going, mistress!" he jeered. "Think you to baptize the infidel by such loitering?"

"If the journey is to be long one must eat and drink," said the girl simply.

Once again the eyes of the two men clashed for an instant. Then the palmer rose.

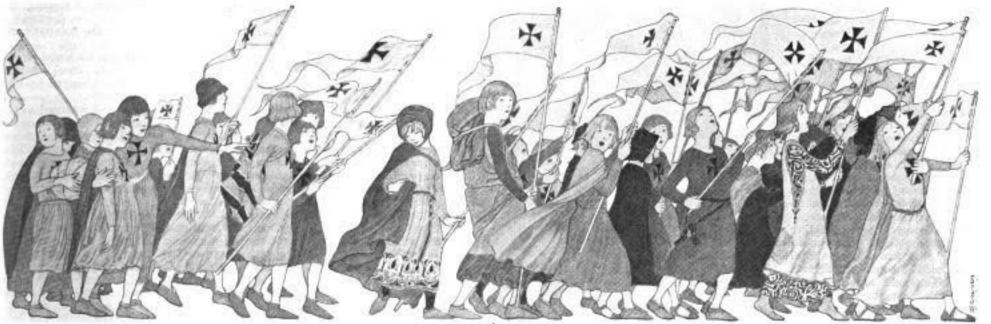
"Come, girl," he said. And to the student sternly:
"We are peaceful folk and would travel slowly. Our

pace is not yours."

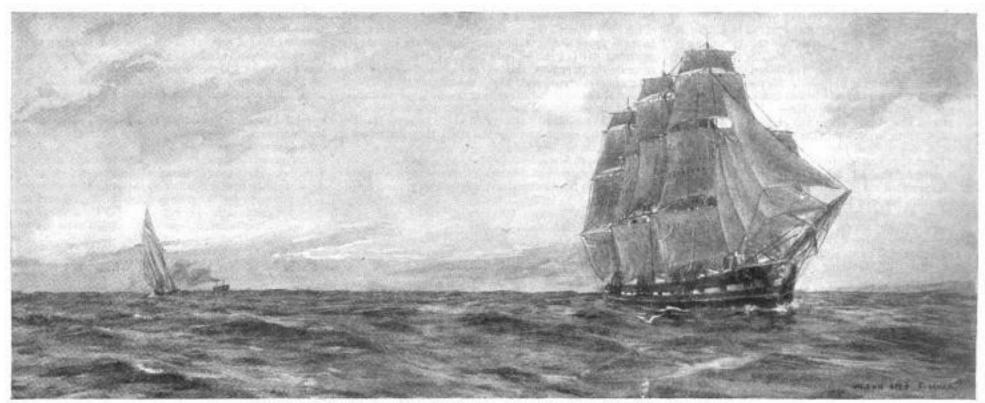
"Why," the student returned easily, "then my pace shall be yours." And fell into step beside them.

Now during all that day the palmer had watched the girl, saying little. He was past his youth and had fore-sworn the love of women; had foresworn passion and battle at the Sepulcher itself, in that dark valley of tombs, fringed by the gray desert, where the infidel jeered at his kneeling, dusty figure. So the eyes he turned on the girl were passionless, but tender, so brave a thing she was and so lovely. And now, from under his pilgrim's hat, he saw

(Continued on Page 46)



# HOW I BECAME A PILOT



I Think Jhe Was About as Old a Craft as I Ever Jaw, Apart From the Whaler Mary Inyder

WHEN my father and mother discussed my future across the sitting-room table at evening they were sure that I showed great aptitude for the profession of teaching. Mother hinted that she hoped sometime to see

me the president of, say, Princeton. As the event has proved, the sea was to be my sphere of activity and "pilot" my title. And mother is just as proud of me as if I were President Jordan instead of Pilot Jordan.

Because the sea offers a special, professional career, with good rewards and great responsibilities, I have thought that I should like to relate my own experiences. They may turn the thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith away from the already overcrowded and too-often petty professions to one that John Smith, Jr.—aged twelve—dreams of o'nights. It is frequently asserted that we have no American merchant marine. They tell us that in case of war we should be unable to man our battleships. It is claimed that the genuine seaman is extinct. The boys know differently. Six hundred thousand of them go to sea every day with W. Clark Russell or Captain Marryat or Robert Louis Stevenson. Little Tommy Little in Ottumwa knows how

to handle a brig; knows the clewgarnet block from the main royal
halliard. Billy Jones, of Salem,
Oregon, can tell you instantly the
difference between bracing a ship
up on the starboard tack and letting her run free under tops'ls with
two men at the wheel. As Captain
Nelson, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Korea remarked to me one
day, every boy between the ages
of ten and sixteen is a sailor even
if he lives at Blue Lakes, Idaho,
and never saw a vessel of any kind
in his life.

### On Board the Halys

THAT'S true, for I was raised in a small college town in Iowa, and the only water that floated anything was a small creek. But before I was eleven I could sail a ship. I dreamed ships, as did my pals, and when I managed to find an old sailor who had a muchmussed chart of the Pacific Ocean I knew perfectly well that I should never be anything but a sailor.

When I was twelve my father moved from the Iowa town to Seattle, then a struggling village surrounded by sawmills, brickyards and half-cleared land. It was still in father's and mother's minds that I was to be a professor. I was to go to Princeton and study four years, and then be appointed an

# By John Fleming Wilson

instructor at eight hundred dollars a year. But there was a missionary ship called the Halys that carried a preacher up and down Puget Sound at the expense of an organization of churches, and my father knew the preacher, who was also master and pilot of her. One trip was enough. I turned my back on school and began to study the sea, which is really and truly a subject as engrossing and as hard to master as either law or medicine. You can become a doctor in four years; you can't get a master's ticket or a pilot's branch in less than eight.

It was one morning when the Halys—it is from the Greek word for fisherman, and referred to what the captain always unctuously called souls—lay off Everett that I was suddenly hailed by a sailor on a steamship called the Premier.

"Ahoy there! Take this line!"

Now I had been waiting since I could read to be ahoyed. I took that heavy line as it flirted out from the great side of

the steamer and I made it fast in creditable time.

"Smart work, son!" yelled the man to me. "You're a sailor all right!"

That was my start. I went to the mate of the Halys, Tom Brown, and he agreed with me that I might do.

"Ye got plenty to learn, kid," he told me. "But when ye've had a couple of deepwater vy'ges ye'll get along like a house afire."

I am glad to say that both my parents realized that I would make a better seaman than I would an instructor in languages. I think it was a romantic strain in my mother's character that led her to understand me. I know that she persuaded father to arrange for my going as an apprentice.

"I understand that all sailors are called 'common," he remarked bitterly. "Our

boy ought to be something better."

"He will be a pilot some day," said she. "What is it that pilots go up and down on?" "Jacob's ladders," I replied promptly.

"You must be careful and not fall off," said she. That went right to the heart of the matter. She spanned all the years of my apprenticeship and simply gave me instructions as to my conduct when I was a full-fledged pilot, boarding the liner at midnight in a gale.

Father's professional position gave him direct acquaintance with many men who were in the shipping business.
He consulted them and they all said that I ought to get my
first training on a Scottish ship. There was one lying at
the time at Tacoma, called the Garnet Hill. She carried
six apprentices in the halfdeck and there was one missing,
lost during the voyage from Shanghai off the foreroyal yard.
Through the agents my father made arrangements with
Captain Robinson to sign me on and paid him the fee of
one hundred dollars. This money was to cover the cost of
my tuition and clothes and give me two shillings a mouth
pocket-money for a year. It was agreed that if, at the end
of the year, I proved my fitness to become a real seaman, I
should be entitled to spend two more years on the ship as
apprentice and that my fourth I should act as third mate-

### Acting Second Mate at Sixteen

I SPENT just three years and a half on the Garnet Hill and on my sixteenth birthday found myself acting second mate. I was then a stout, husky, clear-eyed youth who had learned to do everything, from swabbing down a deck slushing down a spar or polishing brasswork, to tacking ship at two A. M. when the wind and sea were both outrageous. I had learned to use not only my hands but my wits. I was a very good mathematician and a fair linguist, it being a hobby of Captain Robinson's to teach all his boys French, German and pidgin English.

"Your time will be up and you can pass for your first ticket at the Board of Trade at the end of this voyage," the

old man told me.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Do you think the company will have a place for me, sir?"

"I think so," he responded, pawing at his beard. "But

"I think so," he responded, pawing at his beard. "But your mother wants you to better yourself. There's mighty little satisfaction in sailing ships. You'd best go back to Puget Sound and get a job on a steamer."

I took Captain Robinson's advice and returned to the States. Immediately upon my arrival I went before the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers and passed my examination for master of vessels under seven hundred tons. This entitled me to act as mate or second mate on any vessel. With this in my pocket I went home and spent a month. All that time father kept asking me: "Now that you have got your education, what are you going to do?"

I had balked at the idea of becoming a pilot, for I was still anxious to wander about the world; it seemed very tame to stay in just one port and guide ships across a bar-But something happened that turned the whole tide of affairs. My father decided to go to Portland, Oregon. My mother was by no means well, and she pleaded with me to leave the Sound and go with them to the Columbia River. I did so. And one of the first men I met was an old shipmate off the Garnet Hill, who informed me he was now master of a bar tug, the Escort.



"I need a mate," he told me, "and you'll learn piloting at the same time. There is lots of money in it."

At that time the state of Washington had one set of pilots on the Columbia River bar and the state of Oregon had another. My friend Daly belonged to the Oregon pilots, an association that worked under state laws but was otherwise an independent organization. They owned their own pilot schooner, the John C. Cousins, and the tug Escort.

In those days the Columbia River bar was probably as dangerous a spot as there was in the world. It is still a very hard place for a pilot. At the time that I joined the Escort the jetty, now completed for many miles to sea, was a short and rather insignificant affair. There was no light-ship offshore and few harbor lights. Tillamook Rock to the southward had been completed but its light was not powerful enough to help us to the north. And though the papers claimed that there was thirty feet of water on the bar at mean low water there was really about twenty-four, with a tide of from eight to twelve feet and a current that, owing to the formation of new sand spits, was so irregular as to be a constant menace.

I spent a month on the Escort, learning the tugboat business, which is a special profession and one of the most exacting imaginable. But nothing out of the ordinary

happened during this time, and I managed to get a pretty fair notion of the bar and the difficulties of the channel. We usually handled from one to three sailing ships a day, for the Escort was much faster than the Relief, belonging to the Washington pilots, and we could easily beat her to a ship. Of course they might beat us in bargaining.

The rivalry was intense. The Oregon pilots were at an expense of almost one hundred and fifty dollars a day. That money had to be made out of incoming and outgoing ships, and then they had to make their own wages besides.

As I say, nothing special happened for a month. Then I was wakened at three A. M. of a bleak November morning.

"Salvage," said Daly briefly.
"How are your hawsers?"

"Two aboard and one on the dock," I told him.

"Get the one on the dock and fake it down on top of the deckhouse," were his orders.

## Off for Salvage

NOW a new manila hawser weighs a lot. It took the whole twelve of the crew to get it aboard. No pennant had been bent, and as the Escort steamed down the bay from Astoria I worked the hardest two hours of my life putting the pennant on. The pennant, I must explain, is a wire loop that can be dropped over the bitts, and by it the hawser is hauled aboard.

I had just finished my job and handed my own marline-spike to the boson when a heavy sea struck the tug and we were all nearly washed off the upper deck. I stared round and saw that Captain Daly was taking the southerly channel, almost alongside the jetty. I could see no lights. It was the particular moment in a winter's dawn when you know there is light but you can't dis-

there is light but you can't distinguish anything. "What's all this?" I asked the boson. "I heard there's a German square-rigger going ashore off Clatsop Spit," he told me.

"We can't get her," I returned.

Now I learned a lesson. It's a lesson I've never forgotten, for it means the difference between the sailor and the specialist. The tugboat man and the pilot are both specialists. "We're out here to get 'em," said the boson.

It proved that we did. Daly ran the Escort through that raging whitewater right up to a big skysail-yarder and then yelled to me: "Get that hawser aboard her!"

Now I had sailed the seas for over four years. I was a pretty good boatman and I didn't want to acknowledge that I was unequal to any emergency. But the big ship was thrashing about like a stranded whale within a half mile of cruel quicksand. The seas were tossing the tug so that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet, and the thing was impossible.

To this day I can't tell how it was I managed to get that hawser aboard the ship and make it fast. I did. I think it was by going at the job with a slowed-down mind. I used seconds as most men would use minutes. I never took my eyes, ears or mind off my job. I don't suppose I spent fifteen minutes before the Escort steamed seaward with that packet in tow; and I was as tired mentally as if I had spent a whole eight hours over a mathematical problem.

Then I learned another thing. We pulled the ship out about two miles, still helpless and in a situation she could not extricate herself from without our aid. Daly circled back while I have in the hawser and he megaphoned to the skipper that unless he paid us five thousand dollars we would drop him.

I had heard of these things. Captain Robinson had often spoken bitterly of the ways of some tugboat men. But for Daly to stop and risk both ships to make a bargain struck me as utterly preposterous.

Of course the poor skipper tried his best to beat down the price; but Daly was obdurate and the Washington tug

bark the next, a Norwegian freighter the next, and it was my turn. The boatkeeper, an old Swede, had taken a fancy to me. He advised that we take advantage of the brisk nor'wester and stand to the south'ard. I, by virtue of being the only pilot on board, was in command. So I accepted his advice.

"There's the Washington pilots off there," the boatkeeper told me that evening, pointing to a dot on the horizon.

"They've got word of something."

This was enough. We headed the old San José—a very cranky craft and touchy to handle—outward. At midnight we overtook the Washington schooner, passed her, and at three o'clock, in the pitch dark, hove-to to windward of a huge British tramp.

I got into the yawl and went down wind to her, crossed under her stern and came round on the lee.

"Pilot?" bawled a hoarse voice from the lofty bridge. "Pilot!" I yelled back.

A lantern appeared at the bulwark thirty feet above and

then the Jacob's ladder was lowered.

Thus I boarded my first ship, clinging to the swaying, swinging ladder in the darkness. I have never forgotten the name of that packet—the Monmouthshire.

Once on deck I took my satchel and headed for the steps to the bridge. I don't exactly know why I had the feeling,

but I was strangely elated. I was met by the captain and I handed him the bundle of papers we always carried with

"Where from, captain?"

"Tientsin, Mr. Pilot."
"Good voyage, captain?"

"Twenty-two days. Where are we now?"

"Forty-one miles sou'sou'west of Tillamook Light," I told him.

I shall never forget his sigh. He was a burly man with a short-clipped beard. He wore one of those Chinese caps that fit like a skullcap and have ear-lappets. He sighed again.

## The Man in Charge

"I HAVEN'T been to sleep in sixty hours," he murmured as if to himself. Then he turned to me: "The ship is yours, Mr. Pilot."

He walked away quickly, as if he were afraid I would ask him still to keep his vigil. And I, on my first command, looked over at the officer of the watch, the second mate, and said:

"Nor'nor'east—one-halfeast."

I recall very vividly that when I ordered the engines rung down at five A. M. I scanned the outlines of Saddle Mountain and North Head with a new interest. I was in charge of a big ship.

It is something to know that you have a million dollars' worth of freight and sixty lives in your own hands. I understand that presidents of two and three million dollar corporations on shore sometimes make as much as fifty thousand a year, with no responsibility for life. In my time I have had absolute command of one hundred million dollars and been paid less than a hundred dollars net for my twenty-four hours' work. But I have had my reward. I have never lost a

life or a dollar's worth of other people's money, except in one case. I lost a cool four millions then, but I managed to save the lives. After all, that's what counts. Standing on the bridge of the Monmouthshire, waiting for the mist to rise off the bar so that I could pick up the bell buoy, I thought mostly of the people asleep below me—who trusted me and did not stir in their bunks, because the pilot was in charge.

I have never forgotten that lesson. I have had as many as two thousand souls in my keeping, and, as I have said, one hundred million dollars' worth of freight. I think of the lives first. You can talk to an inspector of hulls and boilers, or to an underwriter, and back up your talk; but



In Those Days the Columbia River Bar Was Probably as Dangerous a Spot as There Was in the World

was nowhere in sight. The ship's captain agreed to pay the five thousand rather than lose his ship and the lives of his crew, and we anchored him in Astoria Bay that afternoon. Daly collected the money before we swung the ship to her anchorage.

This disgusted me with tugboating and I spoke to one of the old bar pilots about going out on the schooner. He was a thorough master of his profession. He said he would do what he could for me. The result was that in six months I got my branch and sailed out one fine June morning on the old San José, a full-fledged pilot.

We cruised about for a week without getting anything. Then a sailing ship took off the senior pilot, a British you can't say much to a widow or an orphan. Somehow they won't understand that it wasn't your fault that you wrecked your vessel. Once I spoke to a great cancer specialist who was a passenger on a liner I was bringing in, and he told me that he never spoke to the wife or daughter or

husband or son of anybody he had operated on and lost.
"One has to save them," he told me. "They expect it. And it's human nature to think that you have been remiss if you don't bring them round."

Right here I want to tell why I quit the Columbia River

bar. This is how I lost the big tanker Mabel Jarrett. It was a very still Sunday in February. I was on the John C. Cousins at that time and we were possibly fifty miles offshore. We had been fishing for silver-side salmon all afternoon, and the boatkeeper had told me that he had never seen the swells so low or the water so smooth.

A look at the sky convinced me that the day was a weather-breeder; yet the glass was steadily rising. Far in the southwest one could see light haze dotted with dark little spots of clouds. I knew that a gale was almost invariably preceded by a heavy swell. The impulse given to the water by the wind travels faster than the center of the storm. I really did not know what to think.

It was just sundown when a steamer appeared over the sealine. It seemed to emerge from this haze. We got the

dory in and with what little wind there was stood outward. An hour later we were alongside the steamship, which was one of the first tankers built. It was a rather light and pleasant evening, and when I bid the boatkeeper goodby I by no means anticipated what the next few hours were to mean to me.

This particular ship was the first experiment, I think, in the construction of crude-oil steamers. Now they know pretty well how to build them, though now and again an old one shows up the same as this one did. She was built on the longitudinal plan, with transverse bulkheads and compressors. These latter were pipes of large diameter that came straight up to the maindeck and were kept filled with oil or water. By the hydraulic rules it will be seen that twenty feet of water in a compressor pipe means several pounds to the square inch against the walls of the oil

I noticed as soon as I got on the bridge of the tanker that she behaved very stiffly. In the slight swell and smooth sea she should have been easy to handle. As it was, the man at the wheel was in a perspiration and the captain absolutely refused to answer my questions.

"I know nothing about her handling," he said abruptly. "She has always done pretty well. You have to take the responsibility yourself."

I think it was eleven-fifteen P. M. when I reached the bell buoy. The Columbia bar was totally obscured in a dense, still fog that seemed to float on the surface of the water. It was obviously impossible to cross in, so I swung outward, telling the skipper that it would be best to lie about twelve miles offshore till the fog lifted.

He demurred very strongly. I refused to take the steamer in and he had to admit that he would not take the

responsibility himself.

We had not got more than two miles out when a huge swell raced in from the southwest and the ship smashed into That began things. Inside of an hour the wind was blowing ninety miles an hour and the sea was terrific. The tanker made heavy weather of it.

Very gradually I began to see why the captain had been so anxious to get inside. His vessel was wholly unequal to the struggle, owing, I think, to a probable bulging of one of the bulkheads from the compression put on them by the pipes. At any rate she neither steered nor steamed, and in spite of all I could do we were soon blown in toward the bar.

"I've got to take her in," I told the captain. "I don't know why she behaves this way," he said.
"The current," I told him. "In this gale you could

stream a thirty-pound deep-sea lead over the rail of a ship

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# What is the Monroe Doctrine?

HERE is a certain safety in the very front and menace of daring. When the fortunes of battle began to go against him it was the custom of Casar to order all the standards along the line advanced. For a little state of some ten million people, unsteady on its feet and with no fighting force worthy the name, to defy the whole of Europe in a great world policy was a piece of splendid courage.

The situation before James Monroe was, in its ultimate menace, nothing less than the question of the survival of democracy. The men of Virginia and Massachusetts had established representative government in the world; and again, with Monroe as president and John Quincy Adams as secretary of state, it was the men of Virginia and Massachusetts who said that representative government should be given an opportunity to survive.

We forget how things stood in the world when Monroe wrote his message-Russia, Austria, Prussia, and practically all the powers of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain, had formed the Holy Alliance. It pretended to establish a vast Christian brotherhood; but its real and moving object was to maintain the divine right of kings and to see that no throne in Europe was overturned. Napoleon had shown how easily kingdoms might be toppled over. Democracy moved vaguely behind him. The Holy Alliance undertook to stamp this out and to keep existing dynasties intact.

### Monroe's Courageous Words

THIS was the situation on the continent of Europe. On the American continent the colonies and dependencies of Spain had almost all rebelled, and had set up for themselves independent representative governments, modeled, for the most part, after that of the American states.

It seemed clear to Monroe that the Holy Alliance would not confine itself to Europe, but would undertake to stamp out the growth of democracy on the continent of America. He took council with his Cabinet and with Jefferson. It seemed to these great leaders of the democratic movement that the very question of the survival of representative government was before them, and that they must act with the vigor and courage with which they had acted when their little republic began its national life.

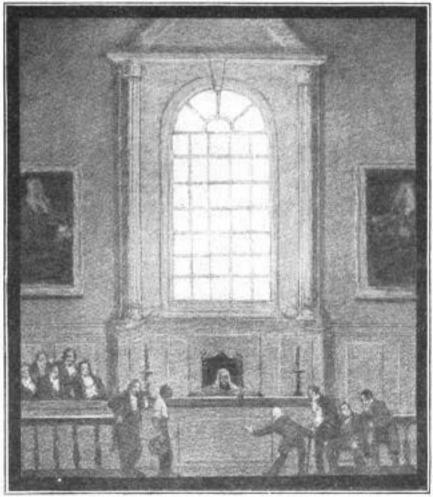
On the second day of December, 1823, after long reflection, Monroe sent his celebrated message to Congress. His immortal doctrine is set out in a few vigorous sentences:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

And then follows this great, courageous paragraph:

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this

## By Melville Davisson Post



hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintain it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

This is not the language of diplomacy. It is the language that goes before the bayonet. It contains all those last words that make the final defiance of a state. Nobody knew what would happen when they were uttered; but Monroe, Adams and Jefferson were of the opinion that our little nation must hazard this splendid defiance.

The paragraphs of Monroe's great message were, then, no vague, accidental, unimportant dicta. It was a new Declaration of Independence—not of thirteen states and of one people, but of a whole continent and of innumerable peoples. These men felt that the very existence of democracy was again at issue; and, like Seneca's pilot, they must keep the rudder true-whether in the end Neptune should save

The Doctrine, then, had its origin in a policy elevated and noble.

## Mr. Olney's Definition

MONROE trusted the sea for the same reason that Horace feared it—Occomis

There were some events tending to sustain the little republic in this attitude of splendid courage. Great Britain, outside the Holy Alliance, was favorable to the policy. Canning, the Englishman, pretended to have suggested the Doctrine. That is not true; but he was sympathetic to it. He obtained recognition of the Spanish Republics; and he had some claim to justify his epigram:

"I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

The Doctrine has been claimed for John Quincy Adams and Jefferson, but it is more likely that the principles of it were a steady growth-like those formulated by the great Virginian in the American Colonies' defiance to Great Britain at Philadelphia. The geographical position of the United States aided in maintaining the Doctrine.

England's attitude toward the Holy Alliance, the sea, and the very front and menace of the courage with which the policy was announced carried it through. The great powers were astonished; but they respected the Doctrine.

Almost every Administration afterward had something to do with the operation of this policy; but the most conspicuous instance was the Venezuelan controversy.

There had been an old dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela concerning the boundary between the latter's territory and that of British

Guiana. Great Britain refused to arbitrate the question. Venezuela was too feeble to contend with arms and the United States undertook to get the matter adjusted.

Mr. Olney, then secretary of state, presented the matter to Lord Salisbury as within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, on the theory that the Monroe Doctrine prohibited any foreign power from acquiring territory on the American continent, and that this territory might be acquired as readily by claiming it on a disputed line as by actual conquest. He undertook to define the scope and limitations of the Monroe Doctrine:

It does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American states. It does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflict-ing merited punishment for the breach of them. It does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American states. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American state, or to prevent the people of such state from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure. The rule in question has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European Power or combination of European Powers shall forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies.

That was Mr. Olney's idea of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine outside the admitted tenet that no part of America was open to colonization by any European Power—a doctrine now universally recognized. In a later paragraph of his dispatch he made certain pronouncements that were not within the limitations of his definitions:

Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law on the subjects to which it confines its interposition.

Lord Salisbury replied, admitting that the Monroe Doctrine "must always be mentioned with respect on account of the distinguished statesman to whom it is due and the great nation that has generally adopted it," and that the language of President Monroe was directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary; but he denied that the dispute over a boundary came within the Doctrine, or that the Doctrine itself was a principle of international law.

The attitude of the United States was firm and decisive. The country was fortunate in the men who handled the affair and Great Britain finally consented to arbitrate the dispute. A recent pretended authority assures us that Lord Salisbury yielded out of a sense of humor—but the sense of humor must be transferred to the reader of that explanation! That Lord Salisbury yielded from a high sense of national justice one is ready to admit; but a sense of humor has not been observed to be a moving impulse in British affairs.

### A Change of National Policy

THE Doctrine was invoked under Polk, Grant, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and recently in the Magdalena Bay incident.

The Mexican Government had granted some four million acres lying along the coast of Lower California, including Magdalena Bay, to an American. The concession was transferred by him to other Americans and a syndicate was formed called the Chartered Company of Lower California. This company failed and the property was taken over by the creditors, who formed a holding company called the Magdalena Bay Company. Then the promoters undertook to form a company for the purchase of the property.

One of the plans was to sell Magdalena Bay and this territory to a syndicate, composed principally of Japanese, the Japanese to take over thirty-five per cent of the stock, with an option to acquire a further interest. The matter had reached this stage when it was brought to the attention of our Government.

The United States Congress felt that there was danger in permitting a foreign nation to control a point of land which might become a naval base—that there was, in substance, but little difference whether such base were held by citizens of a foreign country in a company or controlled by a foreign

It was a difficult question, since it was evidently clear that the United States could not object to foreigners holding real estate in Southern American countries, and that there must be some clearly defined distinction between land owned by foreigners in southern states and a concession which embraced a strategic point, or one suitable for a naval or military base.

As the situation was not acute it was thought advisable to define the position of the United States; and that was done by a resolution making the situation clear:

Resolved: That, when any harbor or other place in the American continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the actual or potential possession of such harbor or other place by any Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

It was pointed out by Mr. Lodge, who had charge of the resolution, that the Monroe Doctrine did not touch on the precise point involved. He said that without the Monroe Doctrine the possession of a harbor, such as Magdalena Bay, would make it necessary to make some declaration covering the case where a corporation or association was involved. He thought the resolution might be allied to the Monroe Doctrine, but it was not necessarily dependent on it or growing out of it.

"This resolution," he said, "rests on a generally accepted principle of the law of nations, older than the Monroe Doctrine; it rests on the principle that every nation has a right to protect its own safety, and that, if it feels that the possession by a foreign power, for military or naval purposes, of any given harbor or place is prejudicial to its safety, it is its duty, as well as its right, to interfere."

The Monroe Doctrine has not always stood for great national acts of unselfishness; but an excuse may be given for anything and a time-honored doctrine may be used for any sort of cover. Did not the American Colonies make war on the king in the king's name? And one remembers that charming, powerful person who burned a cathedral in the Middle Ages, giving as an excuse that he thought the bishop was in it!

Under the cover of this Doctrine, Texas and California were taken over; Guantanamo Bay came under the flag; the customs receipts of Santo Domingo were put under American control; troops were sent into Nicaragua, and so on. These acts were perhaps justifiable on a theory of national interest.

The great outrage to this Doctrine, however, was accomplished by the men who shaped the policy of the country after the Spanish-American War. A strange thing had happened in our political history. Men of high ideals, philosophers—dreamers, if we like—had been at the head of the state.

Now in 1896 the commercialists—the men of business succeeded to the government. They announced a dollar diplomacy and a dollar-gaining theory of government.

These men could not be induced to give up the territory we had taken by force of arms. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, labored in vain to persuade them to do so. He pointed out that the traditions of the American people were being outraged—that this policy of gain stultified the integrity of the country. He said the American Republic could not buy a people: "Your purchase or conquest is a purchase or conquest of nothing but sovereignty,"

He thundered in the Senate:

I maintain that holding in subjection an alien people, governing them against their will for any fancied advantage to them, is not only not an end provided for by the Constitution but it is an end prohibited therein.

It is an end that the generation which framed the Constitution and Declaration of Independence declared was unrighteous and abhorrent. So, in my opinion, we have

no constitutional power to acquire territory for the purpose of holding it in subjugation, in a state of vassalage or serfdom, against the will of its people.

And he said that when he pressed these men to answer this immortal doctrine of democracy they replied by talking about "mountains of iron and nuggets of gold, and trade with China!"

It was useless for this perplexed old man to repeat the fine, time-honored ideals of this country. Gain was looking at the men he talked to, with her "golden eyes under her gilded eyelids!"

He pointed out that the purchase of Louisiana, of Alaska, of Florida, of California, was an expansion of liberty, not of despotism.

"Never," he said, "was such growth in all human history as that from the seed Thomas Jefferson planted. . . . It has covered the continent. It is on both the seas; it has saved South America; it is revolutionizing Europe; it is the expansion of freedom. It differs from your tinsel, pinchbeck, pewter expansion as the growth of a healthy youth into a strong man differs from the expansion of an anaconda when he swallows his victim."

These men replied, however, that they were practical gentlemen of affairs and that Jefferson was a dreamer. Their eyelids, like those of the damned in the Inferno, were stitched together with an iron thread. They saw not that the dream Jefferson dreamed had solidified into a structure of enduring basalt, lifting into the heavens towers of gold!

Set on enriching themselves, they could not understand that the race must always be captained by dreamers that only those can go before it who maintain the very highest ideals by which a state can live; that no doctrine of mere expediency can ever be a great national policy; that it is profitless for men to lead a state unless they lead it by this great ideal:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

### A Doctrine Without Exact Definition

WHAT, then, is the Monroe Doctrine? In the popular conception of today it is undefined. The press seems to think of it as the courts think of Due Process of Law—a doctrine not to be strictly defined by terms of limitation. So large and vague is the common idea of it, one might as well ask the average man what the fourth dimension is and expect to receive an intelligent reply.

The courts will not undertake to say what due process of law is; they will say only whether the question arises in the case before them. This is precisely the position we seem to take with the Monroe Doctrine. It is the belief of perplexed foreign governments.

We know precisely what the Monroe Doctrine was. It contained two essentials clearly set forth—that the American continents are not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European Powers, and that American states must be permitted to govern themselves as they see fit.

There was nothing doubtful about what Monroe intended—the great powers must not seize any of the lands of the peoples of the South and they must permit them to work out their own governmental destiny.

The doctrine was precise and clear—and it was just, unselfish and noble; but we have construed it as the courts have construed the Fourteenth Amendment, until this simple policy has developed into the idea of a

(Concluded on Page 57)







# THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

You may be old as well as poor.
When Fortune knocks upon your door;
But do not let the lady wait Because she does her calling late. - Etiquette for the Aged.

HEN John Parkin Jones courted Miss Evelyn Spargo there was the usual discussion between the parents of the young lady as to his eligibility. Mr. Spargo objected that John Parkin was poor, which was undeniably true. Mrs. Spargo urged that her daughter's suitor had a good moral character and a lovable disposition, which likewise were incontestable facts.

'And he's industrious," added Mrs. Spargo; "and he's got a fine mind and writes shorthand beautifully; and he can operate a typewriting machine. I shouldn't be surprised to see him a millionaire-another Commodore

Vanderbilt."

"He may, with luck; but those qualities you speak of will be considerably in his way," opined the old gentleman. "He's old enough now to have done something for himself. Why hasn't he?"

"He hasn't had the opportunity-poor boy!" said Mrs. Spargo.

"Well, I'm opposed to it," declared Mr. Spargo emphatically. "I won't have it—and that settles it!" Six months later John Parkin Jones and pretty little

Evelyn Spargo were married. "He'll never get a cent of my money!" said Old Man

John Parkin Jones never did. One fine morning pork did various unaccountable things on the market and, as a result, the old man was wiped out—not merely from his brokers' books but from mortal existence. Financial and heart failure occurred simultaneously.

John Parkin and Mrs. Jones were then living at Bibberly Heights, a southern prairie suburb, in a cottage that might

have been considered a tight fit for three.
"Plenty of room! Oceans of room!" John Parkin blustered. "We'll give her the bedroom and we'll take the sitting room or the dining room-just put the bed lounge where we want it and we'll be as right as rain.'

So Mother Spargo came to live with them, and John Parkin shaved in the kitchen and was a son to her-an affectionate and considerate son. She was devoted to him and to the day of her death was firm in the belief that he was destined to become a millionaire. Sometimes her daughter ventured to doubt this, whereupon the good old creature would wax highly indignant.



(ENECLENI)

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

No-Evvy did not consider him a fool; quite the reverse.

"Is he lacking in ambition?" John Parkin was by no means lacking in ambition. His wife conceded that.

"Has he a disagreeable personality? Is he a spendthrift? No? Well, I must say you surprise me, my dear. Will you tell me what there is to prevent him from becom-

ing a millionaire?"
"I don't know of anything," Evvy was obliged to admit. "Then let me tell you that you're a very wicked, ungrateful and impious girl!" the mother reproved. "You know that the dear boy has had no opportunity yet; but the opportunity will come and then you'll remember what I have always said."

Not very long after this John Jones, Jr., arrived, and Mrs. Spargo departed this life. The old woman left John Parkin a dying blessing, which, when it is deserved, is no bad thing to have. John mourned her sincerely.

By this time John Parkin was thirty years of age and his hair was beginning to gray at the temples-a rather stockily built, bright-eyed man, with a ready laugh and a benevolent expression that was somewhat accentuated by the breadth and height of his forehead.

Already he had had his ups and downs in a small way, the biggest down being the loss of his position with the local express company. It was no fault of his. The express company, incredible as it may seem, went into bankruptcy, and for six long weeks John Parkin composed and wrote letters of application, and trudged the streets, and besieged offices in search of employment.

The energy he showed in this pursuit was prodigious; the impression he made on the men to whom he applied was usually favorable, in spite of his nascent seediness of apparel; yet it was six weeks before he got his pitiful clerkship in the Gann-Abercrombie Steel Construction

Company. How would you account for it?
"Luck!" said John Parkin, with his jolly laugh. "That's what nobody can account for-altogether. It was just my luck to lose my job and just my luck to have the trouble I had in getting another. On the other hand, it was luck that made the opening for me at last, Evvykins. I might have been jobhunting for weeks to come if it hadn't been for another man's luck in getting the offer of a better thing. Now, my love, if it isn't too much strain on the back of your neck, just watch me climb!"

Mrs. J. P. Jones laughed, hugged him, gurgled delight, and concealed her disappointment with the perfect dissimulation of a thoroughly good wife. After all, they could get along, small as the salary was. Really they did manage surprisingly well, even when the little fellow came to add to expenses. If Mrs. John Parkin ever sighed in secret it was more in pity for her husband than for any deprivation she felt. She was willing to make the best of things, but by this time she had no illusions.

John Parkin had. He might have been possessed of the confident spirit of his dead mother-in-law-he seemed so serenely assured of his future. "My goodness, girl! We're young yet, with all the world before us." He said that at

thirty-three, mind you! "Fortune knocks once at every man's door. I may be down in the basement fixing the furnace when she knocks at ours; but if she gets away before I can give her a glad welcome she's got to be a mighty spry lady."

At other times he would quote:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood,

leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"Some time, when the moon's right, there's going to be a floodtide in our affairs," quoth John Parkin. "Then Johnny's going to college; and Loretta—shall we buy a duke for Loretta, mother?"

Mother smoothed Loretta's little velvet



Here Was a Loud and Imperative Call for a New Juit; Also a New Hat and New Shoes

head and pressed it closer to her bosom. One after another little velvet heads had come to that gentle breast and were never unwelcome. It was a wonder, for John Parkin's salary was far from increasing proportionately. Again the question, why?

Jones did his work well and ungrudgingly. More than once he had shown that he had initiative. He was generally liked, generally respected, and-whenever the question of promotion came up—generally neglected. Callow junion, with not a tithe of his ability, had been promoted over his head. They were calling him Old Jonesy in the office, and among the heads there was often talk of giving Old Jonesy something better to do.

In vacation time and during temporary absences of superiors they had given him something better to do, and he had accomplished these unaccustomed tasks to their entire satisfaction; but back he went to the old routine, once the emergency was passed, and the advancement was deferred indefinitely.

Was it lack of aggressiveness on John Parkin's part? He asked himself that question sometimes. He might have gone to Burleson, the head of his department-even to the great Gann himself-and talked turkey. As for instance:

"See here, Mr. Gann, I've been with you people close on to ten years now. I'm a good man-a valuable man: but you don't seem to have the sense to realize it or I shouldn't be plugging along in substantially the same position I was when I first came to you. I know the business from A to Z and from soup to nuts, and I could easily be worth to you ten times the salary I am getting. You don't take that view of it, I know; so I'm here to tender my resignation. Good day!"

Would Burleson-or Gann-say:

"Here! Wait a moment, Mr. Jones. Don't be hasty! Let's talk this thing over a little. I don't know but we have been to blame. Certainly we don't want to lose you."

Or would Burleson-or Gann-remark, with an air of cold annoyance:

"That's your privilege, Jones. The cashier will give you your check. Good morning."

Suppose the latter case. Would he, Jones, step straightway into a highly lucrative position with another big concern? Or would he be trudging the streets as in these bygone days, looking for employment of any kind in vainand thereafter floundering helplessly "in shallows and in

All very well for John Parkin to risk it; but how about Johnny and Loretta and Gracie and Peter Parkin and Baby Bunting? "He that hath a wife and children said the sapient Bacon.

John Parkin shook his head, but his face brightened in a moment. "On the other hand," he murmured, "'there's a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Not in the affairs of young men-though, for that matter, I am young enough."

Surely he was young enough! Nobody could have doubted it, seeing him rolling and tumbling on his tiny lswn with the children, his mellow laugh ringing out in pleasant concert with their joyous shrieks. Mrs. Jones, seated on an old campchair and placidly mending small garments, smiled on him quite maternally from time to time. She was young enough too—to be the mother of such a brood.

Time had dealt kindly with her, though she often looked at her once pretty hands with a rueful sigh. Much scrubbing and scouring, mending and making had spoiled them utterly; but they were wonderfully capable hands and infinitely soothing in their caresses. John Parkin loved them and, contemplating them, sometimes had to swallow hard to rid himself of the chokiness of gratitude and admiration springing from his heart and lodging in his throat.

Forty! Forty-odd, in fact! And at forty, one should be established, not living from hand to mouth, with no provision for the future but a wretched little insurance policy the semiannual premiums on which were a perpetual strain on the already full budget. At forty, one should be able to look at achievement over one's shoulder. That is the tradition. But John Parkin disdained tradition still, and

never went to the basement to fix the furnace without a listening ear for the knock of Fortune at his front door.

"Jones," said Mr. Morphew, of the Estimates, "didn't you tell me once that you were a stenographer?"

John Parkin started and disentangled his mind from a mass of complicated measurements he was checking in transcription. It was seldom that Mr. Morphew came out of his mahogany and ground-glass den-more seldom still that he spoke to any of the clerks outside his own department.

"I may have, Mr. Morphew," John Parkin replied, coming to attention. "I was a stenographer at one time."

"Forgotten it? Got rusty?" snapped the Estimates' chief. He was a pouncing, nervous sort of person-tall, gaunt and chilly. Without waiting for an answer, beflicked a pa per from his pocket. "Take this!" he said.

John Parkin had barely time to draw a scribbling pad toward him before Morphew began reading. The document bristled with technical terms and the reader took no particular pains with his enunciation; but John Parkin had taken particular pains not to get rusty and he kept the pace to

"Now read your notes."

John Parkin began to read them; but halfway through Morphew stopped him.

"Good enough!" he said crisply. "Mr. Pakenham is ill and Mr. Gann needs a stenographer for a trip East. He starts tonight. Meet him at Union Station at ten sharp. You'll want to pack a suitcase for a week." He looked at his watch. "You can knock

off now if you want to; but be on hand at ten o'clock." "Typewriter?" inquired John Parkin, with imitative

"There will be a typewriter and everything else you are likely to need.'

He hurried off; and John Parkin, with a sort of numb polness, turned his papers over to a fellow clerk, reported

to his chief and left the office. It was not until he had turned into a hotel lobby and found a quiet seat that he allowed himself to think of what it all meant. To begin with, Pakenham was Gann's righthand man and confidential secretary. Where Gann went, Pakenham went also; and what Pakenham said in the

office went. Pakenham ranked Morphew and was on almost equal terms with Abercrombie. It was said that he had acquired large holdings of the company's stock. So he, John Parkin Jones, was to substitute for Pakenham!

John Parkin was not unduly elated. He was rather worried. How was he to pack a suitcase for a week's trip when he did not even own such an article of baggage? He had a valise, but that would hardly do for this occasion. Clothes! Here was a loud and imperative call for a new suit; also a new hat and new shoes.

Of course his personal expenses on this trip would be paid, which would be something of an offset; but certainly not enough to justify much of an expenditure. John Parkin considered it fully five minutes. Then he got up abruptly and bent his steps toward State Street.

Two hours later he boarded his usual suburban train dressed in a spick-and-span suit of tweed, a natty new hat and neat shoes. In his hand he carried a new suitcase, with J. P. J. neatly stenciled on the end. Bargains allreal bargains; but two flabby dollar bills in John Parkin's pocketbook were all that remained of a week's salary.

Mrs. Jones gasped as she met him at the gate.
"It's me," said John Parkin reassuringly, though ungrammatically. "Come on in and I'll tell you about it."

"It's a mean shame!" declared his wife when he had told her. "Do you mean to tell me that he said nothing about extra pay? Well, all I can say is that there ought to be a law against such an imposition. Still took him by the elbow and turned him round. "Doesn't the coat hike up a little, just a little, behind? No; I guess I just fancied it. I think it's a splendid fit. John, you look like a prince! Dear, what a difference clothes make!"

Now I'll Have a Jauare Meal at Last"

> The children came trooping in at this moment, and there arose a clamorous chorus of wonder and admiration. John Parkin tilted his new hat to one side of his head and, holding an umbrella by the middle, crooked his elbows and strutted about the room for their further entertainment. Altogether they made quite an occasion of it. Neither John nor Mrs. Jones, however, ate with their usual appetite at the evening meal, and as soon as it was finished they went to work feverishly packing the new suitcase.

> Impatient to be done with the ordeal of unwonted parting, John Parkin only allowed himself hurrying time for the seven-fifty-a train a full hour earlier than necessaryand the farewells were made at the gate. He and his wife clung to each other quite as though they had not been old married people-tearfully; then John Parkin dashed off, At the corner of the street he paused to wave his hand and shout something. Mrs. Jones caught only one word of it-

> The week went by slowly enough for Mrs. Jones. Every morning she went down to the post office-it was before

the days of house delivery in Bibberly Heights-and every morning she found a singlespaced typewritten letter from John Parkin. They were the most unsatisfactory letters imaginable—they breathed the warmest affection; they assured her of the writer's health; they contained some really remarkable descriptions of scenery-but they told her not a single word about the things concerning which she was most curious.

Two days were added to the week and then a barefooted urchin padded through the road-dust from the depot with

"Back this morning. Home on the five-ten. Love.

There was excitement in the Jones household then, you may be sure. There was washing and starching in a small way throughout the afternoon, and brushing and combing and pinning, with here and there a hasty stitch between flurried visits to the kitchen, from whence came savory

At last they were all ready-Mrs. John in her best summer dress and wearing her white shoes and stockings; showing, too, a beautiful glow in her cheeks and a lovely sparkle in her eyes; the children in their best, down to

Baby Bunting in the go-cart, pridefully propelled by Loretta.

How they strained their eyes for the smoke of the five-ten! How they danced on the cinder-bedded platform when they did see it, and what a shout went up when John Parkin was distinguished, poised on the step of the second car ready to jump!

He jumped and was instantly overwhelmed, new suitcase and all, by the avalanche of his offspring. Presently he emerged, considerably disheveled, to embrace his wife; then the procession reformed in a certain disorder and very much in its own way, and straggled home.

John Parkin threw his new hat on the table and sank with a sigh of content into his faded Morris chair with the comfortably broken springs. A grunt succeeded, as once more his progeny piled on him en masse.

Mrs. Jones deposited Baby Bunting at his feet, which the delicious infant at once proceeded to gnaw with great gusto. She herself sat leaning against the burdened knees, her hands clasped over an unoccupied part of one.

"You look so grand we hardly knew you," she said, patting him. Jones smiled complacently.

"Pretty swell person, am I not?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Stop it, you skeezicks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder?"

"It's the blacking," explained Peter Parkin. "It's got sweet in I've tasted it."

"I knowded you, papa!" aid Gracie, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowded you des ve moment I saw you!"

"Did you, sweetness?"

asked Jones, hugging her.
"There's three new puppies over at ——" began Peter. "Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. 
"Let your father talk. My! Nobody can get a word in edgeways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything!"

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

EFERENEALLY

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones. "Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" was the shouted reply.

"Well, then," said Jones, "I started last Monday week, went away-away off to Pittsburgh-and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies, son."
"There's three of 'em —

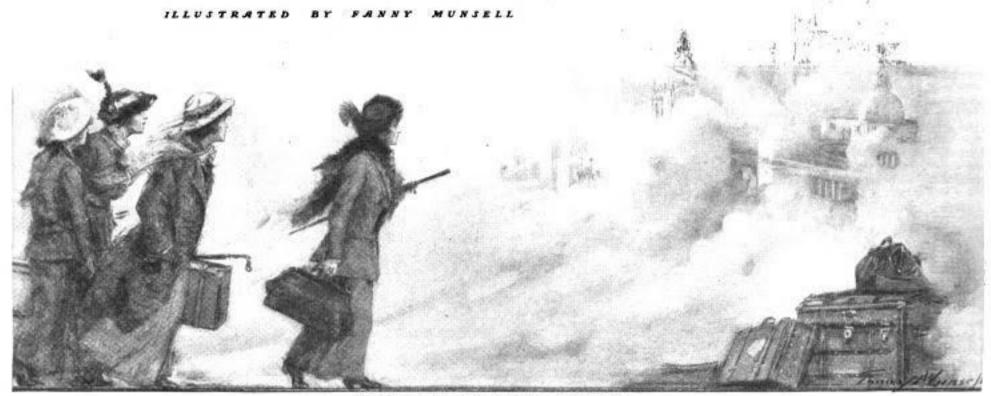
"Des as cute!" added Gracie.

"Children," said Mrs. Jones, "wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions!" Jones pinched her cheek. "Tell me just one thing, dear-did everything go all right?"

(Continued on Page 77)

# A WOMAN FREE-LANCE

By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman



Longing Eyes Turn to the Macistrom of the Big City

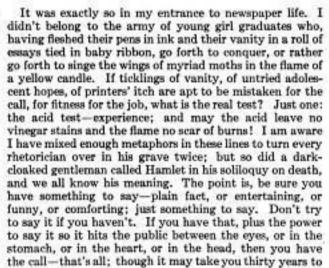
I DID not enter the newspaper world because I thought that I was divinely inspired to write. In fact I knew that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who were writing would have done better by themselves, and life, over the bake board or behind the plow. That is, they would have done better work, saved more money, enjoyed greater security of tenure and extracted more of the flavor called "happiness" out of life. Nor was I attracted because I thought that writing was artistic, bohemian, distinguished, out of the ordinary.

The real bohemians whom I knew were so constitutionally outside classification that they could not have been anything but bohemian if they tried; and people who weren't bohemian and tried always struck me as an elephant that I had once seen at a circus trying to dance the two-step. It was highly amusing for a short time, but must have been a difficult performance for the elephant. Nor had I ever the slightest attack of what the Romans called "the itch for scribbling." It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that so much writing has been done

regardless of whether the writer had anything new, true, entertaining or essential to say that the main point was to be sure you had something to say before attempting to say it. This sounds like a truism; but if you ask the manuscript readers of anybig publishing house, they will tell you that out of the thousands of manuscripts pouring in every year only about ten per cent have anything to say; and only about half that ten per cent say it so people will read it.

### Those Who Should Write

HAD taken half a dozen prizes I in the university as an essayist; but it was by accident. I happened to be away when the prizes were offered and was away when they were distributed, and really never knew about them till they were delivered at the door. If I had known they were offered I should probably have embodied every rule under the sun on how to write and killed my chances dead; but as I didn't know they were offered I was keen on my subject, and, the best art being the art that forgets art in its truth to life, results came my way.



find it, as it took O. Henry.

I happened to be stalled, or sidetracked, or what-ever you like to call it, one winter as to health. I had turned the corner and been pronounced well, but had been forbidden to go back to the game of life for a little. I was reading everything I could lay my hands on, not to invite mental indigestion, ness or death or tragedy shakes down all that is flimsy in your lifeplans and creeds, leaving you only a foundation of fact, you have a care, when you rebuild, to use only facts for the walls. I wanted facts, whether I got theminliteratureor news or other lives. Before being stalled by life I used to read only the headlines of newspapers. Any news of crime, of moral delinquencies, of tragedies, anything vulgar or common, I skipped as Peter the Apostle skipped what he didn't like in the bagful of food let down from Heaven in the vision. You remember he called a lot of the bagful "common." Well, I had felt toward a lot of life as Peter did. Though I unconsciously considered myself a first-class humble small exemplar of the Christ creed, I had a hatred that was positively an obsession of what was common, or vulgar, or coarse, or ignorant. In a word I was not only an intellectual cad but a moral snob.

Then life hit me one on the head hard! When I came to, I knew what Christ meant when He said that "publicars and sinners" should go into the Kingdom of Heaven before "these." I had belonged to "these." I had not cared for the Kingdom of Heaven as a harp-strumming proposition, but I had most terribly cared for it as a thing to work for in everyday life and as a thing to hope for when this life merged in a larger. Then illness taught me I was wrong, that the premises had been faulty, that the "publicans and sinners" put it over where I had failed. Now I wanted to know the facts of life—not just the facts that might suit my fancy or taste or caste; and I was reading voraciously for data that might be guidance. I was realizing that God must reveal Himself quite as much in modern life as in ancient days, in modern laws as in ancient saws, in facts quite as much as in ancient pacts. I pounced on everything and read with an appetite that was a sort of greed.

### An Unexpected Beginning

T HAPPENED that the United States and another great L country were engaged in international negotiations on the tariff. Now both countries were at the very crest of the high-tariff mania. Neither wanted, nor under any circumstances at that time would have dared to offer, a low tariff; but to catch a wing of voters in both countries each was putting up a tremendous bluff, or whatever you like to call it, of tariff concessions. The dinners salaries for commissioners and secretaries and so on were costing each country about one hundred thousand dollars. Times were very hard. Money was scarce. The absurdity of this international game of blindman's buff struck me. I wrote something off hot. If I had stopped to consider why I wrote it, or what I was going to do with it, I should have burned it at once; but I was so obsessed with the idea that before I had time to cool I took it down to a stenographer to put in typewriting. Then I posted it to the local daily that had been giving the fullest reports of the commission.

Brevity, a very great writer has said, is the soul of wit. It must have been the brevity that did it. The article was not an eighth of a column; but it was bursting with the



"I'm Just Hunting for Jome Editorials Fit to Steat"

sense of absurdity that had obsessed me when I wrote it. The very next morning there came an envelope, with the mark of the daily on the corner, that set my heart doing acrobatics in my throat. Inside was a letter, handwrittena tiny, cramped hand, plainly that of a gentleman of the old school—asking me to call. I was scared stiff. I had not meant to be a journalist. I had no desire to see my name in print. I hated, loathed and despised notoriety, and the titillations that tickle the vanity beneath notoriety, as the devil is reputed to hate holy water; and here an opportunity, or chance, seemed to be coming my way, like the prizes for those college essays which I did not know I was

I was so aghast that I went straight to the president of the university. He was a wonderful scholar, one of the old-type teachers who taught as they had learned under Sir William Hamilton, after the Socratic method—it should have been called the sword method; for he literally stabbed our mental lethargy into life. He had all the estheticism, all the narrowness, all the wonderful depth and height of clerical scholarship; but in the oncoming tide of modern thought he was like a dazed mariner on strange seas,

Instead of surprise, as I had expected, he burst into a little thin, hard laugh, attenuated from the stooped chest of sixty-five years' bending over books and blockheads.

"I am not surprised," he said. "In fact, dear child, it is just what I have been expecting. I have been waiting to see where you would break out. I was afraid to advise. I hesitate ever to advise. Each soul must work out its own destiny. Out! Understand distinctly I said 'out!' It is from within out, always. That's why we ministers of the soul must keep close to the inspirational teaching of the Christ, who gives dynamics to the soul." He paused, looking into space, tapping his glasses on a pile of papers above his desk and wrapping his clerical skirts about him as a rug for warmth round his emaciated frame.

### Old-School Counsel

"THERE is a new day coming," he said. "What it will bring no man knows; but we can all see the edge of the dawn"-he paused-"or the darkness! The day of creeds and heavydraft theology is past." His voice broke there, that had been his life! The hand tapping the glasses trembled.

"Our day," he said, "has passed. It is you, the new generation of torchbearers, as mothers, as teachers, as journalists, as free-lances, who must carry the light into dark places and herald truth as the trumpet of God." He rose suddenly and took both my hands in his. He was trembling. So was I. I had come for advice; and he had given me—a pagan as to beliefs, a rebel as to faith—not advice, but consecration.

"God bless you!" he said; "and God bless you!" At the door, as I went down the wide steps of the university, he called after me: "I'll see the editor tonight, so you can fill the appointment exactly as he requests to-morrow morning." I turned. He was standing, huddling in the autumn wind, gathering his coat skirts about him as a rug. "God sends the winds called chance," he said; "but we must steer wisely, and hoist our sail." Those were the last words to me of my old teacher, famous for his scholarship on two continents. Soon after I had launched on the

seas of journalism he launched on the wide seas of eternity. I had gone for advice and come away with a consecration. A consecration to what? The street lights looked misty as I tried to figure it out. I knew very well for what journ for women at that date stood: 'Twenty don'ts for husbands; how to cut a pattern; plum puddings; pink teas; gowns of the newly rich. And yet, look back the last eighteen yearswith all our veering and tacking, hasn't journalism inched forward? With all our blundering and fumbling, haven't we followed, clumsily, it may be, this flying phantom called truth? Which modern reform could have been carried out without the preliminary scouting of the free-lances whom my old professor had designated as "torchbearers"? And perhaps twenty don'ts for husbands, the patterns, the plum puddings, the pink teas, the gowns, were to the beginners in this vocation what years of training were in other professions-a testing of aptitude, the weeding of the unfit, the grilling in detail. The point is, the period of grilling has

to be passed. How many of the aspirants with high-school manuscripts under their arms think of that?

When I reached the newspaper office next morning I had to climb four flights of stairs, each one narrower and dirtier than the preceding, past dingy windows without a shade which in all their history, I am quite sure, had never had the smoke and grime washed off. There was first the adver-tising office, which wore an air of—"You're welcome! Come again!" Then came the job-printing department, where the men behind the wickets looked-"You're welcome if you mean business." The third floor was the bindery, where you could hear the presses thumping and everybody scurried on the run through the hall. The fourth floor was the editorial, where the air was unmistakably—"Get out, and get out quick.'

Across the hall a little wicket had been placed. I have no doubt many an aspirant has regarded that wicket as the pearly gates barring Paradise. Believe me, the gates were anything but pearly! They were grimler than the windows; and guarding that gate sat an urchin the color of printer's ink, tilted back in his chair with his feet on the table, chewing gum with a motion like a steam sand-shovel



I Followed Her to the Stairs

that opens and shuts its mouth automatically for several but I said if he would tell me, I would try. Then, looking tons at a chew. To the left was the reporters' room, blue with tobacco smoke, where a dozen men seemed to be riting at a long slanting table as if pursued by the incarnate. The telephone was ringing—half a dozen telephones seemed to be ringing; and typewriters were clicking everywhere. Grimy-faced youths in ink-stained aprons went skating and sliding along the hall, telescoping one another as they ran, with long, thin tissue-paper sheets of telegraph stuff in one hand; long, marked-up galley proofs in the other. I afterward came to know this fraternity as printers' devils. In modern offices they have been almost supplanted by the pneumatic tube system. The youth guarding the wicket gate didn't speak. He got his legs folded off the table and slammed a writing pad at me. On the pad I wrote my name, the name of the editor and my references. Then he went sliding down the dark hall with the printers' devils while I stood at the wicket.

Was this the modern molder of public opinion? I recalled with a grim desire to laugh lectures on journalism about "meticulous accuracy," "the fine shades of meaning in each word," "the high moral purpose of the calling," those "torchbearers." I hope that meticulous-accuracy idea doesn't tickle you as it did me then. Here news came in like loads of wheat to a steam thresher-tons of it; and with a deal of rip and grime and grind rushed out again as a kernel with lots of chaff intermixed. The marvel wasn't that there was chaff. The marvel was that there was as much wheat; for everything was done at top heat, top pressure, top speed, and there was no stop. This paper issued morning editions, evening editions, midday editions, hourly ones when there was any sensation; and it controlled all the telegraph-news avenues of the state.

But the boy's head had appeared at the far end of the smoke-blue corridor. "Yep, it's all right," he yelled. "Come on in." I passed through the city editor's office, where reporters were throwing sheaves and bunches of copy on the desk and half a dozen copy-readers, with green eyeshades over their faces, were reading and lining out copyreading like incarnate furies. No one looked up. Then

came the telegraph office. This office hadn't yet been rigged up with wires of its own. Messenger boys came clumping upbackstairs with reams—it seemed that morning to me miles—of tissue-paper telegrams. Another hall, and I was in the office of the managing editor, the boy swinging the door shut behind me. The editor was sitting in his shirt-sleeves behind a stack of newspapers that almost concealed him, with a pair of scissors in his hands the size of pruning shears, cutting and hacking at a huge Sunday edition of a New York paper. He was a fine old pink-and-white gentleman of the fine old leisurely school, one of the last of his type in newspaper work on this continent. He had been an admiral in his day, and now held his position by virtue of social connections with the directors of the newspaper. When he didn't understand a subject, or wished to crush a bumptious opponent, he would quote Greek and Latin by the mile. He used to rise to read the classics an hour every morning; and yet on the rising tide of rush and complexity and commercialism that has swept modern newspapers down into new seas he was like a baby playing with chips on a maelstrom. He didn't look up when I went in; but he spoke. Here is what he said to this "consecrated torchbearer": "I'm just hunting for some editorials fit to steal. Gray matter not at a premium in this office today; and better steal 'em than write a lot of punk ones!" Then he

"Oh," he said, shaking hands over his desk and donning his coat, "I expected a much older woman."

## The First Assignment

WANTED to tell him that time would mend that defect; but I was too stage-struck or amazed at the quickness with which the door had seemed to open before me and close behind me. It is so all through life. The door of opportunity to go forward to the new is also a door against retreat back to the old. To conquer you have to burn your ships behind you, whether you will or not. He asked me if I would write certain obiter dicta of daily occurrences. I hadn't the remotest idea in the world what it was the editor expected of me;

away as to a promised land, he said he had to go away to the session.

of Western and Middle Western editorial ambition. Our men went East for the winter and got in touch with all the brilliant correspondents of the world and caught momentary glimpses of the underground working of wires in legislative halls. There is probably no position on a local daily that gives a keen-sighted man more power than his report of national politics. I have known of men who would pay their own expenses and sacrifice half their salaries to do it. I have known of local politicians who offered to pay us to let them do it. This editor had been speaker of the house in his day. I could see the longing in his eye for another whiff of the smoke of battle. Would I write, say, a column of editorial a day during his absence? and also, say, two sticks of obiter dicta, chit-chat about local topics in a Western city then beginning to grow by leaps and bounds? Then he looked at me doubtfully:

"But you are very young," he said. "Do you mind doing this on the quiet—doing it in your own home for a

month or two till we see how you pan out?"

So I began my newspaper life, going down every day at three, when the day staff had knocked off and before the night staff had come on, passing in my column for the morning editorial, and getting a hint from the telegraph editor or news editor of a good topic for the next day. Because such fabulously untruthful and misleading statements are issued about the earnings of writers I want to set down the figures at which I began. For the topics which ran about half a column twice a week, I received \$2. For the editorial column I received \$14 a week at first; later, \$16 a week. Within a year I had established connections with Pacific Coast and Atlantic Coast dailies that increased my income \$400 or \$500 a year. Today, though both the population of the city and the circulation of that paper have quadrupled, and with them has quadrupled the cost of living, the space rate is \$4, the editorial rate from \$25 to \$35 a week. It is the capital city of a large and thriving territory. I do not think I am wrong in saying that in New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia the space rate would seldom exceed from \$6 to \$10, and the editorial rate from \$35 to \$50; and in these centers there is practically the pick of the ability of the world. Only the keenest kind of ability, the ability that can make good, has the slightest chance; and the winnowing process is without mercy and without cease. In any other vocation under the sun, with the same grilling, the same experience, the same training, the same ability, the same application a man or woman would earn five times these figures.

There is another point: In other vocations you build a foundation for your future. Each day's work is a brick in the wall of future security against want. In newspaper work, whether you write well or ill, your ultimate fate is the wastepaper basket. If you write badly it goes into the individual newspaper wastebasket before it is printed. If you write well it goes into the multitudinous public's wastebasket after reading; and not ten readers out of one hundred thousand circulation will remember who wrote well or ill. In a big public fight, which you will as inevitably get into as you get into your clothes if you are successful in newspaper work, you will get ten kicks for one handelap; because Pro Bono Publico slumbers majestic as the gods of Olympus when pleased, but roars as loud as the big drum that is empty when displeased. Your epidermis will presently become as indifferent to praise as to blame; and your most joyous sensation will be the satisfaction of just one more day's job well done. I set these facts down because in addition to the titillations of vanity, the promptings of the artistic to writing, a great many

youngsters think that in a writer's career all you have to do is dip your pen in ink, and golden ducats will trickle off the nib. These figures are, of course, good only for newspaper work; not for magazine work, not for literature, where the earnings may be so much less as to be nothing or so much more as to be astounding.

## What Women Can Bear

T THE end of four months I came out A of hiding and went openly on the staff. There were in all departments perhaps a hundred men, and I was the only woman. Later, when type machines supplanted typestickers, the mechanical staff was reduced and the editorial staff increased. I sometimes read in great medical authorities that women cannot stand up physically against stressful, nerve-driving life. In the four years I was on that staff I did not lose one hour. There was only one man on the staff who had the same record. Did I not feel the drive, the concentration, the pressure? Of course, at times it was terrific. A rush of double work has come, of elections or war, when we could not afford to double up workers and we simply all worked regardless of sleep or rest. Were there no evil effects? Not that I know of. I went on that staff the frailest of my family and I came off the toughest and the strongest. I'll admit when I went on that staff I thought deliberately and acted deliberately. When I came off I had learned to think on the run and act on the jump, and never to go round a corner mentally if I could cut across it. If the great medical authorities-who are men and, therefore, cannot know as much about a woman's anatomy as a woman does-will accept matters of fact as data in their masculine theories of things feminine, let me tell them this: What breaks a woman, what peeves her, what harries her nerve ends

into rasping strings, what brings those grave mental and functional disorders about which physicians speak in whispers, is not fullness of days, drive of work, pressure of responsibility. It is one of two other things—the emptiness of gray days that permit nature to turn in, acid, on herself; or the constant presence of something alien in what we love or hate.

As a woman let me add another fact to these masculine data of things feminine, and let me add it as a woman's testimony about women. Let me add it, too, as the testimony of every life-insurance company in the world: The supreme danger to a woman's life, the test of her strength physical and mental, the drain nervous and spiritual, is not in the ordinary wage-earning vocation, in the humdrum, or drive, or bumpety-bump-bruise-and-thump from outof-the-home activities, else would life-insurance statistics rule against her for these. The supreme danger to a woman's life, the greatest risk to her life in an anguish which no soldier has ever known on the field of battle, when the doors of life and death swing open and she hovers inanimate between these two, is in the act of giving birth to a new life. And if one or two of the great theorists had had a baby or two of their own, not in obstetrics by proxy, but in their own flesh, they would appreciate this testimony. The history of every race of every epoch under the sun testifies to this fact in the veneration of motherhood next to God. To tell a woman that she can stand the strain of motherhood, but that if she dares to essay the lesser strain of some extraneous vocation she will be annually, diurnally and sempiternally damned, it is-well, it is, as the grimy little newsies on our grimy stairs used to say, it is to laugh!

There is another point on which I should like to pay my compliments to the neurotic theorists. They tell us that if a woman ventures out of the home vocations she will enter into competition with men, so forfeit their chivalry and arouse sex jealousy or sex antagonism. I worked for four years on this staff, the only woman among a hundred men. And I worked for six years on other staffs in New York and London, where competition was so keen as to be almost vicious; and I never experienced one single episode lacking chivalry, or encountered what could be remotely called sex jealousy, sex antagonism. Have I never then encountered jealousy? Hundreds of times of course; who has not? But never as of a man toward me because I was a woman; but rather because I had permitted a workrelationship to slip into a personal relationship. This does not mean proposals, and it had nothing to do with sex.

For instance I remember a scrub blackguard reporter who was tolerated on the staff for a few months only out of sympathy for his little invalid wife. He had a trick of writing us heart-rending appeals for money to buy medicine for his wife. One week one of us would hand out five dollars; another week another of us, till we learned that

his wife had left him and was earning her living, while the borrowed money was being spent on drink. The next time he sent a heart-rending appeal he was asked to come and get the money. I withdrew. Something bluer than tobacco smoke filled that office for ten minutes. When I came down next morning the legs of one table and back of a chair had gone down in an unrelated smash. Needless to say, the victim of the table legs hated us, not only for the last five he didn't get, but for all the fives he had got. I have sometimes traced lies not worth hearing to that abnormal specimen, who finally wound up in the penitentiary.

Or take another case, that of an assistant editor of magnificent physique, of inordinate sleepless ambition to get on, and the kindest heart I have ever known. But he had no education, no daring and little ability-just a dogged, tense, persistent, day-and-night slavery to work; no bubbles, no joy, no lift on the wings of hope, no song over work! He took himself horribly seriously, and had about ten nerves where other men had two. If you will please look at those ingredients very carefully you will see they have a strong resemblance to the delectable morsels in the witches' caldron of Macbeth. Only one brew can come out of them-jealousy. He would do the kindest things for those under him, and the meanest things to those showing the slightest possibility of going up past him. He seemed to have in his big, manly frame the foolish, almost effeminate idea of social climbers, that he could advance himself by as much as he pushed others down. I never had ructions with that man; but if I had not studied him out and sidestepped him he would have done both me and my work serious damage. But his attitude to me was harmless compared with his attitude toward many men workers.

### **Evils That Scarcely Exist**

FTER the old admiral left, a man came to us as manager A who was almost the duplicate of this assistant editorexcept that he had great natural ability, a geniality that soured at nothing and not an atom of jealousy in his make-up. How the assistant managed it with the directors I don't know; but he had the manager thrown out at a time when the big fellow owned nothing but a wife and twins. And such ambition-meanness accomplishes nothing for its unhappy possessor. When war and elections came on simultaneously that man literally died at his desk. Two years later the other man, big of soul as he was of body, came back as owner of the paper. The jealousy in this case can hardly be set down to that sex antagonism which the theorists so greatly fear. In fact the only occasions when I have seen such sex jealousy aroused have been when a woman tried to use sex appeal as a factor in her work. When the woman worker has done that she has used the lowest type of vanity in her own nature and

has appealed to the lowest type of attraction in the man's nature; and when these two clash in antagonism there does not seem to be any bottom to the abyss into which they may fall. I emphasize these things because physical disability and sex antagonism are receiving such undue emphasis from the theorists; and they are two factors that in twenty years' work outside the home I have not even needed to ignore—I have simply been unconscious of them.

There were a lot of advantages in beginning newspaper work in a medium-sized place instead of a large one. In large centers work is so specialized that a writer of twenty dont's for husbands, of recipes and pink teas might continue doing these things all her life and never attain a general knowledge or general training to turn her hand to everything. I have known special writers in big cities who in ten years never met another soul on the staff but the managing editor. In a small center, if the beginner has aptitude, there will be rush times when all hands will turn in on everything; and a woman will soon find whether she fits in or is a makeshift. This fact should be emphasized; for in the army of young-girl graduates yearly looking to journalism as a career far-off fields look green. Longing eyes turn to the maelstrom of the big city, forgetful that preparation and experience are as necessary to win success in this vocation as years of struggling and preparation are to win a place in the Paris salon or in grand opera.

I began as outside space-writer of editorials. In a few months I was doing my work in the office, cooped off in a little boxlike compartment along with the halftone plates and metal cuts of heroes and criminals; and sometimes—I blush to acknowledge when the hero did things too unexpectedly for us to prepare a cut of him pictures of a

"It is You,
the New
Generation,
Who Must
Carry the
Light Into
Bark Places"

(Continued on Page 37)

# THIE OTHER CHEEK

NOMANCE has more lives than a cat. Crushed to earth beneath the double-tube non-skiddable tires of a sixty-horse-power limousine, she allows her prancing steed to die in the dust of yesterday and elopes with the chauffeur.

Love has transferred his activities from the garden to the electrically heated taxicab and suffers fewer colds in the head. No-romance is not dead, only reincarnated; she rode away in undivided skirt and side-saddle, and motored back in goggles. The treebark messages of the lovers of Arden are the fiftyword night letters of today.

The first editions of the Iliad were written in the tenderest fleshy parts of men's hearts, and truly enough did Moses blast his sublime messages out of the marble of all time; but why bury romance, with

the typewriter as a headstone?

Why, indeed-when up in the ninth-floor offices of A. L. Gregory-stenographers and expert typewriters - Miss Goldie Flint, with hair the color of heat lightning and wrists that jangled to the rolled-gold music of three bracelets, could ticktack a hundredword-a-minute love scene that was destined, after her neat carbon copies were distributed, to wring tears, laughter and two dollars each from an audience of tired business men?

Why, indeed - when the same slow fires that burned in Gioconda's eyes, and made the world her lover, lay deep in Goldie's own and won her an invariable seat in the six-o'clock Subway rush, and a bold, bad, flirtatious stare if she ventured to look above the third button of a man's coat? Goldie Flint, beneath whose too-openwork shirtwaist fluttered a heart whose tempo was love-of-life; and love-of-life

on eight dollars a week and ninety per cent impure food, and a hall room-more specifically a standing room-is like a pink rose bush that grows in a slag heap and begs its warmth from ashes.

Goldie, however, up in her ninth-floor offices, bent to an angle of forty-five degrees over the dénouement of hectic drama that promised a standing-room-only run and the free advertising of censorship, had little time or concern for her own unfilled needs.

It was nearly six o'clock and she wanted a yard of pink tulle before the shops closed. A yard of pink tulle cut to advantage would make a fresh yoke that would brighten even a three-year-old, gasoline-cleaned blouse.

Harry Trimp liked pink tulle. Most Harry Trimps do. At twenty minutes before six the lead-colored dusk of January crowded into the Gregory typewriting office so thickly that the two figures before the two typewriters faded into the veil of gloom as a Corot landscape melts into its own mist.

Miss Goldie Flint ripped the final sheet of her second act from the platen of her machine, reached out a dim arm that was noisy with bracelets and clicked on the electric lights.

The two figures at the typewriters, the stationary washstand in the corner, a rolltop desk, and the heat-lightning tints in Miss Flint's hair sprang out in the yellow light.

"I'm done with the second act, Miss Gregory. May I go

Miss Flint's eyes were shining with the love-of-life lamps, the mica powder of romance, and a brilliant anticipation of Harry Trimp.

Miss Gregory's eyes were twenty years older and dulled as glass is when you breathe on it.

"Yes; if you got to go I guess you can."

"Ain't it a swell play, Miss Gregory? Ain't it grand where he pushes her to the edge of the bridge and she throws herself down and hugs his knees?'

"Did you red-ink your stage directions in, with the margin wide, like he wants? He was fussy about the

first act."
"Yes'm; and say, ain't it a swell name for a show—The Last of the Dee-Moolans? Give me a show to do every time and you can have all your contracts and statements and form letters. Those love stories that long, narrow fellow brings in are swell to do, too, if he wa'n't such an old grouch about punctuation. Give me stuff that has some reading in it, every time!"

Miss Gregory sniffed—the realistic, acidulated sniff of

unloved forty and a thin nose.

"The sooner you quit curlin' your side hair and begin to learn that life's made up of statements and form letters, instead of love scenes on papier-maché bridges and flashy fellows in checked suits and get-rich-quick schemes, the better off you're going to be."

The light in Goldie's face died out as suddenly as a

Jack-o'-lantern when you blow out the taper.

"Aw, Miss Greg-or-ee!" Her voice was the downscale wail of an oboe. "Whatta you always picking on Harry Trimp for? He ain't ever done anything to you-and you



"Don't! Don't You Come Near Me!"

said yourself when he brought them circular letters in that he was one handsome kid."

"Just the same, I knew when he came in here the second time, hanging round you with them blue eyes and black lashes and that batch of get-rich-quick letters, he was as

phony as his scarfpin."
"I glory in a fellow's spunk that can give up a clerking job and strike out for hisself-that's what I do!"

"He was fired-that's how he started out for himself. Ask Mae Pope; she knows a thing or two about Harry Trimp."

"Aw, Miss -

"Wait until you have been dealing with them as long as I have! Once get a line on a man's correspondence and you can see through him as easy as through a looking glass with the mercury rubbed off."

The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of a ram's horn.

Not so Miss Flint's frailer fortifications.

"The minute a fellow that doesn't belong to the society of pikers and gets a three-figure salary comes along and can take a girl to a restaurant where they begin with horse-doovries instead of wiping your cutlery on the tablecloth and deciding whether you want the 'and' with your ham fried or scrambled—the minute a fellow like that comes along and learns one of us girls that taxicabs was made for something besides dodging, and pink roses for something besides florists' windows—that minute they put on another white-slave play and your friends begin to recite the doxology to music. Gee! It's fierce!

"Gimme that second act, Goldie. Thank Gawd, I can say that in all my years of experience I've never been made a fool of; and if I do say it I had chances enough in my

"You—you're the safest girl I know, Miss Gregory!" "What?"

"You're safe all right if you know the ropes, Miss "What did you do with the Rheinhardt statement,

Goldie? He'll be in for it any minute."

"It's in your lefthand drawer, along with those contracts, Miss Gregory. I made two carbons."

Miss Flint slid into her pressed-plush fourteen-dollarand-a-half copy of a fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Persian-lamb coat, pulled her curls out from under the brim of her hat, and clasped a dyed-rat tippet about her neck so that her face flowered above it like a small rose out of its calyx.

The Bacon-Shakspere controversy, the Fifth Dimension, and the American Shopgirl and How She Does Not Look it on Six Dollars a Week and Milk-Chocolate Lunches are still the subjects that are flung like serpentine confetti across the pink candleshades of four-fork dinners, and are wound like red tape round Uplift Societies and Ladies' Culture Clubs.

Yet Goldie flourished on milk-chocolate lunches, like the baby-food infants on the backs of the illustrated magazines.

"Good night, Miss Gregory." "Night!"

## By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Goldie Flint closed the door softly behind her as though tiptoeing away from the buzzing gnats of an eight-hour day.

Simultaneously across the hall the ground-glass door of the Underwriters' Realty Company swung open with a gust, and Mr. Eddie Bopp, clerk, celibate and aspirant for the beyond of each state, bowed himself directly in Goldie's path.

"Ed-die Bopp! Ain't you awful early tonight, though! Since when are you keeping board-of-directors' hours?"

"I been watching for you, Goldie."

Eddie needs no introduction. He solicits coffee orders at your door. The shipping clerks and dustlessbroom agents and lottery-ticket buyers of the world are made of his stuff.

Bronx apartment houses, with perambulators and imitation marble columns in the downstairs foyer, are built for his destiny. He sells you a yard of silk; he travels to Coney Island on hot Sunday afternoons; he bleaches on the bleachers; he keeps books; he belongs to a building association and wears polka-dot

He is not above the pink evening edition. Ibsen and eugenics and post-impressionism have never darkened the door of his consciousness.

Eddie Bopp is the safe-and-sane stratum in the social mountain, not of the base nor of the rarefied heights that carry dizziness

Yet when Eddie regarded Goldie there was that in his eyes which transported him far above the safeand-sane stratum to the only communal ground that men and socialists admit—the Arcadia of youthful lovers.

"I wasn't going to let you get by me tonight, Goldie, I ain't walked home with you for so long I haven't a rag of an excuse left to give Addie."

Miss Flint's cheeks colored the faint pink of dawn's first moment.

"I-I got to do some shopping tonight, Eddie. That's why I quit early. Believe me, Gregory'll make me pay up tomorrow."

"It won't be the first time I've gone shopping with you, Goldie."

"Remember the time we went down in Tracy's basement for a little alcohol stove you wanted for your breakfasts? The girl at the counter thought we-we were spliced."

"Yeh!" Miss Flint's voice was faint as the thud of a nut to the ground.

They shot down nine fireproof stories in a breath-taking elevator and then out on the whitest, brightest Broadway in the world, where the dreary trilogy of Wine, Women and Song is played from moon to dawn.

"How's Addie?"

"She don't complain, but she gets whiter and whiterpoor kid! I got her some new crutches, Goldie-swell mahogany ones, with silver tips. You ought to see her get round on them!"

"I—I been so busy—nightwork and—and —

"She's been asking about you every night, Goldie. It ain't like you to stay away like this."

Their breaths clouded before them in the stinging air, and down the length of the enchanted highway lights sprang out of the gloom and winked at them like naughty

eyes.
"What's the matter, Goldie? You ain't mad at me us-are you?"

Eddie took her pressed-plush elbow in the cup of his hand and looked down at her, trying in vain to capture the bright flame of her glance.

"Nothing's the matter, Eddie. Why should I be mad? I been busy—that's all."

The tide of homegoing New York caught them in its six-o'clock vortex. Shops emptied and street cars filled. A newsboy fell beneath a car and Broadway parted like a Red Sea for an overworked ambulance, the mission of which was futile. A lady in a fourteen-hundred-and-fiftydollar Persian-lamb coat and a notorious dog collar of pearls stepped out of a wine-colored limousine into the goldleaf foyer of a hotel. A ten-story department store ran an iron grating across its entrance, and ten watchmen reported for night duty.

"Aw, gee! They're closed! Ain't that the limit now! Ain't that the limit! I wanted some pink tulle for tonight, worst way."

"Poor kid! Don't you care! You can get it tomorrow -

you can work Gregory." "I-I wanted it for tonight."

"What?"

"I wanted it for my yoke."

They turned into the dark aisle of a side street; the wind lurked round the corner to leap at them.

"Oh-h-h-h!"

He held tight to her arm.

"It's some night-ain't it, girlie?"

"I should say so!"

"Poor little kid!"

Eddie's voice was suddenly the lover's, full of that quality which is like unto the ting of a silver bell after the clapper is quiet.

"You're coming home to a good hot supper with me, Goldie-ain't you, Goldie? Addie'll like it.

She withdrew her hand from the curve of his elbow.

"I can't, Eddle—not tonight. I——Tell her I'm coming over real soon."

"Oh!"

"It's sure cold, ain't it?"

"Goldie, can't you tell a fellow what's the matter? Can't you tell me why you been dodging me-us-for two weeks? Can't you tell a fellow-huh, Goldie?"

"Geewhillikins, Eddie! Ain't I told you it's nothing? There ain't a girl could be a better friend to Addie than me."

"I know that, Goldie; but --

"Didn't we work in the same office thick as peas for two whole years before her—accident—even before I knew she had a brother? Ain't I stuck to her right through -ain't I?"

'You know that ain't what I mean, Goldie. You been a swell friend to poor Addie, stayin' with her Sundays when you could be havin' a swell time and all; but it's me I'm talking about, Goldie. Sometimes—sometimes I -

"Aw!"

"I've never talked straight out about it before, Goldie, but you-you remember the night-the night I rigged up like a Christmas tree and you said I was all the ice cream in my white pants—the night Addie was run over and they sent for me?"

"Will I ever forget it!"

"I was tuning up that evening to tell you, Goldie-while we were sitting out there on your front stoop, with the street light in our eyes, and you screechin' and squealin' every time a June bug bumbled in your face!"

"My! How I hate bugs! There was one in Miss Gregory's

"I was going to tell you that night, Goldie, that there was only one girl—one girl for me—and-

"Yeh; and while we were sittin' there gigglin' and screechin' at June bugs poor Addie was provin' that a street-car fender has got it all over a mangling

"Yes; it's like she says about herself—she was payin' her initiation fee for life membership into the Society of Cripples with a perfectly good hip and a bit of spine."

"Poor Addie! How she loved to dance! She used to spend every noon hour eatin' marshmallows and learning me new steps."

The wind soughed in their ears and Goldie's

skirts blew backward like sails,

"You haven't got a better friend than Addie right now, girlie! She always says our little flat is yours. The three of us, Goldie-the three of us

"It's swell for a girl that ain't got none of her own blood to have a friend like that. Swell, lemme tell you!"

"Yes."

"It's like I said—I've never talked right out before, but I got a feelin' you're slippin' away from me like a eel, girlie. You know-aw, you know I ain't much on the elocution stuff; but if it wasn't for Addie and her accident right now-I'd ask you outright-I would. You know what I mean!"

"I don't know anything, Eddie: I'm no mindreader!" "Aw, cut it out, Goldie! You know I'm tied up right now and can't say some of the things I was going to say that night on the stoop. You know what I mean-with Addie's doctor's bills and chair and crutches, and all."

"Sure I do, Eddie. You've got no right to think of anything."

She turned from him, so that her profile was like a white cameo mounted on black velvet.

"You just give me a little time, Goldie, and I'll be on my feet, all righty. I just want some kind of understanding between us-that's all."

"Oh-you-I-

"I got Joe's job cinched if he goes over to the other firm in March; and by that time, Goldie, you and me and Addie, on eighty per, could-why, we -

She swayed back from his close glance and ran up the first three steps of her rooming house. Her face was struck with fear suddenly, as with a white flame out of the sky. "Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" she said. "You mustn't!"

He reached for her hand, caught it and held it—but like a man who feels the rope sliding through his fingers.

"Lemme go, Eddie! I gotta go-it's late!"

"I know, Goldie. They been guyin' me at the office about you passin' me up; and it's right—ain't it? It's--" She shook her head and tugged for the freedom of her hand. Tears crowded into her eyes like water to the surface of a tumbler just before the overflow. "It's him-ain't it, Goldie?"

"Well, you won't give—give a girl a chance to say anything. If you'd have given me time I was comin' over and tell you, and-and tell-

"Goldie!"

"I was-I was-

"It's none of my business, girlie; but—but he ain't fit

for you. He ——"
"There you go! The whole crowd of you make me-"He ain't fit for no girl, Goldie! Listen to me, girlie! He's just a regular ladykiller! He can't keep a job no more'n a week for the life of him! I used to know him when I worked at Delaney's. Listen to me, Goldie! This here new minin' scheme he's in ain't even on the level! It ain't none of my business; but Goldie, just because a guy's good-lookin' and a swell dresser, and

She sprang from his grasp and up the three remaining steps. In the sooty flare of the street lamp she was like Jeanne d'Arc heeding the vision or a suffragette declaiming on a soapbox and equal rights.

"You-the whole crowd of you make me sick! The minute a fellow graduates out of the sixty-dollar-clerk class



and can afford a twenty-dollar suit, without an extra pair of pants thrown in, the whole pack of you begin to youl and yap at his heels like -

'Goldie! Goldie, listen -

"Yes, you do! But I ain't caring. I know him and I know what I want. We're goin' to get married when we're good and ready, and we ain't apologizing to no one! I don't care what the whole pack of you have to say, except Addie and you; and—and—I—oh

Goldie turned and fled into the house, slamming the front door after her until the stained-glass panels rattledthen up four flights, with the breath soughing in her throat and the fever of agitation racing through her veins.

Her oblong box of a room at the top of the long flights was cold with a cavern damp and musty with the must that goes with rooming houses as inevitably as chorus girls go with the English peerage or insomnia goes with black coffee.

Even before she lit her short-armed gas jet, however, a sweet, insidious, hothouse fragrance greeted her faintly through the must, as the memory of mignonette clings to old lace. Goldie's face softened as if a choir invisible were singing her ragtime from above her skylight. She lighted her fan of gas with fingers that trembled in a pleasant frenzy of anticipation, and the tears dried on her face and left little paths down her cheeks.

A fan of pink roses, fretted with maidenhair fern and caught with a sash of pink tulle, lay on her coarse cot coverlet, as though one of her dreams had ventured out of

Pink leaped into Goldie's cheeks, and into her eyes the light that passeth understanding. Life dropped its duncolored cloak and stood suddenly garlanded in pink, wire-stemmed roses.

She buried her face in their fragrance. She kissed a cool bud, the heart of which was closed. She unwrapped the pink tulle sash with fingers that fumbled—like a child's at the gold cord of a candy box—and held the filmy streamer against her bosom in the outline of a yoke.

In Mrs. McCasky's boarding house the onward march of night was as regular as a Swiss watch with an American movement.

At nine o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters, across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging doors of Joe's place.

At ten o'clock the Polinis, on the third-floor back, let down their folding bed and shivered the chandelier in Major Florida's second-floor back.

At eleven o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated unevenly along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters. across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging door of Joe's place.

At twelve o'clock the electric piano in Joe's place ceased to clatter like coal pouring into an empty steel bin, and Mrs. McCasky lowered the hall light from a blob the size of a cranberry till it was no bigger than a French pea.

At one o'clock the next to the youngest Polini infant lifted its voice to the skylight, and Mr. Trimp's nightkey groped round the front-door lock, scratch-scratching for its hole.

In the dim-lit first-floor front Mrs. Trimp started from her light doze, like a deer in a park, which vibrates to the fall of a lady's feather fan. The crisscross from the cane chairback was imprinted on one sleep-flushed cheek, and her eyes, dim with the weariness of the nightwatch, flew to the white china

Reader, rest undismayed. Mr. Trimp entered on the banking-hour legs of a scholar and a gentleman. With a white carnation in his buttonhole, his hat unbattered in the curve of his arm, and his blue eyes behind their curtain of black lashes but slightly watery, like a thawing ice pond with a film

"Hello, my little Goldie-eyes!"

Mr. Trimp flashed his double deck of girlishpearlish teeth. When Mr. Trimp smiled Greuze might have wanted to paint his lips for a child study. Women tightened up about the throat and dared to wonder whether he wore a chest protector and asafetida bag. Old ladies in street cars regarded him through the mist of memories, and as if their motherly fingers itched to run through the heavy yellow hemp of his hair. There was that in his smile which seemed to provoke hand-painted sofa pillows and baby-ribboned coathangers, knitted neckties, and cross-stitched bedroom slippers. Once he had posed for an Adonis underwear advertisement.

"Hello, baby! Did you wait up for your old

Goldie regarded her husband with eyes that ten months of marriage had dimmed slightly. Her lips were thinner and tighter and silent.

"I think we landed a sucker tonight for fifty shares, kiddo. Ain't so bad, is it? And so you waited up for your tired old man, baby?"
"No!" she said, the words sparking from her

lips like the hiss of a hot iron when you test it with a moist forefinger. "No; I didn't wait up. I been out with you-painting the town."

"I couldn't get home for supper, hon. Me and Cutty

"You and Cutty! I wasn't born yesterday!"

"Me and Cutty had a sucker out, baby. He'll bite for

fifty shares, sure!"
"Gee!" she flamed at him, backing round the rocker
from his amorous advances. "Gee! If I was low enough to be a crook-if I was low enough to try and make a livin' sellin' dead dirt for pay dirt-I'd be a successful crook anyway; I'd -

'Now Goldie-hon! Don't-"

"I wouldn't leave my wife havin' heart failure every time McCasky passes the door—I wouldn't!"

"Now don't fuss at me, Goldie. I'm tired-dog-tired. got some money comin' in tomorrow that'll -

"That don't go with me any more!"

"Sure, I have."

I been set out on the street too many times before on promises like that; and it was always after a week of one of these here slow jags. I know them and how they begin. I know them!"

"'Tain't so this time, honey. I been -

"I know them and how they begin, with your sweet, silky ways. I'd rather have you come staggering home than like this-with your claws hid. I-I'm afraid of you, I tell you. I ain't forgot the night up at Hinkey's. You haven't been out with Cutty no more than I have. You been up to the Crescent, where the Red Slipper is dancing this week, you ---

Mr. Trimp swayed ever so slightly—slightly as a silver reed in the lightest breeze that blows-and regained his balance immediately. His breath was redolent as a garden of spices and cloves.

"Baby," he said, "you better believe your old man. I been out with Cutty, Goldie. We had a sucker out!"

She sprang back from his touch, hot tears in her eyes. "Believe you! I did till I learnt better. I believed you for four months, sittin' round waiting for you and your goings on. You ain't been out with Cutty-you ain't been out with him one night this week. You been-you

Mrs. Trimp's voice rose in a hysterical crescendo. Her hair, yellow as cornsilk and caught in a low chignon at her neck, escaped its restraint of pins and fell in a whorl down her back.

She was like a young immortal eaten by the corroding acids of earlier experiences.

"You ain't been out with Cutty. You been -

The piano salesman in the first-floor back knocked against the closed folding doors for the stilly night that should have been his by right. A distant nightstick struck the asphalt, and across Harry Trimp's features, like filmy clouds across the moon, floated a composite mask of Henry the Eighth and Othello and all their alimony-paying kith. His mouth curved into an expression that did not comport with pale hair and light eyes.

He slid from his greatcoat, a black one with a fur collar, bought in three payments, and inclined closer to his wife, a contumelious smirk on his lips.

"Well, whatta you going to do about it, kiddo-huh?"

"I-I'm going to-quit!"

He laughed and let her squirm from his hold, strolled over to the mirror, pulled his red four-in-hand upward from its knot and tugged his collar open.

"You're not going to quit, kiddo! You ain't got the

He leaned toward the mirror and examined the even rows of teeth, and grinned at himself like a Halloween pumpkin to flash whiter their whiteness.

"Ain't I! Which takes the most nerve, I'd like to know, stickin' to you and your devilishness, or strikin' out for myself like I been raised to do? I was born a worm and I ain't never found the cocoon that would change me into a butterfly. I-I had as swell a job up at Gregory's as a girl ever had. I'm an expert stenographer, I am! I got a diploma from -

"Why don't you get your job back, baby? You been up there twice to my knowin'; maybe the third time'll be a charm. Don't let me keep you, kiddo."

The sluicegates of her fear and anger opened suddenly and tears rained down her cheeks. She wiped them away with her hand.

"It's because you took the life and soul out of me! They don't want me back because I ain't nothin' but a rag any more. I guess they're ashamed to take me back 'cause I'm in-in your class. Ten months of standing for your funny business, and dodging landladies, and waitin' up nights, and watchin' you and your crooked, starvation game would take the life out of any girl. It would!"

"Don't fuss at me any more, Goldie-eyes. It's gettin' hard for me to keep down; and I don't want-want to

begin gettin' ugly."

Mr. Trimp advanced toward his wife gently-gently. "Don't come near me! I know what's coming; but you ain't going to get me this time with your oily ways. You're the kind that walks on a girl with spiked heels and then tries to kiss the sores away. I'm going to quit!"

Mr. Trimp plucked nervously at his faint mustache and slowly folded his black-andwhite waistcoat over the back of a chair. He fumbled it a bit.

"Stay where you're put, you—you bloomin"

vest, you!"

"I-I got friends that'll help me, I haveeven if I ain't ever laid eyes on 'em since the day I married you. I got friends—real friends! Addie'll take me in any minute, day or night. Eddie Bopp could get me a job in his firm tomorrow if—if I ask him. I got friends! You've kept me from 'em; but I ain't afraid to look 'em up. I'm not!"

He advanced to where she stood beneath the waving gas flame. A pet phrase clung to his lips and he stumbled over it.

"My-my little-pussy-cat!"

"You're drunk!"

"No, I ain't, baby-only dog-tired. Dogtired! Don't fuss at me! You just don't know how much I love you, baby!'

"Who wouldn't fuss, I'd like to know?"

Her voice was like ice crackling with thaw. He took her lax waist in his embrace and kissed her on the brow.

"Don't, honey-don't!"

"You-you always get your way with me. You treat me like a dog; but you know you can wind me round—wind me round."

"Baby! Baby!"

He smoothed her hair away from her saltbitten eyes, patted her head, laid his cheek affectionately against hers, and murmured to her softly, as a bird croons to its mate.

"Pussy-cat! Pussy!"

The river of difference between them dried in the warm sun of her forgiveness, and she sobbed on his shoulder with the exhaustion of a child after a tantrum.

"You won't leave me alone nights no more, Harry?"

"Thu-thu-thu-such a little Goldie-eyes!" "I can't stand for the worry of the board no more, Harry. McCaskys are gettin' ugly. I ain't got a decent

rag to my back, neither!"
"I'm going to take a shipping-room job next week, honey, and get back in harness. Bill's going to fix me up. There ain't nothin' in this rotten game and I'm going to get out."

"Sure?"

"Sure, Goldie."

"You ain't been drinking, Harry?"

"Sure I ain't. Me and Cutty had a rube out, I tell

"You'll keep straight, won't you, Harry? You're killin' me, boy; you are."

"Come; dry your face, baby."

He reached to his hip pocket for his handkerchief, and with it a sparse shower of red and green and pink and white and blue confetti showered to the floor as if snow were falling through a rainbow. Goldie slid from his embrace and laughed—a laugh frozen with the ice of scorn and as chilled as her own chilled heart.

"Liar!" she said, and trembled as she stood.

His lips curled again into the expression that so ill fitted his albinism. "You little cat! You can't bluff me!"

> 'I knew you was up at the Crescent Cotillon! I felt it in my bones. I knew you was up there when I read on the billboards that the Red Slipper was dancing there. Iknewwhere you was every night while I been sittin' here waitin'! I knew-I knew -

The piano salesman rapped against the folding doors thrice with rage and the head of a cane. At that instant the lower half of Mr. Trimp's face protruded suddenly into a lanter jawed facsimile of a blue-ribbon English bull: his hand shot out and hurled the chair that stood between them halfway across the room, where it fell on its side against the washstand and split a rung.

"You-you little devil, you!"

The second-floor front beat a tattoo of remonstrance; but there was



"Ain't it Grand Where He Pushes Her to the Edge of the Bridge?"

a sudden howling as of boiling surf in Mr. Trimp's ears and the hot ember of an oath dropped from his lips.

"You little devil! You been hounding me with the quit game for eight months. Now you gotta quit!"

"I—I -

"There ain't a man livin' would stand for your long face and naggin'! If you don't like my banking hours, and my game, and the company I keep, you quit, kiddo! Quit! Do you hear?"

"Will-I-quit? Well-

"Yeh; I been up to the Crescent Confetti-every night this week, just like you say! I been round live wires, where there ain't no long white faces shoving boardbills and whining the daylights out of me."

"Oh, you-you ain't nothin' but -

"Sure, I been up there! I can get two laughs for every long face you pull on me. You quit if you want to, kiddothere ain't no strings to you. Quit-and the sooner the better!" Mr. Trimp grasped his wife by her taut wrists and jerked her toward him until her head fell backward and the breath jumped out of her throat in a choke. "Quitand the sooner the better!"

"Lemme go! Lem-me-go!"

He tightened his hold and inclined toward her, so close that their faces almost touched. With his hot clutches on her wrists and his hot breath in her face, it seemed to her that his eyes fused into one huge Cyclopean circle that spun and spun in the center of his forehead like a fiery pinwheel against a night sky.

"Bah! You little whiteface, you! You played a snide trick on me anyway-lost your looks the second month and went dead, like a punctured tire! Quit when you

want to-there ain't no strings. Quit now!'

He flung her from him, so that she staggered backward four steps and struck her right cheek sharply against the mantel corner. A blue glass vase fell to the hearth and was shattered. With the salt of fray on his lips, he kicked at the overturned chair and slammed a closet door until the windows rattled. A carpet-covered hassock lay in his path and he hurled it across the floor. Goldie edged toward the wardrobe, hugging the wall like one who gropes in the dark.

"If you're right bright, kiddo, you'll keep out of my way. You got me crazy tonight-crazy! Do you hear

me, you little -"My hat!"

He flung it to her from its peg, with her jacket, so that they fell crumpled at her feet.

"You're called on your bluff this time, little one. This is one night it's quits for you—and I ain't drunk, neither!" She crowded her rampant hair, flowing as Ophelia's, to her cheap little boyish hat and fumb jacket. A red welt, shaped like a tongue of flame, burned diagonally down her right cheek.

"Keep out of my way—you! You got me crazy tonight—

crazy tonight!"

He watched her from the opposite side of the room with lowered head, like a bull longing for an onslaught.

She moved toward the door with the rigidity of an automaton, her hands groping ahead and her magnetized eyes never leaving his reddening face. Her mouth was moist and no older than a child's; but her skin was dead, as if coated over with tallow. She opened the door slowly, fearing to break the spell—then suddenly slipped through the doorway and slammed the door after her. The slam of

(Continued on Page 72)



"He Could Have Turned Me Against My Own Mother, I Was That Crasy Over Him"

## WILLIAM CARLET my sor



"If There's Anything Sick Round the Place, Even the Cat, I Want to Know It"

ARLETON milk would do it," said Barney. There was something in his voice that made my own heart beat faster. It was the white idealism of the man that made him ignore the petty little interests of individuals in answer to the cry of the babies. Then, too, he voiced his faith in Dick, and finally he voiced his faith in the name Carleton. It made me proud, I'll admit it, to have him feel that the name Carleton attached to a business was a guaranty of good faith. On the whole I think I valued more highly the good opinion of this youngster than that of any other man in town. This was because he was inspired from within rather than from without.

I waited to hear what Dick would say. Ever since our escape from our neat little suburban prison to the pioneer freedom of the tenement district, I had tried to make the boy see beyond himself. In directing his ambition toward the freedom that comes with capital I had tried to make him see that every honest success is a cooperative success.

"Make some one besides your own people happier for

every extra dollar you earn," I told him.

The contracting business which he took over from me was based on that idea and built up on that idea. Our men grew prosperous with us. And Dick had maintained it on this basis and was still so maintaining it.

But this scheme of Barney's was a little different. In the first place there was a general prejudice against dairying in the town. It's a fact that those men who sold their milk to contractors made a mighty small profit, and Dick was anxious to make his farm pay. A good many people would watch him. Then, too, he had to live up to Dardoni's record or suffer the humiliation of confessing he couldn't succeed so well as a foreign immigrant. But there was the cry of the unknown babies to be considered. And there was the implied demand of Barney to Dick as a young American business man to devote his energies to a cause concerned with something besides his pocketbook. It seemed to me like a crisis in the boy's life.

"Think it over for a day or two," said Barney as he rose

to go.
"I've been thinking it over," said Dick. "I've been
thinking it over and this is what I'll do: I'll promise you
We'll see what we can do and a dozen cows, lose or gain. We'll see what we can do and go as far as we can.'

Barney thrust out his hand toward the boy, and the two

youngsters gripped.

"And I can't tell a Jersey from a Guernsey and neither can you," the boy said to me when we were talking over

the matter more in detail a day or so later,
"That's a good thing," I said; "you'll be able to start fresh. You haven't a century of prejudices back of you nor , a century of bad habits. There are men in the state agricultural school who have made a life study of dairying, not only here but throughout this country and abroad. And they are there to tell you what they've learned. They don't ask for a rarer privilege than to find some one ready to listen."

"But I don't like the idea of putting my business altogether into their hands."

"You do more every time you consult a lawyer or a doctor," I said.

"I know it, but this seems different. I've got to run this business myself, and I don't like the idea of merely carrying out the theories of some one else."

"Don't," I said. "Listen to what they all have to say and then take those theories that appeal to you and make them your own. Besides, I don't believe there is any theory about

the essentials of dairying or any other branch of farming. The fundamentals have been proved. Some one has paid big in time and expensive mistakes to prove them for you. You can start where the other man left off. You don't have to start

I suppose it was the young blood in the boy that made him hate to seek advice, but this feeling of resentment didn't last long. And then Barney, ever breathless to push along anything he started, had sent off by the next mail a request to both the Department of Agriculture and the state school for all data on hand dealing with dairying. The prompt reply and the mass of reports and pamphlets he received proved how eager those bureaus are to grasp a chance to spread their information. Too

often the results of their patient investigations are wasted. Buried in annual reports, few people see them. These reports are to be had free or for a pittance, to be sure, but that's beside the point when the great mass of farmers don't send for them. And it's no answer to say that in this case the farmers don't deserve them. You might just as well abolish truant officers with the argument that children who don't want to go to school oughtn't to be made to go. If the departments of agriculture, both Federal and state, devoted one-half of their appropriations to publicity-much as they need the money in their regular work—the actual results accomplished would in my opinion warrant it. It isn't what the experts themselves learn that is of value to the nation; it's what they can drive home to the farmers who are actually raising the crops. I don't believe a single farmer in our town ever read the annual report of the State Board of Agriculture until after the forming of the Pioneer Club, and yet those reports had been crammed full for twenty-five years and more with information that would have saved them thousands of dollars and that would have brought the state a hundred times in dollars what it would have cost to have mailed to each rural male voter a digest of them. The Federal Government could have accomplished the same result with a single wasted political appropriation

or with the money thrown away in that sop to weak Congressmen called "seed distribution."

These reports which we received covered the problems of dairying from every conceivable angle. In every case they were based upon actual experience, not only in the laboratory but in the field. The Institute papers read before the annual meetings of agricultural societies gave in detail the final successful results that followed years of costly failures. Here was the experience for which men paid, already paid for and given freely. It was in a definite, concrete form. Here were tables covering every item of production and cost in getting a quart of milk to market. It was worked out as accurately as is the cost of production of a pair of shoes. With such material as this at hand I didn't see why a novice, if he had a backing of horse sense and a fair amount of business experience, wasn't in as good a position to embark in this business as a man brought up in a dairy. In some respects he had the advantage. Personally I've found the hardest man in the world to teach farming to is the farmer.

Now in this mass of evidence two facts stood out as fundamental-that the production of milk can be increased by breeding, and that the greatest innovation in the scientific care of milk-clean handlingisn't so much an innovation as it is the correction of dirty habits that milk producers have had for so many years that they no longer recognize them as dirty habits. It's a fact that many a farmer has lived with cow dung so long that he has come to look upon it as clean, just as he has forced pigs to live in filth until now he looks upon filth as their natural habitat. Hadley was convinced that a clean pig was an impossibility.
"It's agin natur' to have 'em clean," he said. "Ain't

they called unclean in the Bible?"

A farmer in our town who groomed his cow would have been thought as absurd as though he put a Brussels carpet down on his barn floor. Such notions were considered the evil result of a college education. A cow barn wouldn't be a cow barn if it didn't smell like a cow barn.

"They'll be tying blue ribbons round their horns next,"

one man allowed.

Barney came hurrying over to the house after supper with his finger between the leaves of one of these reports.

"Look here," he said to Dick; "in Germany they go to

the bottom of things. They don't stop until they reduce facts to cold, hard figures. Listen to the death rate per thousand for babies fed on various foods: Fed on mother's milk the death rate is seven and four-tenths per thousand; fed on mother's and cow's milk, twenty-one and four-tenths; fed on cow's milk alone, forty-two and one-tenth. That makes cow's milk six times as deadly as mother's milk. It comes pretty near ranking it as a poison. But this isn't due to the milk itself, mind you; it's due to the dirt in the milk. You must lay the death of those babies directly at the door of the milk handlers, not the cows. The death rate in this country is probably even higher. There are a million and a half babies under one year of age in this country. Leaving a wide margin for error fortyfive thousand of them are snuffed out yearly by unclean milk. That comes pretty close to wholesale murder."

"Of course some of the milk is dirtied in the homes,"

I suggested.

"Admit it," said Barney, "though clean milk once sealed in clean bottles will stay clean a long while. But admit that careless home handling does some of the damage. Admit a wide margin of error in the statistics. They are bad enough even after that. Then remember that pasteurized milk at once lowers the death rate wherever used and that pasteurized milk isn't improved milk by a long shot. But pasteurization does kill out some of the harmful germs. And wherever that is done the death rate drops. There is a difference between mother's milk and cow's milk, but the biggest difference is that one is clean and the other isn't. Give us clean milk, Dick. That's all we want."

It didn't seem very much to ask for. It sounded a good deal like imploring a candy manufacturer to refrain from putting poison in penny sticks.

"I suppose the reason we don't get clean milk is because it costs more to produce it," said Dick.

"Possibly," nodded Barney; "but as a rule uncleanliness in any business stands for shiftlessness and waste.

Efficient men are clean men, and an efficient business is a clean business. Filth means waste. This is especially true in the case of milk. It means that valuable manure is being lost; it means that cows are depreciating because of slovenly care; it means that a man who is slovenly with his property is slovenly with his business. Cleanliness always pays for itself in the end. But even at twelve cents a quart clean milk is cheap food. That's one thing I propose to make those people in Little Italy understand. Look here."

Barneypickedupanother report and rapidly turned the leaves. Hewas alive, that man. If he had a weakness it was for statistics. He loved to see facts reduced to figures. He made every family in the village with a new baby keep a chart, and



"It's Agin Natur' to Have 'Em Clean. Ain't They Called Unclean in the Bible?"

then he reduced that chart to a curved line. If a mother wanted any flattery from him about her offspring she had to produce that chart and not the baby. With the kiddle gurgling in its cradle beside him he'd hold that chart at arm's length and exclaim:

"Now that curve is going the way it should. Fine! Fine! That's the way I like to see a baby grow."

"Here's what I was after," said Barney. "The actual food value of anything lies in the amount of digestible dry matter it contains. The water in it you can get cheaper by turning on the faucet, and what you don't digest is simply waste. On that basis here's a comparison of the cost per pound of certain common foods. Porterhouse steak at thirty cents a pound produces a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of eighty cents; round steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty-four cents; Hamburg steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty cents; eggs at thirty cents a dozen produce it at a cost of one dollar and three cents a pound; ham at twenty-five cents produces a pound of digestible matter at a cost of sixty-five cents; clean milk at twelve cents produces the same amount of digestible dry matter at a cost of only forty-eight cents. You see it's about the cheapest food a man can buy at even twelve cents a quart, Skim milk is still cheaper, producing a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of only fourteen cents; but skim milk,

like buttermilk, is an acquired taste." Barney closed the book with a snap.

"If to make a fair profit you have to charge twelve cents a quart for clean milk, charge it. It's worth it, and I'll do what I can to make the public understand that fact.

"And I'll do what I can to produce it cheaper than twelve cents," said Dick.

### VII

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m I}^{
m N}$  THE production of clean milk the farmer starts with one fundamental factor absolutely assured him-his product as delivered by a clean cow is clean. Neither pasteurization nor sterilization can improveit. There remains for the farmer then just one duty, to keep his milk clean. He must see that it is uncontaminated between the cow and the pail, between the pail and the cooling room, and between the cooling room and the bottle, and finally that the bottle itself is absolutely clean. By skillful feeding a farmer may improve the quality of his milk and increase its quantity, but he cannot make it any cleaner than it is delivered to him by a clean cow. As Dick and I read over the many reports we received we saw this fact

emphasized again and again. Nature handed her product to man in a clean state and it was man who undid her work. "It looks to me," said Dick, "as though the chief work of the dairy expert lies, not in the improvement of cattle

but in the improvement of men." And there was something in what the lad said. In the detection of unclean cattle by the tuberculin test experts have made a distinct, concrete advance, but the rest of their work consists mainly in trying to counteract the present day familiarity with filth which has led farmers to view it with contempt. I've seen a cow step in the milk pail, and have known the farmer's only regret to be the loss of a few quarts of milk. On the whole it would have done less harm if the farmer himself had stepped in the milk pail; and yet in that event he would have considered the milk contaminated simply because of the unusualness of the accident.

Little by little the bad habits of our ancestors, bred of shiftlessness due sometimes to enforced neglect and somee to laziness, have accumulated in the present generation who accept them either as inevitable or natural. A routine has been handed down to them and to their wives which has paralyzed both. The man who starts in the business fresh and with his eyes open escapes this heritage.

The more the boy and I read, the more we realized that in dairying the barn is a mighty important factor. Right there is where it was necessary to pull away from the popular conception of a barn. Farmers have for years been throwing together a type of building that is nothing but a lukewarm evolution of the first primitive shelter. In constructing these buildings the farmer has considered neither his own comfort nor that of his cattle. They vary only in size, and consist of nothing but a boarded-in roof that serves to keep off the rain. No attempt has been made

to have a cool stable in summer or a warm stable in winter. while such items as light and cleanliness have been ignored completely. Cattle are not accorded even the consideration given vegetables.

The barn which Dardoni had found on the place and which he had not improved at all was of this old type. Dardoni, like most immigrants, depended upon hard work and economy for his success rather than upon modern scientific farming methods. The latter would have helped him, but he never had the opportunity to learn about them. Even if he had, it is doubtful if he would have adopted them. He fell into his own little tangle of ruts, and if they were an improvement on those of his neighbors they were still ruts.

The barn was big enough, about fifty by sixty, but it was poorly ventilated and poorly lighted, and was, of course, floored with wood. Back of the cows this wood was soaked with the accumulated filth of fifty years. The manure was shoveled through a trap door directly back of the cows to the ground below, where it lay until wanted for use. Much of it was lost by drainage, and what remained polluted the whole barn. You couldn't remain fifteen minutes in that barn without advertising the fact for an hour afterward to every one you met. This came pretty close to Hadley's ideal conception of a barn.

The cattle were watered from a well in the barnyard

which received a good share of the drainage and in winter

"If That Cow Isn't Burled Within a Week She'll be the Best-Advertised Cow in This Neighborhood"

was as cold as it could be without freezing. There were windows back of the stalls, but in winter these were boarded up. The eaves shaded them, anyway, so that no sunlight ever came in. From roof to floor the barn was covered with a fine dust that was stirred up every time hay was pitched down from the loft and every time a gust of wind blew in. Viewing the structure from the point of view of the modern dairyman the barn was about as filthy as it could be. Viewing it from the point of view merely of a man with only average decent instincts it was filthy. Detach that barn and put it down in an orderly community where such barns are not common and it would be condemned instantly by any board of health.

Yet it was no worse than the average barn of the village. We consider ourselves a decent community too. I'll admit that at first it didn't appeal to me as in a very bad condition. That's because it was up to the local standard; because after a long period of slovenly training we had all become used to barns of this type. Only when we looked at it from a fresh point of view did we appreciate its actual condition. I don't suppose our dulled vision is limited to barns either, or that farmers are the only class with dulled vision. Just such conditions exist in every community.

It isn't a bad practice to stop every now and then and try to strip things to their naked selves. I've often wondered what a halfway decent inhabitant of another planet might report back to his fellows after a visit here. Suppose he was what we'd call a savage, and suppose he was so simple-minded he couldn't appreciate our civilization and reported things literally.

'They kill animals down there," he could say, "and eat their flesh-even their livers and stomachs. They drink poison down there because of the fun they get out of it while it is killing them. It is sold in stores like groceries. And they swallow deadly drugs, that drive them mad, because of the brief enjoyment they get before they go mad. Drugs are sold in stores too. They have laws that make it illegal for individuals to settle their quarrels by killing each other, but when groups of individuals fall out they think the only way they can settle the dispute with honor is to kill each other by thousands. The nation that kills the most is then declared to have been right, and this is thought a very brave and pretty affair. The slayers are dressed in bright uniforms and have bands and are highly honored. They can't decide on God down there and hate each other for loving Him in different ways. They don't think much of little children down there; the wealthy call them nuisances and the poor call them burdens. When a man does wrong down there they don't try to make him better, but shut him up and make him worse."

I've often stripped things to the raw that way, just for the good of my point of view. It's amazing how many bitter truths like those we have clothed with excuses until we don't see the facts any more. The matter of our barns in Brewster was a fine example on a small scale.

"The barn is rotten," said Dick, "and I thought of putting a cow in there for my own use,"

The first question with Dick was whether it wouldn't be cheaper to pull down the old barn and start fresh. But

> after examining the structure carefully he found that the framework was as sound as when put together. It was built in the days when both lumber and labor were cheap. Most of those timbers couldn't be duplicated today. Letting in air and sunlight was simply a matter of putting in windows. If the barn was sheathed on the inside this would provide a space serving as a flue for ventilation. As for the floors, they should be cement. There was no possible chance for argument there. Nothing else can be kept so clean.

> Now here's a point I want to emphasize—not one of those ideaswaseither Dick'sormine. My experience with farming in general had taught me that cleanliness in every branch is essential to the best results, and I will say that my barn was a little cleaner than some in the neighborhood. I took care of my dressing, for one thing, and kept my cows fairly clean with plenty of bedding and considerable grooming. But my barn wasn't properly ventilated and wasn't as clean as it ought to be by a long shot. In studying this subject I found I had as much to learn as the boy. The fact that impressed me, as it had already

impressed me about other details of farming, was how simple a matter it is to learn. There is nothing complicated about farming; nothing abstruse. It's just horse sense. The subject presents no technical difficulties. Even if it did, the way people with intelligence even below the average have mastered the tricks and complications of gasoline engines would seem to indicate that this should be no bar. Within a decade a large army of humdrum people, many of whom no one ever thought could learn to drive a nail, have turned themselves into skilled mechanicians for the pleasure of running an automobile. A man who can master a gasoline engine ought to be able to master anything mechanical.

Dick approached his new enterprise knowing even less than I, but he had right at hand the published experience of others and knew enough to utilize it whenever it squared with intelligent reasoning. A man can go far without personal experience today if he knows how to use the experience of others.

The first thing the boy did was to sheathe the barn on the inside, leaving it open at the top. An opening on the outside near the sill allowed the fresh air to enter there, come up on the inside and enter at the top. Flues near the floor drew out the impure air. Nothing could be simpler, and nothing, so far as Dick's experience has gone, could work better.

The next thing the boy did was to have the barn swept down from roof to floor, and then he went to work on the cement floor. In the barn proper he had the cement put on over the floorboards, these being sound. The cement was not smoothed off, but left rough so as to afford a footing. In remodeling his stalls Dick used the published experience of an old dairyman-a practical farmer who evidently had

(Continued on Page 65)

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

## The Deadly Poulet Routine—By Irvin S. Cobb

T WAS at a small dinner party in a home out in Passywhich is to Paris what Flatbush is to Brooklyn-that the event hereinafter set forth came to pass. Our host was an American who had lived abroad a good many years; and his wife, our hostess, was a French woman as charming as she was pretty and as pretty as she could be.

The dinner was going along famously. We had the hors-d'œuvres, the soup and the hareall very tasty to look on and very soothing to the palate. Then came the

fowl, roasted, of course—the roast fowl is the national bird of France-and along with the fowl something exceedingly appetizing in the way of hearts of lettuce garnished with breast of hothouse tomatoes cut on the bias.

When we were through with this the servants removed the débris and brought us hot plates. Then, with the air of one conferring a real treat on us, the butler bore round a tureen arrangement full of smoking-hot string-beans. When it came my turn. I helped myself—copiously—and waited for what was to go with the beans. A pause ensued—to my imagination an embarrassed pause.

Seeking a cue I glanced down the table and back again. There did not appear to be anything to go with the beans. The butler was standing at ease behind his master's chair-ease for a butler, I mean-and the other guests, it seemed to me, were waiting and watching. To myself I said:

"Well, sir, that butler certainly has made a J. Henry Fox Pass of himself this trip! Here, just when this dinner was getting to be one of the notable successes of the present century, he has to go and derange the whole running schedule by serving the salad when he should have served the beans, and the beans when he should have served the salad. It's a sickening situation; but if I can save it I'll do it. I'll be well bred if it takes a leg!"

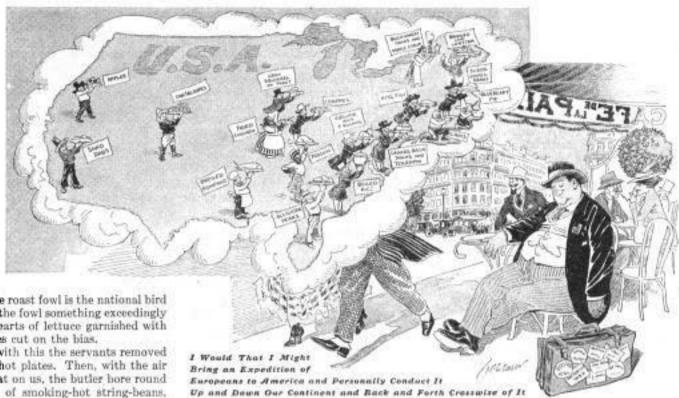
## The String-Bean Path to Social Glory

So, WEARING the manner of one who has been accus-tomed all his life to finishing off his dinner with a mess of string-beans, I used my putting iron; and from the edge of the fair green I holed out in three. My last stroke was dandy, if I do say it myself. The others were game too-I could see that. They were eating beans as though beans were particularly what they had come for. Out of the tail of my eye I glanced at our hostess, sitting next to me on the left. She was placid, calm, perfectly easy. Again addressing myself mentally I said:

"There's a thoroughbred for you! You take a woman who got prosperous suddenly and is still acutely suffering from nervous culture, and if such a shipwreck had occurred at her dinner table she'd be utterly prostrated by now-she'd be down and out—and we'd all be standing back to give her air; but when they're born in the purple it shows in these big emergencies. Look at this woman now-not a ripple on the surface-balmy as a summer evening! But in about one hour from now, Central European time, I can see her accepting that fool butler's resignation before he's had time to offer it!"

After the beans had been cleared off the right-of-way we had the dessert and the cheese and the coffee and the rest of it. And, as we used to say in the society column down home when the wife of the largest advertiser was entertaining the collected beauty and chivalry of the community, "at a suitable hour those present dispersed to their homes, one and all voting the affair to have been one of the most enjoyable occasions among like events of the season." We all knew our manners-we had proved that.

Personally I was very proud of myself for having carried the thing off so well; but after I had survived a few tables d'hôte in France and a few more in Austria and a great many in Italy, where they do not have anything at the hotels except tables d'hôte, I did not feel quite so proud. For at this writing in those parts the slender, sylphlike stringbean is not playing a minor part, as with us. He has the



best spot on the bill at the evening performance-he is a headliner. So is the cauliflower; so is the Brussels sprout; so is any vegetable whose function among our own people is largely scenic.

Therefore I treasured the memory of this incident and brought it back with me; and I tell it here at some length of detail because I know how grateful my countrywomen will be to get hold of it—I know how grateful they always are when they learn about a new gastronomical wrinkle. Mind you, I am not saying that the notion is an absolute novelty here. For all I know to the contrary, prominent hostesses along the Gold Coast of the United States-Bar Harbor to Palm Beach inclusive—may have been serving one lone vegetable as a separate course for years and years; but I feel sure that throughout the interior the disclosure will come as a pleasant surprise.

The directions for executing this coup are simple-all the deadlier because they are so simple. The main thing is to invite your chief opponent as a smart entertainer; you know the one I mean—the woman who scored such a distinct social triumph in the season of 1912-13 by being the first woman in town to serve tomato bisque with whipped cream on it. Have her there by all means. Go ahead with your dinner as though naught sensational and revolutionary were about to happen. Give them in proper turnthe oysters, the fish, the entrée, the bird, the salad. And then, all by itself-alone and unafraid-bring on a dab of

Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, and aim and fire at will. Settle back then, until the first hushed shock has somewhat abated—until your dazed and suffering rival is glaring about in a well-bred but flustered manner, looking for something to go with the beans. Hold her eye while you smile a smile that is compounded of equal parts-superior wisdom, and gentle contempt for her ignorance; and then slowly, deliberately, dip a fork into the beans on your plate and go to it.

Believe me, it cannot lose! Before breakfast time the next morning every woman who was at that dinner will either be sending out invitations for a dinner of her own and ordering beans, or she will be calling up her nearest and best friend on the telephone to spread the tidings. I figure that the intense social excitement occasioned in this country a few years ago by the introduction of Russian salad dressing will be as nothing in comparison.

This stunt of serving the vegetable as a separate course was one of the things I learned about food during our flittings across Europe, but it was not the only thing I learned-by a long shot it was not.

For example I learned this—and I do not care what anybody else may say to the contrary either-that here in America we have better food and more different kinds of food, and food better cooked and better served than the effete monarchies of the Old World ever dreamed of. And, quality and variety considered, it costs less here, bite for bite, than it costs there.

Food in Germany is cheaper than anywhere else almost, I reckon; and, selected with care and discrimination, a German dinner is an excellently good disner. Certain dishes in England-and they are very certain, for you get them at every mealare good, too, and not overly expensive. There are some distinctive Austrian dishes that are not without their attractions either.

Speaking by and large, however, I venture the assertion that, taking any first-rate restaurant in any of the larger American cities and balancing it off against any establish-ment of like standing in Europe, the American restaurant wins on culsine, service, price, flavor and attractiveness.

Centuries of careful and constant press-

agenting have given French cookery much of its present fame. The same crafty processes of publicity, continued through a period of eight or nine hundred years, have endowed the European scenic effects with a glamour and an impressiveness that really are not there, if you can but forget the advertising and consider the proposition on its merits.

Take their rivers now—their historic rivers, if you please. You are traveling-heaven help you-on a Continental train. Between spells of having your ticket punched or torn apart, or otherwise mutilated; and between spells of getting out at the border to see your trunks ceremoniously and solemnly unloaded and unlocked, and then as ceremoniously relocked and reloaded after you have con-ferred largess on everybody connected with the train, their customs regulations being mainly devised for the purpose of collecting not tariff but tips—between these periods, which constitute so important a feature of Continental travel-you come, let us say, to a stream.

## Puny Creeks With Historic Names

IT IS a puny stream, as we are accustomed to measure streams, boxed in by stone walls and regulated by stone dams, and frequently it is mud-colored and, more frequently still, runs between muddy banks. In the West it would probably not even be dignified with a regular name, and in the East it would be of so little importance that the local congressman would not ask an annual appropriation of more than half a million dollars for the purposes of dredging, deepening and diking it. But even as you cross it you learn that it is the Tiber or the Arno, the Elbe or the Po; and, such is the force of precept and example, you immediately get all excited and worked up over it.

English rivers are beautiful enough in a restrained, wellmanaged, landscape-gardened sort of way; but we Americans do not enthuse over an English river because of what it is in itself, but because it happens to be the Thames or the Avon-because of the distinguished characters in history whose names are associated with it. Hades gets much of its reputation the same way.

I think of one experience I had while touring through what we had learned to call the Dachshund District. Our route led us alongside a most inconsequential-looking little river. Its contents seemed a trifle too liquid for mud and a trifle too solid for water. On the nearer bank was a small village populated by short people and long dogs. Out in midstream, making poor headway against the semi-gelid current, was a little flutter-tailed steamboat panting and puffing violently and kicking up a lather of lacy spray with its wheelbuckets in a manner to remind you of a very warm small lady fanning herself with a very

large gauze fan, and only getting hotter at the job. In America that stream would have been known as Mink Creek or Cassidy's Run, or by some equally poetic title; but when I found out it was the Danube—no less—I had a distinct thrill. On closer examination I discovered it to be a counterfeit thrill; but, nevertheless, I had it.

By the same token I also found out that day why they call the Danube the Blue Danube; for yellow is one of the component pigments of blue, and this stream had enough yellow in it to turn a whole ocean blue if properly mixed with enough green. And the Americans aboard that train could have supplied the greenness, too, and never missed it; they would have had plenty left.

What applies in the main to the scenery applies in the main to the food. France has the reputation of breeding the best cooks in the world—and maybe she does; but when you are calling in France you find most of them out. They have emigrated to America, where a French chef gets more money in one year for exercising his art-and gets it easier-than he could get in ten years at home-and is given better ingredients to cook with than at home.

The hotel in Paris at which we stopped served good enough meals, all of them centering, of course, round the inevitable poulet rôti; but it took the staff an everlastingly long time to bring the food to you. If you grew reckless and ordered anything that was not on the bill it upset the entire establishment; and before they calmed down and relayed it in to you it was time for the next meal. Still, I must say we did not mind the waiting; near at hand a fascinating spectacle was invariably on exhibition.

At the next table sat an Italian countess. Anyhow they told me she was an Italian countess, and she wore jewelry enough for a dozen countesses. Every time I beheld her, with a big emerald earring gleaming at either side of her head, I thought of a Lenox Avenue local in the New York Subway.

However, it was not so much her jewelry that proved such a fascinating sight as it was her pleasing habit of fetching out a gold-mounted toothpick and exploring the most remote and intricate dental recesses of herself in full view of the entire dining room, meanwhile making a noise like somebody sicking a dog on.

The Europeans have developed public toothpicking beyond anything we know. They make an outdoor pas-

time and function of it, whereas we pursue this sport privately. Over there, however, a toothpick is a family heirloom and is handed down from one generation to another, and is operated in company ostentatiously. In its use some Europeans are absolutely gifted.

### Beware of the Oyster

THIS particular hotel, in common with all other first-class hotels in Paris, was forgetful about setting forth on its menu the prices of its best dishes and its special dishes. I take it this arrangement was devised for the benefit of currency-quilted Americans. A Frenchman asks the waiter the price of an unpriced dish and then he orders something else; but the American, as a rule, is either too proud or too foolish to inquire into these details. At home he is beset by a hideous fear that some waiter will think he is of a mercenary nature; and when he is abroad this trait in him is accentuated.

So, in his carefree American way, he orders a portion of a dish of an unspecified value; whereupon the head waiter slips out to the office and ascertains by private inquiry how large a letter of credit the American is carrying with him, and comes back and charges him all the traffic will bear.

As for the keeper of a fashionable café on a boulevard or in the Rue de la Paix-well, alongside of him the most rapacious restaurant proprietor on Broadway is a kindly, Christian soul who is in business for his health-and not feeling very healthy at that. When you dine at one of the swagger boulevard places the head waiter always comes, just before you have finished, and places a display of fresh fruit before you, with a winning smile and a bow and a gesturewhich, taken together, would seem to indicate that he is extending the compliments of the season and that the fruit will be on the house; but never did one of those intriguing scoundrels deceive me.

Somewhere, years before, I had read statistics on the cost of fresh fruit in a Paris restaurant, and so I had a care. The sight of a bunch of hothouse grapes alone was sufficient to throw me into a cold perspiration right there at the table;

and as for South African peaches, I carefully walked round them, getting farther away all the time. A peach was just



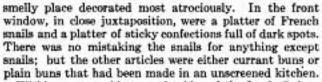
She Wore Jewetry Enough for a Dones Counterses

mistake on my part, one financial and the other gustatory. They were not particularly flavorous oysters as we know oysters on this side of the ocean. The French oyster is a small, copper-tinted proposition, and he tastes something like an indisposed mussel and something like a touch of

> biliousness; but he is sufficiently costly for all purposes. The café proprietor cherishes him so highly that he refuses to vulgarize him by printing the asking price on the same menu.

A person in France desirous of making a really ostentatious display of his affluence, on finding a pearl in an oyster, would swallow the pearl and wear the oyster on his shirtfront. That would stamp him as a person

However, I am not claiming that all French cookery is ultra-exorbitant in price or of excessively low grade. We had one of the surprises of our lives when, by direction of a friend who knew Paris, we went to a little obscure café that was off the tourist route and therefore-as yet-unspoiled and uncommercialized. This place was up a back street near one



the Story of the Flood Only Two Animals Emerged From the Ark

H'atent w

Within were marble-topped tables of the Louis-Quince period and stuffy wall-seats of faded, dusty red velvet; and a waiter in his shirtsleeves was wandering about with a sheaf of those long French loaves tucked under his arm like golfsticks, distributing his loaves among the diners. But somewhere in its mysterious and odorous depths that little bourgeois café harbored an honest-to-goodness cook.

He knew a few things about grilling a pig's knuckle—that worthy person. He could make the knuckle of a pig taste like the wing of an angel; and what he could do with a skillet, a pinch of herbs and a calf's sweetbread passed human understanding!



TERTAIN animals in Europe do have the most delicious diseases anyway-notably the calf and the goose, particularly the goose of Strasburg, where the pâté de foie gras comes from. The engorged liver of a Strasburg goose must be a source of joy to all-except its original owner!

Several times we went back to the little restaurant round the corner from the market, and each time we had something good. The food we ate there helped to compensate for the terrific disillusionment awaiting us when we drove out of Paris to a typical roadside inn, to get some of

that wonderful provincial cookery that through all our reading days we had been hearing about.

You will doubtless recall the description, as so frequently and graphically dished up by the inspired writers of travelogue stuff-the picturesque, tumbledown place, where on a cloth of coarse linen—white like snow—old Marie, her wrinkled face abeam with hospitality and kindness, places the delicious omelet she has just made, and brings also the marvelous salad and the perfect fowl, and the steaming hot coffee fragrant as breezes from Araby the Blest, and the vin ordinaire that is even as honey and gold to the thirsty throat. You must know that?

We went to see for ourselves. At a distance of half a day's automobile run from Paris we found an establishment answering to the plans and specifications. It was shoved jam-up against the road, as is the French custom; and it was surrounded by a high, broken wall, on which all manner of excrescences in the shape of tiny dormers and misshapen little towers hung-like Texas ticks on the ears of a quarantined steer. Within the wall the numerous ruins that made up the inn were thrown together any fashion, some facing one way, some facing the other way, and some facing all ways at once; so that, for the housefly, so numerously encountered on these premises, it was but a short trip and a merry one from the stable to the dining room and back again.

Sure enough, old Marie was on the job. Not desiring to be unkind or unduly critical I shall merely state that as a cook old Marie was what we who have been in France and speak the language fluently would call la limite! The omelet she turned out for us was a thing that was very firm and durable, containing, I think, leather findings,



with a sprinkling of chopped henbane on the top. The coffee was as feeble a counterfeit as chicory usually is when it is masquerading as coffee, and the rin ordinaire had less of the rin to it and more of the ordinaire than any we sampled elsewhere.

Right here let me say this for the much-vaunted rin ordinaire of Europe: In the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder—not like the ordinary Egyptian adder, but like a patent adder in the office of a loan shark, which is the worst stinger of all the adder family. If consumed with any degree of freedom it will put a downy coat on your tongue next morning that will cause you to think you inadvertently swallowed the pillow in your sleep. Good domestic wine costs as much in Europe as good domestic wine costs in America—possibly more than as much.

The soufflé potatoes of old Marie were not bad to look on, but I did not test them otherwise. Even in my own country I do not care to partake of soufflé potatoes unless I know personally the person who blew them up.

So at the conclusion of the repast we nibbled tentatively at the dessert, which was a pancake with jelly, done in the image of a medicated bandage but not so tasty as one of those. And then I paid the check, which was of august proportions, and we came sadly away, realizing that another happy dream of youth had been shattered to bits. Out of the whole meal only the tablecloth had been as advertised. It was coarse, but white like snow—like snow three days old in Pittsburgh.

Yet I was given to understand that was a typical rural French inn and fully up to the standards of such places; but if the manager of a roadhouse within half a day's ride of New York or Boston or Philadelphia served such food to his patrons, at such prices, the sheriff would have him inside of two months; and everybody would be glad of it too—except the sheriff. Also, no humane man in this country would ask a self-respecting cow to camp overnight in such outbuildings as abutted on the kitchen of this particular inn.

I am not denying that we have in America some pretty bad country hotels, where good food is most barbarously mistreated and good beds are rare to find, but we admit our shortcomings in this regard and we deplore them—we do not shellac them over with a glamour of bogus romance, with intent to deceive the foreign visitor to our shores. We warn him in advance of what he may expect and urge him to carry his rations with him.

## Deep Breathing Applied to Spaghetti

IT IS almost unnecessary to add that old Marie gave us veal and poulet rôti. According to the French version of the story of the Flood only two animals emerged from the Ark when the waters receded—one was an immature ben and the other was an adolescent calf. At every meal except breakfast—when they do not give you anything at all—the French give you veal and poulet rôti. If at lunch you had the poulet rôti first and afterward the veal, why, then at dinner they provide a pleasing variety by bringing on the veal first and the poulet rôti afterward.

The veal is invariably stringy and coated over with weird sauces, and the pould never appears at the table in her recognizable members—such as wings and drumsticks—but is chopped up with a cleaver into cross sections, and strange-looking chunks of the wreckage are sent

to you. Moreover they cook the chicken in such a way as to destroy its original taste, and the veal in such a way as to preserve its original taste, both being inexcusable errors.

Nowhere in the larger Italian cities, except by the exercise of a most tremendous determination, can you get any real Italian cooking or any real Italian dishes. At the hotels they feed you on a pale, sad table-d'hôte imitation of French cooking, invariably buttressed with the everlasting veal and the eternal pould rôti. At the finish of the meal the waiter brings you, on one plate, two small withered apples and a bunch of flyspecked sour grapes; and, on another plate, the mortal remains of some cheese wearing a tinfoil shroud and appropriately laid out in a small, white, coffin-shaped box.

After this had happened to me several times I told the waiter with gentle irony that he might as well screw the lid back on the casket and proceed with the obsequies of the deceased. I told him I was not one of those morbid people who love to look on the faces of the strange dead. The funeral could not get under way too soon to suit me. That is what I told him.

In my travels the best place I ever found to get Italian dishes was a basement restaurant under an old brownstone house on Forty-fourth Street, in New York. There you might find the typical dishes of Italy—I defy you to find them in Italy without a search-warrant. However, while in Italy the tourist may derive much entertainment and instruction from a careful study of table manners.

In our own land we produce some reasonably boisterous trenchermen, and some tolerably careless ones too. Some among us have yet to learn how to eat corn on the ear and at the same time avoid corn in the ear. A dish of asparagus has been known to develop fine acoustic properties, and in certain quarters there is a crying need for a soundproof soup; but even so, and admitting these things as facts, we are but mere beginners in this line when compared with our European brethren.

In the caskets of memory I shall ever cherish the picture of a particularly hairy gentleman, apparently of Russian extraction, who patronized our hotel in Venice one evening. He was what you might call a human hazard—a golfplayer would probably have thought of him in that connection. He was eating flour dumplings, using his knife for a niblick all the way round; and he lost every other ball in a concealed bunker on the edge of the rough.

There is also a popular belief to the effect that the Neapolitan eats his spaghetti by a deft process of wrapping
thirty or forty inches round the tines of his fork and then
lifting it inboard, an ell at a time. This is not correct.
The true Neapolitan does not eat his spaghetti at all—he
inhales it. He gathers up a loose strand and starts it down
his throat. He then respires from the diaphragm, and like
a troupe of trained angleworms that entire mass of spaghetti uncoils itself, gets up off the plate, and disappears
inside him—en masse, as it were—and makes him look like
a man who is chinning himself over a set of bead portières.
I fear that we in America will never learn to siphon our
spaghetti into us thus. It takes a nation that has practiced
deep breathing for centuries.

Under the head of European disillusionments I would rate, along with the rin ordinaire of the French vineyard and inkworks, the barmaid of Britain. From what you have heard on this subject you confidently expect the British barmaid to be buxom, blond, blooming, billowy, buoyant—but especially blond.

On the contrary she is generally brunette, frequently middle-aged, in appearance often fair-to-middling homely, and in manner nearly always abounding with a stiffness and hauteur that would do credit to a belted earl, if the belting had just taken place and the earl were still groggy from the effects of it.

Also, she has the notion of personal adornment that is common in more than one social stratum of women in England. If she has a large, firm, solid mound of false hair overhanging her brow like an impending landslide, and at least three jingly bracelets on each wrist, she considers herself to be well dressed, no matter what else she may or may not be wearing.

Often this lady is found presiding over an American bar, which is an institution now commonly met with in all parts of London. The American bar of London differs from the ordinary English bar of London in two respects, namely—there is an American flag draped over the mirror, and it is a place where they sell all the English drinks and are just out of all the American ones. If you ask for a Bronx the barmaid tells you they do not carry seafood in

stock and advises you to apply at the fishmonger's second turning to the right, sir, and then over the way, sir—just before you come to the bottom of the road, sir.

If you ask for a Mamie Taylor she gets it confused in her mind with a Sally Lunn and sends out for yeastcake and a cookbook; and while you are waiting she will give you a genuine Yankee drink, such as a brandy and soda or she will suggest that you smoke something and take a look at the evening paper.

If you do so smoke something, beware—oh, beware!—
of the native English cigar. When rolled between the
fingers it gives off a dry, rustling sound similar to a
shuck mattress. For smoking purposes it is open to the
same criticisms that a shuck mattress is. The flames smokder in the walls and then burst through in unexpected
places, and the smoke sucks up the airshaft and mushrooms on your top floor; then the deadly back draft comes
and the fatal firedamp, and when the firemen arrive you
are a ruined tenement.

Except the German, the French, the Belgian, the Austrian and the Italian cigar, the English cigar is the worst cigar I ever saw. I did not go to Spain; they tell me, though, the Spanish cigar also has the high qualifications of badness. Spanish cigars are not really cigars at all, I hear; they fall into the classification of defective flues.

Likewise beware of the alleged American cocktail occasionally dispensed, with an air of pride and accomplished triumph, by the British barmaid of an American bar. If for purposes of experiment and research you feel that you must take one, order with it, instead of the customary olive or cherry, a nice boiled vegetable marrow. The advantage to be derived from this is that the vegetable marrow takes away the taste of anything else and does not have any taste of its own.

### England's National Flower

IN THE eating line the Englishman depends on the staples. He sticks to the old standbys. What was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him—in some cases almost too good. Monotony of victuals does not distress him. He likes his food to be humdrum—the humdrummer the better.

Speaking with regard to the whole country I am sure we have better beef uniformly in America than in England; but there is at least one restaurant on the Strand where the roast beef is just a little bit superior to any other roast beef on earth. English mutton is incomparable, too, and English breakfast bacon is a joy forever. But it never seems to occur to an Englishman to vary his diet. I submit samples of the daily menu:

LUNCHEON
Roast Beef
Boiled Mutton
Potatoes | Boiled
Cabbage | Boiled
Jam Tart
Custard
Cheese
Coffee
TEA!

DINNER
Boiled Mutton
Roast Beef
Cabbage
Potatoes
Custard
Jam Tart
Coffee
Cheese

I know now why an Englishman dresses for dinner—it enables him to distinguish dinner from lunch.

His regular desserts are worthy of a line. The jam tart is a death-mask that went wrong and in consequence

> became morose and heavy of spirit, and the custard is a soft-boiled egg which started out in life to be a softboiled egg and at the last moment when it was too late—changed its mind and tried to be something else.

In the City, where lunching places abound, the steamer works overtime and the stewpan never rests. There is one place, well advertised to American visitors, where they make a specialty of their beefsteak-and-kidney pudding. This is a gummy concoction containing steak, kidney, mushroom, cyster, lark—and sometimes W and Y.

Doctor Johnson is said to have been very fond of it; this, if true, accounts for the doctor's disposition. A helping of it weighs two pounds before you eat it and ten pounds afterward. The kidney is its predominating influence. The favorite flower of the English is not the primrose but the kidney. Wherever you go, among the restaurants, there is always somebody operating on a steamed flour dumpling for kidney trouble.

The lower orders are much addicted to a dish known—if I remember the name aright—by the

(Continued on Page 69)



Your True Berliner Eats His Regular Daily Meals - Four in Number and All Large Ones

# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

HRISTMAS DAY had had a softening effect on Mrs. Boyer. It had opened hadly.

It was the first Christmas she had spent away from her children, and there had been little of the holiday spirit in her attitude as she prepared the Christmas breakfast. After that, however, things happened.

In the first place, under her plate she had found a frivolous chain and pendant which she had admired. And when her eyes filled up, as they did whenever she was emotionally moved, the doctor had come round the table and put

both his arms about her.

Too young for you? Not a bit!" he said heartily. "You're better looking than you ever were, Jennie; and if you weren't you're the only woman for me anyhow. Don't you think I realize what this exile means to you and that you're doing it for me?'

"I-I don't mind it."

"Yes, you do. Tonight we'll go out and make a night of it, shall we? Supper at the Grand, the theater, and then the Tabarin, eh?"

She loosened herself from his arms.

"What shall I wear? Those horrible things the children bought me -

"Throw 'em away."

"They're not worn at all."

"Throw them out. Get rid of the things the children got you. Go out tomorrow and buy something you like-not that I don't like you in anything or without ——'

"Frank!"

"Be happy, that's the thing. It's the first Christmas without the family, and I miss them too. But we're together, dear. That's the big thing. Merry Christmas."

An auspicious opening, that, to Christmas Day. And they had carried out the program as outlined. Mrs. Boyer had enjoyed it, albeit a bit horrified at the Christmas gayety at the Tabarin.

The next morning, however, she awakened with a keen reaction. Her head ached. She had a sense of taint over her. She was virtue rampant again, as on the day she had first visited the old lodge in the Siebensternstrasse.

It is hardly astonishing that by association of ideas Harmony came into her mind again, a brand that might even yet be snatched from the burning. She had been a bit hasty before, she admitted to herself. There was a woman doctor named Gates, although her address at the club was given as Pension Schwarz. She determined

to do her shopping early and then to visit the house in the Siebensternstrasse. She was not a hard woman, for all her inflexible morality, and more than once she had had an uneasy memory of Harmony's bewildered, almost stricken face the afternoon of her visit. She had been a watchful mother over a not particularly handsome family of daughters. This lovely young girl needed mothering and she had refused it. She would go back, and if she found she had been wrong and the girl was deserving and honest, she would see what could be done.

The day was wretched. The snow had turned to rain. Mrs. Boyer, shopping, dragged wet skirts and damp feet from store to store. She found nothing that she cared for after all. The garments that looked chic in the windows or on manikins in the shops, were absurd on her. Her insistent bosom bulged, straight lines became curves or tortuous zigzags, plackets gaped, collars choked her or shocked her by their absence. In the mirror of Marie Jedlicka, clad in familiar garments that had accommodated themselves to the idiosyncrasics of her figure, Mrs. Boyer was a plump, rather comely matron. Here before the plate glass of the modiste, under the glare of a hundred side by side with a slim Austrian salesgirl who looked like a willow wand, Mrs. Boyer was grotesque, ridiculous, monstrous. She shuddered. She almost wept.

It was bad preparation for a visit to the Siebensternstrasse. Mrs. Boyer, finding her vanity gone, convinced that she was an absurdity physically, fell back for comfort on her soul. She had been a good wife and mother; she was chaste, righteous. God had been cruel to her in the flesh, but He had given her the spirit.

"Madame wishes not the gown? It is beautiful-see the embroidery! And the neck may be filled with chiffon."

"Young woman," she said grimly, "I see the embroidery; and the neck may be filled with chiffon, but not for me! And when you have had five children, you will not buy clothes like that either."

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



When She Could Hear the Jinging of the Runners She Stid the Tree Branch Out Across the Track

All the kindliness was gone from the visit to the Siebensternstrasse; only the determination remained. Wounded to the heart of her self-esteem, her pride in tatters, she took her way to the old lodge and climbed the stairs.

She found a condition of mild excitement. Jimmy had slept long after his bath. Harmony practiced, cut up a chicken for broth, aired blankets for the chair into which Peter on his return was to lift the hoy.

She was called to inspect the mouse cage, which, according to Jimmy, had strawberries in it.

"Far back," he explained. "There in the cotton,

But it was not strawberries. Harmony opened the cage and very tenderly took out the cotton nest. Eight tiny pink baby mice, clean washed by the mother, lay curled in

It was a stupendous moment. The joy of vicarious par-entage was Jimmy's. He named them all immediately and demanded food for them. On Harmony's delicate explanation that this was unnecessary, life took on a new meaning for Jimmy. He watched the mother lest she slight one. His responsibility weighed on him. Also his inquiring mind was very busy.

"But how did they get there?" he demanded.

"God sent them, just as he sends babies of all sorts."
"Did he send me?"

"Of course,"

"That's a good one on you, Harry. My father found me in a hollow tree.'

"But don't you think God had something to do with it?" Jimmy pondered this.

"I suppose," he reflected, "God sent daddy to find me se that I would be his little boy. You never happened to see any babies when you were out walking, did you, Harry?"

"Not in stumps—but I probably wasn't looking." Harmony brought in her violin and played softly to him, not to disturb the sleeping mice. She sang, too, a verse

that the Big Soprano had been fond of and that Jimmy loved. Not much of a voice was Harmony's,

but sweet and low and very true, as became her violinist's ear.

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes,

she sang, her clear eyes luminous,

"And in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Mrs. Boyer mounted the stairs. She was in a very bad humor. She had snagged her skirt on a nail in the old gate, and although that very morning she had detested the suit, her round of shopping had again endeared it to ber. She told the portier in English what she thought of him, and climbed ponderously, pausing at each landing to examine the damage.

Harmony, baving sung Jimmy to sleep, was in the throes of an experiment. She was not smoking; she was experimenting. Peter and Anna had smoked together and it had looked comradely. Perhaps, without reasoning it out, Harmony was experimenting toward the end of establishing her relations with Peter still further on friendly and comradely grounds. Two men might smoke together; a man and a woman might smoke together as friends. According to Harmony's ideas, a girl paring potatoes might inspire sentiment, but smoking a cigarette-

never!

She did not like it. She thought, standing before her little mirror, that she looked fast after all. She tried pursing her lips together, as she had seen Anna do, and blowing out the smoke in a thin line. She smoked very hard, so that she stood in the center of a gray nimbus. She hated it, but she persisted. Perhaps it grew on one; perhaps, also, if she walked about it would choke her less. She practiced holding the thing between her first and second fingers, and found that easier than smoking. Then she went to the salon where there was more air, and tried exhaling through her nose. It made her sneeze.

On the sneeze came Mrs. Boyer's ring. Harmony thought very fast. It might be the bread or the milk, but again — She flung the cigarette into the stove, shut the door and answered the bell.

Mrs. Boyer's greeting was colder than she had intended. It put Harmony on the defensive at once, made her uncomfortable. Like all the innocent falsely accused she looked guiltier than the guiltiest. Under Mrs. Boyer's searching eyes

the enormity of her situation overwhelmed her. And over all, through salon and passage, hung the damning odor of the cigarette. Harmony, leading the way in, was a sheep before her shearer.

"I'm calling on all of you," said Mrs. Boyer, sniffing. "I meant to bring Doctor Boyer's cards for every one, including Doctor Byrne."

"I'm sorry. Doctor Byrne is out."

"And Doctor Gates?"

"She-she is away."

Mrs. Boyer raised her eyebrows and ostentatiously changed the subject, requesting a needle and thread to draw the rent together. It had been in Harmony's mind to explain the situation, to show Jimmy to Mrs. Boyer, to throw herself on the older woman's sympathy, to ask advice. But the visitor's attitude made this difficult. To add to her discomfort, through the grating in the stove door was coming a thin thread of smoke.

It was, after all, Mrs. Boyer who broached the subject again. She had had a cup of tea, and Harmony, sitting on a stool, had mended the rent so that it could hardly be seen. Mrs. Boyer, softened by the tea and by the proximity of Harmony's lovely head bent over her task, grew slightly more expansive.

'I ought to tell you something, Miss Wells," she said.

"You remember my other visit?

"Perfectly." Harmony bent still lower.

"I did you an injustice at that time. I've been sorry ever since. I thought that there was no Doctor Gates. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to deny it. People do things in this wicked city that they wouldn't do at home. I confess I misjudged Peter Byrne. You can give him my apologies, since he won't see me."

"But he isn't here or of course he'd see you."

"Then," demanded Mrs. Boyer grimly, "if Peter Byrne is not here, who has been smoking cigarettes in this room? There is one still burning in that stove!"

Harmony's hand was forced. She was white as she cut

the brown-silk thread and rose to her feet.
"I think," she said, "that I'd better go back a few weeks, Mrs. Boyer, and tell you a story, if you have time to listen."

"If it is disagreeable -

"Not at all. It is about Peter Byrne and myself, andsome others. It is really about Peter. Mrs. Boyer, will you come very quietly across the hall?"

Mrs. Boyer, expecting Heaven knows what, rose with celerity. Harmony led the way to Jimmy's door and opened it. He was still asleep, a wasted small figure on the narrow bed. Beside him the mice frolicked in their cage, the sentry kept guard over Peter's shameless letters from the Tyrol, the strawberry babies wriggled in their cotton.

"We are not going to have him very long," said Harmony softly. "Peter is making him happy for a little while."

Back in the salon of Maria Theresa she told the whole story. Mrs. Boyer found it very affecting. Harmony sat beside her on a stool and she kept her hand on the girl's shoulder. When the narrative reached Anna's going away, however, she took it away. From that point on she sat uncompromisingly rigid, and listened.

"Then you mean to say," she exploded when Harmony had finished, "that you intend to stay on here, just the two of you?"

"And Jimmy."

"Bah! What has the child to do with it?"

"We will find some one to take Anna's place." "I doubt it. And until you do?"

"There is nothing wicked in what we are doing. Don't you see, Mrs. Boyer, I can't leave the boy."

"Since Peter is so altruistic, let him hire a nurse."

Bad as things were, Harmony smiled. "A nurse!" she said. "Why, do you realize

that he is keeping three people now on what is starvation for one?"

"Then he's a fool!" Mrs. Boyer rose in majesty. "I'm not going to leave you here." "I'm sorry. You must see

"I see nothing but a girl deliberately putting herself in a compromising position and worse."

"Mrs. Boyer!"

"Get your things on. I guess Doctor Boyer and I can look after you until we can send you

"I am not going home-yet," said poor Harmony, biting her lip to steady it.

Back and forth waged the battle, Mrs. Boyer assailing, Harmony offering little defense but standing firm on her refusal to go as long as Peter would let her remain.

"It means so much to me," she ventured, goaded. "And I earn my lodging and board. I work hard and-I make him comfortable. It costs him very little and I give him something in exchange. All men are not alike. If the sort you have known are—are different——"
This was unfortunate. Mrs. Boyer stiffened. She

ceased offensive tactics, and retired grimly into the dignity of her high calling of virtuous wife and mother. She washed her hands of Harmony and Peter. She tied on her veil with shaking hands, and prepared to leave Harmony to her fate.

"Give me your mother's address," she demanded.

"Certainly not."

"You absolutely refuse to save yourself?"

"From what? From Peter? There are many worse people than Peter to save myself from, Mrs. Boyeruncharitable people, and-and cruel people."

Mrs. Boyer shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Meaning me!" she retorted. "My dear child, people are always cruel who try to save us from ourselves.

Unluckily for Harmony, one of Anna's specious arguments must pop into her head at that instant and demand

expression.
"People are living their own lives these days, Mrs. Boyer; old standards have gone. It is what one's conscience con-demns that is wrong, isn't it? Not merely breaking laws that were made to fit the average, not the exception."

Anna! Anna!

Mrs. Boyer flung up her hands.

"You are impossible!" she snapped. "After all, I believe it is Peter who needs protection! I shall speak to him."

She started down the staircase, but turned for a parting volley.

"And just a word of advice: Perhaps the old standards have gone. But if you really expect to find a respectable woman to chaperon you, keep your views to yourself."

Harmony, a bruised and wounded thing, crept into Jimmy's room and sank on her knees beside the bed. One small hand lay on the coverlet; she dared not touch it for fear of waking him-but she laid her cheek close to it for comfort. When Peter came in, much later, he found the boy wide awake and Harmony asleep, a crumpled heap beside the bed.

"I think she's been crying," Jimmy whispered. "She's been sobbing in her sleep. And strike a match, Peter; there may be more mice."

### XVIII

MRS. BOYER, bursting with indignation, went to the Doctors' Club. It was typical of the way things were going with Peter that Doctor Boyer was not there, and that the only woman in the club rooms should be Doctor Jennings. Young McLean was in the reading room, eating his heart out with jealousy of Peter, vacillating between the desire to see Harmony that night and fear lest Peter forbid him the house permanently if he made the attempt. He had found a picture of the Fraulein Engel, from the opera, in a magazine, and was sitting with it open before him. Very deeply and really in love was McLean that afternoon, and the Fräulein Engel and Harmony were not unlike. The double doors between the reading room and the reception



Harmony, a Bruised and Wounded Thing, Crept Into Jimmy's Room

room adjoining were open. McLean, lost in a rosy future in which he and Harmony sat together for indefinite periods, with no Peter to scowl over his books at them, a future in which life was one long piano-violin duo, with the candles in the chandelier going out one by one, leaving them at last alone in scented darkness together-McLean heard nothing until the mention of the Siebensternstrasse roused him.

After that he listened. He heard that Doctor Jennings was contemplating taking Anna's place at the lodge, and he comprehended after a moment that Anna was already gone. Even then the significance of the situation was a little time in dawning on him. When it did, however, he rose with a stifled oath.

Mrs. Boyer was speaking.

"It is exactly as I tell you," she was saying. "If Peter Byrne is trying to protect her reputation he is late doing it. Personally I have been there twice. I never saw Anna Gates. And she is registered here at the club as living in the Pension Schwarz. Whatever the facts may be, one thing remains, she is not there now."

McLean waited to hear no more. He was beside himself with rage. He found a "comfortable" at the curb. The driver was asleep inside the carriage. McLean dragged him out by the shoulder and shouted an address to him. The cab bumped along over the rough streets to an accompaniment of protests from its frantic passenger.

The boy was white-lipped with wrath and fear. Peter's silence that afternoon as to the state of affairs loomed large and significant. He had thought once or twice that Peter was in love with Harmony; he knew it now in the clearer vision of the moment. He recalled things that maddened him: the dozen intimacies of the little ménage, the caress in Peter's voice when he spoke to the girl; Peter's steady eyes in the semi-gloom of the salon while Harmony played.

At a corner they must pause for the inevitable regiment. McLean cursed, bending out to see how long the delay would be. Peter had been gone for half an hour, perhaps, but Peter would walk. If he could only see the girl first, talk to her, tell her what she would be doing by remaining

He was there at last, flinging across the court-yard like a madman. Peter was already there; his footprints were fresh in the slush of the path. The house door was closed but not locked. McLean ran up the stairs. It was barely twilight outside, but the staircase well was dark. At the upper landing he was compelled to fumble for the bell.

Peter admitted him. The corridor was unlighted, but from the salon came a glow of lamplight. McLean, out of breath and furious, faced Peter.

"I want to see Harmony," he said without preface.

Peter eyed him. He knew what had happened, had expected it when the bell rang, had anticipated it when Harmony told him of Mrs. Boyer's visit. In the second between the peal of the bell and his opening the door he had decided what to do.

"Come in."

McLean stepped inside. He was smaller than Peter, not so much shorter as slenderer. Even Peter winced before the look in his eyes.

"In the kitchen, I think. Come into the salon."

McLean flung off his coat. Peter closed the door behind
him and stood just inside. He had his pipe as usual. "I came to see her, not you, Byrne."

"So I gather. I'll let you see her, of course, but don't you want to see me first?

"I want to take her away from here."

"Why? Are you better able to care for her than I am?" McLean stood rigid. He had thrust his

clenched hands into his pockets.

"You're a scoundrel, Byrne," he said steadily. "Why didn't you tell me this this afternoon?"

"Because I knew if I did you'd do just what you are doing."

"Are you going to keep her here?" Peter changed color at the thrust, but he kept himself in hand.

"I'm not keeping her here," he said patiently. "I'm doing the best I can under the circum-

"Then your best is pretty bad."

"Perhaps. If you would try to remember the circumstances, McLean—that the girl has no place else to go, practically no money, and

"I remember one circumstance, that you are living here alone with her and that you're crazy in love with her."

"That has nothing to do with you. As long as I treat her -

"Bah!"

"Will you be good enough to let me finish what I am trying to say? She's safe with me. When I say that I mean it. She will not go away from here with you or with any one else if I can prevent it. And if you care enough

about her to try to keep her happy you'll not let her know you have been here. I've got a woman coming to take Anna's place. That ought to satisfy you.'

"Doctor Jennings?"

"Yes."

"She'll not come. Mrs. Boyer has been talking to her. Inside of an hour the whole club will have it-every American in Vienna will know about it in a day or so. tell you, Byrne, you're doing an awful thing.

Peter drew a long breath. He had had his bad half-hour before McLean came; had had to stand by, wordless, and see Harmony trying to smile, see her dragging about, languid and white, see her tragic attempts to greet him on the old familiar footing. Through it all he had been sustained by the thought that a day or two days would see the old footing reëstablished, another woman in the house, life again worth the living and Harmony smiling up frankly into his eyes. Now this hope had departed.

"You can't keep me from seeing her, you know," McLean persisted. "I've got to put this thing to her. She's got to choose."

"What alternative have you to suggest?"

"I'd marry her if she'd have me."

After all Peter had expected that. And, if she cared for the boy wouldn't that be best for her? What had he to offer against that? He couldn't marry. He could only offer her shelter, against everything else. Even then he did not dislike McLean. He was a man, every slender inch of him, this boy musician. Peter's heart sank, but he put down his pipe and turned to the door.
"I'll call her," he said. "But, since this concerns me

very vitally, I should like to be here while you put the thing to her. After that if you like ——"

He called Harmony. She had given Jimmy his supper

and was carrying out a tray that seemed hardly touched.
"He won't eat tonight," she said miserably. "Peter, if he stops eating what can we do? He is so weak!"

Peter took the tray from her gently.
"Harry dear," he said, "I want you to come into the

salon. Some one wishes to speak to you." "To me?" "Yes. Harry, do you remember that evening in the

kitchen when-"Yes, Peter."

"You are sure you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

Do you recall what I promised?"

"That's all right then. McLean wants to see you." She hesitated, looking up at him.

"McLean? You look so grave, Peter. What is it?" "He will tell you. Nothing alarming."

Peter gave McLean a minute alone after all, while he arried the tray to the kitchen. He had no desire to play atchdog over the girl, he told himself savagely; only to eep hirnself straight with her and to save her from IcLean's impetuosity. He even waited in the kitchen to ll and light his pipe.

McLean had worked himself into a very fair passion. le was intense, almost theatrical, as he stood with folded rms waiting for Harmony. So entirely did the girl fill his cistence that he forgot, or did not care to remember, how nort a time he had known her. As Harmony she dominated is life and his thoughts; as Harmony he addressed her hen, rather startled, she entered the salon and stood just uside the closed door. "Peter said you wanted to speak me.

McLean groaned. "Peter!" he said. "It is always Peter. ook here, Harmony, you cannot stay here."

"It is only for a few hours. Tomorrow some one is oming. And, anyhow, Peter is going to Semmering. We

now it is unusual, but what can we do?"
"Unusual! It's—it's damnable. It's the appearance of

he thing, don't you see that?"

"I think it is rather silly to talk of appearance when here is no one to care. And how can I leave? Jimmy seeds me all the time -

"That's another idiocy of Peter's. What does he mean

y putting you in this position?" "I am one of Peter's idiocies."

Peter entered on that. He took in the situation with a glance, and Harmony turned to him; but if she had expected Peter to support her she was disappointed. Whatever decision she was to make must be her own, in Peter's troubled mind. He crossed the room and stood at one of the windows, looking out, a passive participant in the scene.

The day had been a trying one for Harmony. What she chose to consider Peter's defection was a fresh stab. She glanced from McLean, flushed and excited, to Peter's impassive back. Then she sat down, rather limp, and threw out her hands helplessly.

"What am I to do?" she demanded. "Every one comes with cruel things to say, but no one tells me what to do."

Peter turned away from the window.

"You can leave here," ventured McLean. "That's the first thing. After that -

"Yes, and after that what?"

McLean glanced at Peter. Then he took a step toward

the girl.
"You could marry me, Harmony," he said unsteadily. "I hadn't expected to tell you so soon, or before a third person." He faltered before Harmony's eyes, full of bewilderment. "I'd be very happy if you-if you could see it that way. I care a great deal, you see."

It seemed hours to Peter before she made any reply, and

that her voice came from miles away.

"Is it really as bad as that?" she asked. "Have I made such a mess of things that some one, either you or Peter, must marry me to straighten things out? I don't want to marry any one. Do I have to?"

'Certainly you don't have to," said Peter. There was relief in his voice, relief and also something of exultation.

"McLean, you mean well, but marriage isn't the solution. We were getting along all right until our friends stepped in. Let Mrs. Boyer howl all over the colony; there will be one sensible woman somewhere to come and be comfortable here with us. In the interval we'll manage, unless Harmony is afraid. In that case -

"Afraid of what?"

The two men exchanged glances, McLean helpless, Peter triumphant,

"I do not care what Mrs. Boyer says, at least not much. And I am not afraid of anything else at all."

McLean picked up his overcoat. "At least," he appealed to Peter,

you'll come over to my place?' "No!" said Peter.

McLean made a final appeal to Harmony.

"If this gets out," he said, "you are going to regret it all your life."

"I shall have nothing to regret," she retorted proudly.

Had Peter not been there McLean would have made a better case, would

have pleaded with her, would have made less of a situation that roused her resentment and more of his love for her. He was very hard hit, very young. He was almost hysterical with rage and helplessness; he wanted to slap her, to take her in his arms. He writhed under the restraint of Peter's steady eyes.

He got to the door and turned, furious.

"Then it's up to you," he flung at Peter. "You're old enough to know better; she isn't. And don't look so damned superior. You're human, like the rest of us. And if any harm comes to her

Here unexpectedly Peter held out his hand, and after a sheepish moment McLean took it.

"Good night, old man," said Peter. "And-don't be an ass."

As was Peter's way, the words meant little, the tone much. McLean knew what in his heart he had known all along-that the girl was safe enough; that all that was to fear was the gossip of scandal-lovers. He took Peter's hand, and then going to Harmony stood before her very erect.

"I suppose I've said too much; I always do," he said contritely. "But you know the reason. Don't forget the reason, will you?"

"I am only sorry."

He bent over and kissed her hand lingeringly. It was a tragic moment for him, poor lad! He turned and went blindly out the door and down the dark stone staircase. It was rather anticlimax, after all that, to have Peter discover he had gone without his hat and toss it down to him a flight below.

All the frankness had gone out of the relationship between Harmony and Peter. They made painful efforts at ease, talked during the meal of careful abstractions, such as Jimmy, and Peter's proposed trip to Semmering, avoided each other's eyes, ate little or nothing. Once when Harmony passed Peter his coffee cup their fingers touched, and between them they dropped the cup. Harmony was flushed and pallid by turns, Peter wretched and silent.

> Out of the darkness came one ray of light. Stewart had wired from Semmering, urging Peter to come. He would be away for two days. In two days much might happen; Doctor Jennings might come or some one else. In two days some of the restraint would have worn off. Things would never be the same, but they would be forty-eight hours better.

> Peter spent the early part of the evening with Jimmy, reading aloud to him. After the child had dropped to sleep he packed a valise for the next day's journey and counted out into an envelope half of the money he had with him. This he labeled "Household Expenses" and set it up on his table, leaning against his collar box. There was no sign of Harmony about. The salon was dark except for the study lamp turned down.

> Peterwas restless. He put on his shabby dressing gown and worn slippers and wandered about. The portier



"I Am Leaving Him, Peter, for Always"

had brought coal to the landing; Peter carried it in. He inspected the medicine bottles on Jimmy's stand and wrote full directions for every emergency he could imagine. Then, finding it still only nine o'clock, he turned up the lamp in the salon and wrote an exciting letter from Jimmy's father, in which a lost lamb, wandering on the mountain side, had been picked up by an avalanche and carried down into the fold and the arms of the shepherd. And because he stood so in loco parentis, and because it seemed so inevitable that before long Jimmy would be in the arms of the Shepherd, and, of course, because it had been a trying day all through, Peter's lips were none too steady as he folded up the letter.

The fire was dead in the stove; Peter put out the salon lamp and closed the shutters. In the warm darkness he put out his hand to feel his way through the room. It touched a little sweater coat of Harmony's, hanging over the back of a chair. Peter picked it up in a very passion of tenderness and held it to him.

"Little girl!" he choked. "My little girl! God help me!

He was rather ashamed, considerably startled. It alarmed him to find that the mere unexpected touch of a familiar garment could rouse such a storm in him. It made him pause. He put down the coat and pulled himself up sharply. McLean was right; he was only human stuff, very poor human stuff. He put the little coat down hastily, only to lift it again gently to his lips.

"Good night, dear," he whispered. "Good night,

Harmony.'

Frau Schwarz had had two visitors between the hours of coffee and supper that day. The reason of their call proved to be neither rooms nor pension. They came to make inquiries.

The Frau Schwarz made this out at last, and sat down on the edge of the bed in the room that had once been Peter's and that still lacked an occupant.

Mrs. Boyer had no German; Doctor Jennings very little and that chiefly medical. There is, however, a sort of code that answers instead of language frequently, when two or three women of later middle life are gathered together, a code born of mutual understanding, mutual disillusion, mutual distrust, a language of outspread hands, raised eyebrows, portentous shakings of the head. Frau Schwarz, on the edge of Peter's tub-shaped bed, needed no English to convey the fact that Peter was a bad lot. Not that she

resorted only to the sign language.
"The women were also wicked," she said. "Of a man what does one expect? But of a woman! And the younger one looked-Herr Gott! She had the eyes of a saint! The little Georgiev was mad for her. When the three of them left, disgraced, as one may say, he came to me, he threatened me. The Herr Schwarz, God rest his soul, was a violent man, but never spoke he so to me!"

"She says," interpreted Doctor Jennings, "that they were a bad lot-that the younger one made eyes at the

Herr Schwarz!" Mrs. Boyer drew her ancient sables about her and put a

tremulous hand on the other woman's arm.
"What an escape for you!" she said. "If you had gone there to live and then found the establishment-queer!"

From the kitchen of the pension Olga was listening, an ear to the door. Behind her, also listening, but less advantageously, was Katrina.

"American ladies!" said Olga. "Two, old and fat."
"More hot water!" growled Katrina. "Why do not the

Americans stay in their own country, where the water, I have learned, comes hot from the earth.' Olga, bending forward, opened the door a crack wider.

(Continued on Page 68)



"I Don't Want to Marry Any One. Do I Have To?"

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#### PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1914

#### The Mexican Muddle

THE European criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy is that it at once involves a radical extension of the Monroe Doctrine and a refusal to acknowledge the responsibility that even the old doctrine logically implied.

"His whole Mexican policy," says a critic by no means unfriendly to this country, "is based on the new principle that the United States is entitled to say who shall and who shall not be the president or the government of any given Latin-American republic"; and if he assumes the right to shape the government he ought to assume responsibility for it.

Americans realize that this is not a fair statement of the case, for all that President Wilson asserted was the undoubted right to refuse recognition to a certain government. Yet we can hardly blame Europeans if they are a bit more at sea as to what the Monroe Doctrine implies than we ourselves are.

When Villa shot the Englishman Benton, for example, it was quickly pointed out that the United States supplied Villa with arms and at the same time used its influence to prevent Huerta from securing funds abroad with which to fight him; hence it ought to have some control over Villa or accept some responsibility for him.

As one result of the Mexican muddle, both ourselves and foreigners may know just what the Monroe Doctrine now means. If that doctrine were reduced to definite terms that placed responsibility for Latin-American governments on the United States we think public opinion in this country would reject it.

# Infancy of Agriculture

In the closing years of the eighteenth century an English parson named Malthus sat down in his study and figured out that a majority of mankind must always be poor, because population, unless restricted by poverty, disease and war, would inevitably increase so fast that the earth could not produce food for it.

For the better part of a century that doctrine was accepted as gospel. There were Malthus' figures to prove it—population increasing in a geometrical ratio and food increasing at most in only an arithmetical ratio; result: billions of people with nothing to eat but themselves.

This comes to mind on looking over a recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which shows that continental United States contains more than a billion acres of tillable land, of which little over one quarter is now in crops. Besides, there are more than three hundred and fifty million acres not now under cultivation that are usable for pasture or fruit culture.

Turning to the detailed table, you find that in such banner agricultural states as Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska not more than half the tillable land is now in crops. New York and Pennsylvania have about twentynine million acres of tillable land and but little over one-third of it is in crops.

And on the three hundred-and-odd million acres of tilled land we get an average of twenty-nine bushels of corn to the acre when we should have at least sixty bushels, fifteen bushels of wheat when we should have thirty, and so on. No doubt the United States alone could supply food for at least half the population of the globe.

There is no ascertainable limit to the productive powers of the globe. The only limit is in human intelligence. The true rule is that if intelligence advances in an arithmetical ratio the earth will respond in a geometrical ratio.

# Uncharitable Charity

IT IS an interesting sign of the times that that peculiarly brutal enterprise—the oldstyle grandstand charity ball—has gone out of vogue. Only two decades ago it was considered rather meritorious to spend some hundreds of thousands on jewels, gowns, flowers, wine and music in order that a few thousands might be produced to feed the hungry.

In effect, the affluent benevolently invited the needy to come over and watch them squander their money. It was like asking in a crew of starvelings to see one gorge himself with the most expensive food and then take the slops—with a blessing.

An unregenerate charity ball may linger on here and there, but we do not hear of them any more. Their disappearance is significant of a big change in public opinion. If our impressions of public opinion are trustworthy, only twenty years ago it was pretty generally considered meritorious for a rich man to give anything to the destitute—a pure act of grace on his part.

Nowadays it is considered only an imperfect act of justice. It is more and more realized that there are great inequalities and maladjustments, from which many people suffer unjustly and by which others unjustly benefit. We are not acquainted with any single scheme that seems likely to trim the balance just right; and obviously the more or less haphazard handing down of doles is a very bungling, ineffectual attempt at trimming it.

What used to be regarded as charity is now generally looked on as only a makeshift attempt to square an account, the true balance sheet of which nobody can yet cast. We no longer dance over our charity, but regard it with very grave dubiety and allow its practical details to be administered by trained specialists.

### Manners Maketh Man

DO YOU know the origin of etiquette—just why, for example, you are expected to wear a particular kind of coat on a particular occasion, and eat your pumpkin pie with a fork instead of with a knife or spoon? You may think it is because there is some peculiar, inherent appropriateness in the prescribed action; but that has nothing whatever to do with it.

Etiquette was and still is invented by people absolved from the necessity of working for a living; and its only purpose is to afford a constant, indubitable sign that its inventors can afford to waste their time in learning nice ceremonials and pretty conventions. You are expected to put on a certain kind of coat at one P. M. and another kind at six P. M.—solely because certain elegant loafers wished to prove ocularly that they had nothing to do except change their coats.

So with every one of the prescriptions about greeting, parting, eating, calling, and what not. Their original purpose was to prove that the leisure class which invented them had no useful employment for its time, hence could squander it in practicing etiquette.

Some years ago Professor Veblen wrote an acute and highly amusing book on the subject, in which he pointed out that "in the last analysis the value of manners lies in the fact that they are the voucher of a life of leisure"; and "the pervading principle and abiding test of good breeding is the requirement of a substantial and patent waste of time."

So when you hasten home from the office to change your coat or worry lest you use the wrong fork you are really trying to demonstrate that you are a loafer.

#### Rebellion at the Top

REBELLION is an odd business for aged and affluent gentiemen, yet they are about it very seriously in England just now. The new solemn league and covenant published the other day, which is tantamount to a threat of civil war if the Home Rule Bill passes Parliament, is signed first of all by Lord Roberts, aged eighty-two. Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, aged seventy-four, follows. Other eminent signatories are Lord Balfour of Burleigh, aged sixty-five; Lord Halifax, aged seventy-five; Dean Wace, aged seventy-eight; the Duke of Portland, aged fifty-seven. Rudyard Kipling, aged forty-nine, is a comparative infant among these houry insurgents.

Apparently they mean it too. In this country civil war was hardly discussed more earnestly and extensively in 1776 and 1860 than it is now in the more or less United Kingdom. Partly this impassioned talk of armed resistance is a revolt against democracy. Wealthy and conservative citizens can hardly hope to rebel successfully because

their taxes are increased, or because their hereditary was can no longer block progressive legislation; but Home Ruk furnishes them with an issue on which they can safely express all the resentment radical budgets and parinmentary reform have generated.

A good many sober-minded Englishmen believe that Ulster will actually fight. There is a deep-planted rate prejudice fed by three centuries of oppression of the large majority by a small minority. Armed rebellion by articized against democracy would be a strange spectacle in the twentieth century.

# The Competing States

PAPERMAKING is a continuous industry, the milk generally running through the week without intermission. Continuous industries mean either three shifts of eight hours each or two shifts of twelve hours each. What the latter means was described as follows by the conmittee of stockholders of the Steel Corporation, of which Stuyvesant Fish was chairman:

"We are of opinion that a twelve-hour day of labor followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years means a decreasing of the efficiency and a lessening of the vigor of such men."

In confirmation of that opinion William B. Dickson writes in The Survey:

"And I will further state that, in my judgment, a large proportion of the steelworkers who from early manhool work twelve hours a day are old men at forty."

At the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature the Progressive party introduced a bill limiting work in paper mills to eight hours a day. It was defeated; and one of the arguments used against it was that it would drive the paper industry out of that state and into other commonwealths which permitted a twelve or thirteen hour day.

Probably the argument was unsound, but it shows how competition across state lines may retard labor.

### The Lawmakers

IN THE absence of authentic records we feel privileged to assume that when the ancient Saxon Witenagemot covened, its venerable members debated how high the color on a bock of beer ought to be, and whether whiskers should be braided—and then raised the dog tax ten per cent and went home.

At this writing parliaments, to which the collective welbeing of a considerable part of the human race is theoretically relegated, are in session. At London they are debating a handsome increase in naval expenditure. At Paris they are worrying over a budget that is swollen to unwielty proportions by military items. At St. Petersburg the Curhas laid before the faithful representatives of his subjects a splendid scheme for increasing the peace strength of the army by some four hundred thousand men.

The Berlin cable brings an optimistic thrill, for just at the moment the Reichstag is listening to a report on the feasibility of telephone connection with England—a bit of good human sense which stands out like a spotlight against the dreary ground of other parliamentary proceedings.

Incidentally a distinguished foreign novelist addresses to the world at large a passionate inquiry as to what parliaments mean by frittering away their time on empty statemanship, when shoals of preventable human misery lie under their noses.

We move to lay the inquiry on the table and proceed with the bill to erect a lighthouse in every arrondissement.

### **Bogus Aristocrats**

If WE were going to chisel a monument to Democrary probably we should choose for the subject John Bright heroically refusing to don court dress in order to be presented to Queen Victoria when he became a cabinet member. The courtiers understood the importance of the point much better than did Bright's friends, who counseled him to yield the point.

All his life he had fought for democracy as he understood it—it was that which gave him his power. And when he had so far won that his inclusion in the cabinet was a political necessity, the courtiers took it for granted he would cheerfully ape their dress and manners, be delighted at such social favors as they showed him and in unofficial life generally try to make a bogus aristocrat of himself.

Plain people would long ago have possessed the earth if they could have kept the positions they won. The trouble has been that a plain person, on winning a position of importance, has immediately tried to become a fancy person. Too often triumphant democracy has been nothing more than truckling, pinchbeck aristocracy. It goes much deeper than mere clothes. The snobbery that is almost inveterate in human nature gives those who have grabbed the best places a great power to defend their position.

So long as success comes humbly to the side door for their certificate that it is success, they have not a great deal to fear. Even at our own beloved capital a careful observer may see examples of the practical power of snobbery.

# Who's who-and why

# Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

# A Very Plain Man

THERE are about two hundred and two thousand people in the Fourth Congressional District of Georgia, and Judge Adamson knows them all well enough to call them by their first names-and does so call them, whether men or women. The judge is an institution in that Fourth District, guaranteed under the Handshaking and Hello-Bill Act of 1897, serial number nine, and is warranted to remain in office as long as he desires.

Just now the judge is somewhat on view, inasmuch as he is chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in the House of Representatives, and is engaged in the pleasing pastime of trying to write one of Mr. Wilson's antitrust measures as Mr. Wilson would have it written-provided, of course, Mr. Wilson were taking any active part in shaping the legislation proposed, further than shaping, reshaping, ordering, insisting on, supplying ideas and language for, and a few other little details of management of similar nature which show that it is the evident determination of Mr. Wilson to allow Congress to do exactly as he pleases in the matters aforesaid.

The judge has toddled up to the White House with his bills and toddled back again without them on several occasions; but the time will come-the time will come, mark you!-when he will carry away with him the exact measure that the Democratic majority in the House will vociferously demand and as vociferously pass as an expression of the untrammeled and well-considered opinion of the said majority touching on the subject in question-couched, it may be, in the well-known scholarly language of the President and containing his matured convictions on the subject, punctuated by him and revised-but in all other respects untrammeled and undictated as aforesaid.

It is not of that phase of the judge's activities that I desire to speak. Those come to him in his capacity as chairman of this great committee. What I intend to celebrate is not the gifts of colleagues, not the outcomes of seniority of service, not the rewards of politicsthough they may have helped in securing such recompense. It might easily have occurred that some other than the judge attained the chairmanship of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; that some other was intrusted with the preparation of the trade commission bill, or fondly imagined himself to be thus intrusted.

Indeed, many another might have done most of the things the judge has done, and received identical meed for services thus faithfully and diligently performed; but none other-nary one-has the judge's gift.

It is a gift! A less discriminating commentator might call it a tendency, a trend or trait; but not so with this

discerning delineator.

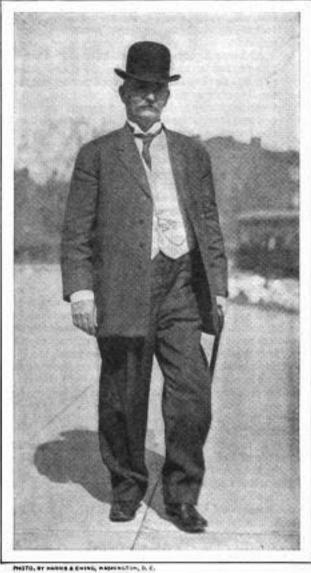
A gift, a bestowal by Dame Fortune, a present from a fairy godmother, the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them friendly! It is not much of a trick to make a friend or to make friends. Simple and superficial methods will begin that sort of thing. The real test comes in keeping friends, and the touchstone of value is in using them after you have kept them.

Take the proof set forth by the judge: The last time he ran for Congress down in that Fourth Georgia District he received every vote cast in the primary and every vote cast at the election. Now there may be cavil at this, because, as is well known, white Republicans are so rare in some parts of Georgia that the traveling circuses usually have one as a sideshow exhibit; and black Republicans do not bother with the ballot for fear they may be bothered.

# His Name on the Payroll in Indelible Ink

'OT much of a trick in the circumstances, I hear these carpers say; but wait a minute! Even if there is no chance for Republican opposition, when a man has been in Congress for sixteen or eighteen years—even from a Georgia district—it often happens that another Democrat rises up to contest for the nomination with him on the broad, general theory that the incumbent has been there long enough, and that some others or another of the patriots infesting the district should have a chance at the pie, power and perquisites.

Not so with the judge. He has shaken every hand in that district so many times that each hand, is an instrument for casting a pleasant ballot for him on election and primary occasions-each male hand, that is-and each female hand is a further instrument for expediting the proud possessors of the male and voting hand ballotboxward. The judge is the greatest handshaker we have.



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You'll Never Catch Him Without His Make-Up

He has shaken hands up and down, hither and yon, catercornered and allemande left, crisscross and serpentinely, from one side of that district to the other, from top to bottom, lengthwise, slantwise, and in all other directions; and the result is the result, to wit: Judge William Charles Adamson, in Congress for nine terms and with a license to stay there in perpetuity from his admiring and glad-handed constituents.

The judge is a wonder! He is close to the soil. You observe him and you observe a statesman of the old schoolsimple, genial, plain, unassuming and successful. Simple, I said. Well, on reflection I withdraw that. The judge is simple, of course; but they will never have to give him anything for it—that is, he is simple, but it is not catching. He has not a very bad case of it. His simplicity, I should say, is of that highly useful variety that impresses others without repressing himself. He is an incomplex and uncompounded person, but he retains his seat in Congress; an artless and unsophisticated statesman, but he has been on the Government payroll continuously for some eighteen years, and his name is written there in indelible ink.

Judge Adamson is plain—a plain man; and he has cashed in on it to a marked extent. The judge has a complete mastery of the science of being one of the common people. There is not a man in Congress who can tie him in it. There is not a man to whom the judge cannot give a handicap of a wool hat and a two days' growth of beard, a hundred handshakes and a start of twenty-four hours, and win by eighty per cent of the delighted suffrages of an equally plain constituency.

He does not believe in frills. No frills for the judge—not a furbelow! You'll never catch him without his make-up. See him coming down the street, a plain—an exceedingly plain-man! Note the ample and artless trousers. Observe the favorite white vest. Sturdy folks, those Georgians of the Fourth District-averse to dudes and dudishness; but not more so than the judge-not more so.

You can depend on it that the proportion of the antipathy of the judge for such frivolities is in exact ratio to that of his constituents. The mere fact that he is a congressman does not entitle him to put on airs or pressed trousers; and the merer fact that he does not put on airs does entitle him to be a congressman. And there you are!

The judge is a genial person and a neighborly. He considers first names as most important in social intercourse. No formal Misters for him! If your name is William the judge makes haste to call you Bill, in order that you may know he is your friend. Every William in his district he calls Bill, and every Henry, Hank; and, by the same token, every other William calls him Bill. Thus is perfect equality maintained and the judge retained.

William C. Adamson was born in Georgia, at a town called Bowdon, and, as he puts it, "spent his youth alternately in working on the farm and in hauling goods and cotton between the markets and Bowdon." is a college at Bowdon—or was—and he was graduated from that, studied law and went to practice at Carrollton. where he has since lived. He was a judge of the city court of Carrollton for some years, whence he derived his title, but when he went to Congress, in 1897, he abandoned the practice of law and devoted himself to statesmanship. He knew he never would have to practice law again. He knew his people and they knew him. No such friendly, genial, kindly person will be deserted at the polls by any set of Georgians whatsoever.

He is a marvel! He has a remarkable memory for names and faces, never miscalls a constituent, and has stored away in his head something pertinently pleasant to say to all those who vote for him. He is a useful legislator, well liked by his colleagues, and has an excellent record, both for floor and committee work.

And as a practitioner of the Hello-Bill-slap-on-theback-how's-the-folks school of politics he is the admired of all admirers-a plain man-a very plain man-but quite successful at it withal.

# Editor for a Day

WHEN Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher and peer, was plain Mr. Harmsworth, Joseph Pulitzer permitted him to be editor of the New York World for one day in order to exemplify the Harmsworth contention that the New York papers are too big. The tabloid World, famous in newspaper circles, was the result.

Harmsworth called the staff into consultation. Henry N. Cary, then news editor, suggested, as a joke, that all members of the staff should appear that night in full evening regalia. Everybody consented with one exception-one man refused. Harmsworth came down in a sack suit. He was astonished at the display of evening suits and sniffed the moth-ball smell from afar. He asked mildly whether the World editors and reporters appeared thus clad as a usual thing, and was solemnly assured they did. The only person dressed like Harmsworth was the editor, who would not fall in with the joke.

Also, the only man Harmsworth took back to England with him was the man who was clad like himself.

# Overdressed

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton began business he had a very small shop in a very mean street. He had only business enough to admit the employment of one small and ragged boy to help him.

Business prospered a bit, and Lipton, thinking to make things smarter, bought a new suit of clothes for the boy.

Next day the boy did not come to work, nor the next. Lipton went to see his mother. "How is it Willie hasn't been at the shop for two days?" he asked. "Is he sick?"

"No, he isn't sick," the mother replied, "but he's got some good clothes now and has taken another job. You see, with all those new clothes we didn't think he should waste himself on such a poor little place as yours."

# A Safe Background

AMAN rather untidy in his personal habits was discussing the question of a new waistcoat with a friend. "What color would you advise?" he asked the friend. "Why," said the friend, "I'd get one of soup color!"

### The Stone Age

WHEN State Senator Cal Stone, of St. Paul, was in the passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railroad he wrote many bitter letters to the passenger department of the Great Northern.

Suddenly he was made general passenger agent of the Great Northern. As he came in to take his new desk the man he succeeded handed him an immense file of papers.

"Now — dod gast you!" he said to Stone — "sit down here and answer your own letters!"

# BEYOND THE LIMIT By Samuel G. Blythe



HOSE who are compelled to eat in restaurants—the great legion of diners-out-will understand when I say those haricols de Lima nouseaux are the guilty parties. You see, it was this way: I felt impelled to eat, and I incautiously entered one of the nine or ten feeding places in a New York hotel. No New York hotel-that is, if it is any hotel at all-but has nine or ten feeding places. They are scattered round in all sorts of unsuspected spots-food ambushes, so to speak. You may resolutely pass half a dozen of them, persisting in your determination not to pay more than six dollars for a dollar and twenty-seven cents' worth of sustenance; but human nature is weak. It is impossible to get past all of them. Before you have reached the ninth the hat-check pirate has grabbed youand you are lost.

The hotel men know this. If there was but one restaurant room in a big hotel-if there was but one place to be evaded-they would not sell any food save a few breakfasts in the rooms-and that reminds me: It is not so long ago that I went up to the room of a friend in a New York hotel one morning.

"Let's have some coffee," I said. He thought that would be good. So we telephoned, or punched a button, or did something to attract the attention of the noble Swiss who reigned on that floor; and the noble Swiss leisurely came and wrote down the order: "2 kof, mit rols."

He stood round for quite a time, tentatively shoving forward a breakfast card and suggesting smelts and sausages and other things; but we were firm. So, after about an hour, he brought in the coffee and rolls. He had dishes enough to serve a wedding breakfast, and napery and spoons and forks, and a few silveroid covers-and all thatwhich he arranged. Then he lifted one of the covers and displayed four brownish-gray rolls and poured out some heavy black stuff which he said was coffee. The check was ninety cents for the rolls and coffee, one cup each.

# The Price-Current of Prunes

OVERCOME by a fit of recklessness I told him to go back and bring me some prunes. Along about noon he strolled in with five well-preserved prunes displayed on a dish that was evidently designed to hold prunes. It is, of course, superfluous to add that it was not designed to hold many prunes; but, up to the limits of its capabilities, it was a fine prune-holding dish. The brown juice contrasted rather fetchingly with the dull glow of the silver. Also, the prunes contrasted more than fetchingly with the check. There were five prunes, and the hotel felt it could afford to part with them for forty cents.

That roused my curiosity. If this gilded mausoleum could afford to sell five prunes for forty cents, how many prunes could other institutions of similar import afford to sell for the same money? Once I gained a great quantity of knowledge and had many enlightening experiences trying to get a hard-boiled egg in Europe. It was not half the adventure this was. I have ordered prunes in every city of any size from Boston to San Francisco. The average price of prunes is six for a quarter at the big restaurants. You get four for a quarter in San Francisco; but that is easily explained by the fact that the best prunes in the world are raised a few miles from that city. You see, the San Francisco purveyors know the inestimable worth of prunes and charge for them accordingly.

However, five prunes for forty cents, added to four slim rolls, two pieces of pale and frozen butter, and two cups of what passes current for coffee along Fifth Avenue, made up a satisfying breakfast-forty for the prunes and ninety for the coffee-satisfying to the men who run the hotel, at

As I was saying, they must have more than one place to eat in these big hotels. So they stake out as many as they can find nooks for, and call them the rose room, and the Looie-Quarts room, and the Grecian room-and so on; and if you do not fall for one you inevitably must fall for another, whereby the hat-check boy gets you, and the head waiter lets you sit just behind the biggest serving-table in the place, so the soup can splash gently on you as the waiters dip it up-not your own soup! Oh, no!

It is not good form for a waiter to spill your own consommé de volaille à la McGinnis on you. He spills on you some of the soup belonging to the banker from Omaha, who sits right where every waiter and every captain and every head waiter, and the impresario and the general manager-and all the rest—can and do bump into his chair as they hasten to and fro with the grub for the leading merchant of Macon, Georgia.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the rule and practice of all big hotel restaurants and all other big restaurants is to jam in the tables so closely that the waiters must bump into your chair or jump over the table. It makes no difference whether the hotel has fourteen eating places. As soon as the come-ons show signs of diminution in numbers some of the rooms are closed and the tables jammed together in those that are left open.

It would be entirely outside all ethics of feeding people, according to the big-city idea, to allow the feeders to be comfortable. The first precept in all fashionable eatingplaces is to put the tables so close together that a sinuous black cat could not get through between the chairs without squeezing her sides; and then leave the rest to Providence and the waiters who do you the favor of bringing your high-priced food to you.

That is not what I had in mind however. What I have set down thus far is merely the canapé for the thoughts and emotions that rose within me when I scanned the menu card. I started to say: When I conned the menu-but it was not the menu that was conned; I was.

I read: "Haricots de Lima nou-reauz-\$1.75." The dollar mark is mine. On the bill it was 1.75, but I inserted the legal-tender mark so nobody might think it meant one and seventy-five one-hundredths bushels—or something like that. "Captain," I remarked casually,

as if haricots de Lima nouscaux were an article of my daily diet, "I take it from this that this hotel is wholesaling Lima beans."

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said; "I do not understand."

"Why," I continued easily, for the captain had been at great pains to put me on terms of perfect equality with himself, and had himself pulled back my chair-which is going some, I want to tell you, in that particular hotel, where the headest of the head waiters never speaks to any person who does not have a certified check for a million dollars pinned to his necktie when he comes in-"Why," I proceeded, "I note that you are disposing of Lima beans-noureaux-for one-seventy-

"Per portion," murmured the

"And," I essayed, "it is a wellknown economic Inct from my viewpoint, that all the Lima beans in the world-noureaux, nouvelles, printemps, or carrying weight for age-are not worth a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Ah, but, m'sieu," earnestly said the captain, "these are hothouse Lima beans. You will have some yes?"

Hothouse Lima beans! And, back in the old days, one of my jobs, after the garden was made, was to get the Lima beanpoles out of the woodhouse, resharpen them and stick them up in the center of the hills where the beans were planted, thereby wasting an afternoon that might have been devoted to some manly sport. Oh, where—as George Evans used to say-Oh, where has my Lima bean? He or she-what is the gender of a Lima bean?-has been to New York; and you may well believe it when I tell you that those restaurant keepers in New York can do more than that with the common things.

Did you ever tackle any mousse of fish, riche sauce?you know, the fish the gentleman did not eat yesterday moussed nicely-and it can be obtained for a dollar-for a simple, hundred-cent dollar; or an epigram of lamb, with peas—just peas, mind you, out of the can—not fresh green peas—for one-fifty? That is not an epigram—it's a jest.

Those hothouse Lima beans started a train of thoughtthose and the further discovery that it was possible at that moment to get a small specimen porgy, fried, for seventyfive cents. I did not see any on the bill, but I reckon if a fried porgy costs seventy-five cents they must keep the pompano in the safe and cut coupons off them. And pommes de terre frites might have been obtained for forty cents—fried potatoes for forty p. p. But who would be so plebeian as to order fried potatoes in a place like this-or like twenty other places I could mention-who, indeed, when it is possible to get asperges sertes for one-fiftyasparagus tips, which approximate waiters' tips in expensiveness-unless you intend to remain out of that place

In the course of many years of wandering across and up and down the world I have met numerous persons who have had their own methods of extracting money from the general public; and among the lot are several who are engaged in taking away increment by high-financing food.

#### Tournedos on the Toboggan

OF LATE-for the past year or two, say-it has been my rather bored lot to hear these gentlemanly pirates bewail the sad tendency of the times as demonstrated by the tremendous increase of cheap eating-places in their various cities. They cannot understand why it is their former patrons, who used to be happy to pay half a dollar for half a dozen slices of concombres, now go to a white-enameled shop and pay ten cents for a dozen slices of cucumbers. The demand for tournedos sautés Alsacienne, at two dollars

a tournedo, has fallen off, and many persons are eating roast mutton at twentyfive cents a slice. I can understand it, and so can any person who has given the matter consideration. It is not that times are tighterand times are tighter; it is because the restaurant keepers, not only in New York but in the other cities, have overplayed their hands. There is not a big restaurant in any big city in the United States where the prices are not absurd. And the fault is not with the restaurant keeper either. It rests solely and entirely with the restaurant patrons. They Play for the Women, and the Women Lead the Mon In



They have allowed it. No one can blame a man who has something to sell and who tries to get as much for his merchandise as he can. That is the basic law of commerce. Wherefore it is always the province of the intending buyer to get his article as cheaply as possible. If he allows the high charge once he is fastened to it forever.

Take this food business: All restaurant charges in all of the high-plane restaurants in this country are based on the restaurant charges in New York. And who stood for the restaurant charges in New York? The folks from the other cities that copied the New York prices. Any person who has seen it work out, as I have, knows that when the man from outside comes into New York he takes what is given to him and pays what is asked; so the New Yorkers began to jack up their prices.

The visitor noticed the increases, but did not protest. He felt that a protest would mark him as a visitor—as a yap—as a rube. So it might, with the waiters; and there

It Would be Entirely Outside All Ethics of Feeding People to Allow the Feeders to be Comfortable is no person in the world so afraid of any other person as a visitor to New York is afraid of a waiter. He shrinks from incurring the displeasure of those haughty foreigners who serve him his food. He feels it a personal humiliation to have a captain in a dining room seowl at him; and if a head waiter sneers or otherwise displays his disapproval the visitor shrivels and shrinks, and hastily orders two or three other expensive dishes just to show he is no jay and no piker, and is accustomed to these customs.

That is one of the most curious of the human idiosyncrasies—the shivering fear of the disapproval of a waiter! It is all predicated on the false self-value most of us place on ourselves. We are all of us arrant egoists inside—and many of us outside—and we grow faint at the idea of doing or saying anything in public that will mark us as not thoroughly informed and city-broke.

A man may be stern, exacting in his business, fearless, important, self-assertive—and all that—but when a waiter shows by his actions that he—the waiter considers this patron of the place where the waiter works not of the proper class, not thoroughly informed as to the way things are done in a big city—in short, a hayseed—he will throw money away in an effort to correct this impression in the mind of the waiter, or this impression that he fears is in the mind of the waiter—not in the minds of those near him or who know him, but in the mind of the waiter!

### The Cowardice of the Free-Born Rich

IT IS an odd sort of cowardice. Why does a man—free-born, successful, mayhap rich—submit to the tyrannics of a man in the box office of a theater, for example—to his insolence and his scorn and his general air of What-do-you-amount-to? Why does the average patron of a restaurant stand for the hat-check abuse, for the cab abuse, for the extortionate-food abuse, for the annoyances of crowding, for the annoyances of squeaky music, for the annoyances of slipshod service? Because he is afraid his revolt will mark him as a person who does not understand how things are done in big cities—though in his inner self he understands intimately how he is being done.

It is all predicated on the last analysis of our civilization. We do what anybody and everybody else want us to do, instead of doing what we want to do and have an individual right to do—because we fear a reflex that will stamp us as not being wise. The contempt of a waiter, to the average patron of a restaurant, is something to be avoided at whatever cost of personal humiliation.

Well, the men who run a lot of the restaurants in New York were not long in finding out that their patrons, largely from out of town, were human rabbits when it came to protesting against whatever ideas they might think up and put in practice on them. They soon discovered that a man from the West or the South, or from the Northwest or Southwest, would rather pay ten dollars for a two-dollar duck than to intimate, even by the raising of his eyebrows when he saw the check, that he was not perfectly well aware that all the sophisticated better classes pay ten dollars for ducks. Snobbery and weak egoism, you see—and played on by the restaurant men.

So the headiest of the head waiters fixed it up, and began to elevate the prices. I have sat in those restaurants and watched items on bills-of-fare jump ten and fifteen and twenty-five cents at a time until the present range was reached. Now the prices are preposterous and the restaurants are beginning to feel the results of that situation; albeit when you talk with a restaurateur he tells you the increase in prices is solely due to the increase in the sums he is forced to pay for the raw material—and that makes you laugh.

I know a place in New York—a big place—where they marked a price of seventy-five cents a portion for strawberries early in the season, when the strawberries came from the Far South and were rare—and green but worth that to any simpleton who would buy them.

Well, by a curious inadvertence the price for strawberries remained at seventy-five cents almost all summer, when strawberries were selling in the market, at retail, for ten or fifteen cents a quart; and a portion of them at this place was about ten berries. They found they could get away with it, and they did. Far be it from a man to proclaim himself a jay by protesting.

The fact that strawberries appeared on this menu at seventy-five cents a portion was the proof that was what strawberries should cost a portion in the best circles. I ordered some without looking, one day, and incurred the grave and sneering displeasure of a bunch of waiters, captains, head waiters and omnibus boys by refusing to pay; but they cut the price to thirty cents after the owner had been brought in. The trouble was not worth the saving of forty-five cents, but the fun was worth forty-five dollars. You cannot blame the

purveyors. They simply have taken advantage of the weakness of the human rabbits with whom they deal. And the out-of-town foodsellers early followed the New York lead. In the past five years prices in the leading restaurants in all the big cities of this country have advanced tremendously. I myself have watched the price of a single anemic squab progress from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter in a restaurant where I am compelled to eat now and then, and the high cost of food has been the excuse; but I happen to know the man who sells this place the squabs, and I asked him about it. He said he was getting the same price for his squabs when they were retailed at one-twenty-five as he got when they cost sixty cents served.

So it has come about that, from one end of this country to the other, there has swept a vast increase in restaurant prices. New York adopted the French cuisine years ago. Then New York, finding that the out-oftowners, who make up the bulk of their patronage, would stand for heavy increases, began the heavy increasing. The out-of-New-York restaurant keepers took their cues from New York just as they took their imitation French cuisine and their imitation French on the bills-offare. They did not want to make it uncomfortable for the man from home who went to New York and



There is No Person in the World So Afraid of Any Other Person as a Visitor to New York is Afraid of a Waiter

planked down four dollars for a roast capon; so they slapped roast capon—chapon, you understand—on at four-fifty. And there you were!

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the restaurants have been tucking it on—tucking it on; and now the reaction has come. The men-who-were-afraid-they-might-bethought-jays reached their limit. I know a chap who has plenty of money and who was the host at a little dinner in a New York restaurant. He wanted some fish; and the head waiter—or the captain—suggested: "The turbot is

very fine."

Conceding, as I do, that any man who will buy turbot in England ought to be put under restraint, words fail when it comes to designating a man who will buy turbot in New York. My friend knew all about that imitation of a fish. He had eaten it in its native lair—eaten it and commented on its marvelous resemblance in taste to library paste; but he did not want the head waiter to think he was not used to buying turbot four times a day and he nodded in a sophisticated manner and said: "All right."

Well, they charged him twenty-five dollars for that mess—mess is used advisedly—of turbot, which served him right. But that is not the point. He had bluefish and kingfish, and all kinds of fine fresh American fish, to pick from; but he let that head waiter sting him for turbot. Probably the head waiter laughed. If he did not he has no sense of humor. It is a wonder to me he did not stick

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him for English sole and saw off American flounder on him-but he did not. And this chap quit right there.

That is what has been happening. The men-who-did-not-want-to-be-thought-jays have decided it does not make such a heap of difference to them as they thought if a Swiss waiter or an Alsatian captain or a Greek omnibus does think they are jays; and they are eating at the cheaper places. Not all of them of course. You can still find in any big restaurant, in any city, chaps who will pretend that truite de yama-no uchi, at one-fifty an uchi, shows more class than trout—just trout—for fifty cents; but their numbers are decreasing.

The keepers of the big restaurants are howling; but let them howl! There will

always be some of the weak-minded for them; but a good many of us have passed rapidly to the side streets and are doing

fairly well, thank you!

Contemplate the big hotels of this country, where the bulk of the restaurant eating is done—the bulk of the carte-du-jour stuff—and, speaking of carte du jour, I ate once in a gilded hotel in the West—one of those with pillars of imitation onyx which look as though they had been made of castile soap—where the manager had copied a bill-of-fare from a New York restaurant. He had it all down—potages, poissons, en-trées, rôtis, légumes and all the rest; but the carte du jour got past him. It was first on the bill; and he evidently thought it was some sort of a canapé, rare and expensive, for he had it down on his card: Carte du jour-\$1.25-.75.

#### Loafing-Places for Idle Women

Please excuse the digression. I was about to observe that the big hotels will worry along for a time, because most of the big hotels in this country are not conducted for the men any more, but are run almost exclusively for the women—the stall-fed, exclusively for the women—the stall-led, club-crazy, bridge-playing, nonproducing kind of women—who grab all of father's salary and spend it on themselves. It is not so very long ago that the hotels in this country were places for men. There was a small parlor upstairs or somewhere where women could go and where they were expected to go; and the men had the rest of it.

Now the men are shunted off to one side and the hotels are conducted for the women. They flock in at luncheons; sit during the afternoons; are there to din-ner—and the men are second-fiddlers. If you don't believe it go into any big hotel and observe the size of the men's restaurant as compared with those where the women

So they will go along for a time yet; for some women never know times are hard and never think prices are high. Why should they? The men are producing and they are having a good time. The gentle-men who run the restaurants and hotels know the value of the women. They pay scant heed to the men and cater to the female of the species. There is a chance somebody may get some of father's money besides the hotelkeepers if they leave it to father; so they do not.

They play for the women, and the women lead the men in; and the men pay a dollar for a hunk of a tough guinea hen, and two dollars if they serve a minute specimen of alleged ham with it and call it Guinée d la Virginie, or whatever they may think will excuse that other dollar. And the restaurant keepers will tell you they are not making a cent and would be compelled to go out of business if it were not for the bar.

If it were not for the bar! There's the good old faithful friend! That is the place of man's tribute to the affluence of the hotelkeeper and the rest. Only the most advanced of the women have invaded the bar-as yet-not that the fair ladies do not consume their share of the goods the bar holds, but that they have their own places for so doing.

The bar! Ah, yes, the bar! They buy bottled whisky for about sixty or seventy cents a bottle, and they figure to sell seventeen drinks out of a bottle at twenty or twenty-five cents a drink. A very distinguished boniface in New York once told me his bar profits were two hundred and fourteen per cent-and I should think that was conservative.

We are getting them, though, fellow citizens who must perforce eat in restau-rants—we are getting them! The prices at this particular moment, having reached the height where they cease to be anything but absolutely absurd, are trembling. They are shivering and shaking. The restaurant keepers must keep their places open; and you will observe what I have observed-a gradual tendency to let down. It will not come until it is forced by empty chairs and

No restaurant man, and no other sort of selling man, ever cut his price on anything until he was forced to do so. specialty has been raising prices. The aggregated worms of food-consumers are beginning to turn. They are slipping unostentatiously into the smaller places on the side streets. They are responsible for the street and increasing number of bright great and increasing number of bright, clean, comfortable restaurants where a lamb chop does not cost so much as a diamond

Presently the restaurant men will be back within reason. I have observed a tendency to lower luncheon prices. Dinner prices will follow. I doubt not that, within a short time, one will be able to get eight prunes for a quarter instead of four. I know a place where a wedge of apple pie costs thirty cents. Think that over! I will bet a dozen apple pies against a chocolate éclair that within a year a wedge of apple pie in that same place will cost not more than fifteen cents—and in each case the real worth is a dime.

What would you say to a small dab of cold rice pudding for the same thirty cents? You will say Pish-tush! to it within the twelvemonth, for the restaurant prices of this country are beginning to topple. The string is played out. The middleman and the cold-storage man—and the rest of them—are being placed in a position where they will inevitably get what is coming to them; and the producer at one end and the consumer at the other may gather a benefit or two. At any rate the producer can be no worse off than he has been, and the consumer may be aided.

The consumer—poor chap!—consumes and is consumed. Just at present he is hopefully waiting for results from the new tariff—hopefully is the word. He has risen and formed the Society for the Boycott of Extortionate Eggs; but that will not last

long.

They will let eggs down and we shall go back to our breakfasts. Then they will back to our breakfasts. shove eggs up again, having experience with movements of this kind in the past. Eggs are permanent institutions, and societies for the boycott of them merely the ephemera of the passionate moment.

### Must Have Been Advance Copies

There are interesting features to eggs, however, aside from their price. I met an indignant lady at the market last December. She was there for the purpose of saying a few things to the egg merchant. As I gathered the facts in the case, she had been buying strictly fresh eggs of this egg purveyor. To prove that the strictly fresh eggs were strictly fresh—they cost seventy-live cents a dozen, they were so abso-strictly-lutely fresh—the eggs were dated—not by the hen, of course, but by the honest hen-owner—that is, when the lady bought an egg on the fourteenth she was handed an egg which had neatly printed on its shell, by means of an impeccable rubber stamp, the legend: "Laid December thir-teenth." That was the incontrovertible proof that this egg had been but one day in this vale of sorrow and deceit.

The eggs in controversy—though the egg-dealer had not much to say—were bought on the nineteenth of the month. They reached the house intact and dated. Desiring to take some liberties with an egg that evening, this lady opened the box. I am well within the facts when I state that she was both astonished and indignant to read on each egg: "Laid December twenty-second."

You see, this predicated the unique possibility that the eggs were laid three days after she bought them. They were strictly fresh eggs in futuro, so to speak. The official egg-dater had used the wrong stamp or the egg-merchant had opened the wrong box of strictly fresh ones. It was a contre-temps; but it reminded me of the con-noisseur who was buying a bottle of priceless old brandy. There was the date on the label of the bottle—1814.

"Are you sure this is 1814 brandy?"

asked the purchaser.

"Well," replied the vender, "the label says so; but I don't know the printer." However, more power to the Society for the Boycott of Extortionate Eggs, and

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Chicago

more power to the Society for the Preven-tion of Useless Christmas Giving; and more power to all other societies with similar aims. The pirates who have been selling us food and other necessaries have had up the black flag long enough and deserve punishment; and they are in a fair way of

It is largely our own fault. Take that question of Christmas gifts: We went through it a few months ago, and we are in a position to sit back and size up the spasm in a somewhat philosophical manner. They were all on hand—the elevator boys, and the janitor, and the charwomen, and the bellboys, and the clerks, and the cook, and the servants, and the chauffeur, and the superintendent, and the manager, and the clothespresser, and the shoeshiner—and everybody else, from bishop to barber expecting a remembrance and remember-ing all their expectations. You recall them—lined up with avaricious eyes and rapacious hands—all the greedy procession of those who appraised you by the value of what you gave, not by the spirit in which you gave.

The analogy is well defined. It is exactly the same with our indiscriminate Christmas giving as it is with the countrymanor the city man, either—who dreads the waiter's ill opinion. The vast, needless, oppressive Christmas-destroying orgy of giving that has grown up in this country is not the result of the spread of a holiday spirit. It is the result of our own timidity, our own egoism, our own self-conceit. We are afraid not to be on a par with-or a bit beyond—our friends and relatives; so we gave last Christmas more than we could afford to give because others were giving more than they could afford to give, and because we did not have the faint courage that was required to tell the army of Christmas holdup men there was nothing

Still, the signs of the times are hearten-ing. The Society for the Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving helped some the past season; and it will help more. We ob-serve waiters that were formerly bumping into chairs in closely packed restaurants moving with ease between the tables, because there are fewer of the tables occupied. A good many men have discovered they can exist without alcohol. We are slowing down. There is a glimmer or two of light ahead.

The limit of this kind of thing has been reached and exceeded. It will be a hard task for the American spender to reform himself; but there are indications that he intends to try. And if he sets himself to it his reform will not only be personal but it will reform the gougers also.

# Heat Magazines

HEAT magazines are now being built— to be a substitute for stoves. The par-ticular purpose for which they have been designed is to use electricity to store up heat in the hours when the demand for electric power is small and when consequently elec-tricity may be supplied at a very greatly reduced rate. This is usually between mid-night and five o'clock in the morning, when few electric lights are being used, few motors are in use, and most of the great plant at the electric power house is idle.

Then during the hours of daylight and evening the heat magazine can be made to give out its warmth. The magazines are big

steel boxes about the size of a large stove. In the center is the apparatus to turn electricity into heat and round this are masses of metal that absorb the heat. These are built to withstand heat up to one thousand degrees. All round these heat-storage blocks is very heavy insulation to keep the heat in—in the same way that the heat is kept in a fireless cooker.

When it is desired to have the magazine give out its heat a damper is opened and a passageway thus provided for air to enter the magazine, become heated and pass out into the room. The damper can be used also to regulate the amount of heat coming out.

Electricity is ordinarily much too expensive for housewarming use, but it is coming into practice in some localities where the power is cheap. Some villages on irrigation projects in the West now depend on electricity for their heat, as power developed at the irrigation plant is plentiful, but has only a limited market, thus making the price low. A late development in Norway-the home of cheap electricity—is the heating of churches by electricity.



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Quaker Oats is made only from nearly every grocery, and it is always as we describe. Never will any but the choicest grains be used

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In The Saturday Evening Post of May 9 will appear Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 9 on Rexall Toilet Preparations. Look for it.

Emmanning

# OUT-OF-DOORS

# The Inconnu-What It is Not

WHO of sporting tastes has not from his boyhood read of the voyages of the sarly explorers of the sub-Arctic regions—Hearne and Pond and Mackenzie, and those others who went North before there were even those chartographic bluffs that now pass as maps of that far-off country? And which of us, so reading, has not retained some vague remembrance of the mysterious animal known as the inconnu, found in the auna of that land?

Such, at least, was my own youthful experience. Later on, passing from callow youth, when I had ceased to read of early coyageurs and was trying to pay for a dress sult on the installment plan—which fully occupied my mind for some years—I still retained a hazy idea that somewhere up North there was an animal which Sir Alexander Mackenzie had been unable to place and which he had called the what-is-it or the unknown or the inconnu. In my trusting soul I hoped one day to meet an

or the unknown or the inconnu. In my trusting soul I hoped one day to meet an inconnu, whatever it might be.

It never occurred to me at that time to look in the dictionary or the encyclopedia to learn about this mysterious critter. Never, indeed, until long after I had first met the inconnu in mortal combat did I consult the encyclopedia. Since that time I have never touched my forelock, as was once my wont, whenever passing in front of my encyclopedia—because, in good sooth, the encyclopedia knows no more about the inconnu than any of the rest of us.

All the way north from the edge of the

All the way north from the edge of the Rocky Mountains in the Athabasca system we heard the swarthy voyageurs—you yourself would be swarthy if you used soap no oftener than they do—speak in hushed tones of the inconnu, which, they said, we were sure to meet in our dangerous voyage in the extreme Northern country.

Each time they spoke of it I grasped my trusty rifle tighter, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible if attacked by one of these ferocious creatures. We had men with us who had killed big game all the way from New Zealand to New Jersey; but none of them had ever met the inconnu.

On deck at night, under the paling Northern sun, we held councils of war, discussing questions of proper equipment; and new to that land we resolved to do our best to uphold the traditions of American sportsmanship, though then under the British flag, which, of course, has more traditions than any other in regard to sport. In plain United States, we resolved to give any inconnu a run for its money if it ever locked borns with us. At that time we thought it had borns.

#### Fishing With Field-Glasses

Time passed and we saw no inconnu, though we gumshoed round the camp every night looking for tracks. We got to Fort MacMurray and still had seen none. Most of the population of Fort MacMurray bears the name of Loutit, on account of an active ancestor who arrived there some years ago and established a family tree that is still growing; but not even any of the Loutit family, which covers several degrees of latitude, had ever seen an inconnu there. Neither, though we kept a sharp watch day and night with field-glasses, did we discover any inconnu all the way down the river to Lake Athabasca.

No one at Chippewyan had ever heard of an inconnu in that neighborhood. We began to think we had been made victims of a cruel hoax, and we rechristened the inconnu as the bull-connu, classifying it with the jokes about the handle of a valve or the insects among the type that are shown to the cub compositor in a printing office.

the cub compositor in a printing office.

When we reached Smith's Landing, at the Falls of Great Slave River, the plot began to thicken. We were told that sixteen miles below, at the foot of the rapids, we should surely find the inconnu; but though we oiled up our guns and prepared for the "imminent deadly breach," we did not see the said inconnu according to schedule.

"You'll see one before long if you keep on going north," said the captain of our steamboat.

We did not see him, however, though we kept on going north. We passed into Great

Slave Lake and inquired at Fort Resolution whether the inconnu had gotten that far south on its annual migration; but there was nothing doing either there or at Fort Rae, according to the best obtainable reports. We had, in fact, arrived at Hay River—where there is no hay—before, by the merest accident, I first met an actual inconnu.

In all this time on the river steamboat we had been, as one may say, almost on the point of mutiny over the kippered herring and tinned salmon, which made a good part of the bill of fare; and at Hay River, in a fit of desperation, I chartered an Indian boy and rowed about four miles to run some nets which he or somebody else owned, and which might or might not contain some fish not as yet contained in tin cans.

which might or might not contain some fish not as yet contained in tin cans.

Arrived there, the said Indian youth casually began to unload from the nets into the boat a bunch of fish that left me helpless with amazement. This was on the reefs at the edge of Great Slave Lake, near the mouth of Hay River. The boy, with whom I had been unable to establish any sort of lingual understanding, began to pull out suckers, whitefish and jackfish—which we call pike—until our leaky skiff looked as though it were getting ready to sink at

any moment.

I heard him thumping at something in the net, and he casually hauled over the gunwale a twenty-five-pound lake trout—repeating the act an instant later with yet another and larger one. Also, he uncoiled several whitefish that would be worth, at city retail prices, about fifteen dollars each. Still he was not content.

#### The Points of the Conny

After a time he flung behind him into the boat a long, silverish-looking fish, which I saw at once was a whitefish—and later saw that it was nothing of the sort. It was not a salmon or a sucker or a whitefish or a pikeperch, or like any one of them—but a good deal like all of them

In short it was an inconnu. All the specimens of inconnu we took from these nets—I have often wondered whose nets we really were running—were stiff and dead, with their mouths wide open, though none of the other fish taken in the gill-net were dead. My attention being thus called to the mouth of the fish, I found it to be almost square, with a sort of projecting rim, so that it stuck out in front of the fish's countenance, something like the mouth of the sucker—only it was larger and more directly east of the fish's face.

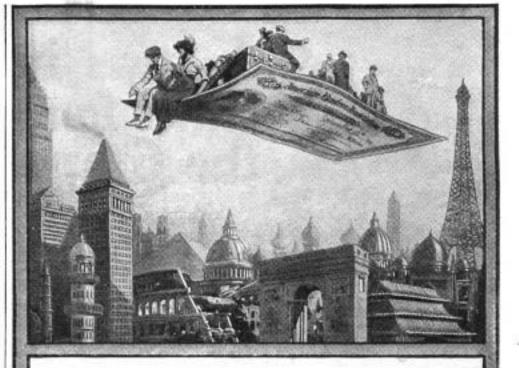
Each of the specimens we had ran eight or nine pounds, being small, as I found later. The tail was not square, like that of any of the salmon family, but forked. Yet, to my astonishment, I found the fatty little caudal fin that is supposed to be distinctive of the salmon family. The body was not the shape of a salmon, but more like that of a giant whitefish, somewhat flattened, the general lines being those of the pike-perch, or walleyed pike, except that the mouth is quite different—also the head and everything else. Naturally I could not name this fish at the time, though I examined it with curi-

Naturally I could not name this fish at the time, though I examined it with curiosity. Thus far I had been unable to diagnose the parentage of my companion, whether French, Scotch or English—I could never get used to a half breed who says "cawn't" instead of "can't"; but, having tried him in French, Spanish, Cree, Chippewyan and Blackfoot, I concluded to try English, knowing that he was a mission boy. "What in blazes do you call this thing?"

I asked him.
"That?" said he. "Why, that's a conny.

Now conny is IIudson Bay for inconnu.
I sat and gazed at this creature for some time. It did not look dangerous, but, rather, quite decidedly mild, especially as it was dead—the only dead fish taken in the net. It had a reminiscent sort of look, like some of the jokes in the Sunday newspaper.
"I have seen your face before," you say

"I have seen your face before," you say sometimes when you meet a gentleman who will not tell you his name. I had never seen this face before; and neither had the artist who made its picture in the encyclopedia—a portrait that resembles the inconnu about as much as an art photograph of a dramatic



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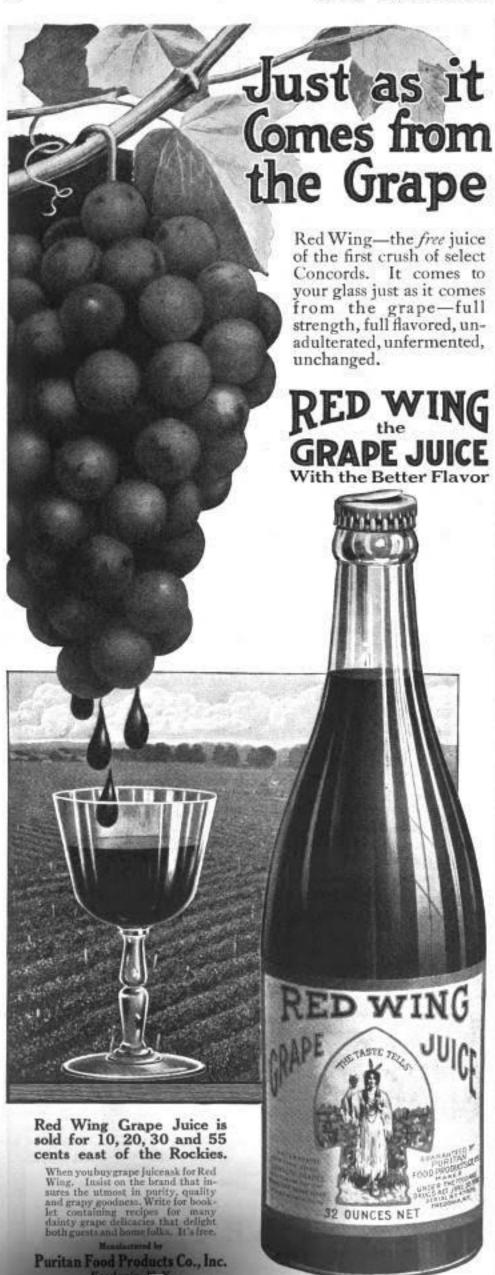
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# Get them at your Bank





celebrity looks like the same celebrity before breakfast. Even so, the picture is quite as accurate as the context that goes with it in the average encyclopedia.

with it in the average encyclopedia.

We paddled back to our steamship and displayed our fish, much to the joy of the kippered passengers. The deckhands, the purser, the captain, the soldiers, villagers and others all leaned over the rail of the steamboat and looked at our mysterious strangers and said: "Conny, huh?" After that I felt the report did not lack confirmation. It was thus that one of my boyhood's dreams came true. We had met the inconnu and it was ours!

We ate the inconnu then and many times afterward, far above the Arctic Circle. It has not the taste of the salmon at all. Served often on the same table with white-fish, we found that after a time we gravitated toward the dish of whitefish, which is more delicate, though also fat. There is perhaps a slight richness or oiliness in the taste of the inconnu.

One is apt to eat rather too much of it at first, especially if one has undergone a preparatory course of kippered herring. None the less it is an excellent foodfish, and as such it is put up by thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Far North; also, as food for dogs. I saw many great specimens of this fish, split open along the back—like your wife's party gown—as they always open fish in the North, and hung out to dry round Indian camps.

#### Not a Salmon, But Scrappy

At Fort McPherson I saw two taken from one net that I thought would weigh forty pounds apiece; and I have heard they go to sixty pounds

Sixty pounds.

The inconnu is not a salmon, but it is more of a sporting fish than any but the Atlantic salmon. It strikes the trolling bait freely, is not shy, and puts up quite a scrap in spite of its squarehead look. It was one of the regrets of our Northern trip that we had no flyrod along with us. I would gladly have given a hundred dollars for a flyrod during one evening's sport with Arctic trout and grayling on the streams of the Rocky Mountains about a hundred miles south of the Arctic Ocean—there is no angling like

it in any country I have ever seen.

And again, I would have given a like sum for half a day's sport with a good casting rod and proper lures at any of several localities we saw where the inconnu was present in full force. We took these fish on rude tackle—that is to say, others did. I would not give a snap to take game fish in any way but on a good rod, giving them a sporting chance and myself sporting experience as well. In short, the inconnu has never received the full meed of praise that should be his.

The conny lives for the one purpose of poking his head into a gill-net, so that you may eat him; he even relieves you of the trouble of killing him and you always find him dead. He is the most amiable of fishes.

At Fort McPherson, which is thirty miles up the Peel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie, we found the connies quite abundant; and we then heard of different localities in the neighborhood where the natives had always found them in regular supply.

Such a place we found on the Husky River, one of the delta branches of the Mackenzie, at the mouth of a little creek leading back into some inland lakes. We did not learn that the connies ever

We did not learn that the connies ever went into the lakes; but here at the mouth of this little creek they were schooling in thousands, and we were told that this was always held to be a certain fishing place by the natives who travel up and down that river. The scene here was much like that of a salmon run in the salt water a day or so before the fish move up into some freshwater stream.

Here, however, there was no salt water; nor did the fish jump free into the air, but kept the surface churned up in hundreds of waves, where only their backs and shoulders showed. They were supposed to be feeding on minnows; but we could not see any minnows, though the fish often broke within a few feet of us, apparently feeding.

When we made our encampment at this

When we made our encampment at this spot we were hungry, as every one in the North is all the time; and when one is short

of grub in the North he goes after connipossible. We had no net with us and fishing rods or any bait. Fortunately, ur some sneaking sort of notion that we mi have trolling for lake trout, I had to along, against all counsel, a few assosizes of trolling spoons; and these we put into commission, lacking anytibetter.

One of the party tried to use a du willow rod; but he was clumsy himself, used to fishing, and so lost several fish struck directly at the side of the boat, other fisherman was a trapper who live that country.

He caught six or eight fine connies stout hand line and spoonhook simple throwing the spoonhook out as far a could and pulling it in hand over h It was a crude method, but it worked.

A gill-net set across that stream at time would either have been torn to p or taken out full of these great fish, admiration for the conny rose very tinetly; and it was then that, above things, I honed, sighed and pined for thing in the most remote manner rebling a fishing rod and reel. Then and I forgave the conny for looking like a sa a whitefish and several other fishes a it is not.

Many a man takes down a good sala; handing out solemn stuff about vomen supramaxillaries and palatines, becau is pretty sure no one is going to call hi his statements; but none of these go men in their recorded works, albeit about ated to meet the needs of the encyclopa tells us about the personal habits of inconnu or attempts to explain the sinister that seems to prevail in its fa

sinister that seems to prevail in its fa

Even in the North, where the entire
ulation lives on conny half the year
hope and whitefish the other half,
seems to be no one who knows very
about this mysterious fish. I could
learn whether or not it comes out o
ocean; whether or not it is ever tak
salt water. I could not learn its spa
season, though I presume it to be i
spring or early summer.

We know all about fur seals, but n

We know all about fur seals, but n describes the pelagic pursuit of the inamid the unknown islands of the No

### Not a Stenogus in Sight

In appearance the fish did not in the resemble a salmon that has come out water, reached its spawning ground dropped back. It is a bright, clean color; the scales are rather coarse, most those of the whitefish than of the sa which, of course, scarcely seems to scales at all. Even in the muddy was up the Mackenzie River it retains this look—though the Athabasca, the Slave and parts of the Mackenzie are; the dirtiest waterways of the world.

The inconnu seems to survive sed. So far as known, it never is found so that is to say, upstream—beyond the rapids of the Great Slave River, be Fort Smith and Smith's Landing, seems a sort of dividing line between things and wild things, when it cor that; between known things and the known; between us and the inconnu Well, anyway, we saw the insteaded it in its den, and survived.

As to the inconnu itself, it has no and exact portrait at present extant; to date, so far as known. Much as I cit, there was never any camera wher was any inconnu—except once, whresults were not wholly satisfactor good enough to show the facial cont the fish and the size it sometimes a So far as known, this is the only photo of the inconnu to find its way out.

The great aim in the life of the fish to be to enshroud itself in gill-ne mystery. We are obliged to leave it possession of the field and holding do reputation and its name.

Bob Davis, of New York, has caught an inconnu. Sam Blythe has seen one. Kermit Roosevelt has photographed one. Indeed, this is the time the species has ever been scient described. We should protest its classification under the name Its stenodus Mackenzii. Mackenzie his stenodus or stenogus at all.



# *A WOMAN FREE-LANCE*

(Continued from Page 14)

criminal were run in his place, and none of us knew the difference until afterward. This was not the designed deception of "the yellow"; but if a hero persists in dying at the very last moment when a paper is going to press on the very day when a war and an election and a train wreck are straining hereves to the breaking point, you must not blame the printers' devil Johnny too severely if, when he comes rushing in for the picture plates, he picks out Holmes the criminal for Holmes the scientist.

Because we were one of the very last of the Middle Western papers to change hand setting for the type machine we prided ourselves on freedom from typographical

ourselves on freedom from typographical errors. In fact there were times when we were almost ready to offer a five-dollar goldpiece to any one who could find a typographical error in our morning edition. All right! Behold the pride that goes before a fall. We took on one type machine as an experiment. It set solid lines. If there was an error of one letter in a line the whole line had to be reset. At the last minute one line had to be reset. At the last minute one afternoon the news was telephoned in that a certain hyphenated, generous spender would donate a certain generous figure to would donate a certain generous figure to put up a monument for two heroes "who lost their lives in the Indian War." The proofs were dashed in—Generous-Spender's name was misspelled. That would never do! In the absence of the head proof reader, who was in the composing room running his eye over the galleys of type, I put the hyphen and the letter in Generous-Spender's name; but, trusting to the city editor and proofman being out in the composing room. I did not go out to see the posing room, I did not go out to see the correction. Here is what that type ma-chine did when the corrected lines came out in the paper:

"Mr. Hyphenated Generous-Spender will denote spzg89-ryxt, [etc., etc.] to the heroes who lost their livers in the Indian War."

We had an elaborate gentleman who did a column on society called Social Salad; and we had a little man picked up from somewhere who arranged, stole or made up the weekly page on recipes and plum pud-dings. Whatever became of the people who ate the plum puddings I don't know. I gradually slipped into the habit of coming down at nine-thirty in the morning and writing my editorial till eleven; then helpwriting my entorial till eleven; then help-ing to edit the telegraph in the rush from eleven to two-thirty—no time for lunch; then, if there were more of rush, all hands would turn in and read the proofs till three or three-thirty. The pace was a wild scramble from the time of entering the office. The hours were short; but it was the kind of work you took home in your the kind of work you took home in your thoughts and had in mind at your meals and slept with overnight; for the editorial writers were supposed to look up their data the night before. Was it worth while—I mean worth while for the average woman? Put it wider still: Was it worth while for the average man? Your successful banker, railroad man, engineer, doctor, wholesaler. railroad man, engineer, doctor, wholesaler, also takes home his business in his thoughts at night and sleeps with it and eats with it, though he may swear he doesn't; but at forty-five your business man—if he is suc-cessful—has a security, a fastness against want, a certainty of tenure. His value is in proportion to his experience. Is that so of the average successful newspaper worker, especially the woman worker?

# Work for Honest Owners

We were a corporation paper-that is, we were owned by a corporation rated as one of the ten richest in America. By that do not think that we came down hat in hand every day and licked the hand that fed us, or beguiled an innocent public into mistakes for the sake of that corporation. We didn't. Except during election-time we did not know we were owned by a corporation. During elections we were sup-posed to shout for the "grand old party." If the man who stood for the "grand old party" chanced to be malodorous to the public, then we were allowed to write on economics in China and Peru. The cor-poration owned that paper for the purpose of pushing the country and defending itself from blackmail legislation. There were times when we attacked the corporation itself, when its policy seemed a discrimination against our territory. Because we were owned by a rich corporation we did what not another paper west of Chicago could do at that time-we refused to boom or advertise the fake mining schemes that successfully broke out from Nevada and Colorado to Klondike. I am setting these facts down because corporations have been so roundly "cussed" for the past ten years, and it is well to give even the devil his due.

A newspaper exists solely by virtue of the confidence inspired in the public. The minute it forfeits that its value to the cor-poration is lost. The most deeply we ever sinned against the public was in connection with a man put in as governor by the "grand old party." He used to come into our office and write interviews with him-self lauding a well-known gold mine to the self lauding a well-known gold mine to the skies. It was a mine then paying one thou-sand per cent dividends; and as he always put his opinions in "quotes" as his own we did not feel our blood-guilt till we saw those interviews reproduced in the leading commercial journals of London and New York as coming from our representative governor. Then we began to make inqui-ries. Engineers let us into the suspicion that the mine with ten-cent shares then selling at \$1.85 might be a pocket that would peter out any day. Two of us went in to confer with the chief, who had succeeded the old

#### A Puff and a Crash

You will remember his characteristics of ambition but no ability. He didn't snub us. He squelched and squashed us. What us. He squelched and squashed us. What were we—lay critics, greenhorns, outside dunderheads—to put our office opinions up against experts? Did we expect the paper to offend the party because Governor So-and-So was blowing off some innocent self-advertising? Anyway the governor had gone to New York. The thing was over. We couldn't prove the vein would fail. We'd have a libel suit on our hands if we touched the thing; and so on and so on. touched the thing; and so on and so on. But, alas, the damage was done! A huge international corporation had been formed in New York and London to take over that group of mines and railroads. Shares jumped to \$2.85. If I remember correctly the figure paid was twenty millions good cash, not water. That mine never paid a dividend. In two years the vein petered out; and a capitalist of stainless reputation died of a broken heart because his name had misled investors to ruin. Was it corporation

misled investors to ruin. Was it corporation or party that caused our sin?

As far as I can recall there was only one occasion when even an attempt at intimidation was made. It was two years after I had left that staff. That was the era when corporations grew rich buying up for a song blanket charters with land grants attached for the construction of impossible railroads over impossible routes. In a series of special articles for London and New York dailies touching on the opening of the West, which at this time was just beginning to break on us like a dawn, I had mentioned this abuse of blanket railroad charters—the particular abuse was a grant of twelve thousand acres to the mile for a railroad across a swamp, the land not to be picked from the swamp area but from the choicest lands of the country. One night about ten o'clock the chief lobbyist of this corporation, who had been telegraph editor

corporation, who had been telegraph editor on our old staff, called at my home.

"Say," he remarked after friendly preliminaries and reminiscences, "have you done this series of Western development stuff that's been telegraphed everywhere?"

"Certainly. That's no secret."

"Well, it's a curious way to treat old friends. It will cost us \$100,000 to counteract——" mentioning a special on a particularly rotten project for obtaining land grants. grants.

"I'm sorry old friends are hit by it," I answered. "I was not thinking of your people when I wrote it." It might prove a boomerang," he said.

didn't take in what that meant. We have agents everywhere. you know we could damn you with outside

editors if our string of newspapers began to attack your work as inaccurate?" "Is that a threat?" "No, it's a piece of advice from an old friend. You would not be the first we have

It is a mistake ever to fly up in a dispute over matters of fact. Something within me felt like a fuse burning near dynamite.

"I wish you hadn't said that," I answered; "for I have nothing to lose, and on your testimony you have a good deal."

He left awkwardly, and I went upstairs and what I wrote about blanket charters left no manner of doubt as to what was meant. This article I sent out in duplicate, one copy to New York, one to London.

one copy to New York, one to London.

Three weeks later I met my old friend on the street. He stopped me. "Say," he said, "I'm sorry about the other night. I told them if they had any more dirty messages to deliver they could do it themselves."

selves."

Whether he had been sent to tell me to be good, and had blundered into the threat, or had been sent to make the threat and was now blundering out of it, I don't know. I mention it as an instance of the fact that the craftiest corporations do not seek by white and bludgeon.

work by whip and bludgeon.

work by whip and bludgeon.

But all this reflects only one side of newspaper work. Corporation organ as we were we fought the usual battles for children, for purer civics, for the punishment of crime, for the help of the needy. All the legislation for children's aid, delinquency courts and guardianship of unfortunate children resulted from the visit of two listle become sulted from the visit of two little beggar girls to the office one night at ten to beg money to buy drink for their mother. The money to buy drink for their mother. The men of the staff told them to come back next morning. I went with them to their home—if a one-ply board shanty without a floor in the section of the city known as "hell's kitchen" could be called a home. The conditions were unprintable. It was a den of a gang of nine, including one woman, and there were eight children besides. The entire gang lived on the children's begging. When I went back to the office we all hammered it out.

The empty, silly midsummer season was on, when the wires yearly grind out the same old fakes of "the man who swallowed the small alligator," "the eagle that swooped down on the farmer's sleeping baby," "the baby found with a snake in its lap." Just as regularly as news would flag,

baby," "the baby found with a snake in its lap." Just as regularly as news would flag, these perennial old lies would come over the wires. We all talked it over in the reporters' room. Why not play up the kids and kill the snakes and the eagles and the alligators? We did—not in solid chunks and sermons, but in editorial notes and human stories and little paragraphs used as fill-ins for articles that ran short of a column. We didn't make it a big-headline campaign. We just kept peppering hot shot into public complacency—a story today, a police paragraph tomorrow, a ten-line editorial on what the public was paying for crime and how much cheaper it would be to save the kids. The mayor called a public meeting. That winter the local legislature passed its first delinquency-court and children's-aid acts; and the year before I left that city, as secretary of something or other, I signed a guardian's permission for the marriage to a prosperous farmer of the eldest of those little girls found in "hell's kitchen." sermons, but in editorial notes and human

# The Hungry Unemployed

In all big cities where there is an influx of workers, men and women, there is an hour on a newspaper when you can pretty nearly read tragedy in hungry eyes. It is the hour before the main edition comes off about two in the afternoon and between twelve and one at night. Then the out-of-work nondescripts crowd in to read the "want ads" before the paper goes out to the general public. In our go-as-you-please office they used to wander upstairs to read the "want ads" in the proofs. When they were men some of the staff would turn them over to the city charity departments or the labor unions; but to me there never seemed a proper clearing house for the women—a place of cooperation and quick action to stand between the girl and the park bench. A man can sleep on a park bench all night and come off with but slight damage except to self-respect. A woman can't. When she reaches the park-bench stage she is on an edge from which she may drop into a hole in the river or the abyss. Send a girl who is hungry and out of work to a charity organization, where she has to wait for the secretary to see the treasurer and the treasurer to see the president, and before red tape has run its endless round almost anything may happen.

I have tried it again and again with girls

who came to us, and have come away from



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charity with a lump in my throat and a fury of contempt in my soul. "Unfathomable is the stupidity of the good." There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of unen-listed women able to help, who want to help, but will not give either their funds or their presence to charity organizations where ninety per cent of the funds go to job-holders' salaries and ten per cent to the needy. There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of self-respecting women who deserve help and will not ask for it, and can he helped only through the cooperation of the strong with the weak. Lady Bountiful, feeding out charity at the end of a fortyfoot pole to sniveling nakedness and want, is a figure past forever in the world of work except as a caricature of the Christ creed. What is wanted is a Sisterhood of Service to sing together, to play together, to co-operate, to help, to march shoulder to shoulder to whatever this enforced economic revolution in woman's world may lead. Where it will lead neither you nor I know, but we are on the march. Let us march together! It is in the vacation unions, trades unions, consumers' unions under the civic federations now springing up in every city in the United States that the great hope lies; but at that time there was literally not such a cooperative union of women in the United States.

Here is one example of the need: One night—I forget what it was that had kept us all on the rasp till six o'clock, probably a trainwreck, murder or something-I was sitting in my cubbyhole of an office among the line cuts of the famous and the infamous, when I heard the stairs creaking to the measured slow tread of a step that I did not recognize. The grimy urchin who kept guard at the wicket had gone. The reporters had come in for their night assignments and dispersed. The presses were thump-thumping below, but with not half so tired a pound as our own heads and hearts. I had sat down to write my editorial for the next day, so that I could rest at home in-stead of work that night. With thoughts about as fluid as black-strap sirup in win-ter I was thinking up some far-away sub-ject, when a vital, live subject swooped down

without my recognizing it. The slow, dead step stopped opposite my cubbyhole and a woman's voice asked: "Are you ——?" calling me by my Christian name. I thought it some social self-advertiser who had failed to boom her wares over the telephone wire, and without turning asked what I could do for her. She came in and leaned heavily against the top of the high

### When Life is Not Simple

"I'm working as a hired girl and waitress in —" she said, naming one of the lowest dives in "hell's kitchen," just opposite the Union Station where the immigrant trains came in and out. I looked up to see a woman of twenty-five or six, hollow-eyed woman of twenty-five or six, hollow-eyed with emaciation and worry, but well dressed and unmistakably well born. "I've been there three months. I came on a colonist excursion with my mother from the East, expecting to find a position teaching; but my certificates were not good for your schools. I placed my mother in the old ladies' home; and this was the only work I could get."

She told me her duties were to rise at four in the morning, when the first immi-

four in the morning, when the first immi-grant trains passed, and sell fruit to travel-ers that rushed from the cars to the little fruitshop that acted as a blind for the gambling joint in the rear. The place was kept by an Assyrian of the lowest type. After the first trains passed she scrubbed the whole establishment, then she cooked the breakfast for a family of five who slept in one room above.

Then she was supposed to stand on her feet behind the fruit counter till twelve at night, when the last train passed. For these services she received four dollars a How she had escaped harm I do not know-probably because she was needed to keep a respectable front to the joint. The place where she worked was unsafe for a man after dark. I looked over her certificates, enough to see they were authentic, though I missed her name.

"How did you happen to come to me?"

I asked.

I knew a good many gamblers of a re-spectable sort in that wild hurly-burly era; but I didn't think that any frequenting that low joint would know me. It seemed a passenger on the through Pullman that day had run across to buy fruit and asked

how such a respectable woman happened to be in such a place. She had told him in gasps. He had rushed out mumbling be wan gasps. He had rushed out mumbling be we sorry he was going right through; then, just as he jumped on the train, he turned base and called over his shoulder: "See naming me by my first name; "she'll see a girl in trouble through hell if she has to go down for her." She gave me a minute description of the man. I have not the remotest idea who he was. Sometimes, when with or consciousness of the stream of vita power that flows from the God of the Us seen, it takes a lifting kick, or a slap on the back, or a lash of need to jolt us back into contact with the hidden energy. But sometimes by a quip or quirk of fate we get a rose unexpectedly tossed in the face, and it brings back the fragrance of the mornin garden to our soul. This unexpected com pliment tossed in my face by a total stran ger at a moment when I had been tired enough to heave brickbats brought a feeling of sudden lift to the let-down energies tha you can explain in only one way—a tapping of unseen reservoirs. I thought a minute We had fought for and elected the Ph. D. at the head of educational affairs in the local government.

I went into another room and called him up by telephone at his house. I asked if he were ready to do as he had been done by. He laughingly answered, "Yes." "Then I am sending a woman to you by the next car passing your house, and I want you to come across," I answered.

#### When the Lesser Gods Laugh

I sent her off with two street-car tickets and a line on a reporter's pad. Then I for got all about her and wrote an editorial or The Evil Effects of French Realism on Our American Idealism. I hope the lesser got whom the Indians call "the delight makers didn't laugh. It is we who are the clows, not the delight makers among the gods. Here was realism that was idealism right under my hand, and I hadn't sense to recognize it. That is typical of much of woman in newspaperdom! She is working the old dead sawdust and punk while life is outweing to come up under her life is quivering to come up under her hands. Next day at noon—in the rush, of course, when A. D. T. messenger boys were piling in telegraph stuff and printers' devils were shouting for copy—a head poked into my cubbyhole door. "I've got a job," called a face—not the emaciated face of called a face—not the emaciated face of yesterday, but a face with the morning hope of the rose in its glow. "I've got a school at \$50 a month, and I'm leaving by the noon train." I followed her to the stairs.

"Good luck," I called, and I don't know her name to this day.

And now is there anything in newspaper work for a woman, or is it a Barmecide Feast? In this life, can women drink the full cup that all human beings crave? Is

full cup that all human beings crave? Is it a structure built up from foundations, or is it a door from somewhere to somewhere else? Is it a job or a vocation, an incident or an accident? However this may be, there is no candle that singes the wings of more moths. Yearly, out of the seminaries, out of the universities, out of the homes, out of quiet retreats where no one dreamed the journalistic lure could reach, come armies of recruits to what they call newspaper life. Is it the artistic they seek? There is no calling where life must be reproduced in replica to swifter order with no time for art. Or is it just a plain job, an ultimate vocation, where you will take out just what you put in? Do the hosts coming realize that success is a result, not an aim. in this life, and that the road up must be a training-in all the way, at hard, driving, unflagging pace? Do girls and women longing vaguely to be journalists think of that? Granted that the joy is in the game. and that newspaper work may become the gamiest and most absorbing kind of game, the question is: Having learned, is the game worth the candle? Always it is a vocation where the risks

are great, the pay moderate, the tenure uncertain, the hours excessive, the pressure high and constant, with no future, no place for age. If one goes into newspaper life seeking glamour, big wages, easy earnings, security, there can be only disappointment and a throwback of hopes. If one goes into the life seeking service, to do work that counts, to be grilled into fitness for work that counts, one will find what Rhodes, what Tennyson, what King Arthur, what all other workers have found: So much to

do, so little done.



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# THE LAME DUCK

# Views of an Innocent Bystander

Washington, D. C,

DEAR JIM: Notwithstanding the wellknown claim that a new broom sweeps
clean, and that a deal from a fresh pack
makes futile whatever stacking of the
cards has been done previously, I have the
honor to report that the System is still
working here in Washington and most of
the ramifications thereof.

the ramifications thereof.

The System, as I have explained to you, is made up of the permanent persons in the executive departments of this Government. It is composed of the men who stay on the job regardless of shifts in party control, of patriots and politicians—like army officers, for example, or naval officers, who are in for life and who hold the bureau posts in the War Department and the Navy Department—the chief clerks and others who run the other departments regardless of the entrances and exits of the chesty cabinet members who think they are personal con-ductors of their branches of the business of the nation, but who are merely passengers,

and are not riding first-class at that.

I am reminded of this by an incident that recently occurred in one of the great departments—it would not be fair to say which one, for similar instances are occurring in all departments all the time, and there would be neither use nor usufruct in singling out this secretary as a distin-guished goat. They are all more or less goats, Jim; but it so happens that the in-stance I have in mind whereby a cabinet member was made a goat of is so perfect an illustration of this condition that it seems worthy of relation.

As everybody knows who is experienced in the ways of cabinet ministers, a cabinet minister is an exalted personage who is a member of the president's advisory board and who is intrusted with the direction and management of a certain proportion of the

executive business of the country.

Personally I have been apprised of the claims and characteristics of, say, a hundred of these eminent citizens; and not one of them was different from another. In-variably as each newcomer vocally took the oath of office he swore—mentally, at the same time—that he would run his department himself; that he would be the Su-preme Snark of his snarkdom, the boss of the entire works. And that was fitting and excellent; but the trouble was the new-comer didn't know. He wasn't informed. He did not understand about the System, which is a perfectly logical outgrowth of our style of government.

### The Mysterious Letter

Take the army, for example, or the navy, or any of the rest of them; but take the army—and there's nothing personal in the taking to the distinguished New Jersey jurist who is now our chief war overseer. A new secretary of war is appointed. He lasts one year or two years, or mayhap four years. Meantime the highly political soldiers who must make up his technical and administrative forces are there for life. They were there before he came and they will be there when he goes away. Naturally they have plans and policies of their own. Naturally, too, the civilian is at their mercy. Naturally, for the third and last time, they keep him in exactly that position.

The soldiers may be jealous of one another—and are; and there may be a great amount of politics of one kind and another in the army—and there is; but when it comes to putting over their own plans on new secretary of war is appointed. He

comes to putting over their own plans on the civilian secretary they are a unit. Then their teamwork is admirable. He is an episode. They are institutions. And this is observed as regards the rear admirals in the navy and in all other branches of the executive service. The System, the brook and the conservation of Jim Ham Lewis are the three things that go on forever.

It so happened not long ago that the secretary of one of the departments, a cabinet minister of renown, had a plan for increasing the efficiency of a certain branch of his department. It did not work out. There were reasons why the things he wanted done could not be done-and he felt impelled to abandon his quest.

He is a persistent person—this cabinet member-and he decided that if his plan was not feasible another plan might help. He wanted to establish a new grade of public service; but as he couldn't, he felt that he might get a portion of the results he was striving for by increasing the number of the men in a coordinate branch—that is, though he was not given his new service, he felt he could get some results by doubling the number of the men who did work along somewhat similar lines.

It was a scheme all his own. He didn't bother to consult with any of his numerous bureau heads about it. He simply called in his personal stenographer and dictated a letter to the committees in Congress having his departmental matters in charge, recommending that the force of these corre-lated persons be doubled. As he couldn't get new workers, he desired and recom-mended enthusiastically the increase of what he had, and felt that he had done a good

The letter went to the committees and was received and filed for discussion and action. Four or five days later the committees of the House and Senate received another communication from this cabinet member, regularly signed and official which recommended specifically that no increase be made in the force the original recommendation had so strongly urged should be doubled. This communication said nothing about the first communication. As they showed, when placed side by side, the cabinet member had recommended one thing one day, and then, a few days later, had recommended exactly another thing without withdrawing the first another thing without withdrawing the first recommendation or referring to it.

# The Sign-Here System

Committees in Congress are wise. They have been dealing with the System for years. The men in charge of these partiular committees laughed when they compared the two letters. The chairman of one of them called on the secretary.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "which recommendation do you desire us to follow in the matter of that increase in the so-and-si force?"

"Which recommendation?" the secretary exclaimed. "Why, I have made but one recommendation, and that was that the force should be doubled."

force should be doubled."
"Pardon, Mr. Secretary; but you have
made two recommendations touching on

that subject."
"Not at all!" the secretary replied tartly. "Not at all! I have made but one

communication to you on the subject. I want the force doubled."

"Then," said the chairman, "why did you send us a letter recommending that no increase should be made at this time?"

"What letter?" roared the secretary.

"I have sent you no such letter."

The chairman laid the two letters before

The chairman laid the two letters before The chairman laid the two fetters before the secretary. He read one and then the other. Both were regular. Both were signed by him. Both were official. Neither had the slightest reference to the other. As they read, he asked for a certain thing one day and then, a few days later, asked that what he had asked for the first time should not be done, and gave no explanation.

what he had asked for the first time should not be done—and gave no explanation. "I know nothing about this second rec-ommendation," said the secretary, grow-ing a bit purplish in the face. "How did you get it?"
"From you, of course. Isn't the signa-ture yours?"

The accretant examined the signa-

The secretary examined the signature. It was undeniably his. "How do you account for it?" he gasped.
"Why," answered the chairman, "they have put one over on you. It's simple enough."

And so it was. Not knowing that the secretary had written the original letter, but knowing he had such an increase in mind, the System, which was opposed to such an increase as the secretary advocated. had a recommendation for no increase prepared, slipped into a mass of official letters and passed along to him. It was in official

No secretary can read every letter he signs or he would have no time for anything else; and when the expert blotter who brought in the mail indicated with his



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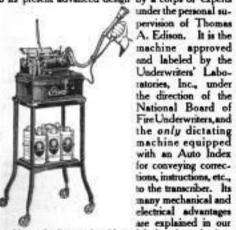


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thumb the place for signature and said, "Sign here!" the secretary signed; and he never would have been the wiser if it had not been that he had taken a little initiative himself and had written a previous letter of his own volition instead of according to the instructions of the System.

The committee chairman left the secretary in a haze. He is trying to find out what happened to him. He will not be successful. The same thing has happened to other secretaries times without number, and the same thing will happen to him again. He will resolve to read everything he seems and will do so for a day or true he signs and will do so for a day or two. Then he will find that is impossible, and the System will go gayly along in the same old way. Whenever it is advisable to slip one over on him, said one will be slipped over; and this will be the case in all other depart-

Every man wants all the power he can get, even a president! For example, have you! by any chance looked over that bill, recently signed, providing for a government railroad in Alaska? One doesn't need to go much further than the title to learn how rapidly we are centralizing things. The title of that bill is:

"An Act to authorize the President of the United States to locate, construct and oper-rate railroads in the Territory of Alaska,

and for other purposes.'

It would seem that when it comes to railroad building, at an initial expense of thirty-five million dollars, the man who has the authority to "locate, construct and operate" such a road has about all there is; and an examination of the bill shows that to be the case. Under the terms of the bill the President is to select the name for the road; employ everybody connected with the work; designate army or navy officers as engineers; fix all rates of wages to be paid; locate the route; pick out terminals; make the schedule of rates; make the regulations for running the road; lease it if he likes; build and maintain telegraph and he likes; build and maintain telegraph and telephone lines; locate town sites, and do everything else in connection with it save raise the money, which is to be provided by the Treasury. He is to hire and discharge, receive reports, and—to make it good in case any little delegation of power and authority was overlooked—"to do all necessary acts and things in addition to those specially authorized in this Act to enable him to accomplish the purposes and objects of this Act."

#### A Dent in a Spotless Record

As nearly as I can make it out, about all they do not permit and require the Presi-dent to do is to take tickets on the trains and act as flagman. It is, of course, a tremendous tribute to the President, for the road might easily have been built by the road might easily have been built by a board, or by the secretary of the interior and a commission; but it is also a remarkable exemplification of the process of centralizing that is in progress and to which I thus call your attention.

I'd like to lay a small wager that Ambasador Walter H. Page, who has hitherto represented us so jocosely at the Court of St. James, never makes another joke so

St. James, never makes another joke so long as he may live. We are keenly humor-ous, we Americans, but only in an unofficial

capacity.

The fact is, a public man who makes a joke makes at the same time a dent in his and an arrangement out; and an record that he never can push out; and an ambassador who makes a joke may as well look for a convenient weeping willow tree on

which to hang his harp.

Poor Walter Page! He doubtless won-ders what hit him; but if he had reflected he would have been as serious as Porter J. McCumber, which is the most serious thing there is. Imagine an ambassador making a joke to Englishmen about the Panama Canal and the Monroe Doctrine, with thirty-one senators preparing to go before the people this year, and some of them in states where the Mexican troubles are vital and the repeal of free canal tolls a local issue, to say nothing of a big bunch of

representatives in the same case.

After this, no doubt, Ambassador Page will confine his public speaking to the recital of such cheerful sentiments as: "This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given!" and so on.

Do you suppose there is any connection between the report that Mr. Roosevelt received three thousand dollars for a speech in Brazil and the appropriate that Mr. Rryan

Brazil and the announcement that Mr. Bryan is going to take a trip down that way next However, farewell, BILL.



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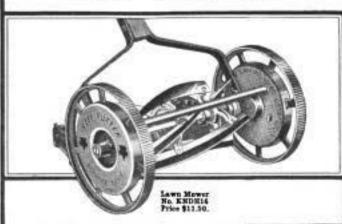
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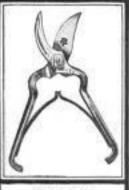
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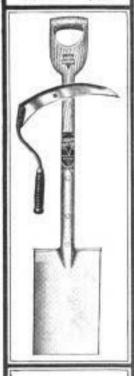




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# How Much Interest Should I Pay?-By Roger W. Bakeon

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." If any body of men in this country ever arrives at this opinion it will be the new Federal Reserve Board, charged with the duty of both preventing infla-tions and extending accommodation to the business men of the United States.

If interest rates become abnormally low and securities consequently abnormally high, accompanied by gold exports, these men will be blamed; while if money rates become abnormally high and securities ab-

normally low, accompanied by gold imports, these men will likewise be wholly blamed. To hope that business will reach an ideal condition wherein buyers and sellers, loaners and borrowers, producers and consumers shall all be happy, is too much to expect. Consequently the Federal Reserve Board will always be stormed either by one side or the other of the surgent mass of humanity whose activities we barbarously style business.

Unlike the Aldrich Bill the checking of business under the new Currency Law is not performed automatically, but rather is left to the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board. Whether or not this is wise de-pends, of course, on the character and judgment of these men. There is no reason why they cannot perform as good service as—
yea, even better service than—the automatic checks suggested by Mr. Aldrich.
On the other hand there is no reason

why these men cannot permit our currency to be expanded, with an accompanying era of inflation, which Senator Root, while shutting his eyes and looking into the future, is reported to anticipate as follows:

"Every one is making money. Every one is growing rich. It goes up and up, the margin between cost and sales continually growing smaller as a result of the operation of inevitable laws, until finally some one whose judgment is bad—some one whose capacity for business is small—breaks; and as he falls he hits the next brick in the row, and then another and another—and down

comes the whole structure!
"That, sir, is no dream. That is the history of every movement of inflation since the world's business began; and it is the history of many a period in our own coun-

"If we enter on this career of inflation we shall do it in the face of a clearly discernible danger, which, though clearly recognized, will result in a dreadful catastrophe. Gold always leaves the country in which the amount of currency exceeds legitimate re-quirements of business."

# The Reserve Board's Power

Though the Federal Reserve Board can do much to cause lower interest rates, increase credit facilities, and bring about the inflation times Senator Root suggests, yet I feel that the Federal Reserve Board will be limited by the very gold movements to which Senator Root refers.

In other words, for once I do not believe our great senator is logical. The Federal Reserve Board can lower money rates and cheapen credit by permitting an excess of currency to be issued; but no Federal Reserve Board can make water run uphill. Gold always leaves the country of high prices or low money rates, and goes to the coun-try of low prices and high money rates. The Federal Reserve Board will be in a position to hamper or develop the business interests of this country; but it can never stop the operation of natural economic laws.

Now as this era of inflation of which Senator Root dreams comes about, gold will be rapidly leaving the country; and as the Federal Reserve Board must have a forty per cent reserve in gold to protect the in-flated currency, this means that it must either stop the outward flow of gold or reduce the outstanding currency.

To do either it will be necessary to increase interest rates, contract business and return again to the simple life. Thus, though the new currency system will not have the automatic checks Mr. Aldrich desired, yet the Federal Reserve Board will have natural law, expressed in the flow of gold, to contend with, which, though slow in effect, should prevent any such abnormal inflation as certain bankers fear.

During the past ten years rates on time money have varied from four to six per cent on the choicest loans for the best borrowers, with minimum during the past year of about six per cent; though the average borrower has been obliged to pay much more—if he could obtain the money at any price. Practically speaking the average borrower has been unable to obtain money at any price in many instances. When money has been applied for at the local bank the cashier has sadly replied: "Mr. Jones, we are very sorry, but we have no funds to loan at this time."

Now these kindhearted cashiers can no longer give this excuse, but must either come out frankly and tell Mr. Jones they think his note is not good, or they must obtain for him the funds from the Regional Reserve Bank. This should soon be a great boon to business; and when the present era of depression has been completed, to counterbalance the previous era of pros-perity, this country should enter into an-other era of exceedingly good business, with a considerable upturn of our normal line of

In other words there is no doubt in my mind that the new Currency Act will result in lower average interest rates on commercial loans.

There is, however, one warning I desire to give to the small business man, for whom I have been writing in this weekly during the past few months—namely: Do not allow this decrease in interest rates to be absorbed by the lower interest rates to absorbed by the large interests before it reaches you.

### Tariff Reductions Absorbed

In some studies I have been making of the results of the recent new tariff I find there has been a distinct reduction in wholesale prices of woolens, machinery, and various other articles on which the tariff has been reduced; but that this reduction is being absorbed mostly by the middlemen and there has been little decrease in retail

I have before me several instances where duties have been lowered from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the articles' cost, with a reduction of less than ten per cent in the price the consumer has to pay. This is owing to the fact that the consumers are unorganized and unable to force prices

In the same way, unless you small busi-ness men stand up for your rights and insist on a lower money rate from now on, big business may absorb the principal advan-tages of the Currency Act without those advantages sifting down to the small mer-

chant.

In order to help such small business men I have recently made an examination of the rates of interest average investments are paying our banks at the present time. In addition to studying the investments owned by the banks of which I am an officer I have also studied the investments of other institutions, especially a great life-insurance company that has invested during the past year about fifty million dollars under most careful restrictions. First, it will be inter-esting to notice how this money has been divided—that is, the various forms of investment sought. I find that eight-fortieths was invested

in state and municipal bonds representing twenty-two states, thirty-four cities, ten counties and several school districts, with a net return of 4.78 per cent interest. Seven-fortieths was invested in the bonds of countries and cities outside the United States and Canada, and these paid 4.40 per cent interest. Nine-fortieths was invested in the choicest railroad bonds, which paid five per cent interest. Fifteen-fortieths was invested in mortgages on business property, which paid 5.58 per cent interest. fortieth was invested in farm loans, which paid 5.50 per cent interest.

Taking all these loans and investments together, an average rate of only five and one-tenth per cent was obtained the past year; while, considering the total assets of nearly one billion dollars invested during the past decade, there is found to be an average interest return of about four and one-half per cent; in fact the insurance company above referred to submits the



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In plain English this means that, though the small business man has been paying six per cent, and the average reader of this weekly has probably been paying more—in some cases perhaps seven, eight, ten or twelve per cent—yet the average rate received from all outstanding investments the past year has been only about four and one-half per cent; while the average of new investments has been about five and one-tenth per cent— which, moreover, is abnormally high. Of course, owing to the additional expense involved in handling small loans, banks are justified in charging a somewhat higher rate to the small business man than to the muchhated bigger interest.

The large borrower is economically entitled to the same consideration as the large buyer; but the above figure of five and one-tenth per cent includes the interest received from the biggest and strongest concerns as well as from the smallest; consequently it is an average rate, and not either a minimum or maximum.

Under the new Currency Law this average rate should be lowered. At any rate this is my opinion after making a careful statistical study of the situation at the

# Simplified Shopping

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MAN-AGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Norm—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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# 17,298

This figure represents the number of Cadillac cars manufactured and distributed during the Calendar year of 1913.

It represents in retail selling value more than thirty-four millions (\$34,000,000) of dollars.

It represents a volume of cars which, we believe, exceeds the sale, during the same period, of all other high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price.

# 11,000

This figure represents the number of 1914 Cadillac cars which have already been manufactured and distributed.

It represents in retail selling value more than twenty-two millions (\$22,000,000) of dollars.

It represents a volume of cars which, we believe, exceeds the deliveries of all other 1914 high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price.

It is an unparalleled endorsement of the 1914 Cadillac.

There should be no question in your mind as to the car which dominates the high

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich

# THE LITTLE GENERAL

in the student's eyes what he did not like,

and under his peaceful pilgrim's robe his steel muscles tightened with anger. The student chattered, braggart-fashion. He was from Paris, where he studied. "My brother wished much to study," said the girl, eyes and heart ahead with the

said the girl, eyes and heart ahead with the crawling column.

"Latin, rhetoric, didactics, astronomy!"
His manner was lordly. "Save in rhetoric I did well. The rhetoric examiner disliked me—an affair of a woman. But he will give no further trouble."

He paused for a question, but received none. "I slit his throat for him," he ob-served, and fell to whistling. The girl

edged away from him toward the palmer.

She was very weary. The dust choked her, and the road, packed hard with many feet, bruised through her sandals. Once she staggered. The student slipped a quick arm about her; his voice took on the deep note of men that woo.

"Come come wisters:" he said softly.

"Come, come, mistress," he said softly.
"I am strong. Lean on me." He drew her
to him. The next instant the palmer's staff

to him. The next instant the palmer's staff took him sharp on the shoulder.

"Our Lady!" he cried, and whirled.
One of the groups of swaying women turned and watched. A cluster of country folk gaped. All was not holiness then among these pilgrims! Here was to be trouble. But trouble there was not just yet. The student glared, then laughed.

"I do no battle with the holy palm!" he said. "If you think I fear, see this!" He stripped up a sleeve, baring a mighty arm. "And this!" He held up a dagger. The women drew back. The girl did not flinch. "Good sirs," she said, "if I am to make ill will it were better that I travel alone." To the student she turned, chin high. "You mean well, that I know; but the good

mean well, that I know; but the good father here will accompany me. We have traveled all day peaceably."

The student took his dismissal furiously,

bowed, swinging his cap almost to the dust, and going ahead joined the group of evil women. Laughter floated back to the palmer and the girl making their silent way. But although the student gibed there was no mirth in his eyes.

FOR two days the child had trudged to rest on some shady bank, making little bursts of speed to catch up again. As he grew tired his white banner with its red cross trailed in the dust, and once he forgot it and must retrace his stone a weary way.

it and must retrace his steps a weary way.

Nevertheless the flame in his young eyes
was unquenched. There was sunlight, food
in plenty, the freedom of the road. At any time, also, they might reach the Holy City. Like many of the others at each hamlet he inquired:

"Is this Jerusalem?"

"A little farther on," was the reply.
"Mary, Mother of God, keep you."

The column was long, kaleidoscopic in its changes. Those who were first, growing weary, became last. The stronger ones forged ahead, remained in the van, set a pace that thinned the line to attenuation. The boy sang lustily, eyes toward the south; sang even while he limped, while the banner trailed in the dust; sang even when, on awaking from his sleep on a bench in the marketplace, he had found his wallet

But on this second night he was very tired and they had not yet reached the Holy City. The way seemed long. The purple shadows of twilight rose out of the east, even while the hilltops were still golden-yellow with the sunset. At home the cours would be lowing at the gates, and the cows would be lowing at the gates, and his sister would be placing the supper bowls. Word went down the line that they would sleep by the roadside, no village being near. What, then, of the Old Man of the Mountain? Of the King of the Assassins, who lived in the hills of Lebanon, and whose emissaries struck down in the dark those who were on their way to the Tomb?

The line hesitated, closed up on itself, stopped. The road ran through a ravine with uncleared forest on either side. Although the day had been breathless-hot the valley that night was cool, almost cold. Here and there brushwood fires sprang up. The elders, hangers-on, rat-eyed cutthroats, did rude cooking, warmed themselves, drank, and being filled to repletion spread

themselves about their fires and slept. Outside the sodden ring of their bodies the children crept up as near as they dared, to

warm themselves.

The boy had courage. Fire was comforting and there were wolves in the forest. Also he was too young to dread rebuff. So, one group being safely asleep, he stole inside to the very fringes of the blaze and sat down. All record him in the abandon of down. All round him in the abandon of sleep lay the scum of Europe. He sat by the fire, not uncontented, and the red cross over his heart glowed in the firelight. Soon he yawned. He bent over, painfully un-laced his sandals, yawned again. Then he dropped back and slept. An hour or so later the student, roused by a weight on his right arm, opened his eyes. The fire was low and the night breeze in the valley chill. The boy had crept up to him for warmth and lay with his head on the student's outstretched arm.

"Deus!" grumbled the student, who had studied Latin, and slept again.

The night was not silent. Murder, robbery and wanton cruelty were abroad that night. Two miles away, at the head of the sleeping column, lay ten-year-old Nicolas, the General of the Holy Ghost, surrounded by an escort of princelings, of noble chil-dren and a scattering of monks. Here it

The girl searched through half the night. Twice the palmer's staff saved her from mischief. It was only when at last she succumbed to sheer exhaustion that he drowsed uneasily, his back to a tree. Gradually the occasional outcries died away. The night grew weary of sinning. The darkest hour before the dawn found all silent save for the graphing of underlying. silent, save for the crackling of underbrush under stealthy, padded feet, the groan of some sleeper who found the earth a hard

Twenty thousand children slept under the stars that night. Within a month sev-enty thousand would be on the way—thirty thousand, under twelve-year-old Stephen of France, doomed to shipwreck and slavery, not one to return; twenty thousand more leaving bereft the homes of Germany. Seventy thousand in all, dying for an ideal, doomed before they started. "For the cause of God and without price."

At dawn the student roused. A woman who lay near was watching him from under

who say hear was watching him from under half-closed lids.

"So!" she said. "Is our lion tamed? He who slit the throat of the examiner! He whose sport it was to grease the feet of slaters to see them fall! Behold!"

The student had turned surly overnight.

He slid his arm from under the sleeping

He slid his arm from under the sleeping boy's head and sat up.

"Let the child sleep," he said churlishly.

"Save your clack for later in the day. If you rouse him you will find if the lion has become a bleating sheep."

He towered over her. It was early summer dawn, no sun yet and still cool. Purple night still edged the sky. The camp slept. From under her lids the woman looked up at him.

at him.
"Come!" she said. "Last night you loved me."

For answer he kicked the embers of the

For answer he kicked the embers of the fire together with his foot, and then, stooping, covered the boy with his cloak. The woman eyed the cloak covetously. "Loved you!" The tone was contemptuous. He looked down at her, at her untidy hair, at her sprawling figure. Then he deliberately prodded her with his foot. "The cloak is to remain over the boy," he said with a threat in his voice. Then he took his great height and heavy shoulders.

took his great height and heavy shoulders off into the morning mists.

The children were weary and slept late. The sun had lifted over the lip of the horizon before the camp was fully awake. But long before that time the palmer had opened his eyes on the morning. First of all he prayed; then with a hand on the girl's shoulder he roused her.

"Now is the time to search, daughter," he said. "Later on, with all in motion, it will be difficult."

A very little bread was all they had for food, with water from a spring that having had the night to settle was fairly clear. A half mile to the east ran the Rhine, but few there were of the weary young Crusaders who made the extra half mile that morning. The girl renewed her search with the courage of a new day. Surely now she would

(Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 46)

find him. She ate but half of her bread, saving the rest for fear he hungered. The palmer had bruised a foot and must save himself for the day's journey. So she wan-dered alone along the line, looking, making

dered alone along the line, looking, making plaintive inquiry.

"He is but a babe," she said over and over, "and his hair is the color of mine. Also he carries a banner. He stands very straight for one so small, and when he speaks he looks straight in your eyes."

She found him after all quite by accident. For a wretch of a camp follower caught her in his arms and would have kissed her, when he was clutched from behind and whiled.

he was clutched from behind and whirled through the air. Where he had been stood

"By Our Lady!" he said to her sav-agely, "know you not that you court insult? Aye, and worse. Yesterday you were well guarded!"

"I do but seek my brother," she replied with a new meekness.

"Then come. He elbowed his way through the circling crowd that had gathered and she followed. By the dying embers of a fire, wrapped in a cloak, the boy was sitting contentedly eating. Beside him on the ground was an iron pot of new milk. As they approached, the woman of the early morning was bending

over the pot thirstily.
"But a taste, little son!"

"Why, it is not mine. But if you

The student growled in his throat and the woman took herself off. "Little brother! Little brother!" cried the girl, and fell on her knees beside him.

He took her arrival with the easy acceptance of childhood; must show her his sandals, worn already, and one blistered foot; offered her milk, which she took; must tell her of the King of the Assassins. And finally having exhausted his store of news, must have word of home; of his geese; of the house dog; of his mother last of all. All the while the student stood by, silent, almost sullen, watching the glint of the girl's hair

in the early sun.

It was only when the young Crusaders got slowly under way again that the girl fell to marveling about the milk, and how the student had found the child.

"He looks like you, mistress," he replied shortly. "As for the milk, I found it close at hand—an undiscovered herd."

What he did not say was that he had

at hand—an undiscovered herd."

What he did not say was that he had tramped far through the mists, had stolen the kettle from a sleeping farmhouse, had been soundly kicked by the first cow he had attempted to milk. Vastly ashamed was the student that morning—he, the slitter of gullets, the free of foot, the rake, to saddle himself with a child and a girl! For saddled he was, and bridled too. The boy clung to him: the girl, failing to voice her

clung to him; the girl, failing to voice her gratitude, speaking it with her eyes.

Not that he stayed with them. During the long day's march he remained always behind them, a hundred feet, a hundred yards, but in plain sight, towering over the children, occasionally with the woman of the morning, who fewered on him but more children, occasionally with the woman of the morning, who fawned on him, but more often surrounded by little ones. He drove them on roughly, he frightened them with hideous tales, he sang French songs that luckily they did not understand. But now and then a straggler, no longer responding to the scourge of his oaths, found himself visited up and carried in great arms.

picked up and carried in great arms.

Except in the matter of fatigue the going was comfortable. They followed the Rhine along the west bank, save here and there where a cut across country saved a detour. And these cross-country excursions were painful. The drought continued. Away from the river they suffered for water. And hamlets were scattered. Famine threatened the countryside, which found itself called on to feed an army and had not food for itself. At St. Goar, where the river loops west-ward to receive the Main, they struck into sun-dried plains again, crossed the Nahe, traveled by Limburg, Trifels and Selz, and so back to the welcome Rhine again and

The cut-off had taken several days. The sight of the Rhine again was received with shouts. Once more small throats, now parched, rose to the song of the Crusade, so earnest, so ironic:

"Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Who makes our saddened hearts to sing." The palmer did not rejoin the girl and the child. Perhaps he felt that, having brought them together, they no longer needed him. He plodded along, now in the van, now in the rear of the procession, head on breast, in the selfish absorption of the religious fanatic. And yet, were one near, rengious ianatic. And yet, were one hear, one saw how his eyes watched from under the broad hat; how, apparently seeing nothing, he missed nothing. The girl was left wondering, rather hurt; and yet, had she known it, not one night did she and the child sleep beyond his ken. He slept little, mostly he watched. And it was the student he watched. he watched.

A strange quartet, that: The student, untamed, savage, primitive, making a thou-sand plans in the day and thwarted by the sand plans in the day and thwarted by the palmer's red-fringed eyes at night; the child with his gray robe and flaming cross, his weary feet and eyes set ahead for the kingdom of God; the girl, full of tender motherings, strong of heart, deep-breasted and sun-warmed, led on by no dream of the Sepulcher and its rescue, but lightening the hunder of the dreamers; and always near burden of the dreamers; and always near, threatening, praying, the pilgrim in his gray habit, with the dusty-green cross of the palm.

So far the column was practically intact. few weaklings had fallen out and turned disheartened faces homeward. Their places were more than filled by the idlers and scamps of the villages through which they passed, and by childish recruits. But now disintegration began. Towns were fewer; the road often hardly a path. The student, bringing up the rear, could neither flog nor curse courage into some. The one cry was: "The sea!"

"And when you reach the sea, little brother? There is much water."
She was bathing his tired feet in the river. He gazed out at the shrunken stream.
"More than here in the Rhine?"
"Much more."

"HE will turn it back," he asserted, undaunted. "HE prepares already. That is why there is no rain."

She bent over and kissed him. And as

once before: "Brave words, little brother!" she said, and fell silent.

They were camping in a town that night and the child wandered back alone through the twilight. The girl sat on the bank, depressed. There was much talk of the mountains now. Soon they would leave the river and cross into Hochbergund. It was were clad for summer. She held up the child's sandals and looked at them. They were worn through. Many things made her low-spirited. Rapine and robbery persisted; the honest burghers of the hamlet behind her had caught a thief that day and hanged him on a hasty gallows. Only the night before one of the wild barons had ridden down from the hills with his men and made a raid on the camp. It was said that thirty children had been carried off into

The river slid past her feet. Warm as the day was, the water was chill, being fed by icy tributaries from the mountains. The girl shivered and looked up. The student was standing beside her. "Alone at last!" he said. "You are cautious, mistress."

cautious, mistress

"Why should I be cautious who have nothing to fear?'

'Are you so certain of that?" "I am on God's errand. He will care

for me."
"There have been others that He did not—care for!"

Now to the girl this tall youth was no menace, but a protection. Had he not brought milk to the boy, and had she not seen him again and again with weary children in his arms?

"If I am not worthy for Him to care for I am not afraid. Are you not here? Why are you ashamed of being kind?"
"Eh? Kind—I?" He was taken aback, horrified. If it were overheard! If

it should get about! He—kind!
"Deus!" he said suddenly. "How beautiful you are!"

A new instinct of coquetry stirred in the girl, flushed her. After all the student was a man, and comely, and could she not read

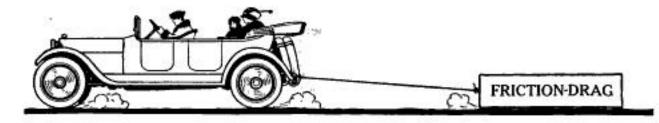
his eyes?
"I am glad if I am—not unpleasing. He had lounged above her on the bank. Now he sat down beside her and slid a hand over both of hers as they lay in her lap.
"My lady of the gold hair!" he said
through his teeth, and closed his hand like

(Continued on Page 52)



# "Give me a quart of oil"

This careless request may bring costly penalties



The garage man comes out.

The motorist says, "Give me a quart of oil."

His "quart of oil" is poured into the crank-case, or reservoir. The car goes on.

No doubt the motorist thinks he has amply protected the 1500-odd parts of his motor.

Far from it. One of the surest ways to invite friction-drag and motor trouble is to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Loss of Power

Escape of explosion past the piston rings, loss of compression and loss of power frequently result from oil of incorrect body. The power-loss is felt most on heavy roads



is felt most on heavy roads and on the

You can get full compression—complete power—only by using oil whose body suits your motor. Correct body is seldom secured by saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Scored Cylinder Walls

Scoring frequently results from oil of low lubricating quality. Often, also, the oil's body is too light. Then the cylinder walls have no protecting film.



Scratching results.

Too often the blame can be traced straight to "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Wear of Bearings

The problem of bearinglubrication is far from simple. Bearings differ widely in type and size. The oiling systems which supply them also differ. Adjustments vary.

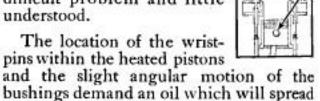


Both the quality and body of the oil must suit these conditions. For every oil that suits your motor bearings, you will find many which will cause undue friction. An almost sure start toward bearingtrouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Wear of Wrist-Pins

Wrist-pin lubrication is a difficult problem and little understood.

tween the pins and bushings.



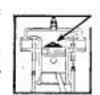
Quick damage will come if the oil fails to meet these conditions. To encourage wrist-pin troubles prematurely, it is only necessary to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

readily, yet maintain the proper film be-

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Carbon Deposit

Guesswork won't eliminate this trouble.

Both the *quality* and the *body* of the oil must be considered.



Suppose the body is too light for the piston clearance. The oil then works too freely into the combustion chambers. In burning, excess carbon accumulates unless the oil's ash is light and naturally expelled through the exhaust.

An easy road to carbon trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of Oil" invites Noise

Noise is often a sign of worn parts—resulting from friction.

It may be a dull "thump" at every revolution of the main shaft. It may be

# A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A," "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit. Also American Autocur (2 (54)) (4 cyl.) Avery Bulck (2 cyl.) (4 cyl.) Cadillac (4 cyl.) Cartercur Com'l	A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. E. A.	ARAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc.	AAAAA	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc.	AAAA	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc.	A	Arc Arc
Case Chalmers Chase Cole Delaunay-Belleville F. M. F. Flat Flat Flanders (6 cyl.)	Are B Are B	Are. A	AABABABE R	Are B	Arc B	Arc B Arc A	Arc B Arc B Arc R	Arc. A	AB	Arc A A



# Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF	1910		1011		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Franklin Com'l	8	Arc.	AB	Arc.	A A	Arc. Arc.	AAA	Arc. Arc. Arc.	A	Arc

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Havers 6-44.				Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Haynes	Arc	E Arc.	A	Are.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Hudson Hupmobile "20"	16.91	116			0.00	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
I. H. C. (air) (water)		inc.				22	A	A	A	A
International Interstate Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	BA		Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc		
Jeffery.		Arc.		Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
		.,.,	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ä	A
	Arc.	A	Arc.		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Are	A	And
Krit Locomobile		Are.	Arc.	Arc.		Arc.	Are.	Arc	Arc.	AF
Lozier Mack	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc. E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	AR

"knocking" of worn wrist pins. It may be "hissing" within the cylinders. It may be "knocking" caused by excessive carbon deposit.

When a comparatively-new car pounds and racks its way along the roads it is seldom necessary to ask what brought on premature old age. Generally it is undue friction - resulting from incorrect lubricating oil. A way to invite premature noise is an off-hand request, "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of oil" increases Maintenance Cost

If the oil's quality is low, a larger quantity is necessary to maintain a film.

If its body is incorrect, you have incomplete protection for the moving parts.

In either case excessive friction-drag results. Fewer miles are obtained from each gallon of gasoline. Your fuel and repair bills mount up.

This common waste is the frequent result of "Give me a quart of oil."

# "Give me a quart of oil" reduces Second-Hand Value

What fixes the selling price of a used car? (1) The condition of the motor. (2) The condition of the chassis. (3) The condition of the body.

The motor is the vital part of the car. The motor condition therefore, is most important.

At a recent sale in New York City, second-hand cars of uniformly prominent makes were auctioned off. The bodies were in good condition. The prices of the cars originally ranged from about \$2000 to \$5000. The selling price in some cases was as low as \$100.

Why? Because the motors and other moving parts were badly worn.

MODEL OF		10	11	111	1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Wimber	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Sammer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Moon (4 cyl.)	E Are A	Arc. Arc. E	Arc A A A	Arc. Arc. Arc.	AA BAAA ATC	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc.	Arc Arc A	Arc. Arc.	A Arc. A A A A	AR AR AR AR AR
National Oskland Oldsmobile Overland	A A A A A A E A A A A A A A A A A A A A	AEEE Arc	A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A	Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc. Arc.	A A Arc Arc Arc	Arc Arc Arc Arc E	A Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc	A Are Are Are Are Are	Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc	An An An An An An

Was the wear due to long service? No. The age of most of these cars disproved that. Premature wear was evident.

It is safe to say the owners of these cars had used the common expression—"Give me a quart of oil." They paid a high price for their carelessness.

# How to secure the correct oil for your car

D<sup>O</sup> not say "Give me a quart of oil."

You want an oil whose body is correct and whose quality is best suited to the requirements of your motor.

Ask for that oil and get it.

Below we print, in part, our Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

This Chart is the result of the most farreaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication, for every class of machinery, is recognized throughout the world—The Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

For a number of years this Chart has

been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in this Chart for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

You will then give your motor oil of body and quality which will yield you the fullest power, the greatest freedom from friction, and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

If your car is not listed below, send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils, it is safest to purchase in original barrels, halfbarrels, and sealed five-gallon or one-gallon

Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles-and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

> Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

# VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world. CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA INDIANAPOLIS MINNEAPOLIS Fisher Edg. 4th A Chestrott St. Indiana Pythlan Edg. Plymouth Bidg.

DETROIT Fort Bidg.

BRANCHES

NEW YORK

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF	15	110	15	11	19	12	19	1.3	15	914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	
Pierce Arrow Com'l Pope Hartford Premier	Arc.	Are.	Arc. Arc. A	Arc. Arc.	Arc. Arc.	Arc.	Arc. Arc.	Arc. Arc.	Arc.	Arc	

MODEL OF	1910		19	111	1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Rambler Regal Renault	A A	A E Arc.	AAA	Arc.	A	Arc. Arc. Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Are
Reo S. G. V. Selden	Ā	E	A B A		Arc	Arc. Arc.	Arc		Arc	
Simplex Speedwell "Mead" Stearns	Arc		Λ	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.		Arc.	
Knight Stevens Duryea Stoddard-Dayton		Are	Arc		A	A	Arc. Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Studebaker. Knight	É	Е	199	chry	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Velie 9-43. Velie 9-50. Walter	A	8	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Are	Arc.	Arc.	Arc Arc
White (Gas) Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc



# Walk for health, and pleasure, too

The Doctor says, "You need exercise; walk!" But walking can do you no good if it utterly exhausts you.

It is not the use of your muscles that tires you. The jar of your entire weight coming down thousands of times on your hard leather heels, shakes and shocks your sensitive nervous system and soon wears you out.

You should wear O'Sullivan's Heels. They are easy, springy cushions of new live rubber. They absorb the shock and jar of pounding along on hard sidewalks and stony roads.

With O'Sullivan's Heels you can walk far with comfort and pleasure. You can come home refreshed and benefited instead of fagged out in body and mind.

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# **Hullivani** HEELS of New Rubber

For Men, Women and Children





(Continued from Page 49)

a vise over hers. Now for the first time she read his eyes and saw the madness there, felt his burning breath on her face. The next moment she was in his arms. She fought like an animal for freedom, bit, scratched, struggled. She did not hear the palmer's approach, but she felt the arms about her relax, saw the student put his hand to his head and reel, and knew the palmer's staff had struck a terrific blow.

Then a knife flashed and the nalmer went Then a knife flashed and the palmer went down. The student stood staring, while a red smear crept out and touched the graygreen cross. Nay, the dagger had gone through the cross itself. Desecration, sacrilege, to have killed a holy man and profaned the cross!

Those were emotional days. Men's passions ran high and uncurbed. Religion was a thing of superstition and fear, of sinning and penance. The palmer did not move. Down on his knees went the student, his great bulk quivering with remorse, and crossed himself, muttering. The girl leaned faint, against a tree. From the town be-hind came the sound of the children singing

in the marketplace.
"You have killed him," she said dully.
"He was my good friend and you killed him."

him."
"Now by Our Lady, this I swear," said
the student on his knees: "To go myself to the Tomb; to take no more in vain the Holy Name; to assist all those who make the pilgrimage; to brawl no more." He hesitated, glanced from the girl to the palm cross with its red stain. "To touch no woman's hand, to kiss no woman's lips, until I have first kissed the Tomb."

He rose, stood very straight.
"You need not fear me now, mistress.
have sworn."

The swift summer darkness had fallen. The girl, white to the lips, made her way back to the village and house where she lodged. She was dazed with the swiftness of it all. Even the boy, drowsing on a bench, noticed her pallor. She evaded him; covered him against the night wind, chill from the mountains, but did not go to bed the mountains, but did not go to bed herself. She must work out this puzzle of

The village settled at last, save for those in the church, where thin candles guttered in their sockets. Parents prayed for the children that they would lose on the mor-row. Near the altar a tall youth, no longer

row. Near the attar a tail youth, no longer trembling with fright, but now resolute, knelt and asked for strength.

He was the last to leave the church. He had scorned a lodging, being content to roll himself in his cloak and sleep, as did others, in the marketplace. But before that he made his way along the twisting street to where the girl was lodged, and having found the house, he knelt very humbly in the the house, he knelt very humbly in the darkness and kissed the hollowed doorstep.

WAS a day of quick changes of heart. The fervor of religion was in the air. To the earlier Crusaders the capture of the Sepulcher had meant battle, more than piety; the clash of ax against shield and armor, rather than the contest of religion against irreligion.

Constantine had placed his sword above the cross. But the sword had failed. The Crusade of the Children was a reaction. What war had not done faith might do.

The student's change of heart was not unusual. Many like him, who had joined in a spirit of adventure, or those who left in a spirit of adventure, or those who left home to escape poverty and wretchedness, ended by becoming zealots. Even the oaths of the time were colored by the prevailing spirit. Men swore by the Cross, by the Virgin, by the Blood of Christ. Changed as he was, old habits were hard to overcome. Many a wicked song the stu-dent started and broke off singing; many a quarrel he courted; many an oath died on his line. But although women wooed him.

his lips. But although women wooed him with their eyes, these he did not see. The girl become an obsession nov rarely spoke to her; never, by his vow, so much as touched her.

The procession had lost all form by now. One by one the bodyguard of the little Nicolas sickened or died. They were in Hochbergund and nearing the Alps. The weather, as they climbed, grew colder. At night they gathered round fires. Each morning saw those who did not waken, but remained behind. Small mounds dotted the wayside where there were kindly country folk to dig graves.

The student was a natural leader. He pleaded hard that the unfit be weeded out

and sent back. But as by now there was no order, so there was no authority. Little Nicolas, bereft of all of his advisers except a few fanatics, fell back into the ranks. Sick, he could hardly travel. The lines of small dead bodies increased—two thousand unburied on the plateaus before the Alps were reached.

And still the camp followers hung on. And still the camp followers hung on.
They had traveled so far—surely Italy was
very close. It were better to go ahead than
to retrace those weary miles—Italy, with
sun again and green valleys and grapes on
the vines. A day, two days perhaps, and
then warmth again.

The palmer had not been missed. A
pilgrim more or less when thousands were

pilgrim more or less when thousands were dying—who would notice, or noticing, care?

When they came in sight of the snow-covered peaks at last the army cheered with childish cries. But the student sought out the girl and stood before her. "I pray you, mistress, go back," he said. "This way lies death."

"Death lies behind also."

"Look ahead, mistress! Think you many will live through that snow and ice—clad for summer and their garments torn to rags?"

She turned and looked back along the way they had come, much as on that day, only a month before, she had turned at the lip of the moor and gazed at the scar

lip of the moor and gazed at the scar across it.

"It is so far!" she said piteously. "To suffer as we have and then to fail! Besides, the boy—he will not give up now."

"Listen!" He bent toward her. "Go back, as I pray you. All my life is yours, mistress. Let me take the boy. I am strong. When he is weary I will take him on my shoulder. If there is food he shall be fed." He pointed up at the peaks ahead, covered with ice. "Look and think!" he cried. "Can he cross that alone or with you?"

But she could not bring herself to leave

But she could not bring herself to leave him, nor would the boy go back. He raised haggard eyes to the mountains and

shook his head.
"I go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord," he said obstinately. "Besides, great silly, we do not cross the top of the mountains. These are ways which are known."

She gave up then and sought out the student. She found him on a rock harangu-

ing a crowd of hangers-on, fifty or so.
"Men," he was crying, "these be but
children on a holy errand! What we are, we know; what they are, we have seen. Over beyond these mountains lie warmth and safety. Would you die here of hunger and cold and see these little ones die? Or would you earn remission of sins, would

would you earn remission of sins, would you share the glory of this great emprise?" They answered with a cheer: gimlet-eyed thieves from Nieder-Lothringen and the lower Rhine; bearded cutthroats from Friesland; ox-eyed, stupid serfs from Franken and the Black Forest. Something in the man got their confidence, almost their respect, certainly their fear. The only organization of the Crusade was effected then; fires were ordered; an attempt made then; fires were ordered; an attempt made to separate the children into bands, each with a captain; forage of the surrounding country decided on.

decided on.

The girl stood by and listened. Surely all would be well. Strong men had taken hold. The student saw her and came to her, his heart in his eyes.

"Now at last have I hope," he said. "Many will die, but some will live. What think you of my—accomplices?"

"God does his work sometimes with crooked instruments," she quoted.

"And with none more crooked than I."

'And with none more crooked than I,"

he replied humbly. He listened while she told him of her decision to keep on, of the boy's dogged faith; he was the more resigned, that now for the first time there was to be some attempt at order.

"If only it come not too late, mistress,"

But it came too late. The children had and would brook In vain their whilom murderous leaders tried to enforce order.

Snow-water and bread was what they were living on by now, and each day's prog-ress pitifully slow. The girl was growing gaunt, with hollow cheeks and strained eyes. The child's hands, as he spread them to the fire at night, were clawlike, with broken and bleeding knuckles. There was ice all about them; the nights were winter-cold. Worn out, hungry and half-clothed, the children wandered from the path into side valleys and lay down to sleep that knew no waking.

The route was by the Mont Cenis Pass. Many tragic armies have crossed the Alps, but none so pitiful as this—an army of pygmies against a giant, weakness against strength, tender flesh against ice and snow, dizzy childish heads against crevasse and

On the third day in the mountains the boy was ill. His indomitable spirit kept him moving until nightfall. Rumor had it that Nicolas was dead and that another boy had secretly replaced him. The student was far away at the head of the column, frantically marshalling, ordering, always on the verge of the blasphemous oaths he had forsworn.

At the dizzy crossing over the chasm of the Reuss, where the children must crawl along a yard-wide shelf and then on to a foul and shaking four-foot bridge, he stood

foul and shaking four-foot bridge, he stood for hours on the brink of death, passing small shivering Crusaders to a Friesland cutthroat, who led them over the abyss.

The girl realized that night that she could not go on. The boy tottered, must be carried over the bridge. When her arms gave out he was done, could go no farther, lay down with pinched white nose and quick breath. The column struggled by. There could be no fires for there was no wood, nothing but snow.

Most of the hangers-on had turned back, but the woman who had lain at the campfire that first night and watched the student

fire that first night and watched the student from under heavy lids was still desperately making way, in rags now and gaunt—a death's head instead of a fille de joie. As she passed the student by the bridge she stopped and looked at him, all the mockery gone from her eyes.
"I think this is the end," she said.

"I think this is the end," sne said.
"For many, aye; not for all."
She hesitated, eyes on his, put out a cold hand in the semi-darkness. He started back, his oath in mind.
"No?" she said without bitterness. "It is but farewell."
"I have sworn."
She shrugged her shoulders, drew her

She shrugged her shoulders, drew her rags about her in the icy wind, went on a step or two, faced about on the ledge.
"It is the girl with the gold hair?"
"Ave mistress"

"Aye, mistress."

The waiting children crowded behind her. The Frieslander swore in his native tongue. She moved on with her swaying walk. The children followed her.

The girl sat on the ground with the child in her arms. His brave gray gown and red cross were swathed in her cloak, but she did not feel the cold. To her, with her burden, came the woman was not be the student. and stood looking down. There was no darkness, although it was night; in the snowlight the two women looked at each

other.

"Is the child ill?"

The girl denied it flercely.

"Only weary. Rest and food and a fire—
O God, for a fire!"

"Give him to me and move about. Will
it avail the boy if you freeze?"

"It were cruel to disturb him."

The woman bent over and uncovered

The woman bent over and uncovered

the small face.
"It will not disturb him," she said

quietly.
So she took the gray figure and the girl stamped her stiffened feet. In an hour, two hours, came the student, driving, scourging, calling, and would have passed them, but

the woman called and he turned aside.

"The boy sleeps," cried the girl eagerly.

"Tomorrow he will be well again, and the sun is warm."

The woman uncovered the boy's face

without a word.
"Well indeed, little brave-heart!" said
the student, and took off his cap.

They buried him in the snow in a shal-low grave, the best they could do. They wrapped round him the white banner, and the student found a gilt cross in the path, and set it upright to mark the spot, all hastily, for the children were wandering into perils

of crevasse, of ice and cold.

The girl was dazed. After a time she begged to be taken home; she had left her mother alone and had failed besides. The student was distracted.

Now that you have come so far, mistress -

"I must go back." His oath forbade him to touch her, but

he longed to take her in his arms.

"The way back is long and full of perils."
"Not if you are with me," she said pitifully. "You are strong. I shall not be afraid—with you."
His gaunt face went white.

"Mistress," he said with gentleness,
"God knows that I wish to go with you,
since go you must. My love for you is my
life. But here be many children who need
help, and you are but one."
"How great a love!" sneered the woman,
standing by. He wheeled on her.
"Aye, great indeed! For, if I live, I will
bring her a man for husband."

bring her a man for husband."
"Bleating!" said the woman. "Bleat-

The student heard her not at all. He stood before the girl in the starlight and

"Sorrowful mistress," he said, "I shall go to the Sepulcher as I have vowed and there do penance for the thing you know of. And after that I shall come back to you—if it be months or years. I pray you, keep me in your heart."

But the girl looked toward the gilt cross

and the new grave.

Easter morning in the village on the Rhine. The scar across the moor is long healed; the geese wander in sober pro-cession over the new grass, still pale from its earth-bleaching. In the marketplace are sunlight and the voices of children.

Other scars are in the healing. There is comfort in the spring sun, hope in the rousing earth. Europe still mourns her children and will not be comforted, but other children have come, are growing.
There is again the laughter of their voices through the streets. But at night sometimes they nod by the fire and hear tales of their brothers and sisters who went to rescue the Sepulcher, and how none returned save one girl; of the sea that did not turn back; of the King of the Assassins, who captured those that lived and sold them into slavery; of mountains reared by the powers of evil into a barrier of ice to prevent the passage of the Cross.

Easter morning and five years later.

The fruitseller sat outside his door in the

sun. He had been to early mass, and now sat alone while his dinner cooked over the fire within. Priests and clerks, having finished the elaborate service, had retired for rest and food. The fruitseller basked

and knew his friends by their step.
"He is risen!" he said to each passerby.
"He is risen indeed!"

So at last the girl came and sat on the bench by his side. She was not much changed; her riotous beauty was quieter,

"Alone, daughter?"

"I am always alone now, father."

"True. I had forgotten. The boy went to the Holy Land, as I did—only I came back, but blind."

The fruitseller was childish now and remembered things only for a day.
"He never got to Jerusalem," said the girl
patiently. "I left him in the mountains."

"There was a palmer—something about palmer, daughter. And a—student." The girl had told the story over and over,

but she never lost patience.

"Aye, a palmer and a student. They quarreled and the palmer was stabbed. The student went on, full of grief to have slain a holy pilgrim."

The old fruitseller rubbed his hands

together and chuckled.
"The student made a yow. I remember

The palmer was a fierce, red-bearded man; I knew him. And this student loved you—it all comes back to me—a big man, you said. Think you, daughter, that he still lives?"

"He has never returned, Father Nicholas."

"Ah, but it is a weary way." The old man yawned. "You loved him, too, I think

you said."
"I do not know. Perhaps it is not love. But I watch and wait, and when I am trou-bled I think of him. He was very strong." "I have forgotten—did you come back

alone?" A woman was with me, but she-left me. When she was warm and fed again she

was different. She was always singing and

her."
"I know the sort," said the old man drowsily. "One such I remember, always and swaying as she singing or laughing and swaying as she walked. I was mad about her. But somewhere—she was taken prisoner—or was it

a fever—I—forget——"

His head drooped forward and he slept in the sun, the swift sleep of age.

Came in mid-afternoon of that Easter Sunday, riding hot-foot along the arched lanes and clad in soft leather, the young



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overlord of the domain. As he rode he looked from side to side, over vineyards, meadow and woodland. The old baron, his uncle, had died. So far as his eye could see, the smiling and bride-decked earth belonged to him.

And in the village there was a girl—a creature of fire and snow, of high chin and slim hands, of black-fringed eyes, of unbelievable haughtiness. As he rode the young

baron swore at a memory and smiled.
"The little cat needs her claws cut!" he muttered.

A pleasant day and pleasant thoughts. Peaceful times had come. His villeins paid their tribute of service and feudal dues, in exchange for the protection of the overlord. And no protection was needed. His men grew fat from no fighting and much ale, but also-crops were fat, and oxen, and women decked themselves.

So he rode into the marketplace. The fruitseller roused at the horse's clatter over

the paving stones.

"He is risen!" he called.

But the overlord did not hear him, or was

intent on his thoughts, which were of the girl, and pleasant. He did not reply.

He rode through the sunny street and stopped inside the gate, at the house with the iron-bolted door. Bending from his horse he rapped hard; but only the old house-dog answered.

house-dog answered.

The young baron was impatient. Who was this girl to defy him? She was within. The house-dog, soothed by a touch, was barking no more.

The street was empty and silent. The young folk walked in pairs by the river, arm in arm, and the elders slept. The overlord bent close.

"What avails it to hide, Cold Heart?" he demanded.

he demanded.

The girl within made no reply. Only she loosed the dog and put a hand to her throat.

"My house is lonely," he wooed through the heir on

"My house is lonely," he wooed through
the door. The dog snarled and the hair on
his back lifted. "I too am lonely. Beauty
like yours, mistress, should be a jewel set
in fine gold. And behold, here am I, ready
to furnish the setting."

Soft words availed nothing. He lost
patience, hammered at the door with the
gilt handle of the knife he wore, swore if she
did not admit him to come that night with
his men and carry her to the castle. His

did not admit him to come that night with his men and carry her to the castle. His voice rose with his gorge. The drowsing elders wakened, peered from behind shutters, curiosity urging against fear.

And to his anger came the girl's quick-breathing rage. The same blood spoke in them both. She bent down over the dog and whispered in his ear. Then very softly she drew the bolts. A whirlwind flew at the mare; she reared, plunged, almost flung her rider to the flags. Swearing furious oaths, beating at the dog, hauling on the reins, the overlord, center of battle, went down the street. Easter peace was broken—worse. The girl knew what it meant. The village had before this been taxed not only of cattle, pullets and wine, but of its women. A

pullets and wine, but of its women. A tramp of horses' feet in the night, it meant; a demand and a refusal; then all the devils of hell turned loose in the quiet street.

The dog came back and whined at the door. She admitted him, her mind elsewhere. The town held no refuge for her. It dared not risk the baron's displeasure. There was left to her only flight, and this There was left to her only flight, and this

time no friendly palmer to guide her way.

A cloak, bread and cheese, as before, a trifle of money, the dog to free for neighbors to feed. When she was ready the early spring twilight had fallen. She left by the near-by gate, slipping out under cover of darkness and locking it behind her. Then she flung the great key far and smiled. Pursuit would not come by this direction. She went toward the river. She had a mind if things went wrong to end there.

mind, if things went wrong, to end there.

By the bank she turned south to a ford
she knew of. Beyond it lay the moor with
the healed scar and the hills. There was hiding in the hills, and the river flowed close.

She had made good speed. It was not yet of the castle would open and the horsemen guest rooms may be rented for a brief period.

file out, dark deeds requiring darkness. In that hour night would come and she would be alone. Her thoughts, like her feet, moved

be alone. Her thoughts, like her feet, moved swiftly.

"My love for you is my life," the student had said. Had he then no more life that he had left her to this? His arms, steel to protect her, where were they? He who could have led her through the hills to safety, was he buried in the gray desert?

"Our Lady of Mercy," she prayed, "thou whose Son today rose from the tomb, thou who knowest the sadness of death, send me help."

A solitary horseman rode out behind on the plain. The baron was impatient; the search was on early. The girl stared from her ambush, hand to throat, as earlier. The river—

As she turned toward the hills he was coming toward her. She was afraid to believe the truth, looked away, looked back again, was hot and cold, dropped on

A miracle!" she said, with folded hands. And having prayed, rose.

As for the student, he saw only a woman, tall and slim against purple shadows. As he neared her he paused, stared.

Her eyes on his in the darkness, she gave him the salutation of the day tremulously.

"He is risen." "He is risen indeed," he said gravely.

Then he knew her and held out his arms.

The lonely horseman surveyed the plain, cantered back to the bridge, swearing soundly. The village was in an uproar. Old Nicholas had been knocked down by a horse and lay dead in his house. The coverlord of the towngate was gone. The overlord bit his nails and shouted furious directions. The clerk had locked himself in the church. Up and down through the streets horses

raced, houses were searched.

But in the hills was Easter peace.

"I have been to the Sepulcher as I vowed," said the student, "and there I have done penance for the thing you know of.
And now I have come back to you, mistress.
All these years I have held you in my heart.
And you?"
"I also, although I knew it not."

# Flat Transformations

THE latest apartment-house marvel is an apparatus for turning the kitchen into a dining room as soon as dinner is cooked, and turning the dining room back into a kitchen when the dinner is finished and dishes must be washed. This brings the apartment down to two rooms successfully, for which the dining worm is being word as for while the dining room is being used as the kitchen any guests may remain in the living room, which is really the bedroom, with a bed that can be concealed by folding it into the wall or into a couch.

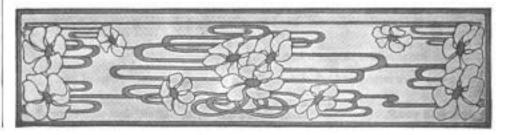
The apparatus is a big piece of furniture occupying one side of the dining-room kitchen. When the room is used for a dining room the device becomes a buffet, with mirror, china closets, and so on. When the room becomes a kitchen the device is opened up and discloses a concealed gas stove and a sink, as well as compartments for uten-sils and cooking materials and boards for mixing and kneading.

Another new device could be used in connection with the combination room. This is a dumb-waiter refrigerator. When the refrigerator is not needed it drops down through a shaft to a cool basement, and it is iced while in the basement. The luxurious apartment houses are having added to them every day greater collections of machinery. Among the recent installations are washing

machines, drying closets, and garbage in-cinerators attached to the gas stoves.

Another new idea in the more elaborate apartment houses is auxiliary guest rooms.

In each building a few rooms completely furnished are kept separate from all the regular apartments. Then if any of the regular residents wish to entertain more



# WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

(Concluded from Page 9)

vast, nebulous protectorate, imposing obli-gations on this republic of which Monroe never dreamed! It is supposed to be our duty to put down rebellion in Southern states, to see that they maintain law and order, pay their debts and keep themselves

tidy.

Mr. Olney told Lord Salisbury that the United States Government was sovereign on this continent. Mr. Taft is reported to have said that our boundaries extended to Terra del Fuego. Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "chronic wrongdoing" in discussing South-ern affairs. And we read in the public prints that our ambassador to England, in a speech at the Savage Club, has expanded the Monroe Doctrine still further:

"We now have developed subtler ways of taking their lands. There is the taking of their bonds, for instance. Therefore the third proposition is that no sort of financial control can, without the consent of the United States, be obtained over these weaker nations which would, in effect, control their government."

The ambassador may be incorrectly quoted, but the idea is a possible construction. Must we, then, not only keep our brother tidy, and police him, but also un-dertake to say in what bank he shall dis-count his notes of hand? Have we, then, in fact, shouldered the obligations of a benef-icent protectorate? Could foreign governments find out today exactly what our idea of the Monroe Doctrine is? Could they find out, also, what song it was the sirens sang or what name Achilles took when he hid himself among the women?

#### The Future of the Doctrine

After the reign of the man of business the Southern republics began to doubt our good faith when we spoke of the Monroe Doc-trine. They said it was a doctrine of petulant and insatiable imperialism; that it was a cover for an established policy of conquest, and the like.

The world was no longer sure we were satisfied with our own. Southern peoples felt they were no longer safe in their insti-tutions or their lands. It is vain for a great Executive, moved by high ideals, to de-clare that the American Republic will never again acquire another foot of territory by

conquest. They could reply to that as a great English judge who pronounced a principle of law was replied to: "Do you expect to live forever, that you lay down a rule of conduct for these islands for all time?" The man of high ideals might not always remain at the head of the American states. remain at the head of the American states. The man of business might again take it

over for his money-getting uses.

What are we to do with the Monroe

Doctrine?

Writers lacking the responsibility of a decision advise us to abandon it and—like the lawyer—permit our brother to go to the devil in his own way! A mass of criticism from these Southern countries is presented to influence us. The dangers attending the enforcement of the Doctrine are assembled, and innumerable collateral arguments, fanciful and unique—as, for instance, the fact that Buenos Aires has some three thousand taxicabs, one thousand more than New York with her five million people!

Old, time-honored things are held just now in very light esteem—our religions are said to be myths; our institutions anti-quated devices; our very selves bacilli. Not even the multiplication table remains to It is said to be founded on the untenable hypothesis that things will remain unchanged long enough to be counted—a postulate so false that it never could have occurred to anybody who realized that the universe is in a state of perpetual flux!

If we have stultified the great Doctrine that Monroe pronounced, what is there to

do? Two avenues are open to us:

We can contract the Monroe Doctrine
into a clear, well-defined policy of exclusive national interest—that is to say, we can define it from the point of view of our own interests and safety, excluding every other consideration. We should then abandon the great, noble, altruistic policy that Adams, Jefferson and Monroe formulated, and substitute for it the common policy of

There is another alternative. There are in South America three stable and efficient governments-well established, and as competent to be regarded as powers as any. These are the republics of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, commonly known in our current discussions as the A-B-C govern-

It has been suggested more than once that the United States join these stable governments of the South in some well-defined alliance looking to the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, in order that the presence of their own brethren might be an earnest of good faith when we found it necessary to interfere in Southern affairs.

This suggestion has cogent arguments to support it. It would get rid of the idea of an American protectorate, which seems to be firmly seated in the half-Latin mind.

It would banish the bogy of imperialism.

On the other hand, there are difficulties to be met. Would these countries be willing to form such an alliance?—and on what basis? Who should decide as to the nations to be included and those to be excluded? Would the United States have a controlling voice in such an alliance? What should be the voting status of the countries in this league when they came to determine a policy? Would the United States be subjected to foreign entanglements through the acts of these associate states? Might she be intrigued into the abandonment of policies yital to her safety? And finally, could there be any harmony in a congress of races so dissimilar—from nations of such unequal

There is a great principle in this idea, but it is one to be adopted only after long reflection.

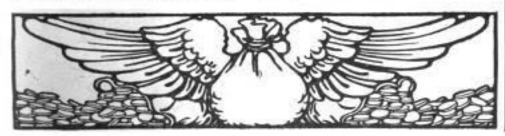
As one thinks about it, however, the aggestion again and again returns: Why suggestion again and again returns: Why not go on as we began, defining this Doc-trine as Monroe defined it in his message, and by a broad and generous statesmanship restore ourselves to the confidence and respect of the world?

# Aëroplanes and Ice

AEROPLANES for sighting icebergs and icefields, to enable a ship to steer clear of them, are being seriously considered by a Norwegian steamship company that has many difficulties from ice. The steamers of the line ply to Siberian ports by an Arctic Ocean route, which is badly blocked by icefloes in some seasons. Under the present method, when floes are sighted by the lookout, the steamer has to cruise back and forth until it finds a way through or round the floes, and much time is thus lost.

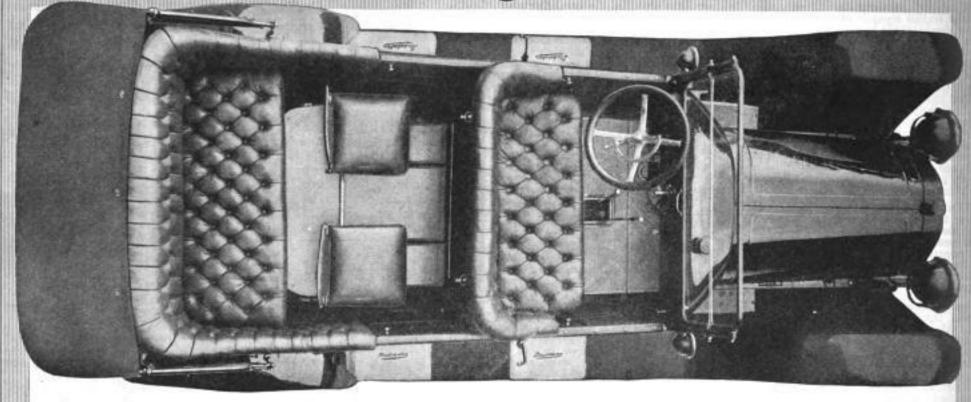
The proposal is to have an aëroplane on each steamer and to have one of the crew trained to fly. When ice is sighted the aëroplane would go up and the airman could in many instances see that in a certain direction the water was clear, or perhaps even determine the entire extent of the floes. His report would then enable the captain to fix the shortest route round the obstruction.

Methods of launching an aëroplane from the deck of a vessel are still imperfect and other obvious difficulties appear; but the has the idea in mind and hopes company it may find it feasible.









In the picture at the top of this page you are given a graphic idea of the size and seating capacity of the Studebaker SIX. On the opposite page are portrayed its generous outer dimensions—its beauty and dignity of design. Now—study these two pictures in the light of the remarkable price.

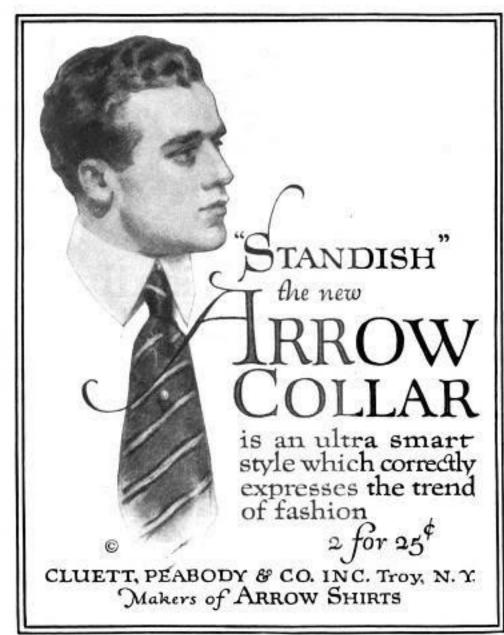
This is a faithful photographic reproduction of the Studebaker SIX, taken from above and showing the complete and generous proportions of the car and its seating arrangements for seven passengers.

and dignity of design. Now—study these two pictures in the light of the remarkable price.

SIX

Buy It Because







# *AN AMERICAN* VANDAL

(Continued from Page 22)

euphonious title of Toad in the Hole. Toad in the Hole consists of a full-grown and fragrant sheep's kidney entombed in an excavated retreat at the heart of a large and powerful onion, and then cooked in a

excavated retreat at the heart of a large and powerful onion, and then cooked in a slow and painful manner, so that the onion and the kidney may swap perfumes and flavors. These people do not use this combination for a weapon or for a disinfectant, or for anything else for which it is naturally purposed; they actually go so far as to eatit! You pass a cabmen's lunchroom and get a whiff of a freshly opened Toad in the Hole—and you imagine it is the German invasion starting and wonder why they are not removing the women and children to a place of safety. All England smells like something boiling, just as all France smells like something that needs boiling.

Seemingly the only Londoners who enjoy any extensive variety in their provender are the slum-dwellers. Out Whitechapel-way the establishment of a tripe dresser and draper is a sight wondrous to behold, and will almost instantly eradicate the strongest appetite; but it is not to be compared with an East End meatshop, where there are skinned sheep faces on slabs, and various vital organs of various animals disposed about in clumps and clusters.

I was reminded of one of those Fourclusters.

I was reminded of one of those Four-teenth Street museums of anatomy— tickets ten cents each; boys under fourteen not admitted. The East End butcher is not only a thrifty but an inquiring soul. Until I had viewed his shop I had no idea that a sheep could be so untidy inside; and as for a cow—he finds things in a cow she herself

did not know she had.

Breakfast is the meal at which the Englishman rather excels; in fact England is the only country in Europe where the natives have the faintest conception of what a regular breakfast is—or should be. Moreover it is now possible in certain London hotels for an American to get hot breakfast is and is water at breakfast though bread and ice-water at breakfast, though the English round about watch him with undisguised horror as he consumes them, and the manager only hopes that he will have the good taste not to die on the premises.

#### The Tasty Penny Stamp

It is true that, in lieu of the fresh fruit an American prefers, the waiter brings at least three kinds of particularly sticky marma-lade and, in accordance with a custom that dates back to the time of the Druids, spangles the breakfast cloth over with a

spangles the breakfast cloth over with a large number of empty saucers and plates, which fufill no earthly purpose except to keep getting in the way.

The English breakfast bacon, however, is a most worthy article, and the broiled kipper is juicy and plump, and does not resemble a dried autumn leaf—as our kipper often does. And the fried sole, on which the Englishman banks his breakfast hopes, invariably repays one for one's undivided attention. The English boast of their fish; but, excusing the kipper, they have but three of note—the turbot, the plaice and the sole. And the turbot tastes like turbot, and the plaice tastes like fish; but the sole, when fried, is most appetizing.

but the sole, when fried, is most appetizing.

I have been present when the English gooseberry and the English strawberry were very highly spoken of, too, but with me this is merely hearsay evidence; we reached England too late for berries. Happily, though, we came in good season for the green filbert, which is gathered in the fall of the year, being known then as the the fall of the year, being known then as the Kentish cobnut. The Kentish cob beats any nut we have except the paper-shell pecan. An English postage stamp is also much tastier than ours. The space for licking is no larger, if as large-but the flavor lasts.

As I said before, the Englishman has no great variety of things to eat, but he is alwayseating them; and when he is not eating them he is swigging tea. Yet in these regards the German excels him. The Englishman gains a lap at breakfast; but after that first hour the German leaves him, hopelessly distanced, far in the rear. It is due to his talents in this respect that the average Berliner has a double chin running all the way round, and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely



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clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry; and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through

phalia ham.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals—four in number and all large ones; and in between times he now and then gathers a bite. For instance, about ten o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard-boiled coffee and save sweet sticks postary with coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about four in the afternoon he

browses a bit, just to keep up his appe-tite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say, a school of Bismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake, and one thing and another—merely a recliminary to the real food, which will be preliminary to the real food, which will be

coming along a little later on. Between acts at the theater he excuses between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at eleven, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer, and nibbling on such small tidbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphelia ham.

There are forty-seven distinct and sep-arate varieties of German sausage and three of them are edible; but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly over-rated. It is pronounced Westfailure with the accent

on the last part, where it belongs.

In Germany, however, there is a pheasant agreeably smothered in young cabbage which is delicious and in season plentiful.

The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the granning and averiof this dish is that the grasping and avari-cious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, forty cents for a whole pheasant and half a peck of cabbage—say, enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.

#### A Lost Ambassador

The Germans like to eat and they love a hearty eater. There should never be any trouble about getting a suitable person to serve us at the Kaiser's court if the Administration at Washington will but harken to the voice of experience. To the Germans the late Doctor Tanner would have been a distinct disappointment in an ambassaa distinct disappointment in an ambassa-dorial capacity; but there was a man who used to live in my congressional district who could qualify in a holy minute if he were still alive. He was one of Nature's noblemen, untutored but naturally gifted, and his name was John Wesley Bass. He was the champion eater of the world, specializing particularly in eggs on the shell, and cove oysters out of the can, with pepper sauce on them, and soda crackers pepper sauce on them, and soda crackers on the side.

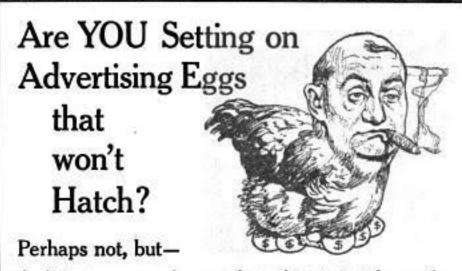
I regret to be compelled to state, how-ever, that John Wesley is no more. At one of our McCracken County annual fairs, a few years back, he succumbed to over-ambition coupled with a mistake in judgment. After he had established a new world's record by eating at one sitting five dozen raw eggs he rashly rode on the steam merry-go-round. At the end of the first quarter of an hour he fainted and fell off of a spotted wooden horse and never spoke again, but passed away soon after being removed to his home in an unconscious condition.

I have forgotten what the verdict of the coroner's jury was-the attending physi-cian gave it some fancy Latin name-but among laymen the general judgment was that our fellow townsman had just naturally been scrambled to death. It was a pity, too—the German people would have cared for John Wesley as an ambassador. He would have eaten his way right into their

However, I am not decrying the abilities Judge Gerard is not only a gentleman of parts and a born diplomat, but he knows

mighty well how to order a dinner. We have the word of history for it that Vienna was originally settled by the Celts, but you would hardly notice it now. On first impressions you would say that about Vienna there was a noticeable suggestion a perceptible trace-of the Teutonic; and this applies to the Austrian food in the main. I remember a kind of Wienerschnitzel, breaded, that I had in Vienna; in fact for the moment I do not seem to recall much else about Vienna. Life there was just one Wiener-schnitzel after another.





don't be too sure unless you know how to test the eggs by holding them up to the light.

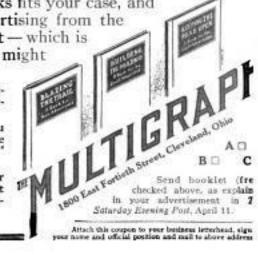
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In order to spread sweetness and light, and to the end, furthermore, that the ignorant people across the salted seas might know something of a land of real food and much food, and plenty of it and plenty of variety to it, I would that I might bring an expedition of Europeans to America and

personally conduct it up and down our con-tinent and back and forth crosswise of it.

And if I had the money of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller I would do it, too, for it would be a greater act of charity than building public libraries or endowing public baths. I would include in my party a few delegates from England, where every day is Ali Soles' Day; and a few sausage-surfeited Teutons; and some Gauls, wearied and worn by the deadly pould routine of their daily life—and a scattering representation from all the other countries over there.

In especial I would direct the Englishman's attention to the broiled normano of

man's attention to the broiled pompano of New Orleans; the kirgfish fillet of New York; the sand-dab of Los Angeles; the Boston scrod of the Massachusetts coast; and that noblest of all pan fish-the fried crappie of Southern Indiana. To these and to many another delectable fishling would I introduce the poor fellow; and to him and his fellows I fain would offer a dozen apiece of Smith Island oysters on the half shell.

And I would take all of them to New

England for baked beans and brown bread and codfish balls; but on the way we would visit the shores of Long Island for a kind of soft clam which first is steamed and then is esteemed. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they should have a live broiled lobster measuring thirty inches from tip to tip and fresh caught out of the Piscataqua River.

Vermont should come to them in hospitality and in pity, offering them buckwheat cakes and maple sirup. But Rhode Island would bring a genuine Yankee blueberry pie and directions for the proper consumpfork, you raise a crusty, dripping wedge of blueberry pie in your hand to your mouth, and you take a first bite, which instantly changes the ground-floor plan of that pie from a triangle to a crescent; then you take a second bite, and then you lick your fingers-and there isn't any

# Doesn't Your Mouth Water?

Down in Kentucky I should engage Mandy Berry, colored, to fry for them some spring chickens and make for them a few

pones of real cornbread.
In Creole Louisiana they should sample crawfish gumbo; and in Georgia they should have 'possum baked with sweet potatoes; and in Tidewater Maryland,

terrapin and canvasback; and in Illinois, young gray squirrels on toast; and in South Carolina, boiled rice with black-eyed peas; and in Colorado, cantaloupes; and in Kansas, young sweet corn; and in Virginia, country hams, not cured with chemicals but with hickory smoke and loving hands; and in Tennessee, jowl and

And elsewhere they should have their whacking fill of prairie hen and sucking pig and barbecued shote, and sure-enough beefsteak, and goobers hot from the parching box; and scrapple, and yams roasted in hot wood-ashes; and hot biscuit and Parker House rolls—and the thousand and one other good things that may be found in this our country, and which are

distinctively and uniquely of this country. Finally I would bring them back by way of Richmond, and there I would give them each an eggnog compounded with fresh cream and made according to a recipe older than the Revolution. If I had my way about it no living creature should be denied the right to bury his face in a brimming tumbler of that eggnog—except a man with a drooping red mustache.

By the time these gorged and converted pilgrims touched the Eastern seaboard again any one of them, if he caught fire, would burn for about four days with a clear blue flame, and many valuable packing-house by-products could be gleaned from his ruins. It would bind us all, foreigner and native alike, in closer ties of love and confidence, and it would turn the tide of travel westward from Europe, instead of eastward from America.

Let's do it sometime-and appoint me conductor of the expedition!

Editor's Note-This is the fourth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Two's companythree's a crowd-When you're feasting on

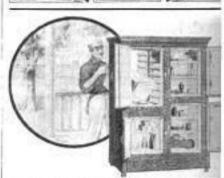
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# my son

(Continued from Page 19)

used his head more than a good many farmers. Here is where cleanliness would count more than anywhere else. The idea was to have a coment floor drained by a gutter, and then to arrange the cows in such a manner that they should be kept lined up on this gutter. The courtest themselves were on this gutter. The gutters themselves were made from six inches deep on the shallow end to eight inches on the deeper end. The stalls were so arranged as to fit each cow and keep her in place. They were from three feet to three and a half feet wide and were divided by a swinging partition. This was hinged in the center. The milkman, when going in to milk, unfastened the fastening and swung milk, unfastened the fastening and swung it back against the cow behind him. This gave him plenty of room, and when swung in place again kept the cow within bounds. A chain hitched behind the cow just over the edge of the drop kept her from backing out of place.

The manger was made adjustable to the length of the cow. A continuous cement manger ran the length of the stall. An adjustable piece of lattice work hung from the center of this, and could be moved back and forth and so adapted to the length of each cow. The object of the whole arrangement, or has been send a warmen to be the continuous and the continuous transfer. ment, as has been said, was merely to keep the cows lined up on the gutter, which left the cows lined up on the gutter, which left the stall proper sweet and clean. It doesn't seem possible that so obvious a device should have awaited for years the intelli-gent thought of one man, but the situation is even worse than that. Though the device is so obvious and though it has been pub-lished to the world, it is not in general use even today. Go through the stables of this country and you'll find even now the fixed stall, often undivided, where the cow wallows all day and sleeps in her own filth during the all day and sleeps in her own filth during the night. Ninety per cent of them are as they always were and will undoubtedly remain unchanged for the next hundred years. This device is simple, does not require a large investment, saves labor, saves the cow, saves the milk, saves the barn—and yet it

remains unused.

Hadley looked it over after it was done.

"It's purty enough," he said, "but what's the use of it?"

I explained in detail the use of it.

"Mebbe you're right," he said; "but
we've got along without them things a good
many years, and I reckon most of us can a
few years longer."

few years longer."

"Maybe you can," I said; "but it's only a matter of a few years when the world is going to get along without you."

He accepted that statement philosophically.

"I reckon so," he said. Windows were put in at the rear of the stall and one in each end, letting in for the first time since the barn was built a flood of sunlight, the cleanest, sweetest God-given agent the farmer possesses. It warms, it quickens, it strengthens, it cleanses. No other toilers on the earth are given with such liberal prodigality such an asset as farmers are given in sunlight. And yet they fall to use it. They shut it out of their soil; they shut it away from their orchards; they shut it out of their stables: they shut they shut it out of their stables; they shut it out of their homes and their lives. It is worth millions of fine gold to them, and yet they have not learned how to use it. With sunlight and water a world was created;

with sunlight and water it is maintained.

Dick says I'd better scratch out all this
or people will think I'm trying to be a poet.

The sunlight makes even the poets.

WITH a stable clean to start with and VV so built as to be easily kept clean, the boy was ready for his cattle. The remod-eling had cost him a trifle over nine hundred

Dr. Barney watched the remodeling of the barn with as much interest as though he were doing it himself. Dick had sub-mitted to him the plans and he had heartily

endorsed them. His advice from the first had been to keep the plant simple. "There's no need of making it either complicated or expensive," he said. "The minute you make it complex it is all the harder to keep clean, and every added item of expense must be added to the cost of the milk. In talking with farmers round here I've found the chief worry of those who are ready to make a change is the fear that it's going to cost a lot. When they're only get-ting four cents a quart for their milk I don't much blame them, though the added

expense of producing clean milk isn't half

what they think it is.

Four cents a quart delivered at the sta-tion was what the few farmers who did raise milk in Brewster received. Those who sold to the creamery when it was run by out-siders received about the same. This same milk was sold by the contractors for eight and nine cents a quart, which meant that the producer received on an average of less than fifty per cent of the amount paid by the public for the milk. There is something wrong here. And the farmer pleading for a fairer share is the one blamed by the pub-lic for the increased cost of living. He risks his capital, works from twelve to fourteen hours a day-and does it cheerfully if he's a live farmer-and receives only about thirty-five per cent of the price paid by the public for his product. If, to keep him in the business, the contractor does pay him a cent more for an eight and a half quart can, the contractor turns round and raises the price to the consumer a cent a quart, which is eight and a half cents a can. The growl which follows is leveled at the farmer. When the boy was ready to buy his small herd he was confronted with the debatable

question of whether it was better for him to invest in fancy stock or in grade cows—that is, cows without a registered pedigree. He decided on the latter, and for the following reasons: The initial investment would be smaller, which would cut down the initial cost of his milk to the consumer; grade cows raised locally would be much less of an experiment for an inexperienced dairy-man than high-bred cows requiring more ex-pert care; and, finally, it seemed both more interesting and profitable to raise the standard of his own cows by careful breeding.

This matter of breeding is one of the most fundamental factors of successful dairying, and yet it is one of the most neglected next to the care of the cattle themselves. The pure-bred dairy bull is often the keystone to the whole business. The results are so manifest that there isn't even a chance for argument about it. They are as patent as the result of irrigating desert land or proper fertilization of barren lands. And the principle is much the same. Yet a recent inspection of over a hundred farms in one New England state revealed the fact that only twenty-seven per cent of farmers raising dairy cows used pure-bred bulls. In many cases beef breeds were being placed at the head of herds used for nothing but the production of market milk. That's like trying to raise trotting horses by mating them with draft stallions, as the man who made the report said.

Dick bought four Holsteins, three Ayrshires and five Jerseys. Barney preferred milk from a mixed herd. He bought them on their records of being good producers, although that information was somewhat vague, as no records had been kept. He paid an average of seventy-five dollars a cow for them, on the condition that every cow should be submitted to the tuberculin test before being paid for.

The tuberculin test consists simply of injecting into the cow a preparation derived from tubercle-bacilli. If the cow is at all tuberculous she responds by a rapid rise of temperature; if she is sound no effect at all follows and the injected bacilli are quickly eliminated. As a result of this test one of the cows was instantly discarded by Barney. The reaction was slight and the cow looked to be in ideal physical condition. The owner protested that the test wasn't fair and that

the cow in question was one of the best producers in his herd.

"It ain't right," the owner objected.

"What isn't right?" demanded Barney.

"To give a cow like that a bad name. It will get round town that you said the cow

was sick."
"You bet it will get round town," said
Barney. "If that cow isn't buried within a
week she'll be the best-advertised cow in this neighborhood. Talk about rights-what right have you to shift your misfortune to the shoulders of little children? Take your medicine like a man and kill the beast. It's a kindness to her, to the rest of your herd and to the whole town. You'd be the first to kick if the fish man, to save his

purse, sold you his tainted fish, wouldn't you?"

"That's different," said the man.

"Not a mite. That cow's milk is poi-soned even though you can't smell it. After you've killed her I'll come up here and



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Just you taste this delicious minced spiced ham, spread in sandwiches—soft fresh white bread, and forever after it will be a part of all your parties—April First parties, May Day parties, fancy dress parties, domino parties, etc., etc.
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—sandwiches, salads, rarebits, etc. Recipes, too, for breakfase, luncheon, dinner—omelets, souffies, croquettes, etc., etc. Just send us your grocer's address and say if he sells Underwood. Better still, send his address and 8 5c. for small can to try. Economical-makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

your grocer carries it-today. If not, he'll get some for you, if you'll ask. Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 49-Underwood Cream Toast Melt butter size of egg in double boiler. Add tenspoonful flour, three cups silk. When smooth, seir in a small can Underwood Devilled Ham. Pour over ices of freshly tousted bread, and sprinkle with crumbs of grated hard-boiled egg.

Smartest grocers everywhere sell Underwood Deviled Ham. See if

# WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAN

"Branded with the Devil, but fit for the Gods."







prove it to you, or I'll pay for the cow myself if I can't."
"I'll take ye up on that," said the man

without hesitation.

The evidence Barney showed that man wasn't pretty to look at, but it was convincing. He insisted on the spot that Barney submit the rest of his herd to the test, and though Barney was not a veterinarian he knew how to do it and did it. As a result that farmer received some advertising, but it was different from the kind of advertising he would have received if he had kept the cow. That cow, dead, paid him five times over. Barney was always as eager to spread the news of decent conditions as he was of

The fact that Barney took this work on his own shoulders gave the other doctors in town an opportunity to dub him a "Vet." It reached my ears that one of them de-clared that such work wasn't dignified and lowered the standard of the profession. But Barney never was much concerned with his dignity. He'd do his best for a sick horse or dog or cow as quick as he would for a sick person. Such gossip only made him length

"Lord bless you!" he said to me. "I've cured a whole neighborhood by curing a cow and I've cured a whole family by curing the dog."

Whenever he was called in to treat one of

Whenever he was called in to treat one of the family he regularly inspected the barn and all the livestock.

"If there's anything sick round the place, even the cat, I want to know it," he used to tell folks.

When Dick finally drove home his herd and had them installed in his barn he was

the proudest farmer in Brewster.
"I don't know whether there's going to
be any money in them or not," he said to
me, "but after all I've read and after all I've seen it's worth the price just to have those clean beasts in clean quarters. It's going to be worth something to use that milk myself and to know that others are using it."

I liked to hear the boy talk like that. He was in no position to conduct his enterprise as a purely philanthropic enterprise, and had no intention of so doing. He was entitled to a fair return on his investment and I had no doubt but what he would receive it; but after all if a business man gets from his business nothing but a money

return he doesn't get much.

Why, even in the contracting business, which is a matter of bricks and stones and not of flesh and blood, I got a tremendous amount of satisfaction in helping a man build well. And though sometimes I wasn't allowed to do the work as well as I would have liked, I always refused to do absolutely poor work, no matter what the profit in it was for me or how little the responsibility was my own. I lost one or two jobs, but even from a money point of view that policy paid me and paid the men who used me. A Carleton job stood for something and still stands for something. When all is said a man today can make himself felt back of his business, even back of a steam back of his business, even back of a steam shovel. And that counts as much for the man as his business.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### The Lateat on Wheela

TWO-WHEEL car that balances itself A TWO-WHEEL car that balances used exactly the same as a bicycle rider does—by turning the front wheel slightly toward the side on which a fall is threatened—has been built by a British scientist. It would be possible on this principle to make a mechanical toy bicycle rider that could ride in a straight path and keep its balance as easily as a living rider, and by the same method.

Power is applied to the back wheel of the car. Above the front wheel is placed a gyroscope. If the car starts to fall over to one side the force of the gyroscope pulls the to use the analogy of a bicycle handlebars and the front wheel turns just enough to

In actual operation such safety motions are very slight, as they are in bicycle riding after the rider has learned the knack of bal-ancing. Two-wheeled automobiles have been suggested by this new gyro car, though the first example is a railroad model.

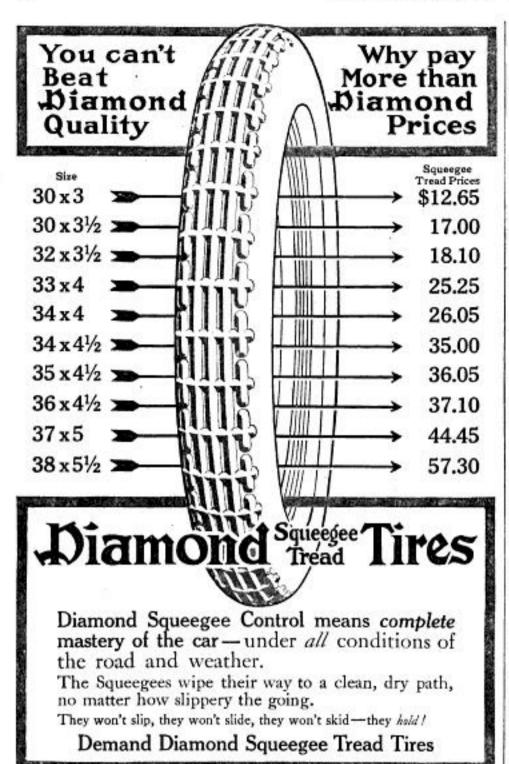












# When Money

THE live man does not content himself with wondering where it's coming from. He Wants He looks around for that spare-time occupation which will yield him the largest return.

Thousands of young men — and young women — are securing the extra money they need by acting as the representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman in their off-hours. Just how it is done and why they are enthusiastic over what they are doing we should like to tell you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sh! They do not come for rooms. They inquire for the Herr Doktor Byrne and the others!"
"No!"

"Of a certainty."

"Then let me to the door!"
"A moment. She tells them everything

"A moment. She tells them everything and more. She says—how she is wicked, Katrina! She says the Fräulein Harmony was not good, that she sent them all away. Here, take the door!"

Thus it happened that Doctor Jennings and Mrs. Boyer, having shaken off the dust of a pension that had once harbored three malefactors, and having retired Peter and Anna and Harmony into the limbo of and Anna and Harmony into the limbo of and Anna and Harmony into the limbo of things best forgotten or ignored, found themselves, at the corner, confronted by a slovenly girl in heelless slippers and wearing a knitted shawl over her head.

"The Frau Schwarz is wrong," cried Olga passionately in Vienna dialect. "They were good, all of them!"

"What in the world ——"

"And, please, tell me where lives the Frāulein Harmony. The Herr Georgiev eats not nor sleeps that he cannot find her."

Doctor Jennings was puzzled.

Doctor Jennings was puzzled.

"She wishes to know where the girl lives," she interpreted to Mrs. Boyer. "A

man wishes to know."
"Naturally!" said Mrs. Boyer. "Well,
don't tell her."

Olga gathered from the tone rather than the words that she was not to be told. She burst into a despairing appeal in which the Herr Georgiev, Peter, a necktie Peter had forgotten, open windows and hot water were inextricably confused. Doctor Jennings listened, then waved her back with a

"She says," she interpreted as they walked on, "that Doctor Peter—by which I suppose she means Doctor Byrne—has left a necktie, and that she'll be in hot water if she does not return it."

Mrs. Boyer sniffed.
"In love with him, probably, like the others!" she said.

PETER went to Semmering the next morning, tiptoeing out very early and without breakfast. He went in to cover Jimmy, lying diagonally across his small bed amid a riot of tossed blankets. The communicating door into Harmony's room was open. Peter kept his eyes carefully from it, but his ears were less under con-trol. He could hear her soft breathing. There were days coming when Peter would stand where he stood then and listen, and

find only silence.

He tore himself away at last, closing the outer door carefully behind him and lighting a match to find his way down the staircase. The portier was not awake. Peter had to rouse him, and to stand by while he donned the trousers which he deemed necessary to the dignity of his position before he opened the street door.

before he opened the street door.

Reluctant as he had been to go, the change was good for Peter. The dawn grew rosy, promised sunshine, fulfilled its promise. The hurrying crowds at the depot interested him: he enjoyed his coffee, taken from a bare table in the station. The horizontal morning sunlight, shining in through marvelously clean windows, warmed the marble of the floor, made black shadows beside the heaps of hand luggage everywhere, turned into gold the hair of a toddling baby venturing on a tour of distoddling baby venturing on a tour of dis-covery. The same morning light, alas! revealed to Peter a break across the toe of one of his shoes. Peter sighed, then smiled. The baby was catching at the bits of dust that floated in the sunshine.

Suddenly a great wave of happiness overvhelmed Peter. born of nothing, but for the instant that it lasted Peter was a king. Everything was well. The world was his oyster. Life was his, to make it what he would—youth and hope and joy. Under the bestific in-fluence he expanded, grew, almost shone. Youth and hope and joy—that cometh in

the morning.

the morning.

The ecstasy passed away, but without reaction. Peter no longer shone; he still glowed. He picked up the golden-haired baby and hugged it. He hunted out a beggar he had passed and gave him five hellers. He helped a suspicious old lady with an oilcloth-covered bundle; he called the guard on the train "son" and forced a grin out of that dignitary.

Peter traveled third class, which was quite comfortable, and no bother about "Nicht Rauchen" signs. His unreasonable cheerful-ness persisted as far as Gloggnitz. There, with the increasing ruggedness of the scenery and his first view of the Raxalpe, came recollection of the urgency of Stewart's last message, of Marie Jedlicka, of the sordic little tragedy that awaited him at the end

of his journey.

Peter sobered. Life was rather a messafter all, he reflected. Love was a blessing, but it was also a curse. After that he sat back in his corner and let the mountain scenery take care of itself, while he recalled scenery take care of itself, while he recalled the look he had surprised once or twice in Marie's eyes when she looked at Stewart It was sad, pitiful. Marie was a clever lit tle thing. If only she'd had a chance!— Why wasn't he rich enough to help the one who needed help. Marie could start again in America, with no one the wiser, and make

her way.

"Smart as the devil, these Austria:
girls!" Peter reflected. "Poor little gutter
snipe!"

The weather was beautiful. The sice

of the previous day in Vienna had been deep snowfall on the mountains. Th Schwarza was frozen, the castle of Liechter stein was gray against a white world. .
little pilgrimage church far below seeme snowed in against the faithful. The third class compartment filled with noisy skiin parties. The old woman opened her of alarh hundle and telephone for the class compared to the control of the control of the class of the cl cloth bundle, and taking a cat out of a bo

inside fed it a sausage. Up and up, past the Weinzettelwand an the Station Breitenstein, across the highe viaduct, the Kalte Rinne, and so at last

The glow had died at last for Peter. It did not like his errand, was very vaguindeed, as to just what that errand might. He was stiff and rather cold. Also I thought the cat might stiffe in the oldoor but the old woman too clearly distruste him to make it possible to interfere. An how he did not know the German f either cat or oilcloth.

He had wired Stewart; but the latt was not at the station. This made hi vaguely uneasy, he hardly knew why. I did not know Stewart well enough to knowhether he was punctilious in such matter or not: as a matter of fact he hardly know him at all. It was because he had appeal to him that Poter was there if heir or to him that Peter was there, it being on necessary to Peter to be needed, and he w anywhere.

The Pension Waldheim was well up t mountains. He shouldered his valise a started up—first long flights of steps throu the pines, then a steep road. Peter climb easily. Here and there he met grou coming down, men that he thought proceed a sweaters. He watched for Marie, there was no sign of her.

He was half an hour, perhaps, in reaching the Waldheim. As he turned in at legate he noticed a sledge, with a dose people following it, coming toward hin It was a singularly silent party. Pet with his hand on the doorknocker, watch its approach with some curiosity.

It stopped, and the men who had be following closed up round it. Even the Peter did not understand. He did not derstand until he saw Stewart, limp a The Pension Waldheim was well up t

derstand until he saw Stewart, limp a unconscious, lifted out of the straw a carried toward him.

Suicide may be moral cowardice; bu requires physical bravery. And Marie not brave. The balcony had attracted 1 it opened possibilities of escape, of unce ing regret and repentance for Stewart publicity that would man an account publicity that would mean an end to situation. But every inch of her soul craven at the thought. She crept out of and looked down, and as often drew be shuddering. To fall down, down on to tree tops, to be dropped from branch branch, a broken thing, and perhaps e not yet dead—that was the unthink: thing, to live for a time and suffer!

Stewart was not ignorant of all went on in her mind. She had threate him with the balcony, just as, earlier in winter, it had been a window-ledge which she had frightened him. But t was this difference, whereas before he drawn her back from the window slapped her into sanity, now he let alone. At the end of one of their qua-



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she had flung out on to the balcony, and then had watched him through the opening

Stewart spent every daylight hour at the hotel, or walking over the mountain roads, seldom alone with Anita, but always near her. He left Marie sulking or sewing, as the case might be. He returned in the evening to find her still sulking, still sewing.

But Marie did not sulk all day, or sew. She too was out, never far from Stewart, always watching. Many times she escaped discovery only by a miracle, as when she stooped behind an oxcart, pretending to tie her shoe, or once when they all met face to face and although she lowered her will to face, and although she lowered her veil Stewart must have known her instantly had he not been so intent on helping Anita

over a slippery gutter.

She planned a dozen forms of revenge and found them impossible of execution. Stewart himself was frightfully unhappy. For the first time in his life he was really in love, with all the humility of the condi-tion. There were days when he would not touch Anita's hand, when he hardly spoke, when the girl herself would have been outraged at his conduct had she not now and then caught him watching her, seen the wretchedness in his eyes.

The form of Marie's revenge was unpre-meditated after all. The light mountain snow was augmented by a storm; roads were plowed through early in the morning, leaving great banks on either side. Sleigh-bells were everywhere. Coasting parties made the steep roads a menace to the pedestrian; every up-climbing sleigh carried behind it a string of sleds, going back to the

hind it a string of sleds, going back to the starting point.

Below the hotel was the Serpentine Coast, a long and dangerous course, full of high-banked curves, of sudden descents, of long straightaway dashes through the woodland. Two miles, perhaps three, it wound its tortuous way down the mountain. Up by the high road to the crest again, only a mile or less. Thus it happened that the track was always clear, except for speeding sleds. No coasters, dragging sleds back up the slide, interfered. back up the slide, interfered.

The track was crowded. Every minute a sled set out, sped down the straighta-way, dipped, turned, disappeared. A dozen would be lined up, waiting for the interval and the signal. And here, watching from the porch of the church, in the very shadow of the saints, Marie found her revenge. Stewart had given her a little wrist

watch. Stewart and Anita were twelfth in line. By the watch, then, twelve minutes down the mountainside, straight down through the trees to a curve that Marie knew well, a bad curve, only to be taken by running well up on the snowbank. Beyond the snowbank there was a drop. fifteen feet, perhaps more, into the yard of a Russian villa. Stewart and Anita were twelfth; a man in a green stocking cap was eleventh. The hillside was steep. Marie negotiated it by running from tree to tree, catching herself, steadying for a second, then down again. Once she fell and rolled a little distance. There was no time to think; perhaps had she thought she would have weakened. She had no real courage, only desperation.

As she reached the track the man in the green stocking cap was in sight. A minute and a half she had then, not more. She looked about her hastily. A stone might serve her purpose, almost anything that would throw the sled out of its course. She saw a tree branch just above the track and dragged at it frantically. Some one was shouting at her from an upper window of the Russian villa. She did not hear. Stewart and Anita had made the curve above and were coming down at frantic speed. Marie stood, her back to the oncoming rush of the sled, swaying slightly. When she could hear the singing of the runners she stooped and

slid the tree branch out across the track. She had acted almost by instinct, but with devilish skill. The sled swung to one side up the snowbank, and launched itself into the air. Marie heard the thud and the silence that followed it. Then she turned and scuttled like a hunted thing up the mountainside.

Peter put in a bad day. Marie was not about, could not be located. Stewart, suffering from concussion, lay insensible all day and all of the night. Peter could find no fracture, but felt it wise to get another opinion. In the afternoon he sent for a doctor from the Kurhaus and learned for the first time that Anita had also been hurt-a broken arm.



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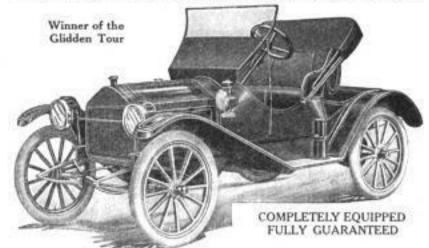


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roadster type — stylish, speedy and wonderfully economical in operation. It is a thoroughly practical car, built to give enduring satisfaction. It saves you money when you buy it, and every hour you

run it. It won the last Glidden Tour, competing with cars that cost from five to ten times as much - the

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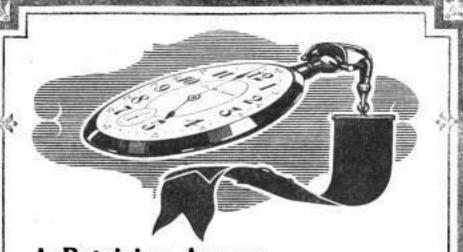


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"Not serious," said the Kurhaus man. "She is brave, very brave, the young woman.
I believe they are engaged?"

Peter said he did not know and thought very hard. Where was Marie? Not gone surely. Here about him lay all her belong-

ings, even her purse.

Toward evening Stewart showed some improvement. He was not conscious, but he swallowed better and began to toss about. Peter, who had had a long day and very little sleep the night before, began to look jaded. He would have sent for a nurse from the Kurhaus, but he doubted Stewart's

ability to stand any extra financial strain, and Peter could not help any.

The time for supper passed, and no Marie. The landlady sent up a tray to Peter, stewed meat and potatoes, a salad, coffee. Peter sat in a corner with his back to Stewart and ate ravenously. He had had

nothing since the morning's coffee. After that he sat down again by the bed to watch. There was little to do but watch. The meal had made him drowsy. He thought longingly of his pipe. Perhaps if he got some fresh air and a smoke! He

remembered the balcony.

It was there on the balcony that he found Marie, a cowering thing that pushed his hands away when he would have caught her and broke into passionate crying. "I cannot! I cannot!" "Cannot what?" demanded Peter gently.

watching her. So near was the balcony

"Throw myself over. I've tried, Peter. I cannot!"

"I should think not!" said Peter sternly.

"Just now when we need you too! Come in and don't be a foolish child."

But Marie would not go in. She held back, clinging tight to Peter's big hand, moaning out in the dialect of the people that always confused him her story of the day, of what she had done, of watching Stewart brought back, of stealing into the house and through an adjacent room to the balcony, of her desperation and her cowardice.

She was numb with cold, exhaustion and hunger, quite childish, helpless. Peter stood out on the balcony with his arm round her, while the night wind beat about them, and pondered what was best to do. He thought she might come in and care for Stewart at least until he was conscious. He could

get her some supper.

"How can I?" she asked. "I was seen.
They are searching for me now. Oh,
Peter! Peter!"

"Who is searching for you? Who saw

you?"
"The people in the Russian villa."

"Did they see your face?"
"I wore a veil. I think not."

"Then come in and change your clothes.
There is a train down at midnight, You can take it."
"I have no money."
This raised a delicate question. Marie

absolutely refused to take Stewart's money. She had almost none of her own. And there were other complications—where was she to go? The family of the injured girl did not suspect her since they did not know of her existence. She might get away without trouble. But after that, what? Peter pondered this on the balcony, while Marie in the bedroom was changing

her clothing, soaked with a day in the snow. He came to the inevitable decision, the decision he knew at the beginning that he

was going to make.

"If I could only put it up to Harmony first!" he reflected. "But she will understand when I tell her. She always understands."

Standing there on the little balcony, with tragedy the thickness of a pine board beyond him, Peter experienced a bit of the glow of the morning, as of one who stum-bling along in a dark place puts a hand on a friend.

He went into the room. Stewart was lying very still and breathing easily. On her knees beside the bed knelt Marie. At Peter's step she rose and faced him. "I am leaving him, Peter, for always."
"Good!" said Peter heartily. "Better

for you and better for him." Marie drew a long breath. "The night train," she said listlessly, "is an express.

I had forgotten. It is double fare."
"What of that, little sister?" said Peter. "What is a double fare when it means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? And there will be happiness, little sister." He put his hand in his pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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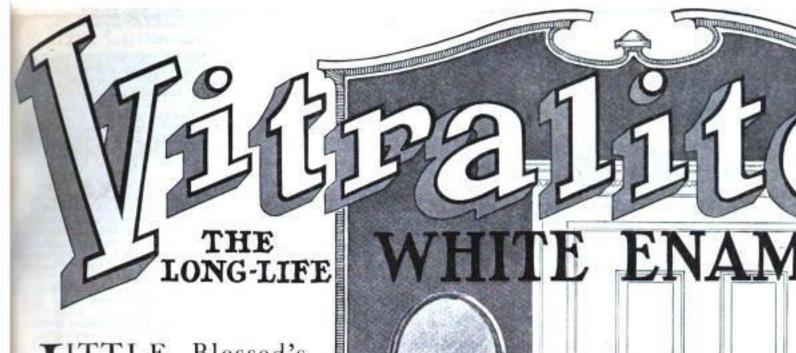
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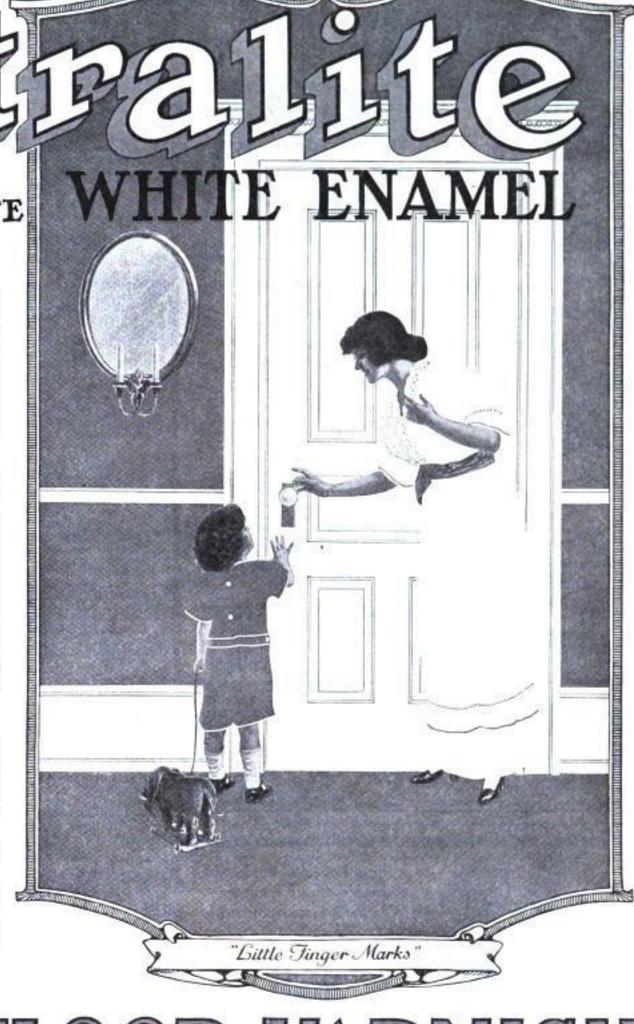
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#### The Other Cheek

another door—then the scurrying of feet down cold stone steps that awakened echoes

in the deserted street.

The cold air stung her flaming cheek; a policeman glanced after her; a drunken sailor staggered out of a black doorway, and her trembling limbs sped faster; a labyrinth of citystreets and rows of blankfaced houses; an occasional pedestrian, who glanced after her because she wheezed and ever so often gathered her strength and broke into a run; then a close, ill-smelling apartment house, with a tipsy gas light in the hall, and a dull hower door that remained closed to her brown door that remained closed to her knocks and rings. The sobs were rising in her throat and the trembling in her limbs shook her as with ague.

A knock that was more of a pound and a frenzied rattling of the knob! Finally from the inside of the door a thump-thump down

a long hallway—and the door creaked open cautiously, suspiciously!

In its frame a pale figure in the rumpled clothes of one always sitting down, and hunched on a pair of silver-mounted mahogany crutches that slanted from her sides

like props.
"Goldie! Little Goldie!" "Oh, Addie! Addie!"

Youth has rebound like a rubber ball. Batted up against the back fence, she bounces back into the heart of a rosebush or into the carefully weeded, radishless radish bed of the kitchen garden.

Mrs. Trimp rose from the couch-bed-davenport of the Bopp sitting-dining-sleeping room, with something of the old light burning in her eyes and a full-lipped mouth to which clung the memory of smiles. Even Psyche, abandoned by Love, smiled a specious smile.

Eddie Bopp reached out a protective arm and drew Goldie by the sleeve of her shirt-waist down to the couch-bed-davenport

again.
"Take it easy there, Goldie. Don't get yourself all excited again.

'But it's just like you say, Eddie—I got the law on my side. I got him on the grounds of cruelty if—if I show nothin' but—but this cheek."

"Sure you have, Goldie; but you just sit quiet. Addie, come in here and make Goldie behave her little self."

"I'm all right, Eddie. Gee! With Addie treating me like I was a queen in a gilt crown, and you skidding round me like a tire, I feel like cream!"

Eddie regarded her with eyes that were

soft as rose-colored lamps at dusk.
"You poor little kid!"
Addie hobbled in from the kitchen.

"I got something you'll like, Goldie. It's hot and good for you too." God alone knew the secret of Addie. He had fashioned her in clay and water, even as you and I-from the same earthy compound from which spring ward politicians and magic-throated divas; editors and plumbers; poet laureates and Polish immi-

grants; propagandists and pieceworkers; single-taxers and suffragettes. He fashioned her in clay; and it was as if she came from under the teeth of a street-car fender-broken, but remolded in alabaster, and with the white light of her staunch spirit shining through—Addie, whose side, up as high as her ribs, was a flaming furnace and whose smile was sunshine

on dew.
"You wouldn't eat no supper; so I made
you some chicken broth, Goldie. You remember when we was studying shorthand at night school, how we used to send Jimmie over to White's lunchroom for chickenette broth and a slab of milk chocolate?

"Do I! Gee! You were the greatest kid, Addie!"

Eat, Goldie—gowan. "I ain't hungry-honest!"

"Quit standing over her, Eddie; you make her nervous. Let me feed you, Goldie."

"Gee! Ain't you swell to me!" Ready tears sprang to her eyes.
"Like you ain't my old chum, Goldie!

It don't seem so long since we were working in the same office and going to Recreation Pier dances together, does it?"
"Addie! Addie!"

"Do you remember how you and me, and Ed and Charley Snuggs, used to walk up and down Ninth Avenue summer evenings eating ice-cream cones?"

Do I? Oh, Addie, do I!"

"I'm glad we had them ice-cream day Goldie. They're melted, but the flave ain't all gone." Addie's face was large an white and calm-featured, like a Bottice

head.
"You two girls sure was cut-ups! Remember the night Addie first introduced under the call for her and the ca Goldie? You came over to call for her an us three went to the waxworks show of Twenty-Third Street. Lordy, how we co

up!"
"And I started to ask the wax police man if we was allowed to go past the rail! They laughed low in their throats, as they feared to raise an echo in a vale tears. "It's like old times for me to tears. "It's like old times for me to a staying all night with you again, Addi It's been so long! He—he used to ge mad like anything if I wanted to see any the old crowd. He knew they didn't kno any good of him. He was always for the sporty, all-night bunch."

"Poor kid!"

"Don't get her to talking about it agai Eddie; it gets her all excited."

"He could have turned me against n own mother, I was that crazy over him. "That," said Addie softly, "was lov And only women can love like that; as women who do love like that are cursed and blessed, while it lasts."

"I'm out of it now, Addis. You won never send me back to him-you won

ever?"
"There now, dearle, you're getti
worked up again; ain't you right he

worked up again, and you again as safe with us?"

"That night at Hinkey's was the wor Goldie," said Eddie. "It makes my blo boil! Why didn't you quit then; why "I ain't told you all, neither, Edd One night he came home about two o'doc

and I had been -

"Just quit thinking and talking abo him, Goldie. You're right here, safe wi me and Eddie; and he's going to get yo a job when you're feeling stronger. At then, when you're free - when you'

Addie regarded her brother with t tender aura of a smile on her lips and tender implication in her eyes that scurri like a frightened mouse back into its ho Eddie flamed red; and his ears, by a curio physiological process, seemed to take f and contemplate instant flight from

head.
"Oh, look, Ad. We got to get a new ba
for your chair. The stuffin's all poki
through the velvet."

"So it is, Eddie. It's a good thing ye got your raise, with all these newfangl dangles we need."

"Tonight's his lodge night. He new came home till three—till three o'clot lodge nights."

"There you so Goldie—back on t

"There you go, Goldie—back on t subject, makin' yourself sick."

Gee!

"What's the matter, Goldie?"
"Tonight's his lodge. I could go and get my things while he ain't there couldn't I?"

"Swell! I'll take you, Goldie, and wi outside for you.

"Eddie, can't you see she ain't in a condition to go running round night There's plenty time yet, Goldie. Y can wear my shirtwaists and things. We

till ——"
"I got to get it over with, Addie; a daytimes Eddie's working and I'd have go alone. I—I don't want to go back the

"Sure; she can't go alone, Addie; = she's got to have her things.

Eddie was on his feet and beside Goldi palpitating figure, as though he would his heart, a living stepping-stone, at h "We better go now, Addie; honest

we better go how, Addie; honest
had! Eddie'll wait outside for me while
go upstairs."
"You poor kid! You want to get it of
with, don't you? Get her coat, Eddie."
"I ain't scared a bit, Addie. I'll just

in and pack my things together and hus out again."

"Here's your coat and hat, Goldie." "Take care, children; and, Gold don't forget all the things you need. Ja

take your time and get your things | gether—warm clothes and all."

"I'll be waiting right outside for yo Goldie."

"I'm ready, Eddie."





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"Don't let her get excited and worked up, Eddie.

I ain't scared a bit, Addie."

"Sure you ain't?

"Not a bit!" "Good-by, Addie. Gee, but you're swell to me!"

Don't forget to bring your rubbers, Goldie; going to work on wet mornings you'll need them."

-I ain't got none." "You can have mine, I-I don't need

"You can nave mine. 1—1 don't need them any more."

"Good-by, Ad—leave the dishes till we come back. I can do 'em swell myself after you two girls have gone to bed."

"Yes. I'll be waiting, Goldie; and we'll talk in bed like old times."

"Yes, yes!" It was as if Addie's frail hands were gripping Goldie's heart and closuing her speech.

clogging her speech.
"Good-by, children!"
"Good-by."
"S'long!"
The night air met them with a whoop, and tugged and pulled at Goldie's hat.
"Take my arm, Goldie. It's some howler, air't it?"

Their feet clacked on the cold, dry pavement, and passers-by leaned into the wind.
"He was a great one for hating the cold,
Eddie. Gee, how he hated winter!"

"That's why he wears a fur-collared cont and you go freezing along in a cheesecloth jacket, I guess."

"It always kind of got on his chest and

gave him fever."
"What about you? You just shivered along and dassent say anything!"
"And I used to fix him mustard plasters

and hot-water bags half the night. When he wasn't mad or drunk he was just like a kid with the measles! It used to make me

laugh so—he'd ——"
She turned away and finished her sentence in the teeth of the wind; but Eddie's arm tightened on hers until she could feel each distinct finger.

'I ain't scared a bit, Eddie."

"For what, I'd like to know! Ain't I

"For what, I'd like to know! Ain't I going to be waiting right here across the street?"
"See! That's the room over there—the dark one, with the shade halfway up. Gee, how I hate it!"
"I'll be waiting right here in front of Joe's place, Goldie. If you need me just shoot the shade all the way up."

shoot the shade all the way up.
"I won't need you."

"Well, then, light the gas, pull the shade all the way down, and that'll mean 'All's well."

"Swell!" she said. "Down comes the shade, and 'All's well!"

"Good!"

They smiled and their breaths clouded between them; and down through the highwalled street the wind shot javelin-like and stung red into their cheeks, and in Eddie Bopp's ears and round his heart the blood buzzed.

Goldie crossed the street and went up the steps lightly, her feet grating the brown stone like fine-grained sandpaper. When she unlocked the front door the cavelike mustiness and the cold smell of unsunned hallways, and the conglomerate of food smells from below, met her at the thresh-old. Memories like needle-tongued insects stung her.

The first-floor front she opened slowly, pausing after every creak of the door; and the gas she fumbled because her hand trembled, and the match burned close to her fingers before she found the tip.

She turned up the flame until it sang, and glanced about her fearfully, with one hand on her bruised cheek and her underlip caught in by her teeth.

Mr. Trimp's room was as expressive as a lady's glove still warm from her hand. He might have slipped out of it and let it lie

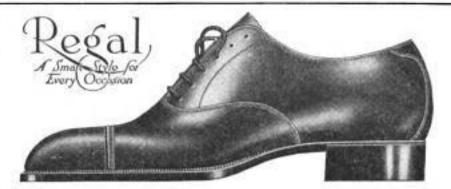
crumpled, but in his own image.

The fumes of bay rum and stale beer struggled for supremacy. The center table, with a sickening litter of empty bottles and dead ashes, was dreary as cold mutton in its grease.

A red satin slipper—an unhygienic-drinking goblet, which had leaked and slopped over full many a paper novel—lay on the floor, with its red run into many pinks and its rosette limp as a wad of paper. Goldie picked her careful way round it. Fear and nausea and sickness at the heart made her dizzy.

The dresser, with its wavy mirror, was

strewn with her husband's neckties; an uncorked bottle of bay rum gave out its last faint fumes.



HIS season, "the simpler, the smarter" is the decree of Fash-L ion. The Oxford, shown above, with the plain-stitched tip invites attention by seeming to avoid it and has the supreme "smartness" of extreme plainness.

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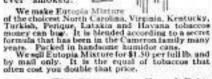
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She opened the first long drawer with a quivering intake of breath and pulled out a shirtwaist, another and yet another, and a coarse white petticoat with a large-holed embroidery flounce. Then she dragged a suitcase, which was wavy like the mirror, through the blur of her tears, out from under the bed; and as she quickly threw things in, the door behind her opened, and her heart rose to her throat with the sudden velocity of an express elevator shooting up

velocity of an express elevator shooting up a ten-story shaft.

In the dresser mirror, and without turning her head or gaining her feet, she looked into the eyes of her husband.

"Pussy-cat!" he said, and came toward her with his teeth flashing like Carrara marble in sunlight.

She sprang to her feet and backed against the dresser.

the dresser,
"Don't! Don't you come near me!"
"You don't mean that, Goldie."

She shivered in her scorn.

"Don't you come near me! I came—to get my things."
"Oh!" he said, and tossed his hat on the bed and peeled off his coat. "Help your-

self, kiddo. Go as far as you like."

She fell to tearing at the contents of her drawer without discrimination, cramming them into her suitcase and breathing furiously, like a hare in the torture of the chase. The color sprang out in her cheeks and her eyes took fire.

Her husband threw himself, in his shirtsleeves and waistcoat, across the bed and watched her idly. Only her fumbling movements and the singing of the gas broke the silence. He rose, lowered the flame and lay

down again.

Her little box of poor trinkets spilled its contents as she packed it; her hairbrush fell from her trembling fingers and clattered to the floor.

"Can I help you, Goldie-eyes?"

He coughed rather deep in his chest and she almost brushed his hand as she passed to the clothes wardrobe. He reached out

to the clothes wardrobe. He reached out and caught her wrist.

"Now, Goldie, you ——"

"Don't—don't you touch me! Let go!"
He drew her down to the bed beside him.

"Can't you give a fellow another chance, baby? Can't you?" She tugged for her freedom, but his clasp was tight as steel and tender as love. "Can't you, baby?"

"You!" she said, kicking at the sloppy satin slipper at her feet, as if it were a

satin slipper at her feet, as if it were a loathsome thing that crawled. "I—I don't ever want to see you again, you—you—"
"You drove me to it, pussy; honest you

did!

did!"

"You didn't need no driving. You take to it like a fish to water—nobody can drive you. You just ain't—no—good!"

"You drove me to it. When you quit I just went crazy mad. I kicked the skylight—I tore things wide open. I was that sore for you—honest, baby!"

"I've heard that line of talk before. I ain't forgot the night at Hinkey's! I ain't forgot nothing. You or horses can't hold me here!" She wrenched at her wrists.

"I got a job yesterday, baby. Bill made good. Eighty dollars, honey! Me and Cutty are quits for good. Ain't that something—now ain't it?"

"Let me go!"

"Pussy-cat!"

"Pussy-cat!"

"Let me go, I say!" He coughed and turned on his side toward her.

"You don't mean it."

"I do! I do! Let go! Let go!" She tore herself free and darted to the wardrobe door. He closed his eyes and his lashes lay low on his cheeks.

"Before you go, Goldie, where's the mus-tard plasters? I got a chest on me like an ice-wagon."
"Sure, you have. That's the only time you ever show up before crack of dawn."
"He reached out and touched her wrist.

He reached out and touched her wrist.

m hot, ain't I?" She placed a reluctant hand on his brow.

"Fever?"

"It ain't nothing much. I'll be all right."

"It's just one of your spells. Stay in bed a couple of days and you'll soon be ready for another jamboree!"

'Don't fuss at me, baby."

"They're in the washstand drawer." She threw a shabby cloth skirt over her arm and a pressed-plush coat that was gray at the elbows and frayed at the hem. He reached out for the dangling empty sleeve as she passed.

"You was married in that coat, wasn't you, hon?"

"Yes," she said, and her lips curled like burning paper; "I was married in that coat."
"Goldie-eyes, you know I can't get along without my petsie; you know it. There ain't no one can hold a candle to you, baby!"

Yes, yes! "There ain't! I wish I was feelin' well enough to tell you how sorry, baby-how sorry a fellow like me can get. I just wish

it, baby-baby-She surrendered like a reed to the curve of a scythe and crumpled in a heap beside

the bed.
"You—you always get me!"
He gathered her up and laid her head backward on his shoulder so that her face

was foreshortened and close to his.

"Goldie-eyes," he said, "I'll make it up
to you! I'll make it up to you!" And he
made a motion as though to kiss her where the curls lay on her face—but drew back as

if sickened.
"Good God!" hesaid. "Poorlittlebaby!" Quick as a throb of a heart she turned her

eft cheek, smooth as a lily petal, to his lips.
"It's all right, Harry!" she said in a
voice that was tight. "I'm crazy, I guess;
but, gee, it's great to be crazy!"

"I'll make it up to you, baby. See if I
don't! I'll make it up to you."

She kissed him, and his lips were hot and

She Rissed him, and his hips were not and dry.

"Lemme fix your plaster, dearie; you got one of your colds."

"All right, hon."

"Gee! Lemme straighten up. Say, ain't you a messer, though! Look at this here washstand and those neckties! Ain't you a messer, though, dearie!"

She crammed the ties into a dresser drawer dragged a chair into place, removed.

drawer, dragged a chair into place, removed some things from the washstand drawer, hung her hat and jacket on their peg-and lowered the shade.

#### The Next Car

HEADWAY clocks, to indicate to wait-ing patrons how long it will be before a trolley car will come along, are just begin-ning to come into use abroad. On the clock face are the words: "Next car due to leave here in number of minutes indicated." And a hand points to the proper number on the dial. Such clocks could be placed at waiting sheds along the country trolley line, at the ends of lines, or at any points where many passengers are taken aboard. In one design the pointer stops two min-utes at zero, to allow for any slight deviation from the schedule; and then if the car does not come along after the two minutes the

not come along after the two minutes the pointer moves to a notice that the cars are off schedule. In this system the pointer on schedule. In this system the pointer is set by the conductor of each car as he reaches the clock. If the schedule is half hourly, for instance, the conductor of a passing car sets the hand of the clock at thirty minutes. The clock pointer then moves round the dial so that it will get to zero in thirty minutes. In another design, in actual use in England, the setting of the pointer is done automatically by an electrical arrange. done automatically by an electrical arrangement as the car passes, and the only occasions when any attention must be given the clock are times when the schedule is changed to run cars oftener or less frequently.

In the English system the clock is intended primarily for the attention of the motormen or engineers, to let them know how far distant the car ahead of them is, and thus help them keep the cars evenly spaced; but in actual use its information is

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#### THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Smooth as velvet!" replied Jones.
"There wasn't any work to it hardly—just a pleasure jaunt; a regular junket the whole time. Private car!"
"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.
"That's what I'm telling you. Why, what did you think? Do you suppose the great and only Gann is going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common, ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not! I hardly think he would have had the nerve to have invited me if he hadn't been prepared to do invited me if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which I had been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke and Mrs.
Jones joined in heartily. The children
went into shouts of laughter, whereat
Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.
"Private car," resumed Jones; "private
cook; private porter; and Gann's own
private valet."
"Was he nice to you?"

Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones

rather anxiously.

"The valet? Well, yes; considering his position, he unbent quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Gann."

"Treated me like a prince! He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dareto-presume way he's got. Several times I suspected him of being human. Yes; it was 'Anything you want touch the button!' And the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game; fish; steaks three inches thick! Say, I never knew there were such steaksand I ate right at the same table with His

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a hand-out on the rear platform," said Jones jocularly. "And I met all manner of mag-

"I'm so glad you got that suit," mur-mured Mrs. Jones. "Then you think he

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do—not compared with the office; but once or twice I had to hustle. And things came up—matters of business, where I was able to put him right. You where I was able to put him right. You know I'm a sort of a sponge for soaking up information. Of course Gann is considerable of a graven image, but I think he was surprised; and when we got through one evening he gave a very successful imitation of a smile and said he wasn't missing Pakenham at all."

"Really?"

"Honest! And when we met Gibbons, at Hookerburg, he introduced me quite nicely and began to talk business right away.

away.

"Gibbons raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me; but Gann said: 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see the confidence with which I am regarded!"

"You could to have said: 'You I am

"You ought to have said: 'Yes, I am paid well to be trusted." "I know that's what I should have said," agreed Jones, smiling: "but I have a foolish streak once in a while and I just kept my head closed. "Papa," said Peter Parkin, "those

puppies ——"
"Parkin!" reproved his mother.
"We stopped at the Gibbons mansion palace in Clydedale. Talk about luxury!
Talk about style!"

"Suppose some day we should be living in luxury!" mused Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Gann is pleased with you he might give you something better, and then — What a beautiful time you must have had!"
"The darnedest, most uncomfortable."

"The darnedest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life!" said Jones. "Here! I want my old coat and slippers-my old slippers. Get off me, you scaramouches Mother, what have you got the cloth laid for? You don't mean to say you're going to feed me! What's for supper?"

I suppose after all the lovely things you've been -

"What's for supper?" reiterated Jones,

embracing her.
"It's—it's Irish stew," faltered Mrs.

John Parkin took his hat from the table, threw it into the air and then dexterously

caught it.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I thought of
Irish stew. I smelled Irish stew, but I
hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my

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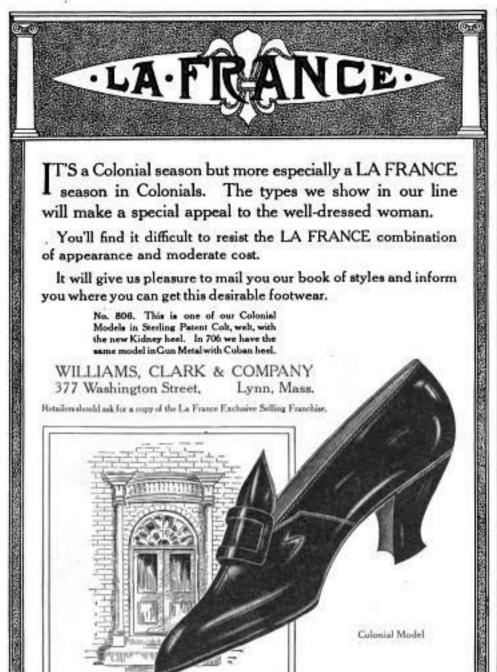
Roof Leak stops leaks, prevents rust, decay or warping. Is not affected by heat, brine, cold or acid. Does not crack in winter or soften in summer. Highly fireproof.

Roof Seak is a rubber-like liquid cement that affords the utmost protection, can be easily applied to any roof and is the best investment the owner of any new or old roof can make.

If you are interested we will gladly send you a full half pint prepaid to your door by parer! post—choice of Black, Marson, Olive or Moss Green. This sample will enable you to make a thoroughly practical test and will be sent together with booklet and color card upon receipt of ten cents, coin or stamps.

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Brantford Roofing Company, Ltd. Bransford, Countie, Canadian Manufacturers





With this money-maker Engessor made \$42.50 in 8 hours. You can earn big money making photos on streets, at home, fairs, anywhere.

10 days, sent prepaid.
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add extra money to your salary. Men and women: Sell the nationally advertised Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper—big demand—all inquiries referred to local agents. Its low price clinches when and leaves you a big profit. Rich territory new recent

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The Yarn is the Thing! AFTER all, it's yarn more than knitting that puts wear in hosiery. Hosiery knit of loosely spun yarn quickly wears through under shoe-friction. The special yarn of which Knox-Knit hosiery is made gets an extra twist in spinning that brings its fibers so firmly together that its abil-ity to stand hard wear is greatly increased.

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"It wears and wears."

It is reinforced at heels and toes to give more service than a quarter actually entitles the purchaser to. Special machines shape the ankles to fit like gloves.

to ht like gloves.

Knox-Knit medium weight is just right for year 'round'
wear. Knox-Knit Gauziest Gauze is a very sheer summer weight, with double
sole, high spliced heel and extension toe to make it stand hard usage.

All Knox-Knit hosiery for men, women, boys and girls is furnished in latest
shades and colors. The guaranteed hygienic antiseptic dyes cannot irritate or
poison. An unlimited wear guarantee goes with each pair. If your dealer does
not carry Knox-Knit, send his name and \$1.50 for box of six pairs by parcel post.

FREE - Write for unique new booklet, "The Hole Darn Family,"

Knoxville Knitting Mills Co., M'frs. Tennessee Dept. A. Knoxville,

MOX

legs alone! Let's all go out into the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew!"

The children were in bed at last. John Parkin was back in his Morris chair, smoking his crusted and cracked old brier with a very serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, when Mrs. John came in from Baby Bunting's cot. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and gently removed the pipe from his mouth and laid. removed the pipe from his mouth and laid

"Now tell me!" she said.

John Parkin looked up at her. His face
was still grave, but a twinkle came into his

eyes.

"I suppose I'll have to some time," he admitted. "Well, when we got to the office this morning I was put back on the old job. But I expected that."

Mrs. Jones' face twitched. Then she

smiled. "Of course, dear," she agreed. "Then

John Parkin cleared his throat.

"Mr. Pakenham is dead," he said huskily. "We got word of it last night. Double pneumonia—poor fellow!" He took his wife's hand and held it closely. "I succeed him," he said. "I'm assistant

and confidential secretary to Mr. Gann."

Mrs. John laid her head on his shoulder and began to cry. He soothed her, and when she was calmer he resumed his story how Burleson had been called into Gann's office; and how, after a long conference, he, John Parkin, had been summoned; how Gann had examined him minutely con-cerning structural steel in all its branches and phases, skillfully testing him with hypothetical cases involving questions of judgment as well as information; how Gann had nodded at each reply; and how finally he had pointed to Pakenham's desk and chair and told John Parkin they would be his; how Burleson had congratu-

desk and chair and told John Parkin they would be his; how Burleson had congratulated him and Morphew had shaken his hand—and the other men—
Parkin's voice failed him here.
"Good fellows all!" he said brokenly.
"Not one grudged me the boost! It's a big salary, but Gann says it will be bigger if I'm the man he takes me for."
"Oh, John, what luck!" cried his wife.
"What luck!"
"Is it?" queried John Parkin with an odd, slow smile. Then he quoted:
"There is a tide in the affairs of men.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"What fortune is this going to lead us on to, I wonder? Do you know, my dear, I've always counted myself one of the luckiest of men, because, with you and our babies, even in our poverty, I have been one of the happiest! But—what of the shallows and miseries of prosperity, Evvy, darling?"

"I can bear them," said Mrs. Jones, smiling through her tears. "They will be a change from the other sort." She drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her eyes. "John, are you sorry? You take it so calmly and I feel like flying! Hold me, John!"

John held her.

"You see, sweetheart," said he, "this comes on you unexpectedly, while I've positively known for twenty years that something like it was bound to happen. At the same time, I'm pleased," John Parkin concerled. conceded.

He laughed so much that he had to recapture his handkerchief to wipe his own

"Yes, I'm decidedly pleased!" Mrs. John Parkin patted him on the

'There, there, father!" said she,

#### Antiseptic Ice

OXYGENIZED ice is now being manufactured to keep food in refrigerators, with the idea of providing antiseptic effect from the ice, as well as cold. Peroxide of hydrogen is combined with the water during the manufacture of the ice, so that the ice is really made of oxygenated water, the peroxide being incorporated by a special process at just the right stage of the freez-ing. In order to distinguish it from other ice it is proposed to tint it slightly with some harmless coloring matter. It must be kept in the ice compartment of a refrigerator-not in direct contact with the food-and the oxygen has the effect of keeping the entire outfit sweet.



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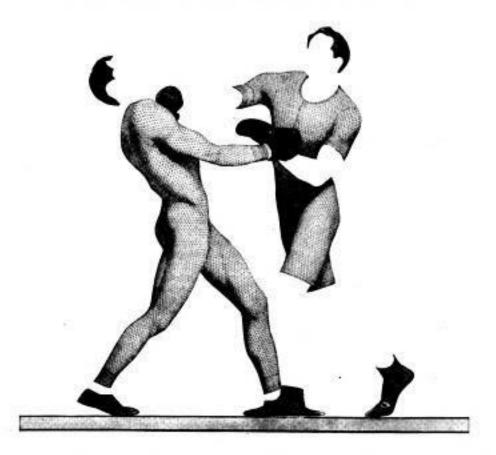
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The Bookworm Boy

stays indoors, his nose buried in a book. Max parents have cause for anxiety in their boy over-developed love of reading. It is whol over-developed love of reading. It is whole some recreation for evening hours, but during pare time by day a boy should be outdoor. For you to tell your son that too dilage pursuit of book lore will injure his health mot have the desired effect. Try a different plan. Give him something else to do which will both interest him and keep him outdoor. We know of a plan by which thousands parents have interested their boys in wholesom out-of-doors activity. The plan is explained the booklet, "What Shall I Dowlith My Boy? copy of which twill be sent you free of charge up request. Write today to Sales Division, Bor 26. The CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



# "Straight from the Shoulder"

(Why Chalmers "Porosknit" Wins)

Read this "straight from the shoulder" talk about underwear. Read why Chalmers "Porosknit" is so comfortable—so much for the money—why you hould insist on the genuine.

#### led of the IDEAL behind "Porosknit's" manufacle. Then judge if imitations will content you.

HALMERS "Porosknit" has many imitations. But who can be take the who can be take the who can be take to who can duplicate "Porosknit" most, durability, quality of yarn, isocity, lightness, coolness!

Underwear can be made to look sometinglike Chalmers "Porosknit." That to hasty eyes — or careless. But the "look" is all. None may such the genuine in the real features ("Purosknit" supremacy. None. For this, there are basic, perma-

#### The Chalmers Ideal

of reasons.

FOR MEN

50c

FOR MEN

1.00

The manufacture of "Porosknit" to become more than a mere busito its makers. . It is a union of tideal and the Commercial.

We have been told that the yarn in Porosknit' is better than it need be. the say we are too "finicky." That tould use less costly combed yarn. In we could pocket thousands of in dollars each year. That the yarn and still be good enough. That it get away with it."

ize the difference but ourselves.

FOR BOYS

25c

FOR BOYS

50c

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

Any Style Shirts and Drawers

per garment

Union Suits

Any Style

You probably would see no change in Chalmers "Porosknit." Nor would dealers be likely to discover it.

#### The "Hidden" Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn — and "Porosknit" would still look about the same.

Yet—the durability—the twar would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So—we take no chances with durability — no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot see. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

Such is the "hidden," extra quality in Chalmers "Porosknit," Guaranteed. The yarn we use is the finest of

long-fibre, combed.

#### Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit' garment. Take a Union Suit, for instance. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced. They are double-seamed by cover seaming. Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the extra stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lockstitch, prevent unraveling.

stitch, prevent unraveling.

The "stretch" in knit goods is entirely one way. But observe the triangular piece in the back of a Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit.

See how this piece of fabric is reversed. It runs opposite to the rest, Amsterdam. There, in a new mill, clean as a new pin, "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful. Hygiene at the maximum. Dirt at the minimum.

Countless patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is aerated with hot, dry, pure air, for extra-cleanness' sake.

Other machines complete the

Buy by this Label



This means full elasticity in the seat up-and-down—as well as across. It gives—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch." Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits

stay buttoned while on. They do not gape between buttons.

Each has a comfortable Closed Crotch. It fits. It stays put.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. Soft yarn eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can see and feel. The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to finishing touches. Then, each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

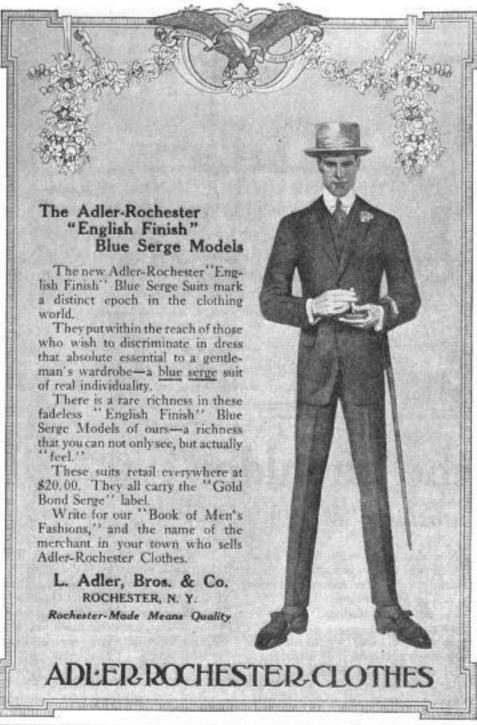
#### No-Limit Guarantee

If you have read what's printed here, you will understand why Chalmers "Porosknit' can be guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Insist that the actual label be shown you serve on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none.

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senting the Curtis publications during her vacation of last year, and had a good time doing it. Over two hundred students, men and women, earned \$25.00 a week and over.

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#### HOW I BECAME A PILOT

(Continued from Page 8)

at anchor and it would stand straight out. The current runs from six to eight knots

His next question was a natural one:

"Can we get in?"

To speak the truth, I didn't know. When one is betwixt devil and deep sea one just goes ahead and does one's best. But I tried to reassure the skipper and the two mates.

Then I set the engines ahead and made for the smoother of that har. the smother of that bar.

We struck in the outer line of breakers we struck in the outer line of breakers and right there the ship was dead. I have never figured out just what happened. I think the skeg of her propeller fetched away and ripped through the bottom. She washed on about a quarter of a mile, with the engineers pumping oil overside to keep the seas from smashing us entirely, and then she sank, while we got away in two boats. boats.

It was a lucky affair all round, but I quit the Columbia. I told mother and father that I had had enough. Of course it's all right now except for the log rafts from Stella; but when I left, that bar was the limit.

Naturally I went to San Francisco; but I found it impossible to get a branch there for the bar. And I didn't want bay and river work. However, I did make a few trips with a friend of mine just to learn the business. It was during this time that I had one of my most memorable experiences.

had one of my most memorable experiences.
The San Francisco pilot schooners lie off
Meiggs' Wharf, where is also the lookout
of the Marine Exchange. I went down to
the exchange on a February day, and met
there a former Columbia River man. He told me that he was now a Golden Gate pilot and invited me to accompany him out in the schooner that night. I agreed, as I not only wished to consult him as to my future but was also incurably curious about all the details of my profession. I about all the details of my profession. I was then thinking seriously of taking command of a coaster, and in that case I must be a pilot for San Francisco Bay.

#### Sunk in Deep Water

Late that evening I boarded a steamer with my friend just off the Farallones. On the steamer was a large company of passengers, including a consul-general of the United States. This gentleman insisted—coming up on the bridge—that his engagements in Washington demanded that he be landed in San Francisco by eight in the

morning.

The captain demurred, as did my friend the pilot. They pointed out that there was a very heavy fog, considerable sea, and, as well, quoted the company's rules as to entering port at night or in a fog.

It was finally agreed between the consulgeneral and the master of the steamer that she should start in at daylight. That would at least be obeying one-half of the company's rule.

company's rule.

I recall very distinctly the conversation between the captain and the pilot next morning. It was not my business at the time nor is it now. Suffice it to say that the captain decided to take his ship in at daylight in spite of the fog. An hour later the steamer was sunk in the deep water inside the Golden Gate, the captain was inside the Golden Gate, the captain was with her, and the consul-general, whose haste had brought about the catastrophe, was drifting out to sea a corpse.

I and my friend the pilot managed to

clear ourselves of the suction of the sinking ship, and with many of the passengers and crew we were picked up by the fleet of tugs and launches that came to our aid.

This was a lesson to me. I determined that I would never, as a pilot, share my responsibility with any one. I had lost one ship myself and I had seen a friend lose another. In both cases we pilots were blameless.

I was now twenty-six years old and had quite a little money laid by. I went home and consulted with my father and mother as to what I should do. My father's advice was to stay on shore and enter business.

My mother did not assent to this,
"You have learned an honorable and
lucrative profession," she insisted. "Would one advise a doctor to give up his practice when he is well established? You like it, you have been trained for it, and it would be unfair to yourself and to others to quit."



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the Motometer protects the car owner control cylinders, warped piston rings, contrings and other costly motor ills.

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The models, \$10 and \$5. Made by largest the of heat recording instruments in the self direct on money-back guarantee where water.

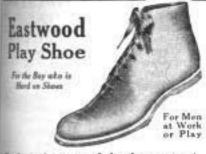
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OUT MAY AT THE RETURN PROPERTY.

"But where shall I go?" I demanded. "I am done with the Columbia River, for I know that sooner or later I shall lose another ship and possibly lives. I cannot get into San Francisco."

"New York," said my mother promptly.

"New York," said my mother promptly.

"And some day when I come home from
the Mediterranean I shall see you coming
aboard, off Fire Island, and I'll be proud
of you."

I agreed to this and came to New York.

I found that my previous experience had
only a moral pull. I had simply to start
all over again

I arrived in New York just when the old system of separate pilot boats was going out of existence. The New Jersey and New York men had discovered that rivalry was bad all round, and they had formed an association called The Sandy Hook Pilots. They had sold their individual vessels, numbering some thirty, and established two steamers and two schooners, the sailing craft to be used in summer weather, one steamer to deliver pilots, the other to be a take-off ship.

After investigation I was certain that I must enter myself as an applicant for apprenticeship. This meant three to three and a half years doing everything from swabbing decks to managing a yawl. I had commanded big ships. It was a comedown; but I had money and I had learned the lesson of discipline. I went on board the Number 2, the Ambrose Snow, and served three years and one month before I was allowed my apprenticeship. I was then just thirty years old.

I may say that these years were by no means either dreary or unprofitable. I found myself in the company of a self-respecting and capable lot of men, most of whom each handled from ten to fifteen million dollars' worth of vessels a week. I also discovered that everything was arranged by the Board of Commissioners consisting of five persons—three selected by the New York Chamber of Commerce and two elected by the governing officers of the marine insurance companies in New York, usually called by us the underwriters.

#### Drawing Mitten Money

This body is actually in charge of the commerce of the Port of New York. They assign the pilots, conduct the examinations, and keep a strict supervision over every detail of the work of conducting ships in and out.

I really did not get it into my head that these gentlemen had much to do with our business until I came up for examination. This was after I had served eight years as applicant, apprentice and boatkeeper—second mate of a steamer. I never went through so stiff a test. There were two of the commissioners and an old pilot. I thought I knew New York Harbor from Elizabethport to Fire Island Light. My last three months I had steadily piloted vessels in and out under the direction of a full-branch man. But the commissioners seemed to have uncanny insight into the intricacies of the many channels, and the questions they asked me about berthing big steamships would have stumped almost any one.

any one.

When I had passed, the elder commissioner—one of the underwriters' representatives—said: "Captain, you understand that your eighteen-foot license will entitle you to bring in some pretty large craft. Remember one thing: A pilot out of New York is not only under the written regulations, but he is also under that unwritten law that decides what conduct is becoming a pilot."

a pilot."

I was rather burt and showed him my old Columbia River branch. He was interested and made me sit down while he asked me about my experiences. After some conversation he told me that he wished me to keep him posted as to what I was doing and what I hoped to do. I have no better friend at present.

I spent a year taking in vessels under eighteen feet in draft, and then got my twenty-four-foot license. This meant that I had no longer to handle only cargo boats. And my "mitten money" was piling into a

Mitten money is an allowance of four dollars extra for every vessel taken in or out during the winter months. The phrase is a very old one, and its origin, as I understand, is in the fact that a former unwritten law said that a ship should provide mittens for the pilot when the Jacob's ladder was ice-covered.

### **Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone**

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.



#### Poles

enough to build a stockade around California— 12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about \$40,000,000.



#### Telephones

enough to string around Lake Erie — 8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bellowned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory \$45,000,000.



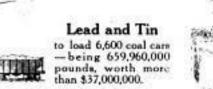
#### Wire

to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,-000 miles of it, worth about \$100,000,000,000 including 260,000 tons of copper, worth \$88,-000,000.



#### Switchboards

in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, \$90,000,000,



# 205

#### Buildings

sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost \$44,000,000.



#### Conduits

to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse \$9,000,000.



#### People

equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employés, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.



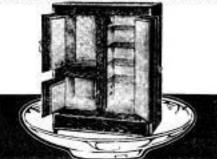
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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Universal Service

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Superb Porcelain Lined — the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the scamless, scratchless dish-like liming, the genuine

#### Leonard Cleanable

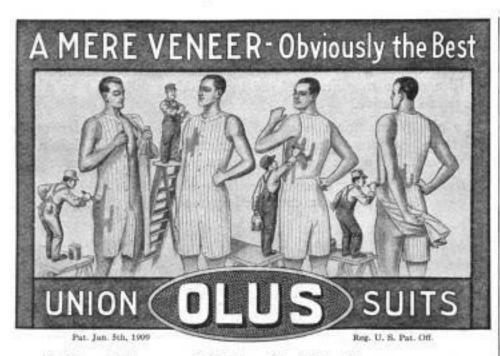
Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with point or enamel. I will mail you—free—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. You can't arrisch it ever with a laffe. It's everlasting—casily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else. Can be arranged for outside ising and water coeler. Style shown is No. 4 in polished oak \$35.00 case. Size, 33x11x43

#### 50 Styles - \$15 up - Freight Paid

To Ohio and Mississipa Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned it you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of percelain and I'll said my brooker. "Care of Retrigurators." Every seeman abould have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. LEONARD, President, Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. 134 Cityle Park Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.





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Did you ever see a Union suit

- —that was Coat Cut.
- -that had Actual Closed Crotch.
- —that had Closed Back.

#### Well, here is one, and the only one—OLUS!

OLUS Union Suits open all the way down the leg — have no flaps, no bunching, and only one thickness of material—no opening in back, ht perfectly from shoulder to crotch. All fabrics, including knitted.

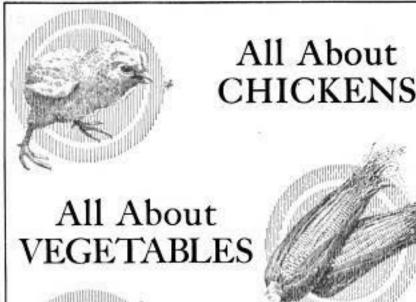
Price \$1.00 to \$3.00. If your dealer doesn't carry OLUS, write us and we'll send prepaid. Booklet on request.

The "after-hour" treat—OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS,— CoatCat. Nouncomfortable strings to tighten or come loose. Closed back—a complete, dressy, loungy and restful negligee. Price \$1.50 to \$8.50.

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You now wear a Coat Shirt. why not a Coat Union Suit





### All About FLOWERS

#### The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

\$1.50 the Year by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA There are many apparent anomalies in the regulations of the Sandy Hook Pilots. Here is an example:

Sec. 2107. For services rendered by pilots in moving or transporting vessels in the Harbor of New York the following shall be the fees: for moving from North to East River, or vice versa, if a seventy-four gun ship twenty dollars, if a sloop of war ten dollars, if a merchant vessel five dollars . .

This rule is in force this year—1914— though the seventy-four gun ship and the sloop of war have long been obsolete: But it illustrates how old our business is, and every now and again we do get a job that would remind one of the time of Columbus. For instance, I had to bring in an ancient Austrian training ship one morning. I think she was about as old a craft as I ever saw, apart from the whaler Mary Snyder. She had single topsails, bows like a butter-boat and anchors with wooden stocks. I sailed her in through Gedney Channel, and when I finally yelled, "Let go!" and the old hook tumbled from the cathead and splashed into the water, I was glad.

Another time I had to bring in an old Norwegian bark called the Nordlyset. She was built in 1857 by a small company of men who, I think, did the work themselves. The skipper was worn out—it was in the dead of winter—and he left her to me. There was no tug and I simply had to get her in, for when I boarded her the ice was a foot thick on her decks and she was getting dangerously down by the head. It is easy to focus the extra weight if you need the figure the extra weight, if you recall that a cubic foot of ice weighs about sixty pounds and that she carried on her decks and rigging approximately nine thousand cubic feet of ice above the waterline. She
was afterward lost in the Bay of Biscay, and
the derelict was picked up by the Glen Line
steamship Glenlochy.

When I got my full branch, which entitles me to handle any size of ship that

enters New York Harbor, I felt very proud. I wrote to my mother that she could now cross to Naples and come back and see her son mounting the ladder off Sandy Hook. By this time I was making very good money, too, and had got married. We had made our home in Brooklyn, and my wife used to say that the two and three days I could spend ashore each week were her Sundays. She was a very religious woman, as most good women are, and I appreciated the compliment.

#### Bringing in the "Lucy"

My first ship under my full branch was the "Lucy"—the Lusitania. She draws ordinarily thirty-one and a half feet. This was her first trip, and it was due to my friend on the board that I had the chance to pilot her inbound.

For some time before her arrival the Cunard people had been making special soundings. They had sent over several of their best skippers to do this, and I was assigned to help them. Under the rules she about here they are the perturbation of the control of the c should have taken the next pilot in rotation, but after the company explained that I had done the soundings and that they wanted me, the association said that I could go out of my turn and pilot her in.

Of all the vessels that I have handled I like the White Star the best. During the Cup Races of 1899 I was bringing in the Cedric, when the Cromwell liner Louisiana came through the fleet of vessels gathered about the starting point. The Cedric was stand-ing full ahead and I thought that I had a clear course to Quarantine. I think the captain of the Louisiana thought the same, for he kept to starboard and I soon saw that I was going to get into trouble in the Narrows. I had never handled the Cedric before and I was cautious. But like all her sisters she proved as easy to manage as a yawl, and the Louisiana's captain afterward told me that when he realized just what I was doing and had to do he was amazed at the way the ship answered.

My chief worry in bringing vessels into New York Harbor is the railroad cardoats. In the first place they are usually in charge of a tug without power to swing them quickly, much less to bring them to stop. In the second place they are very heavy and most of them seem to think the fairway belongs to them exclusively.

One risk we pilots have to run is that of being swamped while boarding a big steamer in ballast. One doesn't mind coming along-side of a laden ship. It doesn't flop over on you. But a light ship may. Captain Arthur

Gridley had an experience of this kind and lives to tell the tale.

He was boarding a tramp when a heavy, sweeping sea took the dory right against the side of the steamer. Then the steamer rolled over until its bilges showed. Under them went the dory. When all was over, Gridley was on the other side, having been considered aleast under the head. carried clear under the keel.

Then occasionally we have other risks to take—such as Daniel Gillespie took once when he brought in a Spanish cruiser. The Maine had blown up some time before, and the captain of the cruiser knew that public feeling was running very high. He refused to allow Pilot Gillespie to take the ship in in the dark. After some dickering the pilots agreed to convoy her in with the station ship New York. Thus an international complication was avoided.

#### The Traffic Squad of the Port

Of course taking ships in and out is mere routine. We are a kind of traffic squad, we pilots. But we have one other duty like the traffic policeman-and that is to rescue those in peril and save life whenever possible. It is in the rules and regulations that we shall never forget to answer signals of distress. Most people think that this work falls on the revenue cutters and the life-saving crews. We do a lot of it, and sometimes we manage to save a few millions for the stockholders of a big line and the underwriters.

Let's just mention a few instances, without going into details:

Ship Commodore T. H. Allen, afire. Carmania, aground in Ambrose Channel, December 7, 1907.

Deutschland, ashore in Gedney Channel, June 4, 1903.

Then we often have to rescue the pas-sengers and crew of excursion boats, and nearly always we have saved the vessel too. The policeman who gets hold of a runaway team and prevents it from killing people usually has his heroic action written up in the papers. We don't, any more than do the life-saving crews. But we don't mind. It is all in the day's work and we

are responsible men.

One question that often comes up is that delicate business of handling a new ship. No one knows just what she will do.

Another risk we have to take is running far out to sea on a chance. In the old days— and we did it off the Columbia River—a trip of three or four hundred miles to pick trip of three or four nundred miles to pick up an incoming ship was nothing to us. Now nothing of the sort is done except in an emergency. Lately we had to go off-shore two hundred miles to pilot in a fleet of foreign warships. The weather was bad, and when we sighted them it was a prob-lem to get aboard. Of course we did, but I shan't soon forget the experience. I looked right into the mouth of one of the barbette guns before I succeeded in catching the

Jacob's ladder and scrambling to the deck.

I am quite satisfied. We charge ships according to their draft, and some vessels, such as the Imperator, pay as much as one hundred and eighty dollars for inward pullotage, and we nearly always get the same one hundred and eighty dollars for inward pilotage, and we nearly always get the same ship out—one hundred and eighty plus one hundred and thirty-one. Of course I don't touch this money myself; it goes to the association. Yet every dollar earned is so much in my pocket. I make a comfortable living and have no complaint. My mitten money—paid from November first to April first—does very well for general expenses, and I find that when the general division is made I am not a poor man.

made I am not a poor man.

When all is said and done I like my job.

It has that element of romance that I longed for when I used to read Midshipman Easy back in Iowa. And on my last trip I found my mother standing on deck when I mounted from the dory.

"I heard you would have your turn on this ship," she said.

"My goodness," said I. "It's two in the morning!"

"Now that you are in charge I'll go to sleep, son," said she.

That is my reward for learning the ways of the sea and being finally intrusted with ten million dollars' worth of property at a moment's notice.

An hour later I had to anchor the big ship on account of fog. I went down to my mother's room. I pulled my fingers down the lattice. There was no answer. I gently opened the door. My mother was asleep. She trusted me. And then I knew that I

had made good.



# \$10,500,000 Worth of Evidence

The combined salaries of all the Presidents from George Washington to Woodrow Wilson would buy only one-third the Master "Sixes" now in use, \$10,500,000 worth. Many of these cars have been driven thousands of miles. 61% of their owners abandoned other cars when they bought Master "Sixes," so they can make comparisons—can speak from experience.

Through these men the fame of the Master "Six" has spread like wild fire. In all sections sales have far outstripped all past records. For unconsciously every Master "Six" owner becomes a Chalmers salesman. Even we did not foresee the nation-wide triumph of the Master "Six," so we will run short at least a thousand cars this season, that's certain.

#### The Man Who Knows

Men bought Master "Sixes" not upon impulse but upon positive knowledge.

Do as these men did; talk with those who own Master "Sixes." They will tell you first, that the resistless sweep of the "Six" is not founded upon a fad, but upon these logical reasons: silence, smoothness and flexibility. They will tell you that these advantages are so real in the Master "Six" that they are forever spoiled for any other car.

You may still think of a "Six" as necessarily a heavy car, costly to buy and expensive to keep. Once that was true. But that day passed with the coming of the Master "Six."

#### What Owners Have Found Out

Owners will tell you that it is heavy enough for the utmost in safety and comfort, yet light enough to be easy on tires and frugal with fuel; that the continuous power of its six cylinders has done away with vibration, and so reduces wear and tear almost to nothing.

Former owners of high priced cars have learned that in the Master "Six" they secure the same six-cylinder luxury without the usual six-cylinder expense.

#### Get the Evidence Yourself

Among the thousands of owners of Master "Sixes," some live in your vicinity. Ask us, or your dealer who these men are. Talk to them. They can give you facts it would be folly to ignore.

Then let our dealer take you on the Chalmers Test Ride. See with your own eyes the beauty of its streamline body. Feel with your own hands the ready response of its supple power. Learn the charm of its luxurious

silence and comfort. Then it will be plain why in half a year men have paid over ten millions for the Master "Six."

### A Master "Light Six"—\$1,800

No longer need those who want six-cylinder luxury, hold back on account of the price. Here's the Master "Six" built on a lighter scale; with the same motor but a smaller and lighter model; yet it shows 30 to 50 horse power and has more speed than you'll ever need.

Light for the sake of economy in tires and fuel; yet with a 126" wheel base for roomy comfort. Graceful in outline, distinguished in appearance; and sold at a price which sweeps away the last reason for doing without a "Six."

#### A Princely Inheritance

This lighter "Six" has all the features which have made the Master "Six" illustrious.

Its small bore and long stroke motor give it the same

flexible power-from a snail's pace to an express train

speed without shifting gears.

The steady pull of its six cylinders gives smoothness of motion, resistless in its charm; a smoothness that cuts wear and tear to the vanishing point. Its lighter weight means added economy in fuel and tires; while its price makes it easy for multitudes to own "Sixes."

#### Strength No Longer Means Weight

Time was when Sixes were heavy to secure comfort and the required margin of safety. So now one marvels

at the sturdy strength of the Master "Light Six."
This is due to the simplicity of the Chalmers design; to heat treated steel with a four-fold margin of safety; to aluminum castings; to drop forgings. With its deep upholstery and sinewy underslung springs, excessive weight is no longer essential to comfort and safety.

Its light weight and low price mean a double saving. A lower cost means economy once; lower up-keep cost means economy every day.

#### Built Up to a Standard, Not Down to a Price

The Master "Light Six" is built throughout to meet a standard, not to fit a price.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

We use the best steel because we must hold up the strength while we hold down the weight. Valves of ordinary steel are cheaper, but our valves of Tungsten steel never warp nor waste power. Our molded oval fenders cost more than flat ones, but they pay for them-selves in added beauty and utility. Every dollar in the price stands for a dollar of real value in the car.

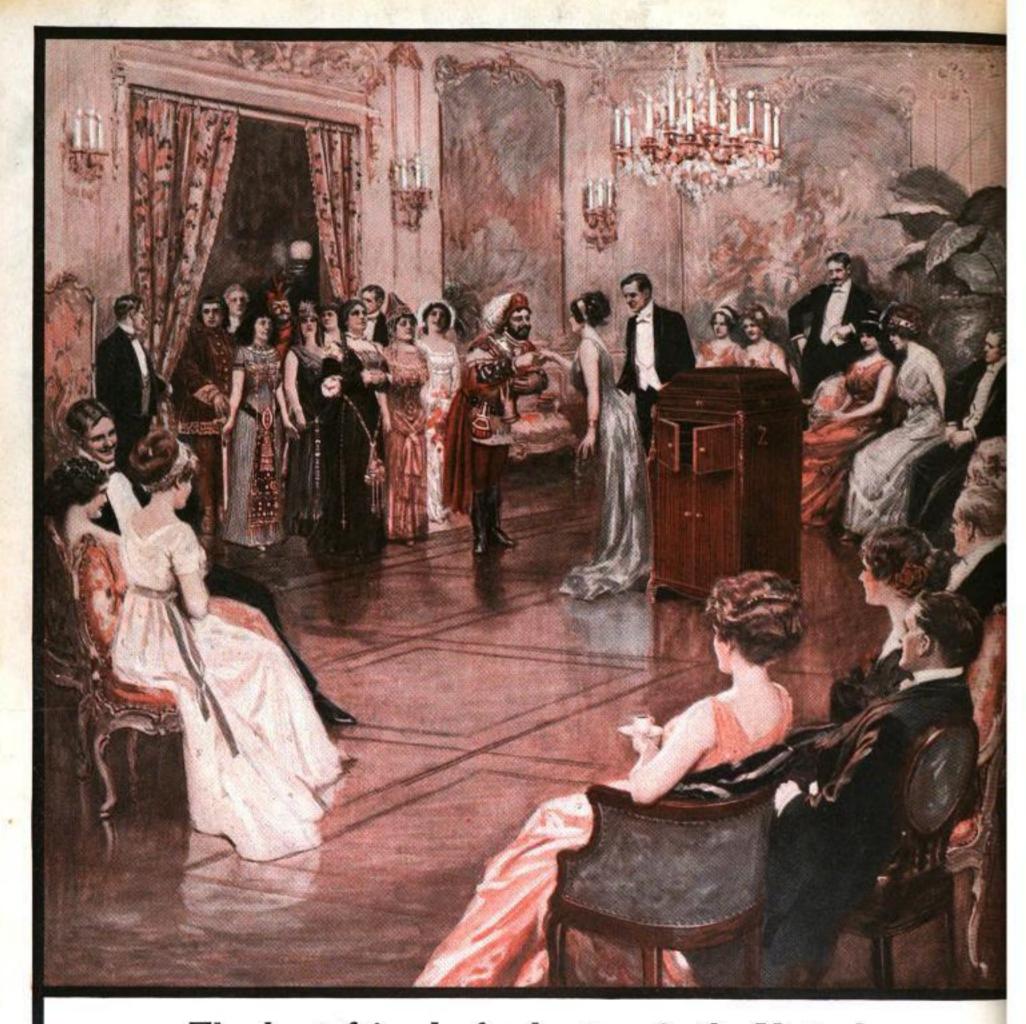
#### The Price is Lower-Not the Quality

The selling price of the "Light Six" is lower than the Master "Six" because the cost is less. The horse power is less because the motor is lighter; the weight is less because the car is a bit smaller.

But it has the same Chalmers-Entz one-motion starter; the same non-stallable Master Motor. Its roomy body is the true streamline type with flush fitting doors and concealed hinges. Tires are carried at the rear leaving the running board clear. Its tapering bonnet, underslung springs and oval fenders give it distinction in any company.

Master "Light Six" Touring Car . Master "Light Six" Coupélet . . \$1800 \$2050 Fully Equipped f. o. b. Detroit.

Send me th my vicinity, a Name	ton-Company, Detroit, Michigan e names of owners of Master Sixes in Iso catalog.
Street Number.	
City	State



### The best friend of a hostess is the Victrola

The hostess who has a Victrola never need worry about how the evening will "go".

Is there an awkward moment after the guests leave the dinner table? A Victrola will "break the ice".

Do the young people get tired of general conversation? A Victrola will furnish the latest dance music and set their feet to sliding.

Does someone mention a melody from the latest opera? Let us try it on the Victrola. Always there is the Victrola—the treasure house of entertainment in reserve—never obtrusive but always ready.

Is your home like this? It might be-so easily.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200, and any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate them to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., C.

1, U.S. A.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914

Number 42

# GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

RACTICALLY all the telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are operated by the British Government; but the telephone is a much less extensive and important institution there than it is in the United

For example, the nice little boy in the blue-andsilver uniform who showed me to a room in the London hotel, manfully lugging a bag a full size larger than himself, pointed to a row of pushbuttons on the stand.

"When you want a valet," he explained, "you push this one; when you want a maid you push this one; when you want a waiter you push this one."

On the stand was one of those T-shaped telephones with the topheavy appearance of which the English domestic drama has made American

playgoers familiar.
"But if I want a valet or maid or waiter I can

telephone," I suggested.

The nice little boy regarded me with grave dubiety for a moment. Evidently telephoning for

a servant was a novel idea to him.
"No, sir," he decided; "you must push the

So one discovers immediately that telephones in England are not so universal a means of communication as they are with us. I suppose there is no American hotel with any pretension to smartness that relies on pushbuttons.

When an American would telephone as a matter of course, an Englishman is quite apt to push a button, send a telegram, write a letter or dispatch a messenger. The greatest business institution in the British Isles is, of course, the Bank of England; and the only reference to this institution in the London telephone directory is as follows:

"Putney, 934. Bank of England Sports Club.

In lighter moments Englishmen may telephone; ut when the sports are at work in Threadneedle Street they rely on more time-honored means of communication. To be sure the Bank of England is a peculiarly conservative

establishment. Latterly no stranger may enter its doors except by bringing a satisfactory letter of introduction, and a rosy-cheeked giant in flaming gold-and-scarlet clothes stands at the portal to see that no unvouched-for stranger enters. However, the fact that the bank gets on very comfortably without a telephone shows the comparatively restricted use of that instrument in England.

In January I was talking with the Chicago manager of an extensive business concern that has offices in several cities. The talk was interrupted by a long-distance

telephone call. "How do you find the long-distance service?" I asked.

"Very good now," he replied. "I often get New York in a couple of minutes. If it should be over five minutes twice running I should make a complaint. It frequently happens that I talk with New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Cleveland-all within half an hour."

"But you have private wires?"

"Not at all," said he. "We simply told the telephone company that the amount of money they got out of us would depend entirely on the service they gave us. It is expensive, of course. Long-distance tolls in this office alone run five hundred dollars a month; but that isn't the point. With a fast, dependable service we can put through business with a speed that makes the toll bills inconsequential. A slow, uncertain service would be a nuisance at any price."

#### Slow Connections and Slipshod Service

DO not mean that getting New York in five minutes is the Chicagoan's average experience. I do mean one can get that kind of service in the United States by insisting on it and paying for it. The main point is that for business purposes the quality of the service is more important than the price.

I remember a good many years ago hearing a broker denounce the telephone company-not because it charged him a hundred and fifty dollars a year for each of his six telephones, but because it did not charge him three hundred dollars and give him twice as fast service.

There is no question that the fast, dependable service possible in the United States is not possible in England. The government telephone system has not got it to sell at





For Business Purposes the Quality of the Service is More Important Than the Price

any price. A month after that Chicago conversation I was in the office of the London manager of an extensive concern and asked him the same question.

"Our English telephone service," he replied very soberly, "is the worst in the world. In talking to coast towns-say, sixty or seventy miles from here-if it is in the morning, when business is light, I expect to get the connection in ten or fifteen minutes. If it is in the afternoon it takes twenty, thirty, forty minutes or an hour. To get satisfactory communication with Paris we have two fixed calls daily—that is, at certain specified times in the day we get the Paris connection; and we save up our talking for those fixed times. Just before you came in I called Liverpool and got the connection in five minutes. Next time it may take fifteen, twenty or thirty.

"The charge here, you know, is for a three-minute talk. Two times out of three, I should say, at the end of three minutes you are cut off without warning. Then it takes longer to get the connection reëstablished than it did to secure it in the first place. The trouble doesn't seem to be with the equipment, but with carelessness at the exchange. You call: 'Regent, seven, four, three, two.' 'Seven, four, two, three, says the operator. 'No, no; seven, four, three, two,' you say. She repeats 'Seven, four, three, two' very deliberately; then gives you Seven, four, two, three!

"The telephone service was never good here," my friend added. "After the government took over the lines it got decidedly worse. Recently there has been an improvement; and finally no doubt the post office will get the service in hand."

#### Government Ownership a Failure

CHOSE this particular manager first, because I chose this particular manager but all of he is an Englishman and a Liberal; but all of the many telephone users I talked with substantially agreed with him. It is true that blaming the telephone is a popular occupation everywhere. I

would undertake to gather a bushel of telephone complaints in New York or Chicago in a day's time; but Americans complain of a good many things Englishmen would accept as quite satisfactory, while Englishmen would regard as intolerable other things that we take rather as a matter of course—and I do not think there is any doubt that the English telephone service is inferior to ours.

In January last, after the post office had been operating the telephones for more than

two years, the Daily Mail inquired editorially:
"Why is it that government ownership management of telephones is practically always a failure? Why is it that for every thousand Europeans there is only one telephone, while for every thousand Americans there are fifteen? Why is it that not one of the many discoveries that have transformed the telephone industry in the last thirty years has emanated from a department of state? Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found?" And so on to the extent of nearly a column.

True, the Daily Mail is an opposition paper and may be prejudiced; but very recently the Evening News has undertaken to tell the London public how to use a telephone.

Its introductory announcement says:

"It was in January of last year that we first discussed the scheme with the authorities of the post office. The showers of criticism that have fallen since that time prove that the public have had very real grievances. On the other hand, the restrictions that are imposed on all government departments in the issue of statements to newspapers have prevented the telephone officials from replying or explaining.

"Now the Evening News has the distinction of being accepted as a medium between the post office and the great London public. . . . The scheme was postponed for a year at the request of the post office, whose hands were full as a result of taking over the National Telephone Company. . . . The post office will permit our special commissioners to have full access, with expert aid, to all mechanical plants, to see the workings of the exchanges, to inquire into matters that have led to complaints from subscribers. . . . Largely, we may say, the telephone problem is a new one in England. It has been neither studied nor used as it should have been, and as it is studied and used in America."

The Evening News, I may mention, claims to have three million readers and is an eight-page paper. At this writing it is giving up two full columns on the editorial page once a week to this new and important matter of instructing the public in the use of telephones,

explaining how mistakes and delays arise, and so on. This strikes me as interesting evidence as to the state of telephone service in London.

No doubt every newspaper reader knows that the British Government took over the privately owned telephone lines; and that fact is often cited as a precedent for the United States-as though for our government to take over the Bell System would be substantially what the British Government did. However, except that each country has a government and a telephone system, there is hardly a point at which conditions in the two countries are comparable.

In the first place the British Government had been in the telephone business for many years. Long before the purchase of the private wires its lines in London were in active competition with those of the National Telephone Company-the concern roughly corresponding to our American Telephone and Telegraph Company, or Bell System.

In 1901 the government made an agreement with the company which contemplated that it should take over the company's lines in London and amalgamate the two competing systems; in fact the year before the government did take over the privately owned lines the post office was operating nearly eighty thousand telephones in London, or over half as many as the National Telephone Company had in that city.

Moreover, a number of cities, such as Hull, Glasgow, Swansea, Brighton and Portsmouth, had municipally owned telephone systems; so years ago public ownership and operation of telephones was a well-established fact

in England.

More important still, the National Telephone Company operated under a license from the British Government. This license was granted in 1881, to run for thirty years; and it provided that at certain periods the government might buy the company's plant and take over its business.

Thus there was always a perfectly simple, definite method by which the government could take possession of the privately owned lines. There could be no denial of this right or any dispute about it, because it was stipulated in the license under which the company did business. And at the end of thirty years the government could put the company out of business by simply refusing to renew its license. In its relations to the government the company was in the position of a tenant with an expiring lease.

#### Great Britain's Comparatively Simple Task

NEED hardly point out how different the situation is in The United States. Our telephone company has no contract relations at all with the Federal Government. Its charters are derived from the several states. It is not dependent on Washington for any of its powers or privileges. In undertaking to buy it, therefore, our government would be in a position very different from that occupied by the British Government when it undertook to buy the National Telephone Company.

In 1905, then, the British Government was already in active competition with the National Telephone Company. There was nothing to prevent it from extending that competition indefinitely. The company's license had but six years more to run. At the end of that period it must go out of business unless the government chose to renew the license, in which case the government could exact such

terms as it saw fit.

Naturally when the postmaster-general announced, in 1905, that he would take over the company's plant and business at the end of 1911, when the license expired, the company had nothing to do but acquiesce—and it had not very much to say about the terms, either. The terms were that the government would pay the value of the existing plant-or of such portions of the plant as it deemed suitable for its use-not at cost price, but at the valuation at the date of the taking over; in other words, at cost, less proper allowance for depreciation. It paid nothing for good will, earning power, value as a going concern, or any other intangible asset.

Of course the company made a protest; but its protest went for nothing. A select committee of Parliament, which considered the subject in 1905, pointed out that "it would be possible to put an end to the existence of the company in ways that would be most unfavorable to the company.' In other words, the postmaster-general was in a position to enforce decidedly harsher terms, because the company, already under governmental competition and with an expiring license, was largely helpless.

The company signed the agreement that its plant and business should be transferred to the government on December 31, 1911; and at midnight of that date the postmaster-general took undisputed possession of the whole property-but without making any payment for it. The little detail of paying was deferred for more than a year.

The terms were that the present value of the physical plant be paid for. The company and the postmastergeneral agreed that the first cost of the plant had been a little more than fifty million dollars-that is, that the materials, freight, labor, and so on, used in constructing the plant came to that much; but beyond that initial

point they differed very widely.

For example, the company claimed over eight hundred thousand dollars as cost of obtaining right of way; the postmaster-general thought two hundred thousand dollars covered that item. The company asked over a million and a quarter dollars for rent of premises, insurance and maintenance of plant until it began producing revenue; the postmaster-general cut out that item altogether. The company claimed over ten million dollars for local engineering and administrative supervision; the postmastergeneral allowed three millions. The company claimed ten million dollars on account of interest during construction, costs of raising capital and expense of obtaining subscribers to its telephone system—on the ground that nobody could set up a going telephone concern without incurring those expenditures; the postmaster-general denied all these claims. The company figured the depreciation on its plant at ten million dollars, and the postmaster-general at over twenty millions.

In short, though the principle on which the plant was to be valued was not disputed, and the original cost of the labor, materials, and so on, was agreed to, the company figured that it was entitled to receive more than a hundred million dollars, while the post office figured that forty-five million dollars was the proper sum-which indicates that there is always opportunity for a wide difference of opinion in valuing a large concern of this sort, even when the basis

of valuation has been agreed on.

As the two were unable to agree, the matter was left to arbitration, as provided for in the stipulations; and the arbitrator was the Railway and Canal Commission, which is another department of the government. This is very much as though our government and telephone company, being unable to agree on the value of the telephone plant, should leave it to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Only the telephone company would hardly do that.

The postmaster-general mentions in his annual report, as though it were a rather remarkable fact, that the arbitration proceedings before the Railway and Canal Commission occupied seventy-four days; and I recall that some English newspapers commented on the circumstance as though legal proceedings continuing for seventy-four days were something extraordinary. At the end of that

period the commission gave a judgment awarding the company sixty-two million dollars, or less than two-thirds of its original claim; and that practically settled it.

I have gone into this at some length in order to show what a simple thing it was for the British Government to take over the privately owned telephone lines as compared with our government's taking over the American lines. In seventy-four days, for instance, the first motion would not have been made in the United States in the first court.

Still more important is a comparison of what the British Government took over. As I mentioned above, it already had about eighty thousand telephones in London, and in acquiring the National Company's system it got about a hundred forty thousand more. It also got about four hundred thousand telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, outside of London. In short, measured by the number of telephones, the system the British Government acquired was not a great deal larger than the combined systems of Chicago and Philadelphia. There are four million and a half subscribers to the Bell System in the United States; and the total number of telephones, I believe, is more than ten times the number taken over by the postmaster-general.

#### A Starved and Run-Down System

THE purchase price was sixty-two million dollars, which is a small matter as government finances go. Recently, in recommending government ownership of telephone lines in the United States, Postmaster-General Burleson submitted a report showing that the entire telephone system of the country has a capitalization of approximately nine hundred million dollars, but suggesting that the appraised value of the properties would fall considerably short of that. Yet it is very obvious that the purchase would involve an expenditure beside which the British Government's investment in telephones would appear insignificant.

Quite as important as the financial problem is the further circumstance that the employees of the National Telephone Company at the time of its acquisition by the government numbered eighteen thousand, while the Bell System reports a hundred and thirty thousand employees.

In that connection I may mention that when the postmaster-general announced his intention of taking over the National Company's plant and business he said nothing about taking over its staff. "But the staff," in the words of a contemporary review, "took up the matter energetically, both by direct representation and through members of Parliament," with the result that the postmastergeneral agreed to take over practically the whole staff as government employees. The only exceptions, I believe, were a few higher officers receiving more than thirty-five

hundred dollars a year each.

The government has had the lines two years and a quarter. To be sure that is a comparatively short time. When it announced early in 1905 that it would take over the lines at the end of 1911 the National Telephone Company very naturally stopped making extensions and improvements-or, rather, it kept capital expenditures as low as possible. If a landlord notifies a tenant that the lease will not be renewed the tenant naturally spends no more money on the property than he has to. There is no question whatever that if our Government seriously proposed to purchase the privately owned telephone system, the company that owns it would immediately begin taking out as much money and putting in as little as possible. Inevitably the service would suffer.

Thus the British Government came into possession of a plant that had been starved or meagerly fed. In the language of the postmaster-general, in his report for the

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In Striking Against a Government the Men Usually Have Public Opinion Against Them

# HEART OF GOLD By Henry Kitchell Webster

THE things you need for holding down a job as ticket seller in a box office are firmness and decision of char-acter. A man comes up to the grilled window and wants a seat in the fourth row for tonight. You spin a stack of tickets under your thumb and extricate one while he gets his money out. Of course it is not in the fourth row, and the moment he looks at it he will see that it is not, because it is marked N7R.

There is no swindle about it, because when he asks you what row the seat is in you tell him it is the thirteenth; and of course if he shoves it back at you and wants his money you will give it to him. However, if you have executed your part of the transaction with enough assurance if you have said thirteenth to him in a sufficiently inhuman, detached sort of way-the probability is he will look at

you as though you were an automatic lunch-vending machine that had just handed him a ham sandwich when he thought he was dropping his nickel for a piece of custard pie; and he will go away puzzled, but harmless.

Of course with regular customers who have learned your name, who push their money in to you and say: "My regular seat, you know, old man!" you can afford to be different-almost human.

It was not a regular customer at the Globe, however, who worked his way up to the head of the line at the ticket window at the particular moment when this story begins. Indeed his preoccupied look suggested that he might not be a customer at all. People sometimes did come up to the box office to see whether they could buy a postage stamp, or to inquire the way to La Salle Street, or to ask for a small eash donation. And many people came asking to be passed into the theater free.

The big, brown-faced, werried-looking young man outside the window did not precisely suggest any of those inquiries—did not look like a fool, or an incompetent, or a beggar, and not at all like a person who expected to get

into a theater without paying his way. Obviously, however, he had more than a seat in the fourth row on his nind, and he had got as far as saying, after a momentary hesitation, "Could you tell me —" when the man behind the grille cut in with a "One? Tonight?" And taking the other's silence for assent, the ticket seller snapped out a ticket to him. "One dollar!" he concluded.

The big young man outside looked rather confused, cast a panic-stricken glance over the file of people who awaited their turn, plunged a hand into his pocket, rang a silver dollar on the glass, took his ticket and left the window.

The ticket seller was aware of him for a while longer standing about in the lobby in an indecisive sort of way, moving up toward the door now and then, but always shying off before he actually handed in his ticket. He had not the air of a person engaged in a struggle with concience-wanting desperately to go in and equally desperstely afraid it was wrong. Neither had he the look of one of those wabbly neurasthenics who never can make up their minds. A rather decisive young man ordinarily, one would have said. Finally, when the ticket seller was beginning to find the problem really irritating, the brown young man gave up his ticket and went in.

Even when he was fairly planted in his seat—and it was by the irony of fate a seat in the fourth row-when the urtain was rung up and the show began, still he refused to act like a regular member of the audience. He paid very ittle attention to what was happening on the stage, except or a look of profound distaste over some of Tom O'Hara's okes, and a deep bronze blush now and then when a section of the chorus came on in costumes that revealed more than hey left to the imagination. He scrutinized the audience s good deal, twisting round in his seat in a way that disinctly irritated his neighbors to right and left. Altogether t was an inexplicable way of acting in a theater.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with that big guy out there?" Tom O'Hara said to Zora Ffoliet as they made

an exit together after one of their scenes. "Did you see him-that big sunburnt rube with the paper

"Could I see anything else?" said Zora vindictively. "Ask an artist to work against a thing like that! They ought to give him a free pass to the Salvation Army and send him on his way."

"What sort of looking rube?" Hazel Dering wanted to know.

Hazel was playing the title part in the piece. She was a slim, black-haired, green-eyed girl - an



m BEUWN ..

ASTRUR WILLIAM

had not been on yet, was sitting on a property cotton bale they used in the second act for two ponies, dressed as pickaninnies—that is to say, in brown tights and tunics of bandanna handkerchiefs-to pop out of. As a seat in the wings it was rather in demand, because it was padded.

dangerous adven-

turess-with the heart

of gold, of course-that

her part called for. She

Hazel did not succeed in getting much of a description of the offending rube from Tom and Zora. She asked for particulars and they gave her indignation. A chump like that had no business to come to the theater! He was spoiling the house.

"But what does he look like?" Hazel persisted.

"He looks," said Tom O'Hara, "like a piece of cheese!" And with that he stalked off downstairs and Zora up, to their respective dressing rooms.

Old George Featherstonhaugh, who was almost as much of a fixture at the Globe as its owner Willy Lord himself, or as Freddy Boldt the stage manager-in his prime he had made a specialty of the bass parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas: the Colonel in Patience; Pooh-Bah in the Mikado; the Sergeant in the Pirates; and so on—George leaned back precariously against the cotton bale and

"Why this interest in the appearance of rubes when you have a better-looking man at your leet? bale of cotton and he was at her feet, rather. But he meant no harm. That was old George's way.

"It gives me the Willies every time I hear of one!" said Hazel. "I'm worried about old Keziah."

"For heaven's sake, Hazel, cut it out?" said George Featherstonhaugh. "Worry about somebody else for a change. Worry about me. I need it. I'm getting fat. Have you noticed?"

This was jocular. He had weighed two hundred and forty pounds for the last ten years; but it was easy to understand his good-humored impatience.

Keziah Strong, the wardrobe mistress at the Globe, was a very well-loved old lady, but distinctly, so far as he could

see, nobody to worry about. She was precious old, of course, and with her white hair and the maze of wrinkles that covered her square, competent, kindly, grandmotherly face she ought by all the sentimental laws of the fitness of things to sit by a baseburner in a white little New England cottage, knitting socks, instead of spending twelve laborious hours a day in a theater, taking care of the costumes. A certain amount of concern for her was natural enough. Hazel, however, as George Featherstonhaugh implied, was inclined to run the thing into the ground. She had adopted old Keziah from the first-a friendship that was almost as remarkable a phenomenon as Keziah herself. They lived together in a tiny flat somewhere on the North Side. Hazel's attitude toward her was as fiercely protective as that of a hen to its solitary chick. Woe to the chorus girl who tried to impose on the old lady's good nature-in the way of darning tights, for instance!

Hazel had been a chorus girl herself and there was not one of their tricks she did not know. She had a way of dropping into the wardrobe room two or three times in an evening, like a hawk into a flock

of sparrows. She was reasonably popular among the ponies and the mediums, who average rather ambitious, smart and cleanly in their ways; but among the big, lazy showgirls she was anathema. I do not know why smartness and cleanliness and ambition should vary inversely as the size in a chorus-but they do.

"Put on the reverse English," George advised. "Let Mrs. Strong worry about you."

"What do you mean-worry about me? What's the matter with me?"

The girl had asked the question fiercely. The intensity of the stare her green eyes turned on the big Englishman's face would have disconcerted most men.

"Well, I worry about you," he said placidly. "You haven't looked right to me this winter. You've had that cold of yours for three months. What do you weigh?"

"A hundred and four."

"In that big fur coat of yours?" he asked,
"None of your business," said Hazel; but she reached over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, Feathers!" she went on. "You forget it! 'm all right—see? So don't try to start anything."

"Right-o!" he said, though not very enthusiastically, at the end of a little silence; and he scrambled up, with her pretended assistance, to a seat beside her on the property cotton bale.

"Blaze away!" he said, puffing. "What's the matter with old Keziah now?"

"It's her son," said Hazel, "her 'boy Newton."

"Well, that's something to worry about all right," George mused, "if he's like some I've known. Why do you suppose it is that the best kind of people like that-and they don't come any better than old Mrs. Strong-have such rotters for children?"

The girl did not look at him, but she gave him a friendly little pat and took up another angle of the subject:

"She's the best there is, all right! You said something then. Look here! What do you know about this? She falls in love with a guy. . ."
"Wait a bit," said George. "Old Keziah, you mean?"
"You bet," said Hazel. "Listen! She waited for him

fifteen years. They were engaged that long-fell in love when they were kids. His mother-she was a lulu, all right—wanted him to go into a bank; but he decided he ought to go to college, and he worked his way through because the old lady wouldn't let him have any money. And then there was a couple of years more when he was studying to be a doctor. He gets through with that, and they are all ready to be married when his mother gets a stroke or goes silly or something, and he has to take care of her. She has a dislike for Keziah and has fits whenever

her name's mentioned. The doc's got a brother who did go into the bank, but he digs out for Boston, and there is nothing doing for Keziah until the woman dies. But she waits all the time-fifteen years-and then they get married. They're married just one year and he dies.

George made sympathetic noises preparatory to speech, but Hazel did not mean to be interrupted just yet.

"No-listen!" she said again. "A month after he dies she has a kid-this boy Newton of hers. Her husband's left her a house with a pretty good yard round it and two thousand dollars of life insurance. Well, then the brother turns up-the one that lit out to Boston. He's married to a swell dame there and he's got all colors of money; and this is what he says: 'Give us the kid. We haven't any of our own. Without him you'll get along all right-ten dollars a month from your insurance, and this house and yard. Think what you'll be doing for the boy! He'll get a swell education, make his friends among the upper classes-all that sort of thing!'

"Well, Keziah tells him to go to hell! 'I'll give him as good an education as you can,' she says. 'He's all of his father that I have left and I'm going to keep him.' So the brother gets sore and goes back to Boston and never lifts

a hand for her.

"And Keziah gets up out of bed and goes to work. She's worked ever since. She says this job of hers in the theater's a cinch—and I guess it is to her. Why, she used to go out sewing all day-every day-for the other women in the town. And, on the side, she ran her house and cooked her meals and took care of that boy of hers-made all his clothes till he was fifteen-and kept a garden and raised chickens and a few pigs. She punched in every morning at five G. M., and from then till she hit the hay at ten she never stopped work. She never touched one cent of that life insurance. That just stayed warm and cozy in the bank, piling up interest.

"Well, and when the kid's twenty years old she pulls it out of the bank and hands it to him. 'There!' she says. 'That's what your father left to you. You can go to Amherst College, where he went; and when you get through you'll have enough left to make a start.' And what does he say? 'I don't want to go to Amherst,' he says. 'I've had enough of this stick-in-the-mud New England. I'm going out West.' And she never makes a holler—gives him

the money and lets him go.

"She sticks round for a while all by herself, working away just the same. And then, all at once, she does a getaway. I never asked her why. Something must have happened, you can see that-maybe her neighbors got nosey and found out something the kid had done out West. It must have been something fierce or she wouldn't have sold her house and her furniture, and come to Chicago all by her blessed old self; never knew a soul here, or thought

she didn't; had an idea, she said, of putting an ad in the paper-Plain Sewing Done.

"And thenwhat do you know about this?-just as she gets off the train she walks right into the boss—there in the station. He's just starting out for the Coast. It seems she knew him when he was a boy. He came from her town himself; and he wants to know what she's doing out here, and she tells him—asks if she can do any plain sewing for him. And he laughscan't you hear him-and gives her a job as wardrobe mistress. She's never been in a theater beforefront or back."

"It would be interesting to know what she thought of us, just at first." George was smiling over the idea. "Some shock, I should say."

"Not a bit," said Hazel. "She's too blessed innocent. Don't you see? She just took us all right in, without stopping to ask whether there mightn't be something wrong with us." She said it a little unevenly. "Gee!" she concluded after a reflective little silence.

"Her kid must be a prize pippin, all right," said George Featherstonhaugh, "to let her work like that. What's he doing?'

Something about mining, Hazel thought. Old Keziah was not very definite about it.

"Grafting on her all the while, I suppose?" George suggested.

"Sure!" said Hazel, "though she keeps it dark from me. She never let me know that she sent him a sou. She's a tight old party with her information. Never told me this story, except a teaspoonful at a time-when she thought I needed it, I guess. And I did, all right-you can take it from me!"

"You're a good scout, Hazel," George said irrelevantly after a little pause while the bustling chorus crowded past them on to the stage to work up her entrance cue.

The girl slipped down from her cotton bale, and the next

moment he alighted heavily beside her.

"I don't know!" she said with a worried shake of the head, reverting to the mystery of the boy Newton's occu-pation and presumptive misdoings. "He's got her goat all right. She gets a letter every Monday morning and it looks to me as if she was scared. She waits for 'em and she don't open 'em for a while, and her old hand shakes so she can hardly do it when she makes up her mind to. And then she presses her old lips together and goes off to the theater and never says a word; but I think she's sort of expecting him to turn up. Every time the doorbell rings or the telephone goes she gives a jump.

George muscled up a big right arm reflectively.
"Well, if he does come," he said, "and starts any rough stuff, just tip me off, will you? I think I could just aboutsettle the hash of that kind of a Johnny."

"He won't have any hash to settle when I get through with him," said Hazel; and then mechanically she uttered the peal of light-hearted laughter that was supposed to prelude her entrance to the stage.

She had no trouble finding the big rube. It would have been impossible to avoid seeing him. He was so big and so unhappy that he stuck out of the audience like a sore thumb. He was spoiling the house-there was no doubt about it. The chill he radiated for half a dozen seats in each direction would have been invaluable in a cold-storage plant, but it was a deadly thing in a theater.

Hazel did not get indignant about it, though, as Tom and Zora had done. She smiled a little inside over the look of cold disapproval with which he regarded her; and when she lighted a cigarette, swung herself up on a table and crossed her legs-as all adventuresses do in all musical

comedies-his look of shocked disgust was something she half liked him for.

The reason for this negative equivalent to liking lay in the conviction which had grown up in her mind that he could not be the person whom, on Keziah's account, she dreaded. A boy who had cheerfully taken all his mother's earnings and skipped to the West would not be acting like that. He would be very dressy, trying to show his class by sitting in the front

row and wigwagging a date with one of the showgirls.

Really I think she might have got it a little straighter than that-might have got some inkling of an idea that there was something to be said for the Western wanderer; that to be the conventionally dutiful and protective grownup son to a strong-bodied, iron-willed, independent old lady like Keziah was no easy job.

Hazel had, of course, no data for his career after his departure for the West. She had never heard of the Colorado School of Mines nor of the profession of mining engineer. She had read in the Telegraph all about the miner who came staggering out of Death Valley



"I'm Tryin' to Figger it Out"

with a million dollars' worth of nuggets, and who tried to blow it all in on the way to New York and back.

Consequently her notion of a miner was of one who lighted dollar cigars with ten-dollar bills, chucked goldpieces to the bellboys at the Waldorf or the Annex; and to a certain sort of the members of her own profession. represented what they would make a first choice of if a fairy turned up and offered them three wishes.

This was Hazel's idea of a miner who had struck it. Until he had struck it he was—see almost any of the Western moving-picture films for her authority—a good-hearted vagrant putting up an ineffectual struggle against temptations of various rather vivid sorts; panhandling his way about among his contemptuously tolerant comrades and given to sentimental, teary memories—reënforced by looks at an old locket-of a lonely, pathetic, white-haired old mother back in God's country.

She, of course, supposes him dead, and lives-in the shadow of a mortgage—on occasional donations from the

kindly villagers.

Then, just as the mortgage is foreclosed and she is being turned out into the street, a noisy party comes joyriding by in an automobile and she recognizes her son that she thinks has forgotten her. It turns out that he has thought her dead, too, and is trying to spend a thousand dollars a day of his newly acquired wealth to drown his grief. So he begs her forgiveness and takes her to live in a palace.

It had annoyed Hazel a good deal that the story of Keziah and her boy Newton would not work out like that. There was no chance for Newton to present the well-worn alibi, because obviously he knew all about his motherwhere she was, at any rate, and presumably what she was doing, as was proved by the letter from him that came every Monday morning, with the same Arizona postmark on it.

Why was he not adventuring about, looking for something? Did he expect a mine to come and climb up into his lap? Well, then, what was he doing year after year? Could it be possible—no, it flatly could not!—that he had struck it rich already?

Hazel, you see, her mineralogical lore being derived wholly from the movies, had never even heard of the sort of mine that was just a big, uncompromising mountain all seamed and fissured with streaks of green rock that had to be dug and blasted out of it-rock which, when ground and slimed and separated and roasted and smelted, produced copper and silver and lead and zinc and other uninteresting elements in varying proportions to the ton; of a mine that wanted money and patience and hard work, and then, insatiably, more money and more patience and more hard work, before it even began to yield up its treasure to you.

A mine, to Hazel, was a little pocket in the rock into which the thirst-parched and half-delirious prospector reached an emaciated arm and began pulling up irregular nuggets about the size of base balls, of pure twenty-four carat gold. The moment before you found it you were penniless-desperate. The moment after you found it you were rich beyond the dreams of a stage multimillionaire. One day you were perishing for a crust of bread-the next you were buying an automobile, a racing stable, and a palace on Fifth Avenue.

So obviously Newton had not struck it. He would not be piking round Obelisk, Arizona-or whatever the name



of the place was-grafting on his mother if he had. Presumably he was too lazy and too worthless to go out into the desert and parch and starve until he found the predestined pocketful of nuggets that Fate had stowed away there for him.

And if he came back without having struck it—what would he come for? Why, of course, because, having got tired of the hardship and the monotony of Obelisk, he hoped to be able to persuade his mother to finance him in some other experiment.

There would be repentance, of course, and a hard-luck story, and then a scientific touch for the old lady's savings-

the whole amount if possible.

At this point in her reflections Hazel ground her teethmentally, that is to say. Actually she was smiling her most beguiling smile on Tom O'Hara, who played the gilded scion of the Newport society swell, and murmuring seductive nothings in his ear. She had played the part two hundred and twenty-five times and, like the other principals, was safe to go through her lines perfectly, so long as she never stopped to think what she was saying. As said, she ground her mental teeth and took a vow that the boy Newton should not get away with that project of his if she could help it. If she could just manage, when he turned up, to see him before Keziah did, she might be able to get rid of him altogether.

The big rube out in front gave her a moment of misgiving during the finale to the first act by reaching down under his seat for his overcoat, indicating thereby that he was not going to be in front for the second act. Could he

be the boy Newton, after all? And was he coming back to see his mother during the intermission? It might be well to play it safe.

She could not stand guard over the stage door herself, because she had to dress; but Bill Flynn, the fireman, was a good friend of hers, and to him she confided her difficulty.

"Bill," she said, "if a big rube in a paper collar comes round here and asks for Mrs. Strong—see?—nothing doing! Don't call her. Call me!"

"I got you!" said Bill.

But Hazel had thought of something. "Don't holler out his name," she

said. "I don't want Mrs. Strong to know he's here."

"Shoot him?" suggested Bill.

This did not mean assassination. When you go to the stage door at the Globe and tell Bill Flynn the name of anybody you want to see, be shouts that name in a voice that penetrates to the remotest dressing room and follows it up with your own. If the distant voice of the object of your visit shouts hack "All right!" Bill tells you to wait. And there you stay in the draughty little vestibule

until some one comes to rescue you or until you contract pneumonia and go away. But if the voice says, "Shoot him!" then Bill with the utmost cordiality tells you to come in and directs you to the dressing room of the person you want.

"Yes," said Hazel after another moment of hesitation, "shoot him along.

Better come with him and see he don't get lost. Anyhow, no matter what he says or does, don't let him get a look into the wardrobe room.'

Then she flew off and dressed hurriedly, keeping her kimono handy to dive into in case the rube came. She did not much expect him; still had a good deal of confidence in her theory that when Keziah's son did turn up he would be a very different sort of person. When the intermission passed without any alarms she considered the incident closed.

A blink through the peephole in the curtain just before they rang up on the second act showed a vacant seat in the fourth row. Hazel grinned at herself for feeling a little sorry that the rube had not stayed long enough to discover that she was not really a terrible adventuress, but had a heart of gold after all.

She was not on at the rise in the second act and scuttled into the wing when they rang up, to wait for her cue, which came in three or four minutes. And so completely had her misgiving about old Keziah gone out of her mind that when the stage door into the alley opened behind her and she heard a man's voice asking Bill the fireman whether Mrs. Strong was there, she spent half a second wondering who it could be that wanted old Keziah. Then she flashed round, saw Bill wigwagging to her, and behind him, in the shadow of the little vestibule, the rube.

WHAT Hazel had not calculated on, you see, was the fact that a man might walk all round the block looking for the right alley to the stage door; and that a man unaccustomed to such things, with a nightmare fear that, after he found the door, if he opened it he might come right spang out onto the stage in full view of the audience, would hesitate away a good many precious minutes before he actually appeared over Bill Flynn's horizon.

Anyhow there he was, asking for Mrs. Strong. And Hazel's cue came in three minutes! She sprang down the few steps that led to the little vestibule and seized the stranger by the arm.

He stared at her in downright horror and turned appealingly to big Bill Flynn.

'It's Mrs. Strong I want," he said. "She's my mother. want to see her right away."

Bill looked doubtful. The average John coming round to the stage door and trying to scrape or claim an acquaintance with a chorus girl had no chance at all with big Bill. He withered them up and blew them out into the alley with the mere breath of his scorn. But this sunburned

young man, who wanted to see his mother and was apparently very much in earnest about it, was another pair of shoes. "I'm No Jarah Bernhardt or Eva Tanguay - or Anybody Like That; But I Guess I Can Jee Old Keziah's Ante All Right"

> Why shouldn't he see her? What was Hazel butting in for anyway? This train of thought the girl read in a flash.
> "Come along!" she said. "I'll take you to her." And

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she led the way down the stairs at a pace that left the doubtful and still-scandalized rube far behind, "Come along!" she called impatiently, and then looked along the ageway to see that the coat was clear

Luckily the wardrobe room was at the other end and there were no signs of Keziah appearing from it. Her own dressing room was at this end-the next one off the passage-and she swung the door open and motioned to him to go in.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll call her. She'll be here in a few minutes."

He balked in the doorway. To tell the truth, one could not wonder at that; but she gave him a nervous push that sent him in clear of the door and slammed it behind him. Then, two at a time, she took the stairs and got to the head of them just in time to hear her cue. She was nearly a second late and Freddy Boldt, over at the O. P. side, was having a fit. She would have to explain to him later.

She sailed out on to the stage and began giving the audience intimations of the heart of gold that underlay her hard and mercenary exterior. If Newton Strong had been in his seat out in the fourth row perhaps he would have been touched; but, shut up in Hazel's dressing room down below the stage, he was, I think it is safe to say, the most utterly confounded man at that moment inside the city limits.

Twice that evening since his train had reached Chicago he had-he would have said-tested his capacity for surprise to the limit; but both times he would have been

mistaken.

He got the first of these staggering surprises when he rang the bell at a little apartment on the North Side and was told by a Swedish maid-of-all-work that Mrs. Strong was at the theater.

Now they regarded the theater in East Weston simply as one of the wide-portaled vestibules to hell; and, though Newton had more or less shaken off this view-indeed had visited the theater three or four times himself in Denverstill, the notion of his mother's going to such a place was received at first with sheer incredulity. But the calloused indifference with which the Swedish maid stuck to her assertion-"Mrs. Strong ban gone to the tayater"-was

He would have entertained the suspicion that he had not got the right address if a glimpse over the maid's shoulder into the little sitting room had not revealed an old red-plush photograph album that took him back to East Weston with a poignancy that almost hurt.
"I don't suppose you know what

theater?" he said dubiously.

"Ya," said the maid, "Globe Tayster."

She said it with a funny singsong, and he repeated her words to make sure he had it right.

"The Globe Theater? Do you know where it is?"

She shook her head with an expression of amiable vacancy, and then, not having the information he wanted, supplied him with something else that would perhaps do just as well.

"Her ban go all tame." "All the time?" said Newton with a grin. "Do you mean every night?"
"Ya," she said, and nodded.

Of course that was too ridiculous to pay any attention to. However, it is one thing to shake your head when a fly buzzes in your ear, and another thing to get rid of the insect. The buzz-

ing continued all the way downtown, and it connected itself in his mind with occasional passages in her letters that he had not been able to understand-lapses apparently into a slang the source of which he could not imagine.

The posters in the lobby made it difficult to believe that his mother had selected this as a place of entertainment. The only alternative was that she was employed here in some capacity or other. It was equally impossible either way. He thought out his question to the ticket

seller rather carefully in advance; but, as you know, the ticket seller did not give him a chance to ask it and he went inside simply because he did not know what else to do. The fact that no one was buying tickets when he went out

into the lobby at the end of the first act encouraged him to try again. "Could you tell me where I could find Mrs. Strong?" he asked.

"Stage door," said the man inside without losing count of a stack of tickets.

So Newton, hardly believing his senses, explored the llevs of the neighborhood, found the stage big Bill Flynn, was set on, seized and kidnaped by the daring adventuress he had seen on the stage, and was now shut up-for what purpose he could hardly surmise-in the adventuress' dressing room.

To Newton that eight-by-seven dressing room was the most starkly, shamelessly immoral place he had ever found himself in. Hanging from books, thrown over backs of chairs-lying about everywhere-were articles of feminine apparel: garments that had been taken off; garments that were about to be put on—things that were intended to meet the eye and things that obviously were notthings that he, as a modest young bachelor, was ashamed to look at. And not a rag among them all-for his eye

(Continued on Page 48)

# The Trail of the Tammany Tiger

HARLES F. MURPHY succeeded to the leadership of Tammany Hall under particularly trying circumstances. During the Croker régime Murphy had not been considered one of the leaders whom Croker depended on for advice, though he was regarded as one of the best district leaders. His district was known as the Gashouse, and was situated on the

from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third. He confined his efforts entirely to this district and never mixed much with general politics, except to help keep George B. McClellan in Congress.

He had previously been in charge of the same district for the County Democracy and was one of Maurice J. Power's best lieutenants. Murphy never had much to say, and he was considered by his associates to be an extremely bashful man.

He had started in life as a driver of a bob-tailed street car on the East Side, and afterward became a bartender. At the time he was made the Tammany district leader he owned the saloon.

To give an idea of Murphy's standing I will relate an incident that occurred the night of a minor election during the Van Wyck administration. Murphy's district had done better for Tammany than any other. After the returns were in all the leaders visited the Democratic Club to receive words of approval from Croker. I happened to be seated at the same table as the chieftain when Murphy came in and took an obscure place in the corner of the café. Some one came to Mr. Croker and reported that Murphy's district had done better than the others, and I called attention to Murphy's presence. Croker called out so that everybody present could hear him:

"Charlie, I congratulate you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Croker," answered Murphy, who blushed like a schoolgirl. He really was very much embarrassed by Croker's compliment.

The leadership of Lewis Nixon was almost impossible, though he worked very hard. He was regarded as an outsider and his brilliant record in the navy proved to be of no advantage to him. Tammany would have no man whohad not come up through the ranks from a district leadership. Besides, even Croker's friends believed he was put in the place as a dummy for Croker. Nixon got into a row with Van Wyck's friends, who wanted to make the ex-mayor Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society—the owners of the Tammany Hall building on Fourteenth Street.

#### Murphy in Command

WHEN the meeting to select this officer was held John J. Scannell, Croker's most intimate personal friend among the leaders, made a sensational speech supporting VanWyck. He referred to VanWyck's loyalty to the organization. Then, pointing his finger at a group of men who had held the principal offices under Van Wyck, he said:

"You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves. No mayor who ever lived—except Van Wyck—would have had the nerve to appoint any of you chaps to office.

Van Wyck's defeat for Grand Sachem roused a bitter feeling in the organization, and shortly afterward Mr. Nixon resigned the leadership in a fit of disgust. The executive committee of Tammany Hall then formed a triumvirate, consisting of Charles F. Murphy, Louis F. Haffen and Daniel McMahon, to administer the leadership. Former Chief of Police Devery made New York laugh heartily over an interview he gave out on the affairs of Tammany Hall. He said that Tammany Hall was ruled by a sport, meaning Murphy; a joke, meaning Haffen; and a two-spot, meaning McMahon. At the same time Devery announced that he was going to become the leader of the district formerly represented by John C. Sheehan.

The divided responsibility did not work well and after a few months Charles F. Murphy was made the full-fledged leader, largely through the influence of Big Tim Sullivan. Murphy went about his work very quietly at first. One of

By Harry Wilson Walker



Murphy Has No Particular Adviser at the Present Time

his first objects was to form an alliance with William R. Hearst, whom he sent to Congress. There was not very much opportunity for him to display his qualities, because Mayor Low still had a year to serve. Murphy was almost wholly responsible for keeping George B. McClellan in Congress. They were warm personal friends, and it was no secret in Tammany Hall that Murphy had his heart set on electing McClellan to succeed Mayor Low. Murphy put great value on McClellan's name and from the very start was confident he would be elected.

McClellan used to refer to Murphy as "dear old Charlie," and Murphy would blink.

Before he had been leader many months, Murphy induced Bourke Cockran to reënter Tammany Hall; and that brilliant orator became Murphy's closest adviser. It was also prophesied that Cockran would return to Congress for Murphy's district after McClellan had become mayor. The old Croker guard were indignant that Cockran, the bitter foe of Croker, should be taken back into the fold.

Then, to make them still more angry, Murphy began to cultivate former Sheriff James O'Brien, who had tried to convict Croker of murder. There was a general belief that Croker would not be able to control his indignation, and that he would suddenly appear in New York some day in the near future and subject Murphy to the same treatment

he had meted out to John C. Sheehan.

All this time Croker was saying in his English home that he was through with politics forever. Even his old friends doubted this. Finally the time drew near for the nomination for mayor. McClellan had been in Europe for over six months. Murphy was having a trying time with Hugh McLaughlin, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, who did not like McClellan and opposed him. However, Murphy had enough votes to control the city convention, and after a stormy scene in the convention McClellan was nominated on a ticket with Edward M. Grout and Charles V. Fornes, who were serving respectively in the Low administration as comptroller and chairman of the Board of Aldermen.

These two men had already been renominated on the

ticket with Mr. Low, who was again the Republican and Fusion candidate for mayor. Mayor Low and the Republican organization were indignant that Tammany should appropriate two of their nominees, and Grout and Fornes were forced off the Low ticket. The McLaughlin machine also repudiated the nominations of Grout and Fornes, and for a time the situation was greatly mixed.

the majority he received on Manhattan Island would not be sufficient to pull him through.

Patrick H. McCarren, one of McLaughlin's ablest leaders, bolted the McLaughlin organization and took with him a majority of the leaders. To the surprise of everybody, McClellan carried Brooklyn and had a good majority in the other boroughs, making the total majority about sixty thousand.

McClellan started in as a strictly Tammany mayor, Murphy naming most of the appointees, while McCarren made the selections for Brooklyn. Mayor McClellan appointed a great many personal friends, some of them being old friends of his father, General McClellan. McClellan took a large house on

Washington Square, which up to a few years before had been the center of the aristocracy. The mayor avoided the Democratic Club and did not mix very much with Tammany men, except during office hours.

McClellan had not been in office a month before the preliminary presidential campaign of 1904 was opened. I had learned that Mr. Bryan would not be a candidate and I set to work to boom McClellan, as it was then apparent that the Wall Street Democrats were lining up for Judge Alton B. Parker. I supposed at first that Murphy would be for McClellan and I am sure McClellan thought so too. Murphy, however, announced that he was in favor of the nomination of Grover Cleveland. This was absolutely absurd, because I knew from men like John G. Carlisle and others, who were in close touch with Mr. Cleveland, that he had no thought of running again; and I also knew the National Democracy well enough to realize that he could not be nominated. This was good strategy, however, if Murphy had not been altogether serious, because the brand of Tammany was a source of weakness to McClellan.

I had arranged to start his boom in the Middle West, where the old soldiers who had served under General McClellan, as well as their offspring, were numerous. accompanied the New York delegation to Washington early in February, where the Democratic National Committee was to meet for the purpose of selecting a place in which to hold the national convention. This was Murphy's first appearance in national politics. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed. When we arrived in Washington-several hours late-there was a terrible

The meeting of the committee had been called for eight o'clock; but as Murphy was snowbound it was decided to hold a routine meeting at nine o'clock. Former Mayor Van Wyck presided at the meeting and Senator McCarren, who was now the undisputed boss of the Brooklyn Democracy, was selected to present the claims of New York before the national committee the next day.

#### A Bunch of Frightened Millionaires

AFTERWARD Van Wyck and myself went to Senator Gorman's house, and when we returned to our hotel we found the Tammany end of the New York delegation almost in a panic. There were several millionaires among them, and these rich men were more alarmed than some of the most humble members of the committee. They said that Murphy had arrived and was in a furious temper. He was reported as having said that it was an outrage and insult that a meeting should have been held without his presence. One of the millionaires was so alarmed that he took the midnight train back to New York, so as to avoid meeting Murphy. We were all about to go to bed when Murphy came over to the hotel and, to our agreeable surprise,

greeted Van Wyck in a most cordial manner. We repaired to the café, where we stayed most of the night. I never knew Murphy to be so talkative. He said he had been annoyed because the meeting was not postponed until his arrival, but that his annoyance was entirely with McCarren, as the Brooklyn man had received a telegram saying at exactly what hour he-Murphy-would arrive, and that he ought to have made that fact known. As pleasant as

Murphy seemed to be, I became convinced that there was strong jealousy existing between McCarren and himself, and I spoke of it afterward to Van Wyck: but he scoffed at the idea. Murphy was exceedingly affable during his stay in



Washington, but he had absolutely no acquaintance with the national leaders; and when I introduced a number of them to him he acted like an awkward schoolboy.

Before we left Washington I learned the secret of the row between McCarren and Murphy; and, though it continued up to the hour of McCarren's death, nearly six years afterward, the origin of it has never been printed to my knowledge. A year previous to this Judge Parker and Senstor Hill had pledged McCarren to Parker's support. McCarren told Judge Parker then that he did not know how McLaughlin would take it, and it might mean that he would have to break with McLaughlin and the Brooklyn organization in order to carry out his promise. Shortly after McClellan's election Murphy told McCarren that Tammany Hall was opposed to the nomination of Judge Parker for president and said he expected the Brooklyn Democracy to join Tammany in opposition.

"I have been pledged to Judge Parker for over a year," answered McCarren; "and unless Judge Parker releases me I cannot very well break my word. However I will explain the situation to the judge, and if he agrees to it I will work with Tammany in national affairs as I have in

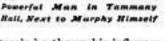
local matters."

Meantime McCarren spoke to Judge Parker; but the judge held him to his pledge. It was not until McCarren met Murphy in Washington that he gave him an answer. This was what produced the outburst of anger on the part of Murphy that the committee supposed was caused by their having held a meeting previous to his arrival. The day of the national committee meeting McCarren mixed freely with all the national leaders and espoused the cause of Judge Parker.

Murphy played a very inconspicuous part in the assembly of Democratic statesmen. Through Van Wyck he gave

> out several interviews stating that Tammany believed that Grover Cleveland would be nominated at St. Louis.

The state committee was called to meet at Albany shortly after this for the purpose of arranging an early state convention, and there was a lineup between the Parker and anti-Parker forces. On this occasion Murphy made an alliance with William J. Connors, of Buffalo. Bourke Cockran was the Tammany spokesman. The lineup in the committee was very close, Senator Hill being in command of the Parker forces. Former United States Senator Edward Murphy had remained out of the fight until the morning meeting of the committee. To the surprise of the Tammany



Big Tim Sullivan Was the Most

people he threw his influence to Parker. This was taken as an indication that Croker was not backing Charles Murphy in national politics.

When the state convention was held the delegates were instructed to vote for Parker under the unit rule, though Murphy, through Cockran, fought to the last ditch against those instructions. Just before the St. Louis convention Murphy was carrying on a flirtation with William R. Hearst, who was also a candidate for president.

#### The Murphy-McCarren Unpleasantness

MURPHY did not cut very much of a figure at St. Louis and he returned home disgruntled. Early in the campaign he visited Judge Parker at his country place. Judge Parker explained to the Tammany leader that he wanted all the factions in Greater New York to get together, and that he hoped that Mr. Murphy and Senator McCarren would have a meeting.

At the mention of McCarren's name Murphy lost his

temper and, getting up from his chair, said:

"I will have nothing to do with that man McCarren."

Toward the middle of the campaign Murphy again
visited Judge Parker, and the presidential candidate once
more spoke of the necessity of harmony in Greater New
York. "I want you and Senator McCarren to sit on the
platform together at the Madison Square Garden meeting,"
said Judge Parker.

"I said once before that I would have nothing to do with McCarren," said Murphy. "I will not even sit on the

platform with him."

After the defeat of Judge Parker it was known among McClellan's friends that he was chafing under the Tammany yoke. However there had been no open break with Murphy. McClellan's administration was personally popular and it looked as though he would easily be reëlected.

Meantime the legislature had made the term for the next mayor four years, the same as it was in the case of Van Wyck. In several public speeches McClellan made he talked more like a reformer than a Tammany man; but it was supposed that it was part of the game he was playing. There was no opposition to his renomination, but he surprised everybody by appearing at Carnegie Hall just after he received his renomination, announcing that he was going to be the mayor, and that he would take orders from no one. Very few of the politicians who heard him believed at the time that McClellan meant what he said.

The newspapers had been urging McClellan to follow the example of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia. Just before McClellan's nomination I wrote a letter to a New York paper that was continually calling on McClellan to follow Mayor Weaver's example, in which I said that if McClellan got another term he would be an independent mayor, and that he would never do anything that would place a blot on his great name. I submitted a copy of this letter to McClellan before it was printed; so I knew very well he was ready for a break with Murphy.

On account of the great social prominence of the McClellans the mayor was on terms

of intimacy with leading financiers, particularly with Mr. Morgan. I had heard from time to time that Murphy's unexpected calls at the McClellan residence were a source of embarrassment to the McClellans socially. At this time Mrs. General McClellan was living with her son. She was a proud and forceful woman. I have heard it through so many sources that I believe the final break between Murphy and McClellan came after a visit of the former to the McClellan residence about two weeks after McClellan's second election.

According to the story, Mr. Murphy did something which offended both Mrs. General McClellan and the mayor's wife. At all events this was the last visit the Tammany leader ever made to the McClellan home. Immediately after that Murphy left New York and spent some time at a health resort. When McClellan made his appointments, after being inaugurated as mayor the second time, everybody knew that the young mayor and the Tammany leader had parted company and would travel different roads.

McClellan lined up with McCarren, who was known to represent Wall Street interests at Albany. For the next four years Murphy had rather a hard time. He had, with his brother and another relative, engaged extensively in the contracting business. The principal contract was the excavation for the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York. He and his associates were frequently embarrassed by orders issued by the McClellan officeholders; and on account of the financial interests' being friendly to McClellan it was very difficult at times for Murphy's firm to borrow money.

McClellan set out to destroy Murphy politically by starting district fights, but he made poor headway. There were two reasons for this—the first being that when Devery was elected district leader Murphy obtained a decision from the Supreme Court declaring that the majority of the executive committee alone could pass on the eligibility of its membership; so that Murphy, having the majority of the executive committee, could keep an unfriendly leader out.

This decision also was sustained by a state convention, which had unseated the Devery delegates. In the second place, even those who did not fancy Murphy's leadership held that McClellan had no moral right to destroy the

political power that had created him. He had not only served several terms in Congress by favor of Murphy but Murphy had elected him twice as mayor. President Wilson and Governor Glynn will not make this mistake.

McClellan also had other embarrassments. William R. Hearst, who ran as an independent candidate for mayor, had a suit demanding that the ballot boxes should be opened and claiming that a recount would show that he—Hearst—had been elected. McClellan made the great mistake of opposing this. Had he insisted on a recount, as it turned out afterward, it would have been shown that he was elected by a safe



William R. Hearst Had a Jult Demanding That the Ballot Boxes Should be Opened

Tammany fell into

plurality. Even had it been shown that Mr. Hearst was elected, McClellan would have been so popular that he could have been elected governor, because Hearst could not under the circumstances have put up a telling opposition.

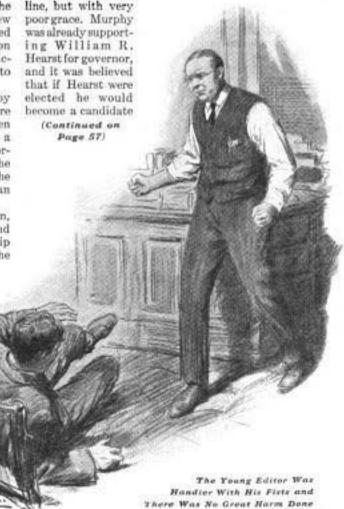
I still continued to hold a city office, Van Wyck, Low and McClellan having refused to accept my resignation, largely on the ground of personal friendship; so I felt myself to be a free agent. Mr. Bryan was making a tour round the world and I saw that he was regaining his popularity. I determined to start a movement to bring about his third nomination for president. Without consulting anybody

I wrote to Mr. Bryan proposing that I should get up a monster reception for him on his arrival in New York the following August. The letter reached Mr. Bryan at Constantinople and I received an answer from him in which he agreed to my plans.

#### A Demonstration for Bryan

THE first anybody knew of them was when they were announced by the press association. The day the anouncement appeared Mr. McClellan sent for me and told me he hoped I would be successful. Inasmuch as the police department would play a great part in the handling of the crowds I announced the fact of the mayor's approval. Murphy immediately showed his hostility and his newspaper organ for months did its best to hold me up to ridicule. I counteracted this by securing a letter from Croker, who by this time had taken up his residence in Ireland. Croker was enthusiastic and immediately I had the support of the old Croker guard.

Another piece of luck was that several Democratic state conventions were held shortly after the announcement of my plans and indorsed Mr. Bryan. At the last minute



### By JOHN FLEMING WILSON JUNK



APTAIN SINGGOLD, ruddy of cheek and white of hair, came into the busy office of the superintendent of the American & Asiatic Line. He seemed disturbed and in doubt whether to pass on to the big desk whence the big company's ships were ruled.

"Good morning, captain!" said a brisk voice. "I

haven't seen you for a long time."

"It is a long time," Captain Singgold confessed. "There isn't much pleasure for a retired skipper in coming down to an office where he's got his mail for forty years and doesn't get it there any more."

The cashier nodded and went on:

"The boss wants to see you, captain. You'd better just step in."

As Singgold passed through the gate the cashier remarked to his assistant:

"Looks as hearty as the day he retired from the service. He's commanded some great packets in his day.'

When he reached the superintendent's desk that official rose and shook the captain's hand very heartily.

"I'm glad to see you," he roared.

Captain Singgold smiled slightly, for the voice of the superintendent was famous across two oceans. It seemed good to hear it again and he looked squarely into the eyes of the big man who had been his superior for so many years.

"Yes, sir; I am glad to see you, captain," the super-intendent went on. "And I'm glad to see you so hearty. I have a command for you-your old one, the Chittagong.'

"But—the rules of the company—I was retired at the age limit. What do you mean?"

For the moment the superintendent seemed embarrassed. To Singgold's amazement, he lowered his great voice to a husky whisper:

"Well, captain, the Chittagong's been retired too. You were commander of her for thirty years and I-I thought you might like to take her to Newport News.

"Sold, sir?"

"No; she's going to be broken up for scrap, captain." There was a long moment's silence. Singgold stared at the dark ceiling. The superintendent fussed with some papers before him. Presently he went on in the same husky whisper:

"You see, the good old packet is unseaworthy. Inspectors refused to pass her without repairs that would cost enough to half build a new one. She's had her day; she's been the boast of the fleet. I hated to do it, but I told the directors that the best thing we could do was to get rid of her. They agreed with me. But no other line is going to run her. We're just going to break her up and sell the scrap. There isn't going to be any disgrace attached to the Chittagong's name after she's run thirty years without a black mark against her. And I said to myself: 'Captain Singgold can take her round.' You know you commanded her from the time she was built until you retired. I thought mebbe you'd like to-to kind of take care of her to the end. The directors agreed, captain."

Singgold's red cheeks grew redder. He passed his clean, brown, capable right hand down his white beard.

"It's kind of you, sir. I'd like to do it."
"Confound it!" roared the superintendent. "This office is no place for sentiment-no place for sentiment, captain. Come outside, sir!"

Out in the echoing pier shed Captain Singgold gazed across through an open door at the lofty fiddlebows of the Chittagong. He saw that she had not been painted after her last voyage, and there was an air of dishevelment about the steamer that had once been the pride of the San Francisco waterfront.

"She'll need a coat of paint," Singgold said quietly.

"Paint?" roared the superintendent. "Paint! What do think you're going on—a yachting tour?"
"She's paid for it," said Singgold. "She came in the

Golden Gate all spick and span. The line ought to let her go out looking better than a coal barge."

"But I won't talk to you another minute. You'll be asking for new awnings and new engines in a minute! You take her just as she is. The company isn't going to spend another cent on that pile of junk. No; I won't listen to you. I'll paint her, but she goes as she is-not a new bit of line; not a new boatcover; not anything more. She's junk.

scrap will bring. I don't want any fancy tugboat fees or salvage payments for her. If she gives out, get out yourself and let her sink. You've no passengers and no freight except some steel scrap out of the fire, that we took for luck and ballast. You'll have your old engineer-Charles Bales; and you'll take as mate a nice chap that's going back into the White Star. Now not another word, captain. Sail five days from now—Sunday."

Singgold swung round and held out his hand.

"I brought her in on a Sunday."

"What the deuce do I care about that?" bawled the superintendent, giving every symptom of intending to strike Singgold. Instead, he shook his hand.

"I'll move my stuff right down," said the new master of

"Chief Engineer Bales is already aboard," the superintendent bellowed. "The chief officer, Mr. Masters, is already at work. I am going to give you three thousand tons of coal and six months' supplies, with a little leeway, Good day, captain! See you Sunday morning!"

Singgold stood motionless for a moment. Then he went up the maindeck gangway and stood in the shadows of his former command for the first time in two years.

Came a grimy officer down the alleyway, who stopped and said:

"Pardon me, sir. Have you business here?"

"I'm Captain Singgold-just appointed master. Itake it you're the first officer?"

"I'm Mr. Masters," was the respectful "Ah!" breathed the

skipper, brushing his beard, "What shape is she in, Mr. Masters?"

"I've got her pretty well cleaned up, sir," returned the young man; "but we're going to sea short of stores. However, under the circumstances I suppose we can't expect anything else. Will you go over her with me, sir? Then I'll have an idea of what you want." He hesitated bashfully and then continued: "I understand you brought her round from the

"Idid. NowI'm going to take her back."

"All right. Paint her!" bellowed the superintendent.

see the chief engineer. I leave the stowing to you."

It struck Singgold that the engine room was strangely "One thing more, captain: she's insured for just what the quiet. The huge machines were motionless-not even the sanitary pump was working; but by the scarred desk beneath the great steam valve a bowed and ancient figure was stooped over the slate. "Hello, chief!" said the captain.

dumped out of the slings."

The engineer turned a seamed face to his old shipmate. "Is that you, Cap'n Singgold?" he rasped. "You see us fixing her up for her last voyage."

I thought she had buckled on me—that was in the typhoon

of November, '91. She is a good seaboat. Have you attended to everything aft?"

"Yes, sir. I'm restowing that scrapiron. It was simply

"Very well," Singgold answered. "I am going in now to

"I'm taking her round," was the quiet reply.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bales, laying down his chalk. "You don't say so! You know that fellow Marshall, who was chief of her since you and I were laid off, has scamped everything. If them engines hadn't been kep' as well as I kep' 'em, they'd be lying down and resting. He never put any new bearings in anything. Looks as if these machines had been through a fire. And the superintendent laughs at me when I ask for stuff. Says he: 'You run her round the Horn and that'll be all."

Singgold stared into the shining steel faces and the two old men seemed suddenly fallen into a strange immobility.

High up between the low and intermediate cylinders an oiler tapped irregularly away on a valve.

"Do the best you can, chief," said the captain presently. "Let's help her to make her last voyage without trouble. You keep a good watch below here and I'll con her home. See you Sunday!"

With an alert step the old skipper went up the shadowed ladders to the boatdeck and swung down to his old quarters under the bridge. He opened the storm door and entered. The same swivel chair stood before the old mahogany desk and the same wardrobe rested stiffly against the rear wall. Singgold looked it over quietly and then took off his hat. It was a silent salute to his ship. This done, he

stepped out, closed the door and went down on the pier. He passed through the raffle of freight and out into the bright light of the street.

Mechanically he stopped to buy an evening paper. The first thing that met his



eye when he was seated in the street car that was to carry him to his modest hotel was an item with the headline:

FAMOUS OLD LINER IS THROWN ON SCRAPHEAU

The American & Asiatic Steamship Company has decided not to make the repairs to the Chittagong ordered by the United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers last month. The Chittagong has been in the Oriental and Indian trade for thirty years. She was commanded most of that time by Captain Theodore Singgold, now retired on account of age.

The Chittagong will leave for Newport News on Sunday and on arrival there will be broken up for scrap. With her departure San Francisco Bay will lose one of its most interesting features. It will be remembered that in 1898 the liner took General - to the Philippines-and it

brought his body back not long afterward.

Captain Singgold's mind ran back over the thirty years he had commanded the Chittagong. He recalled a hundred names famous on three continents; the faces of lovely women; the hearty laughter of genial men; the handclasp of friends. Also there developed before his eyes the alluring figure of his wife, the pink, curled fingers of their child. And all were gone! He and the Chittagong had lived their brisk and romantic life. Remained

"Taylor Street!" cried the conductor.

Captain Singgold straightened himself and went down the aisle of the car. He looked neither to right nor to left. He stepped off and arrived on the curb. There he paused, with heavily wrinkled brows. What remained? What was left of that strong and proud life he had successfully lived? He bowed his head. "Junk!" he murmured bitterly, and went on up the street to his little hotel.

Sunday morning the Chittagong lay easily in her berth. She shone with fresh paint and her brasswork was gleaming.

From her huge funnel clouds of black smoke poured upward. At her main truck flew the blue peter.

The chief officer met him respectfully at the gangway.

"The superintendent is waiting for you in your cabin, sir.

Thank you, Mr. Masters. You have the ship looking like a bride. Be ready to get your lines in."

In his own cabin the superintendent greeted him with a boisterous:

"Hello, captain!" "Good morning, sir," returned Singgold. "Can you wait until I put on my uniform?"

"Sure!"

With deliberation the captain took his carefully pressed dress uniform out of his locker and attired himself. Then he put his gold-braided cap on his white head and nodded briskly.

"You sail in half an bour, captain," said his superior. "Here's your papers and coal orders, and so on-Now I want to have a minute's chat with you. As I told you,

this is business. We've insured her for one hundred thousand dollars. As scrap she'll bring us a hundred and fifty thousand. See? If you can't make it the whole way to Newport News don't spend any money on salvaging her. Just let her go. Of course I want you to get her in safe and sound; but"—he laid a heavy hand on Singgold's shoulder—"you're more to us than the old Chittagong. Don't risk life! This isn't that kind of a trip. This is a funeral. The corpse is dead anyway."

"I understand perfectly," rejoined the captain, his red face paling slightly. "The two of us came to San Francisco together and we're leaving together. I-I appreciate your

not selling her.'

"Sell her!" bellowed the superintendent. "When I've stood on that pier down there a hundred times and seen you warp her in, with all safe and sound and shipshape? Sell the best packet that ever sailed the seas? Man, don't you remember I took my wedding trip on the Chittagong?"

In the little silence that followed both were staring out the open door at the sparkling bay. Up to them came the rumble of trucks, the harsh cries of officers, the busy noises of the pier. Suddenly the superintendent held out his big hand. Captain Singgold grasped it. They looked into each other's eyes a moment and then the superintendent lifted his hand in salute and went silently away.

"Mr. Masters," said Captain Singgold to the chief officer as he came up, "please get your lines in. Let me have the second mate on the bridge. Ask the third to see that all is clear in the slip."

"Yes, sir," said Masters, and hurried off.

Captain Singgold slowly climbed the bridge steps, went to the engine-room telegraph and pulled the lever to Stand by! Then he went to the end of the bridge and peered down. The lines were being hauled in. The superintendent was standing looking up, open-mouthed, breathing deeply.
"All clear, sir!" came a sharp cry.

"Set the engines half astern," said Singgold to the second officer.

Slowly the Chittagong began to yield to the pull of her propeller and her great bows withdrew from the street combing.

"Good-by!" bawled the superintendent, taking off his stiff hat.

The captain waved his hand and then reached for the whistle cord. Out of the huge brass cylinder roared the steam—once, twice, thrice—Good-by!

Slowly and carefully, as he had done for thirty years, Captain Singgold straightened his vessel out and headed her for Angel Island. She lifted to every beat of her engines a light, buoyant lilt; and her commander's eyes grew dim. He knew now why she had been condemned.

He was stirred from his reverie by the sound of whistles on every hand. San Francisco was bidding farewell to the

"Good, Mr. Halsey," was the response. "It is a long voyage, and Magellan Strait sometimes needs careful navigation. I have always made it a rule that both the chief officer and the second shall work out the day's reckonings separately, and I shall compare them with my own. I will relieve you now so that you can get forty winks before noon. Please ask the third officer to report to me."

When the third officer came on the bridge Singgold scanned him carefully. He was trim of figure, but his face and the wrinkles about his eyes told of hard sea service. When he answered the first question addressed to him the captain nodded his satisfaction. He had good men with him—men that knew the sea and would face it unflinchingly.

At noon the Chittagong was far off Pigeon Point and her course was laid to pass outside the Santa Barbara Islands. Captain Singgold went down and sat at the head of the table, where he had sat for thirty years. The chief officer and the chief engineer sat one on each side of him.

"She's rompin' along, sir," remarked the engineer.

"She sure can travel, sir!" added the mate. "We'll make a quick trip of it."

Captain Singgold stared about the empty saloon and did not answer. Memory was filling all the seats that swung vacantly before him—the girl who had crossed to be married to a man who had died of cholera a week before she reached Hongkong; the little missionary girl who timidly bowed her head at each meal and asked a blessing; the tender face of his wife; the grim visage of Captain Miner, coming home after losing his ship and a hundred passengers; the austere figure of General ——; the slender hands of that woman whom nobody knew or spoke to.

And under it all he felt the unmistakably palsylike tremor of the old Chittagong returning to the place of her birth, honorable in her ending as in her beginning. He

rose, his meal half finished, and went to his room. There he sat him down in his swivel chair.

"It'll be a month to the Horn," he thought to himself, "and forty days from there to Newport News. The weather will be bad down South."

He rang the bell for a steward and sent him to find the chief engineer, who came quietly, handling a bit of waste in his palm - a saturnine figure, indeed.

"Sit down, Charlie," said Singgold gently. "Light your pipe."

"Like old times!" Mr. Bales remarked.

For a long time the two old men smoked in silence, tilted back in their chairs and nodding to the easy pitch of the steamer. Then the chief engineer laughed harshly.

"We're going home in style, cap." Sing-gold grunted and brushed his beard. "Yes, sir," said the engineer; "I've got as chief fireman 'Big Bill 'Mahoney, that came out with us, and

there are six others who made the trip when we brought her round. Boson Tom Allen is with us too. Wonder where the boss managed to pick 'em up.'

The captain leaned forward alertly.

"'Big Bill' with us? And Tom Allen? I didn't notice, Maybe ——"

"It's not accident," said Mr. Bales. "The boss went to some pains to give us pretty much the same old crew that we came out with. The old Chittagong is going home in style."

There was a knock at the door and the wireless operator came in and saluted.

"A message, sir."

Very slowly Captain Singgold opened the envelope and read the words of the message. He studied it for a moment and handed it to the chief. Mr. Bales read it aloud in a slow, harsh voice: SAN FRANCISCO. Office.

Good luck and a successful voyage to the Chittagong and Captain Singgold and Chief Bales and all the officers and crew. Good luck! AMERICAN & ASIATIC.



Memory Was Filling All the Jeats That Joung Vacantly Before Him

ship that had been so long her pride. Singgold glanced back over her. Every bit of gear was in its place. She shone with white paint. The superintendent had done well by her. More than a hundred and fifty times Singgold had conned her down the bay, shining and beautiful. Now, on her last voyage, she was adorned as if a thousand passengers thronged her decks—but there was no one this

Again the captain pulled the whistle cord and once more the great blasts rang out triumphantly in answer to the greetings of the various fleets. The people on a Sausalito ferryboat waved handkerchiefs. An incoming Japanese liner dipped her ensign. But beneath all the clamor Singgold heard that steady pulse of yielding frames.

He swung her until the Golden Gate gleamed dead ahead, and sighed. Suddenly he turned to the second officer and asked harshly:

"What ticket have you?"

"Master's ticket, sir," was the ready response. "I am Halsey-been running in here as mate on sugar boats."

"All right, son," said the captain to the waiting operator. "I'll bring you a message soon. What'll we say, Charlie?"

The chief engineer smiled bitterly.

"Tell 'em 'No flowers'!"

"No," was the slow reply. "They're doing their best by us, Charlie Bales. Now we must think up something to say."

There was a long pause. Then the captain swung round to his desk and wrote, in a large, easy hand, a message, which he handed to his companion.

The chief fixed his smoke-furned eyes on the paper and his harsh voice rasped the words out:

S. S. CHITTAGONG, at sea off Monterey. American & Asiatic,

San Francisco. In behalf of officers and men I present the compliments of the ship and our thanks—from one and all—for kind wishes. SINGGOLD, Commander.

"That'll be polite," the captain said. "You and I have sailed from Pier A for a good many years, Charlie, and they've been good to us. Remember when Ruth died? She wanted to be buried at sea, so—so's she could always be with me; and the boss himself took the Chittagong out beyond the Farralones and gave her honest sea burial. He blew the three whistles himself."

Bales rose and knocked out his pipe. Without a word he strode to the door, opened it and passed into the darkness.

"Poor Charlie Bales!" murmured the whitehaired skipper. "I hadn't ought to 'a' said that, seeing Gertrude ran

off while we were in Hongkong, and he came back to find a For Rent sign on his house. I certainly hadn't better open my fool mouth again. The last kiss she gave him was right in this room here!"

He pressed a button and presently a waiter appeared. To him the captain spoke briefly:

"Tell the boson I want to see him."

Presently entered a grizzled seaman, who saluted and stood at attention.

"Sit down, Tom Allen," said Singgold quietly. "We brought the packet out, didn't

The boson seated himself and answered briefly: "Yes, sir."

"And now the same old crowd is taking her back, Tom."

"She's a good ship yet, sir," Allen said earnestly.

"We're all old," returned the captain.

"You've made about a hundred voyages in the Chittagong with me. I just wanted to tell you I was glad to have an old—an old friend in charge of my crew."
"There's more of us for'ad, sir," said the boson. "There's

Jimmie Snow, as was storekeeper that maiden voyage, and the four quartermasters was all with us, sir; and below in the engine room there is more of us."

"How's the rest of the crew, Tom?"

"Very good, sir. Old-timers, sir. None better, sir."

"All right, boson," said Singgold; and the seaman rose and left the cabin.

When he was gone the captain rose, too, and opened the door that led into the wheelhouse. He went slowly up the steps and peered at the man at the wheel.

Does she steer well?" he demanded.

"Same as she always did, sir," was the reply. "She was always a willin' creature, sir."

For half an hour Captain Singgold stood and watched the run of the dark seas. The great jib-boom rose and fell with rhythmic power and the deck trembled faintly to the trampling of the engines. In the southern sky Venus burned like a lamp. Far inshore the lights of Gardena glowed faintly. Singgold's keen old eyes searched for the loom of Cypress Point, and when he had detected it he went back to his own cabin to sign the reports of mate, steward and engineer.

This done, he studied the rating of the chronometers and then sat down to reverie.

He was roused by the whistle of the tube from the bridge. He reached for it and said:

"What is it?"

"Cypress Point, nine miles on the beam, sir, at eight-thirteen."

"All right," the captain answered, and rose and looked at the barometer.

It had fallen three-tenths; he pursed his lips in surprise and went quickly to the bridge. The third officer was leaning far out over the rail, evidently intent on something

"What is it, son?" the captain demanded.

"Steamer ahead, sir; barely see her masthead light. I think it's the Rose City, sir."

Rapidly the light grew brighter; then appeared the glow of her saloon and deck lights; then the flicker of the port and starboard lights.

"Call the quartermaster!" said Singgold.

In response to the officer's shrill whistle an old man came up the steps. Without turning his head the captain commanded him to tell the wireless operator to get into communication with whatever steamer it was and report

"I'm talking to the Rose City, sir," Sparks reported a minute later.

"Present my compliments to Captain Mason and tell him I wish him a pleasant voyage."

Quickly the big liner ahead forged into full view, foamed abeam, and through the night came the bellow of her three whistles. Singgold answered them with three long blasts and resumed his watch.

"Mason is a young fellow with big commands ahead of him," he thought to himself. "I'm on my last voyage!"

When the Day Was Pully Come the Chittagong Was Plunging Through the Mountainous Jeas at a Good Jixteen Knotz

He sighed. A moment later the wireless operator came on the bridge with another message. Singgold opened it and read its contents by the light in the chartdesk:

Good luck to you, Captain Singgold, and a happy voyage to the Chittagong! Bad weather off Arguello and heavy gale blowing, with heavy sea running. MASON.

"Son," said the old captain, "you must stand an allnight watch tonight. Pick up any news you can find and let me know how things are going round us. Will you please ask the chief officer to step in?"

"Mr. Masters," Singgold said curtly when the mate appeared, "Captain Mason sends a wireless that the weather is bad off Arguello. He says, too, that there is a heavy sea running. Is everything snug?"

"Yes, sir."

Involuntarily both fell silent, listening to the sound of the sea and feeling the wavering tremor of the Chittagong. "She never used to behave this way," said Singgold

presently. "She must be very weak, Mr. Masters." "She is, sir," was the quiet response; "but we'll have it

fairly smooth when we get into Santa Barbara Channel." The captain pondered this; then picked up the speaking tube and called the watch officer.

"Where are we?" he demanded.

"Just off the southerly point of Carmelo Bay, sir," came

"We'll be off Arguello 'bout six in the morning," Singgold remarked. "Of course we could turn the engines up and make it a couple of hours sooner; but-I don't know

"The hull isn't as strong as it used to be," suggested the chief mate

"That is true," was the reply. "Well, you are tired and I won't keep you any longer.

When Captain Singgold entered the chief engineer's cabin Mr. Bales looked up and pointed to the lounge. He sat in full uniform, with his cap drawn over his eyes. He seemed incredibly old and worn and weary.
"How are the machines?" asked Singgold gently.

The engineer looked up and shook his head.

"I daren't turn up more'n eighty-two, cap. Even then

they work on the plates a mite. Worn out!"
"Well, it swings us along twelve knots an hour, and that's fast enough for such a long cruise," was the reassuring response. "Bad weather down below us. Rose City passed the word a while ago."

"I rigged Jim Mahoney's racing gear on her ten years ago, you remember," the chief went on. "Jim's gone; but

his gear is still good."

"Well, I'll handle her myself if we run into a gale of wind," Singgold replied. "She never failed me yet. Remember that gale we rode out off the Hawaiians twenty years

ago? Only the old Chittagong could 'a' stood it."
"I was on the working platform thirty hours running,"
said Mr. Bales slowly. "Ye know I always thought that storm kind of weakened her. She never was so lively after that-not that she didn't do her work all right.'

After an interchange of a few more perfunctory remarks Captain Singgold got up and went out on deck. The wind was very fresh and the great bows were now and then

smothered in foam. It had grown thick and he could see but a little distance. He went to his cabin, donned his oilskins and sou'wester, and mounted the bridge.

"The glass is falling still," he announced to the third mate.

"Sea's rising fast," the officer returned respectfully; "but she is some seaboat, sir. Still, I'll bet there's plenty of weather ahead.'

Until the second officer came on watch at midnight Singgold stood motionless in the lee of the canvas shelter on the weather side. Then he strode uneasily up and down, glancing now at the crested seas, now at the overcast sky. Finally he halted near the second mate and asked abruptly:

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Halsey?"

"Bad!" returned the officer. "I've traveled this coast a good deal, sir; when she blows from the sou'est like this it means heavy seas and high gales. But we'll soon be inside the channel. We ought to pick up Arguello Light by five o'clock."

"Give her lots of room!" Singgold said curtly. "And when you've opened Conception Light be careful how you haul her in."

"All right, sir. I'll call you when I get the Light."

"Good night, Mr. Halsey," said the captain, and went down to his own cabin.

Presently he lay down, dressed, on the lounge and turned his ruddy face to the polished deckbeams above him. A moment later he was asleep.

The little clock above his desk tinkled eight bells and with sailorly promptness Captain Singgold rose and stretched himself. Then he examined the glass. It had fallen still another tenth during his sleep. He let down the shutter that covered the starboard window and studied the seas that poured out of the darkness, leaped futilely against the Chittagong's side and fumed away into the murk. He felt the surge and trembling of the steamer.

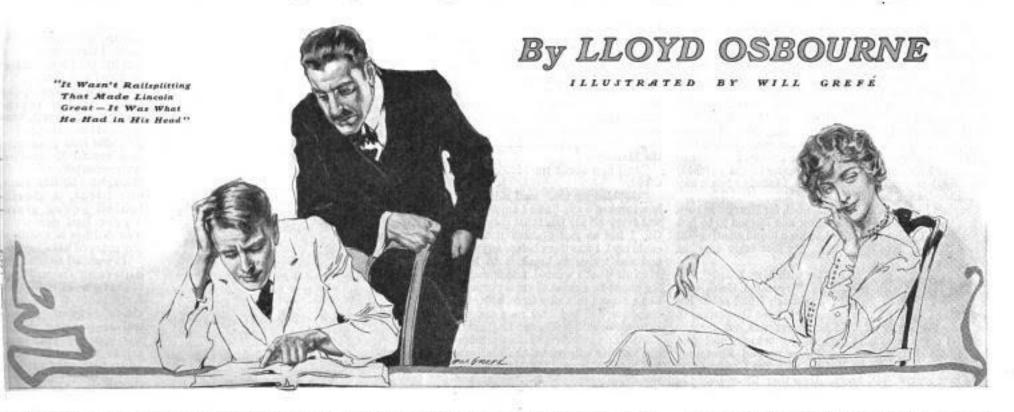
On the bridge he found the second officer had pulled wide of his course.

'Usually a strong inset of the current, sir," he explained. "Good man," murmured the captain, and proceeded to

peer into the darkness ahead. For fifty years he had been scanning just such scenes as now met his eyes-sweeping combers foaming out of the dark, shining seas that slipped swiftly along, huge acres

(Continued on Page 73)

# THE JACKSONBOY



THERE never was a couple that had less interest in busybody societies than Edith and myself; indeed, so far as we knew anything about uplift, we thought the poor were getting much too much of it, and that it was often a name for a lot of oppression. The barons of old were hardly more interfering or tyrannical with their serfs than some of these goody-goody associations that snatch children from their shrieking mothers; dictate with Torquemadalike positiveness about bathing suits and openwork stockings; cut off a man's beer; and arrest people for smoking cigarettes.

Yes: Edith and I were dead against uplift; and that was what made it all the more astonishing we should be captured by Judge Coaxly and the Universal Fellowship League

We should never have fallen had not the furnace got out of order late one winter afternoon, and it became a choice of either going to bed or attending Judge Coaxly's lecture while the plumbers were putting the thing to rights. You see, we could not call on any of our friends in Wickhamhurst because they were all going too. Judge Coaxly had an immense reputation and the news of his coming had crowded our little suburban clubhouse; but Edith and I went merely for the warmth, and were most resentful because it would cost us a dollar each and expose us to a lecture besides. To us it would have been so much jollier to have danced or played cards and spent our two dollars for refreshments; but uplift it had to be or else our polar home.

Judge Coaxly got us at the first lap. He was one of those burning individuals who invariably seem to come from the West and have an infallible recipe for bettering the world. His genial, picturesque presence; his persuasive voice; the glint in his eyes as he denounced the conventional methods of dealing with the poor—all won us as surely as though we were children on the knee of an adored uncle. And his recipe was so simple! It involved no paid secretaries, no charity mongering, no card indexes of deserving cases. Every well-to-do family was to make friends with a poor family—that was the whole recipe in a nutshell. Seven million well-to-do's were to take seven million ill-to-do's under their sympathetic wings.

"Show some human interest in these folks who are socially below you," pleaded Coaxly. "Don't poke them a loaf of bread at the end of a stick, or endow institutions for officials to patronize and bully them. It is not bread these people need a quarter so much as contact with culture, breeding, refinement and gracious tastes. Regard your new family as relations who have come down in the world; try to feel a personal responsibility toward them; belp them all you can to help themselves—and I tell you, my friends, they in their way will help you!"

He drew a most affecting picture of such a humble family whom you had attached to yourself with bonds of steel, and who, in the darkest hour of your life, mutely comforted and supported you. They were so rugged, faithful and devoted that you wondered how you had so long got on without them; and sitting there—on those very hard little folding chairs—you yearned to rise at once and seek them. Edith kept squeezing my hand at every pathetic passage; her pale, pretty face was rapt with attention; again and again she caught her breath as though tears would surely follow. Everybody there was keyed up just the same and swelling with brotherhood and sisterhood.

We walked home in a great glow, inscribed members of the Universal Fellowship League and still under the spell of that entrancing man. We loved humanity and humanity loved us, and it was all too wonderful for anything! I suppose this is how simpler souls feel after a revival meeting—exalted, purified and softened, with a curious sensation of having shed one's grosser nature. We realized how selfish we had been! how stingy with our consideration and sympathy!

Edith said we had put a wall round ourselves and built a little fort of happiness where none might enter except us two—were typical, in fact, of the whole seven million well-to-do's—contemptibly cozy and comfortable while the seven million ill-to-do's were perishing for the lack of a kind word

Bertha, our German girl, let us in, and had a horrid story to tell of the plumber's assistant—the boss had sneaked off as soon as our backs were turned. The assistant had tramped about her kitchen in his dirty boots; had shamelessly proposed to raid the ice chest for beer; had culminated his infamy by trying to kiss her. Bertha had

sprained her thumb in slapping his nasty face, and was altogether quite incoherent with allusions to an immediate return to the "ceety" if we ever left her alone again with a plumber's assistant.

It was hard that she should seem to think it so much our fault and hold us so personally responsible; but of course allowances had to be made for an outraged woman with a sprained thumb, and she undoubtedly had some right to be indignant.

We pacified the invaluable creature, though I shall not deny that our faith in humanity received something of a jar. We decided then and there it should not be a plumber's assistant's family that we would take under our wing. Certainly in my darkest hour the very last person I should care to have about would be this abandoned young man, who usually figured on my bills under the anonymity of labor. Even in my brightest he was never particularly welcome, and I was glad he had had his face slapped by Bertha.

This was only a passing disillusionment, however; we were not going to condemn all humanity on account of one miserable plumber's assistant. We should search for a family more approximating to Judge Coaxly's ideal and one with whom we should have no financial If we had been half inclining to adopt Bertha this little contretemps ended her as a possible candidate. First of all, Bertha was not a family—not yet, at least; and secondly, she did not seem to be the kind of person who would be happy under a wing. She was a little too aggressive and ready to find fault, and if reproved at all would take to her bed with a bad headache and require us to wait on her hand and foot; but as members of the Universal Fellowship League, Edith and I decided to be kinder to her than before and interest ourselves in her point of view. Judge Coaxly had put much stress on that—the point of view.

Up to now ours had been to endure Bertha lest we should go farther and fare worse—it is awfully hard to get servants to stay in the suburbs of New York; but in the light of the new revelation this seemed altogether wrong. As Edith said, we ought to practice on Bertha by way of preparing ourselves to do justice to our real family—the one that, for better or worse, was to accompany us through life and be the prop and comfort of our old age.

I was far too busy to go family hunting myself, having to be at my desk in New York every morning at nine; and, with a long day, that left me fairly spent on my return.

Anyway, even though I had had the leisure of a Fortune's favorite, choosing a family seemed more in a woman's sphere than a man's and I was very willing to turn over the whole matter to Edith; but she demurred a great deal and was not half so sure of her own ability as I was. She said it would be so embarrassing to ring somebody's bell and ask them whether they cared to be adopted!

Judge Coaxly's inspiring eloquence had ignored such homely little details as that. We now thought it a pity he had not been more explicit; he ought to have told us just how to go about it-and, without criticizing the noble man, we wished to goodness he had; but I suppose prophets are never very practical. They enunciate a mighty truth and then hike out to the next place, leaving you to grapple with its application as best you may. Prophets seem always to have been like that—great fellows to get away before you can ask them questions.

Edith and I talked over the available supply of poor families in Wickhamhurst; and after a lot of anxious deliberation our choice seemed about equally divided between Harry Kelp, who drove the omnibus to and from the station, and the Baylers, who kept a little candy and stationery store near the schoolhouse and were the most



estimable kind of German people. Harry was a nice, obliging young American of twenty-five or so, and if his wife and child were anyway as attractive as he was we should be most admirably suited, as they say in registry

So it was arranged that Edith should look up Mrs. Kelp on the morrow, sample the Baylers' newly arrived widowed sister-we were worried about that widowed sister, she had such a wall-eyed look—and generally survey the situation without definitely compromising ourselves. We did not want to be precipitate; it would be so awful to ally ourselves with bonds of steel to the wrong people.

That evening, as I hopped off the train and crowded into the omnibus with the other commuters, I watched Harry Kelp closely for some answering look of understanding. Had a brotherhoodian wave swept us together on life's tumultuous sea or was there the same amount of blue water between us as before? I watched and watched; but, though he was as smiling as ever, I failed to detect any particular change in him.

I confess I was a trifle disappointed, for Harry was such a nice, well-mannered young fellow and seemed to be just in our line. I judged his wife had been found wanting-of course it must have been that. My first eager question to Edith was:

'What did you find the matter with Mrs. Kelp?"

"The matter with Mrs. Kelp?" repeated Edith with an unusual touch of asperity, as though I had asked her something idiotic. "Why, people fell over themselves to get her—the whole of Wickhamhurst was out for the Kelps; I never saw such a push and jostle in my life! And the cold-blooded snobbishness of those people! First, they allowed themselves to be tied up with the Greens-first come first served, you know; then they threw over the Greens for the Wilson Brokaws; and then when Mrs. Allerton Fox came sizzling up in her gorgeous electric, with the chauffeur and footman in mink collars, they called it off with the Brokaws in a way to make you boil. The Kelps are horrid, greedy, self-seeking people, whose only idea is the biggest pocketbook!"

'And the Baylers?" I inquired. Edith threw up her hands.

"Everybody wanted the Baylers!" she cried as though out of all patience at my suggesting anything so unattainable as the Baylers. "There was as crazy a Bayler rush as there was a Kelp rush, though, to do them justice, they were more bewildered than the Kelps-didn't sit there waiting calmly for the highest bid. Bayler's first notion. was that his sister-in-law must have won the hundredthousand-dollar prize in the Würtemberg State Lottery and that we were all coming to call on her. That was some comment on what they really think of us, wasn't it? As though we couldn't call fast enough on anybody with a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Lots couldn't," I observed, forgetting for a moment that I was a member of the Universal Fellowship League and lapsing into a cynicism that would have pained the father of our movement. "I don't know any better social asset in Wickhamhurst than a hundred thousand dollars of United States gold coin, of standard weight and fineness."

'Well, old Mrs. Staples landed them before you could say Jack Robinson," continued Edith, recovering herself sufficiently to give me a hug and a kiss, and putting an arm round me to support me toward the house-it is always a little joke between us that I need such support on my return home, and it is my part to lean on her very heavily and utter little gasps of exhaustion. "I am afraid the Baylers are pretty snobby, too, for they keeled right over when Mrs. Staples put in her application—the fat old jingly thing, covered with diamonds!"

There still remained the McNutts. We had talked of the McNutts vaguery as a possible third choice after the Kelps and Baylers. McNutt was a hardfeatured, slow-moving man, always spattered with cement, who took small contracts for basements and such things, and had the reputation of being very honest and reliable. I had thought of him as rather too old and ruminative and spattery for our new family; and besides, his wife was an immensely stout woman, with a choky way of talking that made me nervous. However, on the idea of any port in a storm, there was much to be said in favor of the McNutts.

"And how about the McNutts?" I asked.

"Gobbled up too," said Edith in a heartbroken way; "and I am afraid it was every bit my fault that they were. Oh, I feel so guilty about it that I could cry! I was there before anybody and was trying to break it to Mrs. McNutt what I wanted, and floundering about in a maze of cross-purposes like a person in a silly farce, when the telephone bell suddenly rang and the Brownlows snapped her up like that!" Edith's fingers conveyed the lightninglike celerity with which the McNutts had been lost to us. "But Mrs. McNutt was awfully kind about it, though, and said if the Brownlows weren't absolutely satisfactory she would give us the next chance."

"I like her nerve!" I said crossly. "Makes an almighty favor of it, does

"Oh, they all do," returned Edith. "Now that everybody has got this

adoption bug and is Coaxlyfying round in automobiles, they stand off with a pussy-full-of-cream expression and know their value."

"Perhaps we mightn't be any better if kings and queens were running after us," I remarked, suddenly remembering my humanitarianism. "We must not blame them if they lose their heads a little."

"Yes; we must try to look at it like that," agreed Edith, still with an air of vexation, "though it is provoking enough to make you want to boil them in oil; but when you are dying to put your hand to the plow it's awful to have no plow, isn't it? To be thirsting to begin and have nothing to begin with! However, I made a start today with Bertha-did all her washing while she sat on the woodbox and told me all her troubles."

"I thought we were going to leave Bertha out of it," I said, not much pleased at the vision of Bertha on the woodbox and my poor little wife doing all the work.

"Oh, it was just for practice," interposed Edith quickly; "and really, do you know—though I do say it myself—it made me feel I was tremendously good at drawing out people. Afterward she went upstairs and wrote a long, long letter to her mother-such a triumph for me, you know, considering they had been alienated for ever so long about sixty-three marks. Oh, if only we could find a family I am sure I could do wonders with it!"

"Don't fret!" I said as she gazed up at me so pitifully. "We'll find a family somewhere if I have to take a day off



"I Made a Start Today With Bertha - Did

and chase one up myself, or set a trap in the back yard and bait it with moving-picture tickets."

On my return late the next day Edith had only failure to report. She looked tired, as well she might be after having scoured the country far and wide and gone without her lunch. Everybody worth having had been snapped up and she had gone from one rebuff to another. At a cemetery, where she thought she had found our ideal, a clovenfooted young gravedigger had demanded five dollars a month as the price of his adoption.

It was all so dismally different from Judge Coaxly's alluring description. Where were those rugged, honest, self-respecting people who clasped your hand across the social gulf? Did they only exist in the FarWest? Was New York entirely outside the rugged, honest, selfrespecting zone? It looked like it, and poor Edith was in despair.

"I am almost driven to consider the Jacksonboy," she said.

"The Jacksonboy!" I exclaimed, bristling at the name, which was one only too familiar in our household.

"Yes, the Jacksonboy," she replied with a shade of belligerency in her voice. "Though I don't suppose for a minute you would ever agree to it.'

The Jacksonboy was certainly a sore point between us. Indeed, the only quarrel of our young married life had been about the Jacksonboy, and we had taken sidespro-Jacksonboy and anti-Jacksonboy-with a passionate ardor that might have wrecked our happy home. It all came about through our losing Robbie, our Scotch collie. He was a prize-bred dog and the kingpin of our existence. Losing Robbie had been a tragedy; any one who loves dogs will understand how we felt-how wholly crushed and heartbroken and bereaved we were.

Well, after two days of hopeless searching, the icemanwith a droop of his eyelid that lingers in my memory yet-said:

"If ever I was to lose a dorg—a valuable, blooded dorg— I should look up that there Jacksonboy and offer him five dollars to find it."

Nothing more could be got out of the iceman than that-only the significant, eyelid-dropping association of the Jacksonboy with missing dogs. We took the iceman's advice and started a still-hunt for the Jacksonboy, who proved to be a slinky-looking individual of about eighteen, with sunburned yellow hair, blue eyes-pretty enough to be a girl's-and an expression of transparent guilt. He

promptly found Robbie the same afternoon and received the five dollars I had promised him, as well as effusions of gratitude from Edith.

My own were much more restrained, for it was as plain as daylight we had been victimized by the young bandit—though I was so glad to get the dog back I forbore to make any comments. It was what happened afterward that brought about the unpleasantness.

Robbie had been brought back without his beautiful collar, which was a new one and a present from Jerry Bartholomew, of the Second National Bank. Naturally we were much put out at losing the collar, and after we out a few wails of indignation and distress the Jacksonboy inquired with an elaborate affectation of casualness whether we cared to offer a small reward for its return.

'Not a cent!" I exclaimed, enraged at this further exaction. "But if you don't return it by nine o'clock, I'll get the constable and have your place searched from top to bottom!"

He looked so terrified at this and his knees knocked together so comically that I gave him another shot.

"I know you stole my dog," I reared; "but I'll be d-d if you are going to steal the



collar too! If it is not here by nine o'clock tomorrow morning I'll have you sent to Elmira, or to one of those boy republics where they put fellows like you in steel cages and feed them on bread and water."

He slunk away, looking very woebegone; and Edith said I had been horribly unkind and unjust, and that if he had been smaller she should have run right after him and kissed him to try and atone for my wicked, horrid, uncalled-for suspicions.

In the transports of getting Robbie back, however, we had no time for quarreling and the subject lay over until the next day—which was Sunday—when the Jacksonboy promptly appeared at the stroke of nine with the collar. He had a cock-and-bull story of having bought it from some street urchins for a dollar, which he rattled off with a greathlessness that was more concerned with Elmira than with the money. I do not think he expected for a moment o be recouped; it was merely that he was badly scared and elt he needed to have some sort of explanation, no matter 10w wild or improbable.

To my amazement Edith accepted every word of it Gospel truth and insisted that I should hand him the iollar. I refused just as heatedly and the miserable thing

leveloped into an out-and-out disgreement, with tears and outbursts and a threatened return to her

Of course it ended by my paying the dollar; but we were left with a soreness and a rankling that were only finally assuaged by my making her a present of a new electric vacuum deaner. Perhaps I was unduly sensitive-I admit it frankly-but the Jacksonboy kept bobbing up between us like Banquo's ghost; and he never bobbed but there was trouble.

I gave Edith the vacuum cleanera thing she had coveted for months to suction the fleas off Robbie withon condition the hated name of Jacksonboy should never be mentioned in our home again. Were she even to say it in her sleep I vowed and declared the vacuum cleaner should disappear forever. It was a peace offering with a thick, strong string to it, and was well worth the money I

It was strange how, after having once discovered there was such a person as the Jacksonboy, he should forthwith become the dominating feature of the landscape. His effeminate, furtive face seemed to meet us whichever way we turned; we could not mail a letter, or drop in at the drug store, or take the most unlikely of walks, but there was the Jacksonboy scurrying to get out of our way.

I invariably scowled at him with the scowliest scowl I could muster at such short notice; while Edith, I regret to say, smiled at him a smile of exaggerated sweetness. I will not pretend I was not annoyed. There is the spirit of an agreement as well as the letter; but she said it was my expression that always made her smile, and that—oh, dear, no!—she had hardly noticed the nameless being at

all, and should not have dreamed of smiling at him! Imagine my feelings now when Edith saidapropos of our new family:

"I am almost driven to consider the Jacksonboy!" I objected with indignation. What! Take that young dog-stealer to our bosom-choose that slinking hobbledehoy and collar-snatcher-enfold in the atmosphere of our cherished home an abandoned loafer whose jobless life was the scandal of Wickhamhurst? It was madness! But, even though he were a model of all the virtues, he was not a family, was he? Judge Coaxly had said families; the whole idea, in fact, was that families should adopt families. Were we members of the Universal Fellowship League or just frantic idiots?

Edith listened with angelic patience. When a woman does that and condescends in addition to a sweet reasonableness, mere man may as well consider himself a goner. It seemed there was a Mrs. Jackson too; so that nothing the great, big, lovely, excited darling said applied at And this Mrs. Jackson was a most worthy, decent, hard-working widow who lived in two little rooms and

earned a humble livelihood by "going out."

She went out for one-seventy-five a day and everybody spoke of her in the highest terms; and if her son was a bit wild and out-of-hand, was it not all our fault-society's fault-for making Mrs. Jackson go out and thus leave him to grow up utterly neglected and uncared for?

And then had he not such beautiful blue eyes that one knew instinctively there must be good in him? Had I ever noticed the Jacksonboy's beautiful blue eyes and the polite way he always lifted his cap? Did I want to see a boy like that grow up into a professional criminal—a boy with such beautiful blue eyes and such nice polite manners? And it was not as though we had any choice. Had she not run her tired legs off and gone without her lunch—all for nothing? Suppose—yes, suppose—he had stolen that collar and had done us out of a dollar, were we to count it against him forever and ever, like the brand of Cain?

The magnanimity of this admission stilled my last protest. It was really very fine of Edith to say that, considering how we had wrangled and disagreed until I bought her the suction cleaner. For her to concede that I might have been right about the collar knocked all my underpinning from under me. What could I do except surrender with the best grace possible? So I said:

"Have it your own way then, my dear. For heaven's sake, get the Jacksonboy if you want him!"

The acquisition of the Jacksons proceeded without a hitch, and on the following Sunday they were both invited

He Saluted Them as Though He Would Never Stop

> to supper at the house. Edith chose Sunday because that was Bertha's afternoon and evening off, and she judged it would be less embarrassing without the maid. Mrs. Jackson was a thin, withered, dreary-looking female, with a long drooping nose and the scanty gray hair one associates with reduced circumstances; but in her rather crushed way she carried off a trying situation with considerable tact and showed an admirable composure. Composure, indeed, was what Mrs. Jackson excelled in. She was the most composed person I ever knew.

> The Jacksonboy, soaped and brushed until he could hardly have recognized himself, and in a state of speechless confusion, tried his best to be neither seen nor heard. He quaked if one looked at him, and had the appearance of expecting-and ardently hoping-that the floor might open and swallow him up; in fact he was far more ill at ease at my table than he had been in selling me back my own dog. Stealing dogs, however, was evidently more in his line than the social graces. He hung on his mother's eye and visibly trembled when he was spoken to.

It was a trying supper for all four of us, though by dint of effort the constraint gradually diminished. After much desultory talk about nothing in particular I gave the conversation a more intimate turn by asking Mrs. Jackson what she intended to make of Benny-Benny was the Jacksonboy's real name, you know, though to Edith and myself it never seemed to suit him so well as the other.

At this she sighed and said she had always hoped he would be a minister like his sainted father in heaven; but, as he did not seem to fancy the idea, she had thought he might perhaps be a lawyer instead. Then she sighed again and said she would be very much obliged if I would tell her how to go about it, and whether it was as easy as she had heard for a bright boy to work his way through the Columbia Law School.

The crass presumption of the woman took my breath away. That she should cherish such dreams for this uncouth, uneducated lad, whose only ostensible occupation appeared to be collecting lost golf balls and selling them back to unscrupulous golfers, struck me as typical of ambitious mothers of a certain sort and of their grotesque conceit and folly. Everybody is so busy telling them that nothing is impossible, and instancing it

with wondrous tales of newsboys risen to greatness, that they have lost all interest in the humdrum occupations Nature has fitted them to fill.

I am afraid I answered her rather shortly and gave a new twist to the subject by asking Benny what he would like to be.

"Aw-work in a moving-picture show," he blurted out. "It must be grand to work in a moving-picture

This impelled me to say something pointed about skilled labor-its splendid independence; its good pay; the opportunities it gave in a thousand directions for young men to better themselves. But my remarks were greeted with a stony silence; Mrs. Jackson's long nose sank as though it were weighted at the end; the Jacksonboy gazed blankly at his

It was plainly not a congenial topic I had begun. Mrs. Jackson murmured something about Lincoln splitting rails. I felt like saying I wished Benny would do something half as useful or honest-but refrained. It was a brightening moment when Edith suggested our playing the phonograph in the sitting room.

There Benny, previously so subdued, covered himself with glory. He loved running the phonograph, and was surprisingly exact and careful in putting in new needles and starting the records on the precise line. Edith was very fussy about her phonograph; and it spoke well for the Jacksonboy that she finally turned it over to him and came and sat down beside me. Our evening for the first time took on a faint semblance of enjoyment; and the Jacksonboy, hunched on the edge of a chair and in a state of silent rapture, watched the machine as though it were the most precious thing in the whole world.

When he touched it, it was with a sort of reverence that seemed to me very affecting; and he looked so poor and shabby and ill-nourished that my heart went out to him. I suppose the music helped to endow him with a

pathetic quality-or perhaps it was the very childishness of his appreciation. At last, when it came time to go, he showed a reluctance that I fear was much more due to leaving the phonograph than to leaving us.

This was the first of several similar Sunday evenings, though at the fourth or fifth Benny arrived alone and explained that his mother was feeling too poorly to come. On the succeeding Sunday Mrs. Jackson was again kept away by an attack of this persistent poorliness, and on my asking some questions about this vague complaint and suggesting that I should telephone to the doctor the truth came out in the most unexpected manner.

"Maw don't hanker much about coming here, if you have to know," confessed the Jacksonboy, writhing with embarrassment. "I guess she finds it too slow or sumpin'. She says you are awful nice people and most awful kind, but that she don't enjoy it and would rather stay home.'

'Edith, listen to that!" I exclaimed. "Mrs. Jackson won't come any more because—we bore her!"

(Continued on Page 42)

# ADVENTURES IN BANKRUPTCY

## In the Underworld of Business—By Forrest Crissey

ANKRUPTCY is a forbidding word to the average business man. Its suggestion is as sinister and unwelcome as that commonly associated with the presence of an undertaker who looks the part. This natural aversion of the struggling man of affairs to anything that hints of failure is in hundreds of cases a most expensive whim—an indulgence as costly as it is human.

"The honest business man," declares a United States judge who has heard hundreds of bankruptcy cases, "knows as little of the conditions of bankruptcy as he does of those of life after death-and he is no more anxious to learn about one than he is to learn about the other.

"Bankruptcy belongs to a grim underworld to which he resolutely shuts his eyes; but the fact remains that if many men now headed straight for the business scrapheap could grasp the vital, vivid lessons that are thrown on the screen in a court like this, they would 'head in' promptly and cheat the professional receiver out of any responsibility on their account. And if the credit men of merchandizing houses were obliged to take a short course in a bankruptcy court the science of dispensing credits would be suddenly thrown into high speed.

"Besides, life in this underworld of business is not so doleful as one might imagine. It has its flashes of humor and its touches of romance-plenty of them-in spite of its grimness. There is no better laboratory on earth in which to study human nature than a bankruptcy court. If credit men, hard-pushed men of business and writers of modern fiction realized how much solid meat for their sustenance is dispensed in the daily grind of the bankruptcy court, our rooms would be crowded and enjoy a popularity beyond that of the most prodigal souphouse. Standing room only! would be the rule. But a certain class of men seem to be obliged to go through bankruptcy themselves and learn from hard personal experience the lessons they might catch from others if they could see the business post-mortems that are conducted here."

#### What the Inventory Showed

THIS shrewd judge might have gone still further and added that bankruptcy is sometimes the beginning of success with business men of a certain type-honest, hardworking strugglers at that. These claims may seem a trifle extravagant to the man who has not been brought into familiar contact with the curious dramas that constantly enliven the routine of the bankruptcy court; but the officials who deal with these matters day after day are quick to recognize such statements as wholly conservative.

A keen young man in the employ of a large trust company doing a heavy receivership business was once sent to

take charge of the assets and affairs of a small dealer in whitegoods, whose creditors had brought bankruptcy proceedings. Though the trust company had been appointed as receiver the dealer had not yet been adjudged a bankrupt. The final hearing was set for five days later.

The young man assigned to make the investigation on which

the findings of the court would be largely based was familiar enough with bankruptcy administration to know that it was a business of surprises; but he had not followed it long enough to be prepared for the peculiar surprise that was in store for him.

"You'll probably find quite a mess over there," he was told; "but don't let them pull the wool over your eyes. You're inclined to be rather sympathetic, and most of those fellows are keen to spot a weakness of that sort and play it to the limit; so don't be fooled by appearances, but dig straight to the bottom and get hold of the

Therefore, as the receiver's agent climbed the stairs and entered the rather dingy room of the troubled dealer in whitegoods, he was prepared to find a paucity of assets and a surplus of tears, and was fully fortified against any draft on his too-ready sympathies. The bankrupt said little, but his appearance was that of a crushed and broken-hearted man. If he were merely playing the part he was certainly a gifted actor, the young man instantly concluded.

"Now," cheerfully suggested the receiver's agent, "let's take a look at your inventory."

He was handed a curiously amateurishappearing document that showed a total of some ten thousand dollars of stock on hand. Keen on the scent for disappearing assets he asked: "Who made out this inventory?" And he was not surprised to learn that it was the work of the gawky youth who was coiled despondently over the bookkeeper's desk.

Then the investigator did a little inventorying on his own account. He had not gone far, however, before he reached the surprising conclusion that there were more goods in the place than the inventory indicated. According to his lights this fact in itself was meat for suspicion; and he promptly telephoned his office and made a requisition for two accountants, who were immediately set to work making an independent inventory, under instructions to use special care and to verify prices by the original invoices.

While this work was going on he dug into the finances of the bankrupt and found that when the dealer-who had been operating on a shoestring basisshipped a hill of goods it had been his habit to hock the bill with a certain financial concern at a discount of fifteen per cent. In addition to this he had borrowed a considerable sum from the bank with which he carried his checking

When the accountants from his own office handed him their completed inventory the investigator gave a gasp of astonishment. It showed stock on hand worth four times the amount indicated by the bankrupt's own inventory! But the investigator kept his amazement to himself and quietly continued his search for the traditional Ethiopian in the

woodpile, for whom the trained bankruptcy official is always on the hunt, no matter how assuring appearances may be. After two days' delving, however, he reached the conclusion that he had found the true condition of affairs.

"This man," he declared to the vice-president of the largest creditor bank, "isn't a bankrupt; he's simply an incompetent along one

line. He knows his goods, how to buy them and how to sell them; but he's a miracle of incompetence when it comes to the accounting end of his business. And he trusts that end of his affairs to a halfbaked youth who has spent a few months in some hurry-up business college. That boy is just a loose-jointed bluff; but he's been able to get away with it simply because his employer is a little more incompetent than himself as an accountant."

The banker was incredulous, but decided to find out the true state of affairs for himself; so he sent his own force of accountants, who made an independent inventory and report. That inventory tallied,

Billy Had Hard Work Not to Leap

From the Jofa



"He Was Jollying Every Customer That Came Into the Place"

almost to a dollar, with the one made by the accountants from the receiver trust company. This time the surprise was on the whitegoods dealer. His banker showed him that he was not a bankrupt, and then added:

"If you had come to me months ago, when you first began to feel the pinch, and had asked me to overhaul your business, you would have saved yourself all this trouble. The scare you've had thrown into you and the wear-andtear you've suffered in the past few months have probably not only taken years off your life, but this thing has hurt your credit. Now I'm going to put a good bookkeeper in your place and he's going to run that end of your business and run it right. Then I'm going to supply you with capital enough to take care of your business and do it at six per cent. You can't afford to sacrifice fifteen per cent on each bill you sell, as you have been doing."

#### Merchants Who Don't Know Where They Stand

FOR a time you give your attention to buying and selling—it's evident you know how to do that—and let the young man look after your finances and your accounts. After we've got things to running smoothly you'll have to learn the financial and accounting ends of your business, so that you can at least understand what is taking place in your own establishment and where you stand. That's the price of the help I'm giving you. If you don't learn it you'll find yourself in the same fix again some time."

This man was never adjudged a bankrupt, and the receiver was discharged. The banker installed a competent young man in the office of the dealer in whitegoods, arranged matters with other creditors, and eventually saw this man become prosperous.

Almost every professional receiver can parallel this case from his own experience, so far as its essentials are concerned. This is especially true of those receivers who are called on to handle the affairs of small merchants. Hundreds of storekeepers are every year forced into the ranks of business failures and have the bankruptcy brand burned into their flanks when they are no more entitled to that punishment than was the dealer in whitegoods.

"There is a large class of men in the retail trade," declares a man who has had years of association with the receivership end of a large trust company, "who run on the principle that all there is to trade is buying and selling. And they are inclined to put the emphasis on selling. So long as they can see a stream of goods going out of their stores they flatter themselves they are on the high road to fortune. Let me give just one example of what we are

continually meeting with in this calling:

"One day I was sent to take charge of the affairs of a retail grocer who had two stores in a thickly settled suburb and did a small neighborhood jobbing business. An involuntary petition had thrown him into the bankruptcy court. I found him at the larger of the two stores waiting on customers. From his appearance I judged he had come in from the country and that he had probably seen service in a crossroads store of a back-town settlement. Anyhow he was a hustler at tying up packages, and he was jollying every customer that came into the place. I delayed posting the receivership notice and taking the store over in order to watch him work for a few minutes.

"A dray drew up at the back door and he remarked to his clerk: 'I'm glad them barrels of confectioners' sugar have come. We need 'em.' Then I broke the news to him and formally took over the store. Even then he did not want to stop handing out goods to customers. His passion for wrapping packages was so strong that he protested sgainst closing the door against customers and giving a little attention to the details of his own financial funeral.

"That man's accounting system belonged to the Stone Age. So far as his accounts with his creditors were concerned his books consisted of three hooks. On the first he stabbed the invoices overdue, or due the first of the next month-and that hook was loaded to capacity! On the next hook were impaled the invoices due a month later.

The third hook was reserved for bills on which he had ninety days' leeway.

"His bookkeeping with his customers was equally primitive. He had a rack in which he kept his duplicate sales slips. That was his only ledger. And his collecting was largely done by his delivery help. Of course I was on the watch—as we always are and must always be-for crooked tricks and clever concealments; but the man instantly impressed me as being honest.

"A crew of invoicers at once went through his stock; and when they had finished and had their figures before me I asked him whether he had any idea of how much stock he had in the

two stores.

"'Nope!' was his frank answer-'can't say that I have. Consid'able, though. I always aim to have what my customers want. It makes me kind of ashamed to have to tell a customer that I can't give him what he wants. Looks as if I hadn't had gumption enough to order it. You see, I've had a good trade and it's kept me so busy sellin' that I haven't had much time to bother with stocktakin'. And anyhow, I always figured that I wouldn't have any more goods on hand simply because I'd taken a lot of time to list them."

#### A Wild Buyer Cured

"I COULDN'T help coming back at him with the remark that he would probably have had fewer goods, by considerable, if he had followed the practice of taking an inventory. Then I asked him why he had ordered the two barrels of confectioners' sugar that had arrived the day the store was taken over by the receiver. His answer was that he couldn't remember having ordered any in a long time and knew that he must be about out of it. His jaw dropped when I showed him that there were twelve barrels of this expensive stuff in the store at the moment when he had placed his order for the two barrels.

"That man had hundreds of dollars" worth of goods in his store that had

never been opened and that were covered deep with other goods—merchandise that he would have denied having in his possession if he had been accused of it.

"Do not think that this man stands alone. There are some grocers—quite a number of them too—on the edges of every large city that make him look like an accomplished accountant and an up-to-date merchant by comparison.

"I know of retail grocers whose only books of account with their customers are the individual passbooks the customers bring to the store when they make purchases. These books are often carried by the children of the customers and are frequently lost.

"What happens then? Unless the merchant and his customer can agree as to the unpaid balance the account is lost and wholly uncollectable. Of course there are many more who are not quite so loose in their bookkeeping as

was this man, who did not bother to take an invoice or to keep a regular set of books; but they still belong to his

"This man had a passion for selling; his whole heart was in that end of his business and in no other. He bought simply because he must have something to sell. Few salesmen ever left his store without an order. As a dump for goods he was a joy to the city salesman for the wholesale house, and he could be loaded up easier than a grain car under an elevator chute. That man had more than enough goods in stock to pay his indebtedness, dollar for dollar-and did so. Of course he was a good outlet and his creditors were anxious to keep him in business. So they threw a good, hard scare into him, saw that a good bookkeeper and a proper system were installed, and then kept a close eye on him.

"If a man of this stamp gets into bankruptcy early enough it will make a success of him. Of course it is hard discipline; but some can be cured of their loose ways by no other means. Bankruptcy has been the beginning of success for many a man of this habit of mind. However, it seems a pity that they will not learn the lesson of all-round merchandizing—of a balanced business administration from the experiences of others. There are thousands of storekeepers in this country that think themselves merchants who could get more good from a course of

There Were Thousands of People, and Ali of Them Jeemed to be Jpending Money Every Minute

object-lesson teaching in a bankruptcy court than from all the trade conventions that are held in a year."

According to Bradstreet's latest report incompetence has come to lead the list of failure causes. It outranks inexperience, lack of capital, unwise granting of credits, speculation, neglect of business due to doubtful habits, personal extravagance or fraudulent disposition of property. As a wrecker of business this element is given a standing of thirty and two-tenths per cent.

Because crookedness-deliberate, well-seasoned and thoroughly matured crookedness-is given last place in the factors outside of those beyond human control that contribute to business failures, it is not well to believe the original Babes in the Wood, or their temperamental descendants, to be naturally fitted to discharge the responsibilities of bankruptcy receivers. Not even the fact that practically every professional receiver frankly declares

most adjudged bankrupts to be genuine bankrupts is sufficient evidence on which to select trusting innocents for the task of conducting post-mortems on business ventures that have suffered a violent or untimely end.

To hear one receiver after another relate experiences of finding an honest struggler suddenly thrown into the bankruptcy mill, only to be shown to be possessed of convertible assets beyond his liabilities and beyond his own expectations, is immensely cheering and well calculated to stimulate a flagging faith in human nature; but the sad fact remains that these same receivers can offset each recollection of this sort with a narrative of remarkable nimbleness of assets that would charm and instruct J. Rufus Wallingford himself.

Perhaps, as the Bradstreet report on bankruptcy in America suggests, only about ten per cent of the failures in business are fraudulent-that is, failures deliberately planned for the purpose of securing fraudulent profits. However, when it is remembered that there are now about fifteen thousand failures in the business year it will be plain that there are plenty of crooked business wrecks to keep the receivers busy.

Again, these specialists in scrapped fortunes admit that there is something in a bankruptcy proceeding that is well calculated to bring out all the dormant cunning and shiftiness in a fairly honest man whose insolvency is not a

deliberate frame-up, but has been thrust on him; his scruples seem to vanish when confronted with the possibility of "saving a little something from the wreck." This element must be reckoned with by the receiver and his agents.

Altogether there is no escape from the conclusion that the humblest task in connection with a receivership is no job for a trusting child or for anybody who is not expecting to cut his eyeteeth on every new case to which he happens to be assigned.

#### Disappearing Assets

THE almost miraculous nimbleness I that assets sometimes attain just before the filing of a bankruptcy petition needs no better illustration than the case of Ivan, a hat-and-cap manufacturer. In his special line Ivan was something of a wonder. His career had a true storybook flavor-at least up to a certain point. He was the soul of industry, and the little cap shop he started in a small loftroom in the Loop district of Chicago grew and flourished at a pace that made him the envy of many competitors.

In a few years Ivan had arrived. He had a credit reputation that was above reproach, and the houses from which he bought his materials regarded him as a good moral risk. The trade spoke of him as a winner, and there was every reason to believe that when he retired from business he would receive the honor of a notice in the journal of the trade under the headline: How the Humble Immigrant Made Good-a notice that he would be proud to send to his relatives and friends, and to preserve for posterity.

Suddenly, however, the edifying career of Ivan took a tangent that terminated in the bankruptcy court. As he stood there beside the attorney for the creditors, praying for the appointment of a receiver for his wrecked business, he was an appealing figure. He had the sympathy of every visitor in the courtroom.

A large trust company was appointed receiver and the officer of that institution on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of administering Ivan's affairs felt the influence of the general sympathy for the poor bankrupt; but he was far too shrewd and experienced in the ways of the underworld of business to allow the good reputation or the appealing figure of the unfortunate bankrupt to prevent him from hurrying instantly to Ivan's factory, to take possession of the assets and get a first-hand insight into actual conditions.

One glance about the stockroom made him gasp. He summoned his assistants and an hour's excited investigation revealed this startling situation: Only a short time before the filing of his petition Ivan had bought more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of materials, which had been delivered. The most careful search failed to reveal more than three thousand dollars' worth of assets in the factory.

Promptly this son of the White Father was put on the witness stand and called on to explain this startling condition. He could speak only the tongue of the czar, and it was impossible at the moment to secure a really competent interpreter. The grilling on the stand brought small results. The impression gained by spectators in the courtroom was that a dull, bewildered and despondent man, unable to speak a word of English, was being badgered with questions wholly beyond his comprehension. The essence of all that could be extracted from him was that he had manufactured some of the materials; that the remainder of them were in the factory-or if they were not, then he did not know where they were.

When the examination was over, the bankruptcy official was convinced that Ivan was a Tartar in character as well as in blood, and that the vanished assets must be trailed without any help from the bankrupt. No man becomes a skillful bankruptcy executive without developing the instincts of a sleuth to a very practical degree. He soon

learns the value of patient digging.

This official first secured from the bank with which Ivan had a checking account all the canceled vouchers the bankrupt had not himself secured. Among these was one check for a considerable sum that had been cashed by a small hospital in another city.

At once an agent of the receiver was sent to that city to learn, if possible, the connection between Ivan and the hospital. He soon made the interesting discovery that the hospital was owned by a widow who bore a striking resemblance to the bankrupt. She was a shrewd woman who spoke English; and she was at once brought into court, where she admitted that she was Ivan's sister; that she had received the check in question and others also from him; and that they were in payment of loans made to him when he started in business. She needed the money and had forced him to settle. This plausible explanation seemed to settle the matter—at least in her mind—and she left the courtroom with a smile of satisfaction on her face; but the agent was far from satisfied. He returned to his principal and reported:

"She has Ivan's goods or his money soaked away somewhere-I'm satisfied of that. The only thing for us to do is to find out where. If the stock has been turned into cash the money is either buried somewhere about the hospital premises or it's in a box in a safe-deposit vault. She has a checking account in the bank where she cashed the check that gave us the clew, but her balance there is below fifty dollars. And the officials of that bank declare that she

#### The Love · Making Sleuth

has no box in their vaults."

ANOTHER agent—a genial and rather handsome young man—was sent, with instructions to shadow the widow every time she left the hospital and see whether she visited a safe-deposit vault; but the canny widow kept closely indoors and the amateur shadow became tired of skulking about the neighborhood. His spying had yielded only one result—the observation that the widow and her head nurse were evidently fast friends. He at once arranged a commission connection with a house dealing in a certain line of hospital supplies, secured an outfit of samples and learned the lingo of the line.

Then he waited until the widow went out alone, invaded the hospital as a salesman and made the acquaintance of

the head nurse. She was not a beauty, but he contrived to leave with her the impression that he regarded her as a woman of compelling

Before he left, the nurse had accepted an invitation to attend the theater. As a detective and a salesman of hospital supplies the genial Billy was an amateur; but as a lovemaker he held a postgraduate degree. The fact that the head nurse was some eight years older than himself evidently made his attentions doubly flattering.

Their courtship ripened rapidly; and the night when he measured her finger for the diamond ring that he was to secure at wholesale price through a friend of his in Chicago she confided to him the suspicion that her friend, the widow, would probably soon dispose of the hospital-having a snug sum already tucked away in a safe-deposit drawer in the Empire Trust Company's vaults. Billy had hard work not to leap from the sofa when his "fiancée" incidentally mentioned the number of the box.

The next morning the widow was again summoned to the witness stand. Under oath she declared that the contents of the box named did not belong to her, to her brother or to any member of their family.

Billy then took the stand, told his story and secured an order that restrained the custodian of the vaults from permitting any person to open the box in question. Shortly afterward the court ordered the trust company to give the receiver for Ivan's bankrupt estate access to the contents of the box.

It was drilled open, and Billy drew from it twenty thousand dollars in currency, a small jewel bag containing a dazzling collection of unset diamonds, and a package of warehouse receipts for a large number of "cases said to contain eggs." The warehouses from which these receipts were issued were located in a dozen different cities.

Billy promptly visited the nearest one and, on showing his authority, was permitted to open the cases. Every one of them contained bolts of silk and of satin-most of which were not of a quality generally used in the manufacture of caps. Eventually all the egg cases were opened and their contents found to be bolts of expensive fabrics.

Meantime Ivan-the-Industrious had disappeared on a warning sent by his sister. The crafty widow found herself in a difficult position. As she had, under oath, denied any claim to the contents of the safe-deposit box she could not make any attempt to recover the diamonds, the twenty thousand dollars in currency and the warehouse receipts without confessing that she had committed perjury.

Later the court gave the receiver a clear title to these assets, and still later the widow was convicted of perjury and sent to prison. After about three years of absence the fugitive Ivan returned from his retreat in the steppes of Russia, pleaded guilty to the indictment that had been secured against him and took his medicine in the form of a prison sentence.

"This case of recovery of vanished assets," says the official who handled it, "might carry the inference that we're all so foxy that assets can't elude us. Don't you believe it! The crooked bankrupt puts it over on us right along! Sometimes we have rare good luck, but often the real crooks in the game get away with the goods.

"Of course we don't make any noise about those cases. Sometimes the assets are so cleverly manipulated that we don't find it out until long afterward. No doubt there are some instances that never come to light. Others are discovered where it is simply impossible—with all the powers of the United States court back of us-to do anything in the matter of recovery. That statement must seem strange to a layman, but here's a case in point:

"In a thickly settled part of this city, where the inhabitants are working people, a furniture store opened up about two or three weeks before Christmas with a stock that was well selected for that trade. Handbills were distributed from house to house and the prices on the goods were alluring. They did a lively business, selling for cash in every instance; but not a single article went out the door of that store. To every customer making a purchase this explanation was made: 'Your goods will be delivered the night before Christmas. All the delivering is to be done at the same time. We're so busy selling now that we cannot deliver. If we did not do the delivering in this way we could not sell you the goods at the low prices charged. We shall put a tag on the articles bought by you, and the night before Christmas they will be at your door.

"Every article in that store was sold many times overand each time for cash. Some articles were sold twenty times over. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before Christmas the proprietors of this establishment filed a petition in bankruptcy. When the receiver arrived to take possession there was not an article of furniture in the place. Having sold every piece repeatedly, they generously concluded to deliver the goods, so far as they could

go, to the customers having the last tags. This helped to make an appearance of an honest intent to deliver. The court was furious; but, so far as recovery was concerned, we were helpless. Nothing could be done on that score.

"For every case of remarkable recovery of assets there are many cases of remarkable disappearance of assets never recovered. Every case of recovery carries its own particular lesson. The point of the Ivan case to me was: Put the principals on record under oath. Let them have their say and frame things up as they please, and let them think they are putting it over. Generally they will tie themselves up in their own rope if you give them the chance. It's hard work to lie consistently if given free swing—and lying under oath is perjury. That is the snare in which most of this kind of crooks are caught."

Occasionally the professional receiver in bankruptcy finds his skill and services in demand in receiverships that, in a strictly technical sense, are not matters of bankruptcy; but to the layman these actions look to be off the same bolt of cloth, and they may be so considered, as far as illustrating the kind of cunning with which the professional

receiver of a large city must contend.

On the outskirts of one of our cities there is an amusement park that has contributed to the history of receiverships one of the most dramatic and illuminating chapters yet written. As a movie melodrama it would show to standing room, and its title should be: The Widow's Stock, or The Small Shareholder's Revenge. In the words of the receiver who played the leading rôle: "It shows how much trouble a small shareholder can make with a little grit and the right sort of legal advice.'

#### The Story of the Amusement Park

AMONG the assets left to a certain widow, by a husband who had consistently nourished a scorn of investments that promised a return of less than twenty per cent a year, were fifty shares of stock in this amusement-park company. His tin box contained many other highly illuminated certificates in remote enterprises that he had considered as sure things, but on which the appraiser of the estate had bestowed the contemptuous name of cats-and-dogs.

The widow might have classed the amusement-company certificates with the other nonproductive securities left by her confiding husband, had she not visited the park on the Saturday afternoon following her discovery that she was a stockholder in that enterprise. The cars running to the park were packed, and the large areas in front of the ornate entrance gates held a howling mob of Saturday pleasureseekers clamoring for tickets. It seemed to the widow that the whole city had suddenly emptied itself at the gates of this big amusement garden.

There was a strange fascination in watching the stream of silver and currency that poured into the windows of the several ticket booths. She held her watch and tried to count the admissions registered in five minutes by one admittance turnstile, but gave it up in despair. The stream moved too swiftly for her. Inside the gaudy stucco walls of the park the crowds seemed even more dense. There were thousands of people, and all of them seemed to be spending money every minute for something. How could all this money be spent in the park, night after night and day after day, and the enterprise still remain unprofitable? It did not seem possible; and after talking with several of the men who were apparently in charge of the

concessions, she reached the conclusion that

it was not possible.

Among her social acquaintances was a lawyer who belonged to one of the leading legal firms of the city. She went to him, showed him her certificates and told her experience. He said that, as his family was out of the city for the summer, he would go to the park that night and the following Saturday and take a look on his own account. He became a chronic attendant. He spotted a ticketseller and a gatekeeper, scraped acquaintance with them when they went off duty, and finally obtained figures on the admission receipts.

These figures outran his own wildest estimates. He was morally certain that the park was enormously profitable and that the only thing necessary to a successful suit was to learn how and by whom the profits were being diverted. The widow was told that he would take her case, pay all the preliminary expenses, and then take as a fee a percentage of what he secured for her.

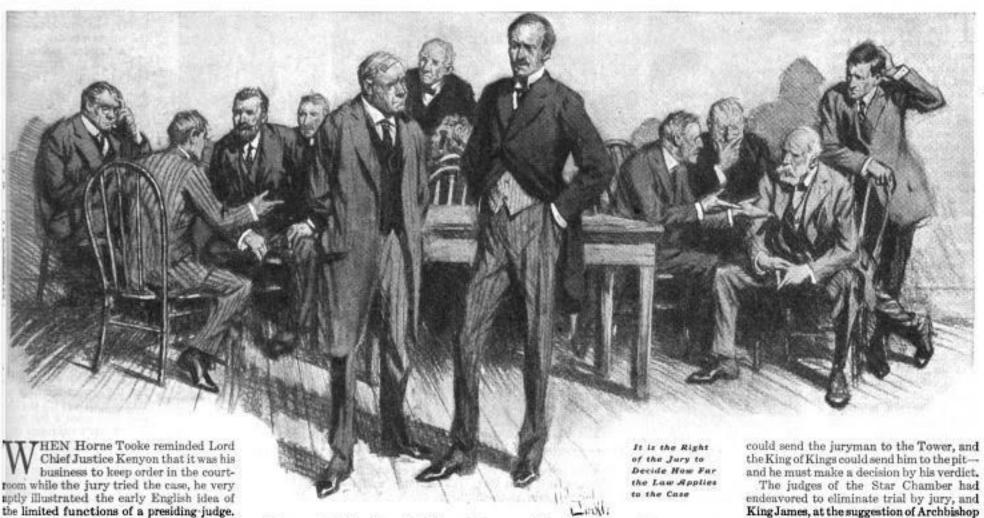
His first and most troublesome task was to secure an authentic list of all the stockholders of the company. He found that fiftyfive per cent of the stock was held by the president, secretary and treasurer of the corporation, and the remaining shares were widely scattered in small blocks among venturous investors who had taken flyers. One by one he gathered these small shareholders into his

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At Noon He Invited the Accountants to Lunch With Him at the Hotel

# THE JURY AND THE JUDGES



By Melville Davisson Post

The real tribunal of justice was the jury. It was the jury before which criminal and civil cases were heard. Juries were the judges of the facts and they were also the judges of the law. This is true today and it has been true from the beginning. The jury

has been true from the beginning. The judge is a presiding officer whose duty it is to see that trials are conducted in an orderly manner and who is to advise the jury what the law of the land is; but the jury is the supreme tribunal. And when the judge has had his say it is the right of the jury to decide how far the law applies to the case, and what, on the whole, is justice.

"As for the judge and the crier," said Horne Tooke to the jury in his famous trial, "they are here to preserve order; we pay them handsomely for their attendance, and in their proper sphere they are of some use; but they are hired as assistants only; they are not and never were intended to be the controllers of our conduct,"

It ought never to be forgotten that the whole body of people is the source of justice, as the people are the source of authority. We remember that the people are the source of authority because Mr. Jefferson wrote it down for us at Philadelphia in words that—in spite of all the critics from John Adams to Rufus Choate—are unquestionably fine and noble. We have had no great leader, however, to immortalize in any solemn Declaration of Rights the equally great truth that the people are the source of justice.

A narrow patriciate, either elective or appointive, can never be the source of justice in this country. It can never replace the authority of the whole people, no matter to what lengths it may go in the endeavor. The people are beginning to forget this profound truth and they ought to be awakened.

#### The Tyranny of Royal Judges

If ONE goes today into a courtroom he will be impressed with the idea that the judge is the supreme tribunal of justice and that the jury is merely a branch or auxiliary under his direction and control. He dominates them, instructs them and orders them about as though these freeholders were simply upper servants of an imperial bench—when the fact is, these twelve men are the sovereign tribunal, and the judge rather a clerical officer. The superiority which he pretends is assumed and the people have acquiesced in it; but this acquiescence, be it remembered, is the abandonment of a fundamental idea of justice for which the English-speaking people have long contended.

In our indifference we forget the bitter struggle our fathers made to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people; for while the people were alert and attentive to the matter even the imperial judges of the crown were never able to make the jury subservient to them.

In the trial of Woodfall, the printer of the Morning Advertiser, charged with the publication of a libel against the king, Lord Mansfield tried to force the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. He said they had only to find whether or not there was a printing and he would say whether it was a libel; but the jury were to be neither coerced nor tricked into a verdict. Having been kept out for hours and carted about from Guildhall to Bloomsbury Square, they brought in a verdict of "Guilty of the printing and publishing only." Mansfield could not sentence Woodfall under that verdict and he had to abandon the prosecution.

Many of our learned lawyers, like Mr. Story, have called on us to admire Lord Mansfield; but when we remember his relentless hostility to the American Colonies the obligation does not seem to lie. He sentenced a prisoner to a year's imprisonment and fined him two hundred pounds for publishing an advertisement seeking a subscription for the following purpose:

To be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans and aged parents of our beloved American fellow subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were, for that reason only, inhumanly murdered by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord, in the province of Massachusetts.

And it was Mansfield who was selected to oppose the great Lord Chatham when from the door of death he was carried into the House of Lords to protest against an inhuman and barbarous warfare.

The English juries stubbornly insisted that they were supreme, and that they were the judges of the facts as well as the law in every case. Mr. Pulteney's famous ballad on the Acquittal of the Craftsman shows clearly what the opinion of the country was:

For Sir Philip well knows
That his innuendos
Will serve him no longer
In verse or in prose;
For twelve konest men have determined the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.

The people had no easy time of it, against the imperial judges, to preserve to themselves the right to decide everything in a case. In one of the trials of churchmen for asserting that the king's prerogatives in certain directions were limited, one of the jurymen was said to have lamented: "If I say 'Not guilty' I shall be out of favor with the king; and if I say 'Guilty' I shall be out of favor with the King of Kings!" It was a more difficult position than any one of us in this day is likely to be called on to face. The king

The judges of the Star Chamber had endeavored to eliminate trial by jury, and King James, at the suggestion of Archbishop Bancroft, undertook to try cases himself. But he gave it up, with this immortal comment: "I could get on very well hearing one side only; but when both sides have been heard, by my soul I know not which is

right." Nor was he always successful in packing his bench of judges with servile creatures who would obey him. He said to Chief Justice Jones: "I am determined to have twelve lawyers for judges who will be all of my opinion as to the matter." And Jones replied: "Your Majesty may find twelve judges of your opinion, but hardly twelve lawyers." The wit was lost on James, however, who had trouble enough with juries and did not propose to have any with his judges.

BOOTH

Jones was dismissed the next day and the king packed the bench. And when Coke refused to say how he would decide when the question of the king's prerogatives should come up, and uttered his famous dictum: "When the case happens I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do" James took care to see that he did no more of anything as a judge of England.

#### How Junius Shook the Bench

EVEN with the king's creatures laboring to make themselves the supreme administrators of justice, however, the English people waged a stubborn and unending warfare. And they sometimes made themselves desperately felt. Chief Justice Kelynge endeavored to ride them down with a high hand. He forced the grand jury of Somersetshire to find indictments. He abused Sir Hugh Wyndham, who was foreman, saying that the jury were all his servants, and that he would make the best of England stoop.

He fined jurymen one hundred marks apiece because they found a verdict against his inclinations; and he fined and imprisoned a whole jury because, in a trial for murder, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter against his express direction. In open court, and in defiance of the rights of the people, he sneered at Magna Charta, repeating Cromwell's unprintable rhyme in a loud, arrogant voice; but the people were not his servants. They petitioned the House of Commons and moved with such energy against him that Lord Campbell says: "He was abundantly tame for the rest of his days."

And so the fight went on between the people and the judges. The ablest men of England outside of the Inns of Court took it up. Junius shook the bench with his immortal letters:

In contempt or ignorance of the common law of England you have made it your study to introduce into the court where you preside measures of jurisprudence unknown to Englishmen. The Roman code, the law of nations, and the

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# MY SON By WILLIAM CARLETON

IX

HE only way the average farmer knows whether or not his farm is paying is whether or not he has money enough to meet his store bills. And that after all proves nothing, because the store bills may be too small to represent a fair interest on his total investment or they may be larger than the farm has any right to be burdened with. It's about as primitive as banking money in the cellar wall. Even if the total comes out all right and the farmer makes enough to meet current expenses with a little over, he has no way of telling what details of his farm contributed to this profitable finish and what did not. He raises eggs and sells them for what he can get, but he does not know what they cost him; the same is true of his other products, including milk. This is mere child's play, not business. And farming, as has been said, is a business.

Although business principles may be applied

profitably to every branch of farming there is no branch where they count for more than on the dairy end. A man must know what his milk costs him before he can fix his price. He must know just how much each cow produces in order to weed out the unprofitable cows. He must know whether or not he is getting profitable results from his feed. A set of books is as necessary to the dairyman as a barn.

This has been told the farmer over and over again. The state bureaus of agriculture have preached it; the farm journals have devoted columns to it; the farmers' institutes never meet without describing the necessity of it. The farmer has even been furnished with the best form of record all worked out for him. And yet the system is far from being in general use. A number of the bigger farmers use it, but it is even more important for the small farmer than for his more prosperous neighbor. It's the small farmer upon whom the nation is dependent, and any reform that doesn't reach him doesn't do much good.

Before a cow can be called profitable or unprofitable three things must be known—the total amount of milk she produces in a year; the total amount of fat produced in a year; the cost of the food she consumes in a year. From these facts an important fourth can be calculated—the use the cow makes of her feed as shown by increased or decreased production. Give two cows the same food, and one will respond by giving a larger quantity of better quality milk, while the second will perhaps remain stationary—in which case the second cow must be eliminated.

The result of such a system is accurate knowledge, not only preventing a loss but giving the farmer a solid basis upon which to build up his herd. The following record shows what the difference in producing power between cows may be. The cows were in the same condition and received the same care:

THE PROPITABLE COW PRODUCED IN ONE STAR:					опска	THE UNPHOPITABLE CON PRODUCED IN COME TEAR:
Pounds milk					9775	Pounds milk 3768
Pounds fat .	3				351.2	Pounds fat 182.7
Value					\$173.09	Value \$66.97
Cost roughage					34.12	Cost roughage 30.98
Cost grain .				+	44.67	Cost grain 21.74
Feed cost .					78.79	Feed cost 52.72
Decti					94.20	Profit 14.25

The profitable cow produced milk at a cost of fourteen and six-tenth cents per can; the unprofitable cow produced it at a cost of twenty-five and five-tenth cents. The difference in feed cost between the two does not represent an actual saving on the part of the unprofitable cow, but stands for nothing but inefficiency. The other fixed charges for the two cows were the same. The poorer one was limited in her capacity to convert feed into milk.

The difference in the total profit of the two cows for a year was eighty dollars and five cents, which in a herd of a hundred such cows would mean a difference in profit of eight thousand dollars, which is an item of some importance.

In the face of such facts as these you'll still find farmers who, beyond the general distinction between a good cow



I Guess it Wouldn't Have Jurprised Her Any to Find a Cow Tethered on the Front Lawn

and a poor one or perhaps a fair-to-middling cow, will call a cow a cow and let it go at that. It's too much trouble to weigh the milk; too much trouble to use a tester; too much trouble to jot down the results every day. In a few scattered counties in different states the farmers have organized themselves into dairy-testing associations and hired a man to do the testing. The results in every case have been almost as notable as those following the introduction of the cotton gin among Southern planters. And still the method is far from being in general use.

Dick from the first kept a scorecard for each cow, and the results as indicated later were mighty interesting. In the mean while Barney had told every family that he knew in Little Italy about Dick's determination to furnish them with clean milk. He made clear to them the value of clean milk and said frankly that the boy meant to charge enough to make a fair profit.

"You know what the name Carleton stands for," he told them. "Your men have worked under him a good many years. You've always found him a man you could trust. You can trust his milk and his price. Now as your physician I'm going to prescribe that milk to every household containing an infant. You'd better order it as soon as possible. He has fixed the price to start with at eight cents—the current rate for ordinary milk. He will continue it at this price until he is able to determine the cost, and then will either lower it or raise it as the cost demands."

This was for milk delivered at the door and was no more than they were paying for ordinary milk. Milk of equal quality with Carleton milk would have cost them from twelve to fourteen cents a quart, while some milk not one whit better was bringing twenty cents.

There is little doubt but that Dick could have sold most of his milk right in the village. As soon as people had time to inspect that barn, and when it became known that Barney himself was interested in the project, Dick received requests for it from practically all upper High Street. But the herd was producing at this time only about a hundred quarts a day, and the advance orders from Little Italy alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen quarts. Not only all of Barney's patients but their friends and most of the Carleton gang ordered the milk. It wasn't a month before Carleton's business friends and acquaintances in the city were clamoring for it. That Carleton was raising the milk was all the guaranty they wanted that it was good milk. I don't think anything that ever happened to the boy pleased him more than this.

"There isn't a day," he told me, "but what I get either letters or telephone calls from men who want the milk. They say they don't care what the price is, they must have it. Most of them are men with children. It sort of makes a man feel good to know people will trust their babies with him on the strength of his name, Dad."

It didn't make the boy feel any better than it did me, while Ruth just beamed.

"That's fine for Dick," she said to me. "That's the sort of business success that counts for something." Barney, always a trifle heady, was breathless about the whole situation.

"A hundred quarts isn't a drop in the bucket," he said excitedly. "You need a thousand quarts. You ought to put in a hundred more cows right away. Scour the countryside for them. You owe it as a public duty. Every cow in town ought to be in your charge. You ought to supply the whole city with milk and this whole town as well. It's a crime to refuse any one who wants the milk."

"Just a minute," said Dick. "You'll have me supplying the whole United States next."

"It's a shame you can't," said Barney. "It's a shame the government can't. Talk about government ownership of railroads! Government ownership of cows would save more lives. Let the grown-ups look out for themselves; it's the kiddies who need a fair start. And it isn't railroads they need, but clean milk. It would be a sound and profit-

able economic policy to place every cow in the nation under rigid government control. It would save citizens."

rigid government control. It would save citizens."

"Well, I'm not the government," Dick laughed. "We've made a fair beginning, but we mustn't spoil it all by going too fast. Before I buy another cow or book another order I want to find out what this milk is costing me. If conditions warrant, the business will grow naturally and by itself. We mustn't push it."

Of course Barney saw that the boy was right, but he was an impatient man when he saw a chance for doing good. He nearly wrecked a half dozen charitable organizations with which he was connected because they couldn't keep pace with him. He finally resigned from them all—to their great relief. He himself, however, was disgusted.

"Too much talk," he said.

As a matter of fact the orders Dick already booked had come so fast as to find him unprepared. He really wasn't in a position to handle them. Dick made up his mind, however, that he wouldn't disappoint any one. Those first orders were like a vote of confidence in him, and he determined to fill them at no matter what cost.

Dick had been fortunate in securing in Al Morrison a mighty good youngster to help him. He was a wide-awake lad of eighteen whose ambition was to secure capital enough to start a dairy of his own. Dick paid him twelve dollars a week and put him in charge of the barn. Barney kept track of that lad as though he were one of the herd and took the same precautions with him. But it wasn't necessary, for the lad was clean all the way through.

Al solved the milking problem, and with Dick's help also the bottling question. Then Dick made a deal with the Pioneer Products Company to take the milk to town on the regular morning run which the truck was making with early vegetables. Then the best Dick could do was to make a second deal with a city milk firm having a route in Little Italy to deliver the milk to his customers. He paid them a commission of two cents and a half a bottle. It was too much, but he was lucky to find the firm willing to do it at any price. They wouldn't have done it except for Barney, who argued that the milk was in the nature of a physician's prescription. I guess the milk firm didn't fear active competition anyway with a man who was selling what was practically certified milk for eight cents a quart.

x

IT WAS Barney's desire, with which Dick was in hearty sympathy, to produce a natural milk that should be as clean as pasteurized milk.

"Cooked filth is not so dangerous as uncooked filth," said Barney; "but I don't see any need of having either."

Brewster was not a dairy town, and therefore it did not seem practicable to organize a milk commission for the production of duly authorized certified milk. Nor under the circumstances did it seem either necessary or advisable. The requirements of the commission, though justifiable, seemed altogether too stringent to be borne by one small herd. Their methods cover ninety-seven provisions and call for a board consisting of a veterinarian, a physician, a chemist and a bacteriologist. In establishing their high standard and in an endeavor to cover the whole field every single man and provision is warranted. They are necessary general precautions for the elimination of possible personal irresponsibility on the part of unknown producers.

But Dick's case was a little different. From neither himself nor Barney was there anything to fear on this ground. They meant to furnish a milk which, if not quite up to the ideal standard of certified milk, should be pretty near it. And they meant to produce this at a price as near that of ordinary milk as was possible.

Dick sent for the report of the American Association of Medical Commissions, which is supplied by the government printing office, as are many other papers on the production of clean milk, and studied it carefully. Then he said to the doctor:

"It's all right, but it's too much for us to handle."

"We can handle the spirit of it," said Barney.

"That's what we started out to do from the first. But I guess we'll have to be our own commission."

Now although Dick didn't go as thoroughly into some details as the American Association would have liked, he certainly covered the fundamental features of their system. He had some interesting experiences later on with the City Board of Health, which at first was inclined to view his results with suspicion. To me the most valuable feature of Dick's efforts was that he kept within the bounds of what is possible to the average farmer who hasn't a big plant.

It was no uncommon habit in Brewster for us to pitch down our hay to the cows just before milking-time and to do our milking as they contentedly munched. Now that may make for the peace of mind of both cow and milker, but it is hardly more sanitary than it would be to shake dirt into the milk out of a pepper box. The dust is raised just in time to allow it to settle during the milking period. Though that dust may look harmless enough to the naked eye it certainly looks different under a microscope, especially after it has been allowed to fatten for a few hours in new milk. No matter how clean you keep your barn some dust is bound to come down with the hay. It is just as easy to do the feeding three-quarters of an hour before milking or just after milking. There are plenty of things to do in the meanwhile.

Perhaps the most startling innovation from the viewpoint of Brewsterites was the washing of the udders with warm water and a sponge. Hadley came over one day for the express purpose of seeing this with his own eyes. When Al finished he waited for Hadley's verdict.

"I've gut jest one idee for puttin' the finishin' teches on thet job," he said.

"What's that?" said Al.

"Ye oughter sprinkle 'em with Floridy water."

From Hadley's point of view, which was that of the oldtime farmer who has come to be hardly more than an indifferent onlooker, the process was absurd. To be sure it did away with the ordinary sprinkling of filth which otherwise would be deposited in the milk, but a lot of that could be strained out through cheesecloth and what remained didn't matter. Nothing mattered to Hadley unless it was something he could see, and even then a bug would have to be big enough to bite through cowhide boots to attract his attention. After cleaning the cows the next thing Al did was to clean himself. He washed his hands thoroughly and got into clean jumpers and overalls. He was then ready to milk. The first few streams were always discarded, which again excited Hadley's sarcasm.

"It's too darned bad ye have ter keep any of the pison," he said. "I reckon

the way it'll end with all these new-fangled notions is thet when ye're done milking ye'll pour the whole business down behind the barn."

The pail in ordinary use round town was a common ten-quart tin milk pail, bigger at the top than anywhere else. Looking back, it really seems as though we'd been a good deal more

intent on catching dirt than milk. The pail Dick used had a covered spout. The top of the pail itself was covered with a layer of absorbent cotton placed between two layers of gauze. This made about as perfect a filter as can be devised.

As fast as each cow was milked Dick took the pail and carried it at once out of the barn into the milk room. This was in a small building detached from the barn. It was only a temporary structure, but it was thoroughly screened and clean. Here

the milk was poured into a covered cooler, which consisted merely of a coil of pipes containing cold water. The milk was thus cooled to about forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. After this it was at once put into bottles that had been sterilized by boiling and then chilled. A sterilized paper cap was then adjusted and over this a paper fastened round the neck of the bottle with an elastic. The bottles were then put into cases holding a dozen and surrounded with cracked ice. They were kept in ice until delivered.

Now this was the way Dick began. I don't doubt but that he neglected some of the ninety-seven provisions, but he certainly did obey the gist of them. His cows were clean, his stable was clean, his man was clean. His milk went direct into a clean pail, was cooled within five minutes after milking and went into clean, cool bottles. That's all there was to it. It was too early for the boy as yet to compute the added cost of this method, but it couldn't have been much. Roughly it involved only the remodeling of his barn, which I haven't much doubt was returned to him in the better health of his cattle, which in turn means increased productiveness. It meant extra labor in grooming the cattle, but, as in the first case, this probably meant their better health. The chief added expense came in the cooling equipment, the bottling and the ice.

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At the End of

Two Weeks the

Bacteriologist

The most interesting feature of Dick's new venture was that even at the very start he, an inexperienced dairyman, was able to put into operation as model a dairy as though he had been in the business fifty years. At a cost of not over fifty cents he was able to secure from Washington the most expert advice in the land. None of his new ideas were his own. The chief value of his experience lies in just

this fact: he used only the material which is available to every man who cares to go into this business. The government today is ready to do most anything to help a farmer, except furnish him the capital and actually run his plant. The amazing fact is that farmers won't take advantage of this. It has become a habit with them to ridicule the agricultural department as they do the weather bureau.

Of course it's one thing to know the right way and another to know how to put that right way into operation inexpensively. That's where the personal element comes in. That's where business experience counts. But that business experience need not necessarily be acquired on the farm. In fact that's a pretty poor place, as most farms are managed, to try to acquire it. Dick qualified for his dairy business as a building contractor. He applied to the buying and selling of farm

produce the same principles he applied to the buying and selling of labor. That's all there was to it. Applying these principles it wasn't long before Dick realized that though his dairy might be up to standard as judged by the nature of his produce, his farm as a whole was far from being in running order. It was not yet a unit. He was buying hay, grain and bedding; he was buying his own produce; he would soon be forced to buy dressing.

This condition of affairs was due, not to ignorance but to haste. This is the common mistake of amateur farmers. I've seen it again and again. A man raises chickens without raising their feed; a man raises garden produce without raising feed for his land. The result is always failure. Farming profits in the last analysis go back to the land.

The boy knew his trouble.

"I might have waited until fall," he told me, "and started with a full barn. But that would have thrown the loss I'm bearing now upon the kiddies. I reckon I can stand it better than they can."

I must say I was surprised at the serious way in which the boy accepted his responsibility. If those Little Italy babies had been blood relatives of his he couldn't have taken his duty toward them any more earnestly. This spirit was back of his business from the very beginning. Perhaps his early life among them accounted for this. And yet later on, when his business grew to include a class with whom he had not been thrown into any such intimate contact, he kept exactly this same attitude.

As planting-time came Dick took account of stock. He had about forty acres of land in all. Ten of this consisted of an old orchard which Dardoni had trimmed up with good results. The trees were mostly Baldwins which had been growing for a couple of generations. They had by no means been treated even by Dardoni as well as they deserved, but Dick didn't have much time this first season to put in on them. He couldn't, however, allow so large a per cent of his land to go entirely neglected, so he stopped long enough to plow the whole orchard between the trees. After this he harrowed it with a disk harrow. The apple experts advise a second and even a third harrowing, ending in a cover crop of something like red clover, but the boy didn't feel that he wanted to devote so much time and money to the orchard until he had some evidence that the trees would pay.

As an experiment he did treat one acre in this fashion. Some six acres he sowed at once to clover and two of the remaining acres he dressed and sowed to white beans, keeping his crop well away from the trees. One other acre he sowed in the same way to squash and cabbages. These crops were undoubtedly the best he could have selected. He kept them well cultivated, which in itself counted for the trees as much as for the crops.

Fifteen acres were already in hay and these Dick let alone. The remaining fifteen acres, with the exception of about an acre which he used for his house garden, the boy put into flint corn, using native seed. This was for silage.

His crops that first season were naturally in the nature of an experiment. It's an open question in New England whether or not a man can profitably raise his own grain. The season is so short that almost every year it is a straightaway gamble against the weather. Until the last few years



the effort had ceased almost entirely, but of late there has been a growing sentiment in favor of renewing the attempt. The high price of Western grain has prompted farmers to this.

But one thing is dead certain and open to no debate whatever, namely, that if a farmer doesn't raise his own grain he must raise a crop of something that will give him sufficient return to allow him to purchase grain. He can't sit round, stare at idle land and bemoan the fact that corn has taken another jump. A farmer must purchase his grain out of his land either directly or indirectly. There's no getting round this fact.

Dick was prompted to make the experiment of raising feed corn as a matter of sentiment. His ancestors had succeeded in doing it, and he wanted to try. He found difficulty at the outset in securing good seed. Most of the men in Brewster bought in the open market, and goodness knows where the seed came from. There wasn't a man in town who raised his own or who knew anything about good seeds. On this point the agricultural experts are to a man in favor of having every farmer develop his own seed; but this can't be done in one season and really is more or less of a specialized branch of farming.

The boy worked like a dog that first summer. He was up at four every morning and did almost a full day's work before going to town. He was back on the farm again by half-past five and busy until after dark. But he enjoyed it and Jane enjoyed it. Her housework wasn't troubling her at all, and she was at Dick's heels whether in the field or in the barn. Both enjoyed it with all the clean, strong energy of their youth. They were on a brave adventurethe brave adventure of life. If I had worried at first lest the boy with an easier road than I had might push along

others. And for a full life there's no alternative. Before the end of the summer he had forgotten that his dairy was to be only an experiment. The results of clean milk which Barney reported were so tangible as to leave

it with less spirit, I soon changed my mind. With less of a

struggle for himself he was making more of a struggle for

undertaken.

the boy no choice but to make a success of what he had

DICK was keeping a record of the amount produced daily by each cow and making a weekly test of each cow for the per cent of fat in her product. Even at the end of three months the difference between them was marked, though all were receiving the same rations. Cow Number 3 produced in the first three-months period two thousand one hundred and thirteen pounds of milk containing ninetyone and two-tenths pounds of butter fat. Cow Number 8, in the same physical condition, produced only sixteen hundred and twenty-one pounds of milk and seventy-two pounds of butter fat. That was the margin between the best and the poorest cow of the herd in the same condition. In fact this was the only real comparison Dick was able to make, but it showed up vividly that the chief factor in the creation of a profitable herd lay right here.

Farm management may do something toward the reduction of expense; shrewd feeding and careful buying, either from the land or the market, may do something more; skillful business methods of distribution may be another element of success; but overtopping all of these is the efficient herd. Yet this is probably among small farmers the most neglected end of the business. Cows are kept with

a producing capacity of less than five thousand pounds of milk a year when the same feed and care would keep a cow producing as high as ten thousand. In Denmark, as a matter of fact, these last figures represent the average cow. And these results are obtained by nothing but careful breeding along lines long recognized in the production of sporting animals. The science of breeding to speed in horses has been practiced for centuries; the science of breeding to weight and power in horses is in common practice. Dogs and cocks have long been bred for fighting qualities; cats for beauty. But there is many a farmer who, though willing to admit the wisdom of careful selection in such details, will match any cow he may happen to have to the breeder who happens to be most convenient.

Dick secured the services of a pure-bred registered dairy bull. He used a good deal of thought in making his selection, studying the animals' ancestry and progeny, with their record as producers the chief thing in mind. He felt, and rightly, that the success of his business was dependent upon the outcome.

There is no possible room for debate on this question. It isn't debated among small farmers, it is simply ignored. Ask one of them why he doesn't use some judgment in this matter, and he'll wave it aside with a yawn or allow that it's all right for the man with plenty of money but that he himself can't afford such things. It's the explanation half the time of why the other man happens to have a lot of money and why he himself feels that he can't afford it. Even in Brewster, where in other branches of farming we had made a distinct advance, it took Dick to make the men see the practical value of his methods in dairying.

Incidentally that word "practical" has been a curse to many an old-time farmer. I ran up against it again and again when beginning work in Brewster. The departments of agriculture find it a Chinese wall round the small farmer. Let a man from outside the neighborhood suggest any improvement, and he'll be met by either the cynical smile or the lazy yawn of the "practical" farmer.

And what the deuce is your so-called practical farmer? He's the man who is doing things in the same old practical way his father did and the latter's father before him. And even if he's making a fine practical failure, he prides himself on the fact he's doing it in a practical way. Everything varying one jot from that way is moonshine. The more you hear one of these men boast of the fact that he's practical, the more you may depend upon the fact that this is the last thing in the world he really is. The most practical man in all Brewster was Hadley. And he is today. He'll die a practical man. In fact he practically did so forty years ago.

Dick had some interesting experiences that first summer. One of the doctors from the board of health of the neighboring city secured a sample of Dick's milk from a customer and tested it each day for two weeks for fat, acidity and bacteria. The result was so striking that he doubted his own results and secured a second sample. At the end of two weeks the bacteriologist drank the remainder himself and declared it to be sweet as a nut.

Barney took a bottle of his milk and kept it at a temperature of forty-five degrees for three weeks before he was able to detect the slightest trace of acidity. Now this was the result of nothing but purity. The bacteria count in the milk averaged less than two thousand. In ordinary milk it sometimes reaches five hundred thousand, while even the certified milk commissions permit as high as ten thousand and some commissions allow it to run even higher than that.

One of Jane's friends from town visited her and showed a good deal of dainty concern over the fact that Dick was raising milk. I don't know what she expected, but from what Jane said I guess it wouldn't have surprised her any to find a cow tethered on the front lawn. Now, as a matter of fact, Jane is proud of the whole business and proud of the plant. Down deep in her heart I think she feels that Dick is doing more real good than her banker father. So when the friend let drop some remark about the disagreeable feature of living so near a herd of cows, Jane

"I don't wonder you feel that way. But come out and see the barn.'

Then just for the fun of the thing Jane made her friend close her eyes when near the barn and led her in. The girl

stood within three feet of the cows before she knew she was inside the structure, and then it was the sweet fragrance of hay that told her.

That's the way it should be. There's no cleaner, sweeter animal on a farm than a well-cared-for cow. Not a tenth of the dogs and cats that are given the run of the house are as clean and wholesome or as safe to have round. Personally I'd rather live in Dick's barn with Dick's cows than in a house with some servants I've seen. I'll bet a dollar I'd live longer.

We had a short season that year and Dick's corn crop didn't turn out very well. Before the season was half through he realized he had made a mistake. With the market which the Pioneer Products Company had developed it was evident he would have done better to have centered his efforts on garden produce which he could have turned into cash. The beans and squashes which he planted in his orchard brought him a larger return than his corn. His apples, however, did well that year and were a cash crop. so that on the whole the boy couldn't complain. The net result of the season was good, even though it might have been better.

In the mean while the demand for Carleton milk increased daily until the boy could have sold twice as much as he was producing. Barney was insistent for Dick to double his herd, but the lad shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm learning something new every day, and before I increase this business I want to be sure of where I stand. If this thing is going to be as big in the end as you want it to be, doctor, it must be built up slowly."

Dick was right. Another man might have got a little bit heady about it, but the boy was sure of himself. It takes a mighty good business man, in my opinion, to be able to keep a steady pull on the reins when a new enterprise like a frisky colt tries to take the bit. Barney would have had a hundred cows by the end of that first summer. The boy proposed to increase his herd only as fast as the herd could increase itself, which was a considerably slower process but also a considerably surer one. And sureness was what Dick was aiming for. He was building this business with the same idea of permanency with which he had constructed his house. The idea back of that gave Ruth and me a tremendous amount of satisfaction, though it appealed to some of Dick's friends as decidedly old-fashioned.

As I read this country's history it seems to me as though that one word "permanency" was until the last few years the note that inspired every American. As a nation we started with a Constitution built for all time; we built our homes solidly and founded our businesses to be harded down from father to son. We married for keeps and built our railroads, not on speculation but as permanent thiroughfares for the nation. Maybe a change was inevitable: maybe it has been for the best; but somehow it pleased both Ruth and me to see the boy harking back to the good

old solid way.

F BARNEY was disappointed because Dick refused to If BARNET was unappointed increase his herd more rapidly, he found some consolution tion in the fact that the boy's experiment was producing a decidedly beneficial effect upon the standard of milk production in the whole town. A man can't do good work along any line without inspiring everybody round him-Sometimes the indirect results of his efforts count for more than the direct results. I saw with my own eyes that

the simpler methods of house keeping practiced by Ruthani Jane were spreading over the village. They themselves were intent only on keeping house for their own to the best of their ability, but as a matter of fact they helped keep house for the whole town.

Really all that Dick was doing was to apply the same principles to the barn. He was keeping house there along the very same lines of sinplicity and cleanliness. The thing that surprised me then and that continues to surprise me is that this should be corsidered an amazing innovation. It's a pretty harsh criticism of the methods into which we have unconsciously drifted when a return to obviously common-sense simple standards by any one should be looked upon in the light of a radical revolution. It's a good deal as though a man who refrained from stealing should be hailed as a hero, and a man who habitually told the truth should be crowned with laurel.

(Continued on Page 38)



"You Can Trust His Milk and His Price"

# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

xx

THE portier was almost happy that morning. For one thing, he had won honorable mention at the Schubert Society the night before; for another, that night the Engel was to sing Mignon, and the portier had spent his Christmas tips for a ticket.

All day long he had been poring over the score. "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?" he sang with feeling while he polished the floors. He polished them with his feet, wearing felt boots for the purpose, and executing in the doing a sort of ungainly dance—a sprinkle of wax, right foot forward and back, left foot forward and back, both feet forward and back in a sort of double shuffle; more wax, more vigorous polishing, more singing, with longer pauses for breath. "Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?" he bellowed—sprinkle of wax, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. Now and then he took the score from his pocket and pored over it, humming the air, raising his eyebrows over the high notes, dropping his chin to the low ones. It was a wonderful morning. Between greetings to neighbors he sang—a bit of talk, a bit of song.

"Kennst du das Land—Good morning, sir the old Rax wears a crown. It will snow soon. Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen—Ah, madam the milk frau, and are the cows frozen up today like the pump? No? Marvelous! Dost thou know that tonight is Mignon at the Opera, and that the Engel sings? Kennst du

At eleven came Rosa with her husband, the soldier from Salzburg with one lung. He was having a holiday from his sentry duty at the hospital, and the one lung seemed to be a libel, for while the women had coffee together and a bit of mackerel he sang a very fair bass to the portier's tenor. Together they pored over the score, and even on their way to the beerhall hummed together such bits as they recalled.

On one point they differed. The score was old and soiled with much thumbing. At one point, destroyed long since, the sentry sang A sharp: the portion insisted on A natural. They argued together over three steins of beer; the waiter, referred to, decided for A flat. It was a serious matter to have one's teeth set, as one may say, for a natural and then to be shocked with an unexpected half tone up or down! It destroyed the illusion; it disappointed; it hurt.

The sentry stuck to the sharp—it was sung so at the Salzburg opera. The portier snapped his thumb at the Salzburg opera. Things were looking serious; they walked back to the lodge in silence. The sentry coughed. Possibly there was something after all in the

one-lung rumor.

It was then that the portier remembered Harmony. She would know; perhaps she had the score.

Harmony was having a bad morning. She had slept little until dawn, and Peter's stealthy closing of the outer door had wakened her by its very caution. After that there had been no more sleep. She had sat up in bed with her chin in her hands and thought.

In the pitiless dawn, with no Peter to restore her to theerfulness, things looked black indeed. To what had she fallen, that first one man and then another must propose marriage to her to save her. To save her from what? From what people thought, or—each from the other? Were men so evil that they never trusted each other? McLean had frankly distrusted Peter, had said so. Or could it be that there was something about her, something light and frivolous? She had been frivolous. She always laughed at Peter's foolishnesses. Perhaps that was it. That was it. They were afraid for her. She had thrown herself on Peter's hands—almost into his arms. She had made this situation.

She must get away of course. If only she had some one to care for Jimmy until Peter returned! But there was no one. The portier's wife was fond of Jimmy, but not skillful. And suppose he were to wake in the night and call for her and she would not come. She cried a little over this. After a time she pattered across the room in her bare feet and got from a bureau drawer the money she had left. There was not half enough to take her home. She could write; the little mother might get some for her, but at infinite cost, infinite humiliation. That would have to be a final, desperate resort.

She felt a little more cheerful when she had had a cup of coffee. Jimmy wakened about that time, and she went through the details of his morning toilet with all the brightness she could assume—bath blankets, warm bath, toenalls, finger-nails, fresh nightgown, fresh sheets, and—final

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Very Silently She Closed the Door Behind Her

touch of all—a real barber's part straight from crown to brow. After that ten minutes under extra comforters while the room aired.

She hung over the boy that morning in an agony of tenderness—he was so little, so frail, and she must leave him. Only one thing sustained her. The boy loved her, but it was Peter he idolized. When he had Peter he needed nothing else. In some curious process of his childish mind Peter and daddy mingled in inextricable confusion. More than once he had recalled events in the roving life he and his father had led.

"You remember that, don't you?" he would say.

"Certainly I remember," Peter would reply heartily.

"That evening on the steamer when I ate so many raisins,"

"Of course. And were ill."

"Not ill—not that time. But you said I'd make a good pudding! You remember that, don't you?"

And Peter would recall it all. Peter would be left. That was the girl's comfort.

She made a beginning at gathering her things together that morning, while the boy dozed and the white mice scurried about the little cage. She could not take her trunk, or Peter would trace it. She would have to carry her belongings, a few at a time, to wherever she found a room. Then when Peter came back she could slip away and he would never find her.

At noon came the portier and the sentry, now no longer friends, and rang the door-bell. Harmony was rather startled. McLean and Mrs. Boyer had been her only callers, and she did not wish to see either of them. But after a second ring she gathered her courage in her hands and opened the door.

She turned pale when she saw the sentry in his belted blue-gray tunic and high cap. She thought, of course, that Jimmy had been traced and that now he would be taken away. If the sentry knew her, however, he kept his face impassive and merely touched his cap. The portier stated their errand. Harmony's face cleared. She even smiled as the portier extended to her the thumbed score with its missing corner. What, after

all, does it matter which was right—
whether it was A sharp or A natural? What
really matters is that Harmony, having settled
the dispute and clinched the decision by running over the score for a page or two, turned to
find the portier, ecstatic eyes upturned, hands
folded on paunch, enjoying a delirium of
pleasure, and the sentry nowhere in sight.

He was discovered a moment later in the doorway of Jimmy's room, where, taciturn as ever, severe, martial, he stood at attention, shoulders back, arms at his sides, thumbs in. In this position he was making, with amazing rapidity, a series of hideous grimaces for the benefit of the little boy in the bed: marvelous faces they were, in which nose, mouth and eyes seemed interchangeable, where features played leapfrog with one another. When all was overperhaps when his repertoire was exhaustedthe sentry returned his nose to the center of his face, replaced eyes and mouth, and wiped the ensemble with a blue cotton handkerchief. Then, still in silence, he saluted and withdrew, leaving the youngster enraptured, staring at the doorway.

Harmony had decided the approximate location of her room. In the higher part of the city, in the sixteenth district, there were many unpretentious buildings. She had hunted board there and she knew. It was far from the Stadt,

far from the fashionable part of town, a neighborhood of small shops, of frank indigence. There surely she could find a room, and perhaps in one of the small stores what she failed to secure in the larger, a position.

Rosa having taken her soldier away, Harmony secured the portier's wife to sit with Jimmy and spent two hours that afternoon looking about for a room. She succeeded finally in finding one, a small and wretchedly furnished bedroom, part of the suite of a cheap dressmaker. The approach was forbidding enough. One entered a cavelike, cobble-paved court under the building, filled with wagons, feeding horses, quarrelsome and swearing teamsters. From the side a stone staircase took off and led, twisting from one landing cave to another, to the upper floor.

Here lived the dressmaker, amid the constant whirring of sewing machines, the babel of work-people. Harmony, seeking not a home but a hiding-place, took the room at once. She was asked for no reference.

In a sort of agony lest this haven fail her she paid for a week in advance. The wooden bed, the cracked mirror over the table, even the pigeons outside on the window-sill were hers for a week.

The dressmaker was friendly, almost garrulous.

"I will have it cleaned," she explained. "I have been so busy: the masquerade season is on. The Fräulein is American, is she not?"

"Yes."

"One knows the Americans. They are chic, not like the English. I have some American customers." Harmony started. The dressmaker was shrewd. Many

Harmony started. The dressmaker was shrewd. Many people hid in the sixteenth district. She hastened to reassure the girl.

"They will not disturb you. And just now I have but one, a dancer. I shall have the room cleaned. Good-by, Praulein."

So far, good. She had a refuge now, one spot that the venom of scandal could not poison, where she could study and work-work hard, although there could be no more lessons-one spot where Peter would not have to protect her, where Peter, indeed, would never find her. This thought, which should have brought comfort, brought only new misery. Peace seemed dearly bought all at once; shabby, wholesome, hearty Peter, with his rough hair and quiet oice, his bulging pockets and steady eyes ing Peter forever, exchanging his companionship for that of a row of pigeons on a window-sill. He would find some one, of course; but who would know that he liked toast made hard and plenty of butter, or to leave his bed-clothing loose at the foot, Peter being very long and apt to lop over? The lopping over brought a tear or two. A very teary and tragic young heroine, this Harmony, prone to go about for the last day or two with a damp little handkerchief tucked in her sleeve.

She felt her way down the staircase and into the cave below. Fate hangs by a very slender thread sometimes. If a wagon had not lumbered by as she reached the lowest step, so that she must wait and thus had time to lower her

veil, she would have been recognized at once by the little Georgiev, waiting to ascend. But the wagon was there, Harmony lowered her veil, the little Georgiev, passing a veiled young woman in the gloom, went up the staircase with even pulses and calm and judicial bearing, up to the tiny room a floor or two below Harmony's, where he wrote reports to the minister of war and mixed them with sonnets-to Harmony.

Harmony went back to the Siebensternstrasse, having accomplished what she had set out to do and being very wretched in consequence. Because she was leaving the boy so soon she strove to atone for her coming defection by making it a gala evening. The child was very happy. She tucked him up in the salon, lighted all the candles, served him the daintiest of suppers there. She brought in the mice and tied tiny bows on their necks; she played checkers with him while the supper dishes waited, and went down to defeat in three hilarious games; and last of all she played to him, joyous music at first, then slower, drowsier airs, until his heavy head dropped on his shoulder and she gathered him up in tender arms and carried him to bed.

It was dawn when Marie arrived. Harmony was sleeping soundly when the bell rang. Her first thought was that Peter had come backbut Peter carried a key. The bell rang again, and she slipped on the old kimono and went to the door.

'Is it Peter?" she called, hand on knob.

"I come from Peter. I have a letter," in German.

"Who is it?"

"You do not know me-Marie Jedlicka. Please let me come in."

Bewildered, Harmony opened the door, and like a gray ghost Marie slipped by her and into the hall.

There was a gaslight burning very low; Harmony turned it up and faced her visitor. She recognized her at once—the girl Doctor Stewart had been with in the coffee house.

"Something has happened to Peter!" "No. He is well. He sent this to the Fraulein

Wells." "I am the Fräulein Wells."

Marie held out the letter and staggered. Harmony put her in a chair; she was bewildered, almost frightened. Crisis of some sort was written on Marie's face. Harmony felt very young, very incapable. The other girl refused coffee, would not even go into the salon until Peter's letter had been read. She was a fugitive, a criminal; the Austrian law is severe to those that harbor criminals. Let Harmony read:

Dear Harry: Will you forgive me for this and spread the wings of your splendid charity over this poor child? Perhaps I am doing wrong in

sending her to you, but just now it is all I can think of. If she wants to talk let her talk. It will probably help her. Also feed her, will you? And if she cannot sleep, give her one of the blue powders I fixed for Jimmy. I'll be back late today if I can

Harmony glanced up from the letter. Marie sat drooping in her chair. Her eyes were sunken in her head. She had recognized her at once, but any surprise she may have felt at finding Harmony in Peter's apartment was sunk in a general apathy, a compound of nervous reaction and fatigue. During the long hours in the express she had worn herself out with fright and remorse: there was nothing left now but exhaustion.

Harmony was bewildered, but obedient. She went back to the cold kitchen and lighted a fire. She made Marie as comfortable as she could in the salon, and then went into her room to dress. There she read the letter again, and wondered if Peter had gone through life like this, picking up waifs and strays and shouldering their burdens for them. Decidedly, life with Peter was full of surprises.

She remembered, as she hurried into her clothes, the boys' club back in America and the spelling matches. Decidedly, also, Peter was an occupation, a state of mind, a career. No musician, hoping for a career of her own,

could possibly marry Peter. That was a curious morning in the old lodge of Maria Theresa, while Stewart in the Pension Waldheim struggled back to consciousness, while Peter sat beside him and figured on an old envelope the problem of dividing among four enough money to support one, while McLean ate his heart out in wretchedness in his hotel.

Marie told her story over the early breakfast, sitting with her thin elbows on the table, her pointed chin in her palms.

"And now I am sorry," she finished. "It has done no good. If it had only killed her-but she was not much hurt. I saw her rise and bend over him."

Harmony was silent. She had no stock of aphorisms for the situation, no worldly knowledge, only pity.

"Did Peter say he would recover?"

"Yes. They will both recover and go to America. And he will marry her."

Perhaps Harmony would have been less comfortable, Marie less frank, had Marie realized that this establishment of Peter's was not on the same basis as Stewart's had been, or had Harmony divined her thought.

The presence of the boy was discovered by his waking. Marie was taken in and presented. She looked stupefied. Certainly the Americans were a marvelous people—to have taken into their house and their hearts this strange child if he were strange. Marie's suspicious little slum mind was not certain.

In the safety and comfort of the little apartment the Viennese expanded, cheered. She devoted herself to the boy, telling him strange folk tales, singing snatches of songs for him. The youngster took a liking to her at once. It seemed to Harmony, going about her morning routine, that Marie was her solution and Peter's.

During the afternoon she took a package to the branch post-office and mailed it by parcel post to the Wollbadgasse. On the way she met Mrs. Boyer face to face. That lady looked severely ahead, and Harmony passed her with her chin well up and the eyes of a wounded animal.



"Under the Circumstances I Could Hardly Have Taken Her In"

McLean sent a great box of flowers that day. She put them, for lack of a vase, in a pitcher beside Jimmy's bed.

At dusk a telegram came to say that Stewart was better and that Peter was on his way down to Vienna. He would arrive at eight. Time was very short now—seconds flashed by, minutes galloped. Harmony stewed a chicken for supper, and creamed the breast for Jimmy. She fixed the table, flowers in the center, the best cloth, Peter's favorite cheese. Six o'clock, six-thirty, seven; Marie was telling Jimmy a fairy tale and making the fairies out of rosebuds. The study lamp was lighted, the stove glowing, Peter's slippers were out, his old smoking coat, his pipe.

A quarter past seven. Peter would be near Vienna now and hungry. If he could only eat his supper before he learned—but that was impossible. He would come in, as he always did, and slam the outer door, and open it again to close it gently, as he always did, and then he would look for her, going from room to room until he found her—only tonight he would not find her.

She did not say good-by to Jimmy. She stood in the doorway and said a little prayer for him. Marie had made the flower fairies on needles, and they stood about his head on the pillow—pink and yellow and white elves with fluffy skirts. Then, very silently, she put on her hat and jacket and closed the outer door behind her. In the courtyard she turned and looked up. The great chandelier in the salon was not lighted, but from the casement windows shone out the comfortable glow of Peter's lamp.

PETER had had many things to think over during the ride down the mountains. He had the third-class compartment to himself, and sat in a corner, soft hat over his eyes. Life had never been particularly simple to Peter his own life, yes; a matter of three meals a day-he had had fewer-a roof, clothing. But other lives had always touched him closely, and at the contact points Peter glowed, fused, amalgamated. Thus he had been many people—good, indifferent, bad, but all needy. Thus, also,

Peter had committed vicarious crimes, suffered vicarious illnesses, starved, died, loved-vicariously.

And now, after years of living for others, Peter was living at last for himself-and suffering.

Not that he understood exactly what ailed him. He thought he was tired, which was true enough, having had little sleep for two or three nights. Also he explained to himself that he was smoking too much, and resolutelylighted another cigarette.

Two things had revealed Peter's condition to himself: McLean had said: "You are crazy in love with her." McLean's statement, lacking subtlety, had had a certain quality of directness. Even then Peter, utterly miserable, had refused to capitulate, when to capitulate would have meant the surrender of the house in the Siebensternstrasse. And the absence from Harmony had shown him just where he stood.

He was in love, crazy in love. Every fiber of his long body glowed with it, ached with it. And every atom of his reason told him what mad folly it was, this love. Even if Harmony cared-and at the mere thought his heart

pounded-what madness for her, what idiocy for him! To ask her to accept the half ofnothing, to give up a career to share his struggle for one, to ask her to bury her splendid talent and her beauty under a bushel that he might wave aloft his feeble light!

And there was no way out, no royal road to fortune by the route he had chosen; nothing but grinding work, with a result problematical and years ahead. There were even no legaries to expect, he thought whimsically. Peter had known a chap once, struggling along in gynecology, who had had a fortune left him by a G. P., which being interpreted is Grateful Patient. Peter's patients had a way of living, and when they did drop out, as happened now and then, had also a way of leaving Peter an unpaid bill in token of appreciation; Peter had even occasionally helped to bury them, by way, he defended himself, of covering up his mistakes.

Peter, sitting back in his corner, allowed the wonderful scenery to slip by unnoticed. He put Harmony the Desirable out of his mind, and took to calculating on a scrap of paper what could be done for Harmony the Musician. He could hold out for three months, he calculated, and still have enough to send Harmony home and to get home himself on a slow boat. The Canadian lines were cheap. If Jimmy lived perhaps he could take him along; if not-

He would have to put six months' work in the next three. That was not so hard. He had got along before with less sleep, and thrived on it. Also there must be no more idle evenings, with Jimmy in the salon propped in a chair and Harmony playing, the room dark save for the glow from the stove and for the one candle at Harmony's elbow.

All roads lead to Rome. Peter's thoughts, having traveled in a circle, were back again to Harmony the Desirable— Harmony playing in the firelight, Harmony flushed over the brick stove, Harmony paring potatoes that night in - Harmony! Harmony! the kitchen when he-

Stewart knew all about the accident and its cause. Peter had surmised as much when the injured man failed to ask for Marie.

He tested him finally by bringing Marie's name into the conversation. Stewart ignored it, accepted her absence, refused to be drawn.

That was at first. During the day, however, as he gained strength he grew restless and uneasy. As the time approached for Peter to leave he was clearly struggling with himself. The landlady had agreed to care for him and was bustling about the room. During one of her absences he turned to Peter.

"I suppose Marie hasn't been round?"

"She came back last night."

"Did she tell you?" "Yes, poor child."

line of reasoning easily.

"She's a devil!" Stewart said, and lay silent. Then: "I saw her shoot that thing out in front of us, but there was no time — Where is she now?"

"Marie? I sent her to Vienna."

Stewart fell back, relieved, not even curious.

"Thank heavens for that!" he said. "I don't want to see her again. I'd do something I'd be sorry for. The kindest thing to say for her is that she was not sane."

"No," said Peter gravely, "she was hardly sane." Stewart caught his steady gaze and glanced away. For him Marie's little tragedy had been written and erased. He would forget it magnanimously. He had divided what he had with her, and she had repaid him by attempting his life. And not only his life, but Anita's. Peter followed his

"It's quite a frequent complication, Stewart," he said. "but every man to whom it happens regards himself more or less as a victim. She fell in love with you, that's all. Her conduct is contrary to the ethics of the game, but she's been playing poor cards all along."

"Where is she?"

"That doesn't matter, does it?"

Stewart had lain back and closed his eyes. No, it didn't matter. A sense of great relief overwhelmed him. Marie was gone, frightened into hiding. It was as if a band that had been about him was suddenly loosed: he breathed deep, he threw out his arms and laughed from sheer reaction.

During that afternoon ride, while the train clump-clumped down the mountains, Peter thought of all this. Some of Marie's things were in his bag; her rosary lay in his breast pocket, along with the pin he had sent her at Christmas. Peter happened on it, still in its box, which looked as if it had been cried over. He had brought it with him. He admired it very much, and it had cost money he could ill afford to spend.

It was late when the train drew into the station. Peter, encumbered with Marie's luggage and his own, lowered his window and added his voice to the chorus of plaintive calls: "Portier! Portier!" they shouted. "Portier!"

bawled Peter.

He was obliged to resort to the extravagance of a taxicab. Possibly a fiacre would have done as well, but it cost almost as much and was slower. Moments counted now: a second was an hour, an hour a decade. For he was on his way to Harmony. Extravagance became recklessness. As soon die for a sheep as a lamb! He stopped the taxicab and bought a bunch of violets, stopped again and bought lilies of the valley to combine with the violets, went out of his way to the American grocery and bought a jar of preserved fruit.

By that time he was laden. The jar of preserves hung in one shabby pocket, Marie's rosary dangled from another; the violets were buttoned under his overcoat against the

cold.

At the very last he held the taxi an extra moment and darted into the delicatessen shop across the Siebensternstrasse. From there, standing inside the doorway, he could see the lights in the salon across the way, the glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. Peter whistled, stamped his cold feet, quite neglected—in spite of repeated warnings from Harmony-to watch the Herr Schenkenkaufer weigh the cheese, accepted without a glance a ten-kronen piece with a hole in it.

"And how is the child today?" asked the Herr Schenkenkaufer, covering the defective gold piece with conversation. "I do not know; I have been away," said Peter. He

almost sang it. "All is well or I would have heard. Wilhelm the portier

was but just now here."
"All well, of course," sang Peter, eyes on the comfortable glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. "Auf wiedersehen, Herr Schenkenkaufer."

Harmony Felt Very Young, Very Incapable

"Auf wiedersehen, Herr Doktor." Violets, lilies of the valley, cheese, rosary, luggage—thus Peter climbed the stairs. The portier wished to assist him, but Peter declined. The portier was noisy. There was to be a moment when Peter, having admitted himself with extreme caution, would present himself without so much as a creak to betray him, would stand in a doorway until some one, Harmony perhapsah, Peter!-would turn and see him. She had a way of putting one slender hand over her heart when she was

Peter put down the jar of preserved peaches outside. It was to be a second surprise. Also he put down the flowers; they were to be brought in last of all. One surprise after another is a cumulative happiness. Peter did not wish to swallow all his cake in one bite.

For once he did not slam the outer door, although he very nearly did, and only caught it at the cost of a bruised finger. Inside he listened. There was no clatter of dishes, no scurrying back and forth from table to stove in the final excitement of dishing up. There was, however, a highly agreeable odor of stewing chicken, a crisp smell of baking biscuit.

In the darkened hall Peter had to pause to steady himself. For he had a sudden mad impulse to shout Harmony's name, to hold out his arms, to call her to him there in the warm darkness, and when she had come, to catch her to him, to tell his love in one long embrace, his arms about her, his rough cheek against her soft one. No wonder he grew somewhat dizzy and had to pull himself together.

The silence rather surprised him, until he recalled that Harmony was probably sewing in the salon, as she did sometimes when dinner was ready to serve. The boy was asleep, no doubt. He stole along on tiptoe, hardly breathing,

to the first doorway, which was Jimmy's.

Jimmy was asleep. Round him were the pink and yellow and white flower fairies with violet heads. Peter saw them and smiled. Then, his eyes growing accustomed to the light, he saw Marie, face down on the floor, her head on her arms. Still as she was, Peter knew she was not sleeping, only fighting her battle over again and losing.

Some of the joyousness of his return fled from Peter, never to come back. The two silent figures were too close to tragedy. Peter, with a long breath, stole past the door and on to the salon. No Harmony there, but the great room was warm and cheery. The table was drawn near the

stove and laid for Abendessen. The white porcelain coffee pot had boiled and extinguished itself, according to its method, and now gently steamed.

On to the kitchen. Much odor of food here, two candles lighted but burning low, a small platter with money on it, quite a little money—almost all he had left Harmony when he went away.

Peter was dazed at first. Even when Marie, hastily summoned, had discovered that Harmony's clothing was gone, when a search of the rooms revealed the absence of her violin and her music, when at last the fact stared them, incontestable, in the face, Peter refused to accept it. He sat for a half hour or even more by the fire in the salon, obstinately refusing to believe she was gone, keeping the supper warm against her return. He did not think or reason; he sat and waited, saying nothing, hardly moving, save when a gust of wind slammed the garden gate. Then he was all alive, sat erect, ears straining for her hand on the knob of the outer door.

The numbness of the shock passed at last, to be succeeded by alarm. During all the time that followed, that condition persisted, fright, almost terror. Harmony alone in the city, helpless, dependent, poverty-stricken. Harmony seeking employment under conditions Peter knew too well. But with his alarm came rage.

Marie had never seen Peter angry. She shrank from this gaunt and grayfaced man who raved up and down the salon, questioning the frightened portier, swearing fierce oaths, bringing accusation after accusation against some unnamed woman to whom he applied



Went Down to Defeat in Three Hilarious Games

epithets that Marie's English luckily did not comprehend. Not a particularly heroic figure was Peter that night: a frantic, disheveled individual, before whom the portier cowered, who struggled back to sanity through a berserk haze and was liable to swift relapses into fury again.

To this succeeded at last the mental condition that was to be Peter's for many days, hopelessness and alarm and a

grim determination to keep on searching.

There were no clews. The portier made inquiries of all the cabstands in the neighborhood. Harmony had not taken a cab. The delicatessen seller had seen her go out that afternoon with a bundle and return without it. She had been gone only an hour or so. That gave Peter a ray of hope that she might have found a haven in the neighborhood—until he recalled the parcel post.

One possibility he clung to: Mrs. Boyer had made the mischief, but she had also offered the girl a home. She might be at the Boyers'. Peter, flinging on a hat and without his overcoat, went to the Boyers'. Time was valuable, and he had wasted an hour, two hours, in useless rage. So he took a taxicab, and being by this time utterly reckless of cost let it stand while he interviewed the Boyers.

Boyer himself, partially undressed, opened the door to

his ring. Peter was past explanation or ceremonial. "Is Harmony here?" he demanded.

"Harmony?"

"Harmony Wells. She's disappeared, missing."
"Come in," said Boyer, alive to the strain in Peter's "I don't know, I haven't heard anything. I'll ask Mrs. Boyer."

During the interval it took for a whispered colloquy in the bedroom, and for Mrs. Boyer to don her flannel wrapper, Peter suffered the tortures of the damned. Whatever Mrs. Boyer had meant to say by way of protest at the intrusion on the sacred privacy of eleven o'clock and bedtime died in her throat. Her plump and terraced chin shook with agitation, perhaps with guilt. Peter, however, had got himself in hand. He told a quiet story; Boyer listened; Mrs. Boyer, clutching her wrapper about her unstayed figure, listened.

"I thought," finished Peter, "that since you had offered her a refuge-from me-she might have come here.

"I offered her a refuge—before I had been to the Pension Schwarz.'

"Ah!" said Peter slowly. "And what about the Pension Schwarz?"

"Need you ask? I learned that you were all put out there. I am obliged to say, Dr. Byrne, that under the circumstances had the girl come here I could hardly— Frank, I will speak!—I could hardly have taken her in."

Peter went white and ducked as from a physical blow, stumbling out into the hall again. There he thought of something to say in reply, repudiation, thought better of it, started down the stairs. Boyer followed him helplessly. At the street door, however, he put his hand on Peter's shoulder. "You know, old man, I don't believe that. These women

"I know," said Petersimply. "Thank you. Good night."

HARMONY'S only thought had been flight, from Peter, from McLean, from Mrs. Boyer. She had devoted all her energies to losing herself, to cutting the threads that bound her to the life in the Siebensternstrasse. She had drawn all her money, as Peter discovered later.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914

## The Leopard's Spots

FOR more than a year the German Government has been moving, with that unvarying persistence that generally characterizes it, to make the trade in petroleum a state monopoly; and its movements have borne heavily on American investments and business interests in the Fatherland.

The difficulties of our Government in seeking to protect those interests have been extreme, because the interests either belonged to the Standard Oil Company or were in close alliance with it. As for any objection we might raise to the bodily ousting of the Oil Trust from Germany, the Kaiser's ministers had only to quote at random from a whole library of governmental denunciations of the trust at home and ask why Germany should tolerate a concern the United States Government repeatedly declared to be intolerable.

If we retorted that the Oil Trust had been dissolved and absolved by a Supreme Court decree, Germany could point to many Congressional assertions that the dissolution was ineffectual. Recently, before receiving the bid of an American concern for the supply of a large amount of oil, the German Government required a statement, backed by proof, that the concern had no relations with the Standard Oil Company. That was discrimination; but in view of all we have officially said about the Oil Trust it hardly lies in our mouths to object to it.

At this writing it appears that a considerable amount of American property will be practically confiscated; but it is property of or in alliance with the Oil Trust, and anything we can say in its defense must sound odd in view of all we have said against it. If a foreign government wished to discriminate against the Steel Trust or any one of twenty or more great American concerns having extensive interests abroad, it could find no better justification than in our own official language regarding those concerns. We can hardly expect to paint our trusts black on the domestic side and white on the foreign side.

## The Serious Mind

NOBODY in recent years has said anything extensively about the modern theater without remarking—reproof to America being always implied—that Germany takes the theater seriously. Any week's announcements of theatrical performances in any large German town will prove the fact. In any week anywhere there will hardly be less than two or three performances of Shakspere and one or two of Ibsen, with some other foreign classics and the regular representation of the serious national drama.

We do not recall that any one has yet attempted to defend this country from the stigma that a comparison of theater programs suggests; but we venture to point out that the Germans take pretty nearly everything seriously. Nothing more serious than German architecture has ever been conceived by the human brain. They take Kant and Hegel seriously.

As a profound and conclusive test of the difference in national temperaments, we may add that they even take their government seriously. Probably there is no other

nation in the Western World which goes to that length of serious-mindedness. Certainly we should give Germany all proper credit for taking the theater seriously and take all proper shame on the United States for the contrary attitude; but the fact is, neither nation can help it.

# Blaming Westminster

SEVERAL years ago a distinguished and conservative Englishman pointed with indignation to the fact that radical policies at Westminster were ruining British trade. He was able to show that business was in a relatively bad way; that British capital was going extensively into foreign investments, while few new enterprises were started at home.

Since that weighty utterance the same radical ministry has been continuously in power, and it has taken one progressive step after another; yet, while all this went on at Westminster, British exports rose year after year—from three hundred and seventy-seven million pounds to five hundred and twenty-five millions. The greatest trade boom in recent English history occurred, and labor was so fully employed that unions with a membership of nearly one million reported only a little over two per cent of unemployed at the end of 1913 as against nearly eight per cent five years before. In the latter part of 1913 there was some reaction in business, and conservative gentlemen again pointed to Westminster as the cause of it.

It may be added that in Germany—whose actual, effective government consists of an emperor and a nobility of the most conservative turn—business broadly follows exactly the same lines as in England and the United States.

#### Bricks Without Straw

HERE are some figures from a survey of country schools in a large Middle Western region: In all the schools linear measure is taught, yet in only one-fifth of them are tapelines found; they all teach avoirdupois weight, yet less than a tenth of them have scales; they teach liquid measure, but only a fifth have any measures.

In a third of the schools geography is taught without maps, and in more than two-fifths without globes. All of them seek to teach children things about this fruitful and wonderful earth, yet more than two-thirds of the teachers never step outdoors to vitalize a point by the fields, flowers, woods, rocks and streams near at hand.

That is the blessed old educational recipe: Get everything out of a book; reduce it so far as possible to a parrotlike exercise of memory; make it all as dry and repulsive and remote from actual life as possible.

# Hit-or-Miss Finance

IN THE departments at Washington there must be a hundred or more bureaus or divisions charged with a particular branch of work that requires expenditure of public money. Naturally each bureau or division thinks its own work especially important and can readily see how to improve it if sufficient money is appropriated.

On the other hand, there are at least a dozen committees in Senate and House that pass on bills carrying large appropriations; and there are two big committees, entirely distinct from each other and from all spending committees, which formulate revenue measures. But there is nobody at any point to strike a general balance sheet—to compute outgo side by side with income and lay down a comprehensive, authoritative fiscal program for the Government.

The nearest approach to it is the Public Expenditures Committee which the Senate created a few years ago, consisting of the chairmen of the seven big committees that handle the revenue and appropriations in the Senate, together with several other members. In this committee income and outgo met in the persons of the chairmen of the revenue-raising and revenue-spending committees; so it was a step in the right direction. Yet it was inconclusive, as the House, in which theoretically all revenue measures must originate, had nothing to do with it.

Why should there not be a joint budget committee? That there should be somebody to draw up an authoritative fiscal program and accept responsibility for it is clear.

### The Itching Palm of Mars

NO DOUBT there was some graft in connection with Japanese naval contracts. Mars ever has an itching palm. The loot in army contracts during our Civil War pained Lincoln, but he saw no way to stop it without stopping the war. Honorariums generously bestowed on German officers by great armament manufacturers are of recent manufacturers.

In the light of history a military World Power ought to accept these things with martial dignity; but the heavily taxed people of Japan—the income tax rising to twentytwo per cent!—have not quite got their military stride. The graft disclosures immediately resulted in great indignation meetings in the larger towns. In the House of Representatives a member demanded to know why a

Japanese ship should cost six hundred thousand pounds more than an English ship of the same dimensions built in the same shipyard.

On being interrupted by a government supporter, he retorted that the supporter was interested in an armament concern, hence should not speak on the subject. Whereupon, says a correspondent, the supporter resorted to bodily violence and the session broke up in great disorder. The Parliament building one day was surrounded by a crowd of forty thousand people. On another day, after a tumultuous public meeting, a devoted band styling themselves "the infuriated tigers" set out to put things right, and actually smashed a ministerial automobile.

All this misbehavior rather scandalizes Japan's great Western ally. As a British paper observes, in commenting on these unseemly Japanese doings: "Our canteen scandals have not led to the assembly of a single popular gathering."

The canteen scandals referred to consisted of disclosures of graft in connection with army supplies. In this unwarlike country such disclosures would have produced almost as great a sensation as in Japan; but in England they were taken very sedately—as befits a really experienced martial nation. War and graft go hand in hand.

# Cheaper Money for Farmers

CANADIAN railroads, cities and other big concerns have borrowed in England and the United States during the last half dozen years probably more than a billion and a half dollars at about five per cent interest. With this money great permanent improvements have been made and incidentally a great number of farms opened for settlement and cultivation.

The farmers, however, complain that they have been unable to borrow money except on rather burdensome terms. In the new Northwest the rate of interest on farm loans has nominally ranged from eight per cent upward; but it seems that the agricultural borrower has usually paid, including expenses, about ten per cent—or at least twice what the big corporate borrowers paid.

Farmers, we hear, have willingly paid this high rate, giving the good security of their land at half its market value; but, even so, they have found it difficult to get money, applications for loans outrunning the supply of funds.

Now this is simply the difference between good organization and no organization. Certainly, under proper conditions, a loan on the land itself is as good security as a loan on the railroad, the prosperity of which mostly depends on the land; but the big borrowers were organized, while the small borrowers were not.

Hence a very interesting project by the Saskatchewan Provincial Government to organize cooperative farmmortgage associations. The idea is, in brief, for the farmer members of each association mutually to guarantee one another's loans, while the association itself raises capital for farm loans by issuing bonds guaranteed by the province. An investor, in buying a bond, would not look to a particular mortgage on a particular farm, but to the whole resources and credit of the association, backed by the Provincial Government's indorsement. Such bonds, no doubt, would be as readily marketable as a railroad bond.

There is no question that farmers can borrow as readily and cheaply as railroads do by organizing and offering equally attractive securities.

# Urban Elbow Room

AN AIMLESS journalistic controversy as to the comparative sizes of New York and London reminds us that the real need of every great city is not to grow larger but to grow smaller. It would be much better if the area of Greater New York or of the metropolitan district of London contained fewer people by a third or a half.

Probably that condition will happen as means of transit and communication steadily increase; already, in fact, the growth of great cities shows a strong centrifugal as well as a centripetal movement. The city itself increases, but the people disperse over a wider space. The Borough of Manhattan and some London districts tend to lose population rather than to gain.

Massing a great number of people in a small area benefits a few landlords and possibly some department stores, but injures everybody else. The modern big city is mostly only a landlord's gold mine. Why other people should brag about it is a mystery.

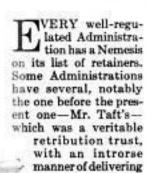
We should like to see New York spread over Westchester County, Southwestern Connecticut and the Jersey shore with the mammoth ant-hills along Central Park West and Riverside Drive converted into dormitories for farmers who would be flocking into town for overnight to hear the opera and see the pictures.

It is spreading somewhat, and more spreading is only a question of transportation. When a man can get to Broadway and Twenty-third Street from Stamford or Ossining in the time it now takes to go from Morningside Heights to the City Hall, the metropolis, we hope, will be less populous than it is today—and infinitely better.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

# Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

and the Near Great



with an introrse
manner of delivering
its goods that was
somewhat uncomfortable to those within,
to say the least of it.

If I have my mythology on straight—and a glance into the esteemed Mr. Bulfinch's mirror assures me I have—the original Nemesis was a lady; but since the days when she operated, her sex has been disregarded when her name is needed for descriptive purposes, and we are as prone to refer to a male person as a Nemesis as we are as such, albeit the sex of

prone to refer to a female person as such, albeit the sex of the first of the name was perhaps rightly denominated judging, that is, from the things that have happened since those days wherein the female element of requital has been dominant.

Thus it is not out of place to observe that Charles C. McChord is the official Nemesis of this Administration, for a glance at the pictorial embellishment of these lines will convince the most superficial glancer that Mr. McChord is of the male persuasion, and a perusal of what shall be herewith set forth will show that he is fully entitled to his designation.

nation. Though it may be true that, so far, Mr. McChord has confined his nemesizing to one particular object or objective, the fact cannot be denied that as an all-round, retaliatory and retributive Nemesis he has no superior; and it is well known that he stands ready at any time to nemesize any little matter wherein governmental reprisal shall be demanded.

He is Not So Flerce as He Looks

Mr. McChord, you understand, is by way of being a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, as the railroads and their presidents will tell us tearfully, is hampering the proper development of the country by insisting that various and varied of the said presidents, and others, shall unhamper the same by observing a few of the amenities of polite finance.

To hear a railroad president exclaim about it, the Interstate Commerce Commission is an instrument whereby the old and established order has been rudely disrupted, to the consequent astonishment of many persons who have considered a railroad to have extraconstitutional rights merely because it is a railroad, and therefore exploited by the persons who took over the exploitation privileges.

It is needless to go into that phase of the subject—for two reasons: The first is that the Interstate Commerce Commission does not believe it; and the second is that nobody else does—save the men who view the situation with alarm. The proposition that a railroad president and his railroad associates must obey the law, though novel and distressing to the parties of the first part, is distinctly agreeable to the parties of the second part, who comprise about ninety-seven and seven-tenths of the total population.

Nor is it too much to say that a Nemesis of the peculiar character supplied by McChord was needed. Indeed, we nemesizing. So, when a good chance to use a regular, accredited, skillful and earnest Nemesis came along, it is small wonder that McChord was selected.

Of all the folks in public life McChord, I should say, looks more like a regular Nemesis than any other. His specialty for many years has been trailing railroad persons to their lairs; and no sooner had he been given national scope than he selected a field well suited for the operations of a first-class, trained and expert Nemesis, and began to

nemese

had been lax in our

It is probably true that, at the moment of the advent of this abrupt and abbreviated Kentuckian into the arena of railroad investigation, there existed nowhere in the world a railroad wherein the probing possibilities were greater than in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. There, it seemed, was a great highway of commerce that exuded opportunities at every fishplate. And the railroad itself called specific attention to this condition by having at Bridgeport one day a wreck that made the entire nation gasp on account of the sheer horror of it.

#### The Torquemada of the New Haven

COMMISSIONER McCHORD investigated that wreck. What he said about it he said in plain—even blunt—American language, using no figures of speech or flowers of rhetoric. It was a most annoying report, viewed by the lights of the men who were operating the road, and wounded their sensibilities. Also, it jarred their complacencies and jolted their arrogance. It was a plain statement of culpability. It was as direct as a crossing sign—as a stop-look-and-listen admonition. It was very direct.

Proceeding, Commissioner McChord went further into the affairs of this railroad. He supplied a Nemesis for the New York, New Haven & Hartford—an appliance the railroad hitherto had not possessed, but, as events proved, had needed for quite some time. He made other positive statements about the road, its management, its financing, its manipulators and its various other delinquencies, his capacity as Nemesis, he was immediately called an anarchist by various interested persons. The term was a misnomer. Though it is true that captains of finance are wont to term persons anarchists who disclose their captaining and their financing, it does not necessarily follow that such persons are anarchists." Nor is McChord

Whereupon, not recognizing McChord in

such. What he is is a man who does not seem to stand in fear and trembling before a predacious plutocrat. Anyhow he called attention to many things—called strident and forceful attention to them. Since that time the attention he called has become quite general in its

extent and many things have happened to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; and more are likely to

happen; for when McChord begins nemesizing he nemesizes until the cows come home.

He is a Kentucky lawyer who first began to attract attention in the stirring Goebel times in that state and was associated with Goebel before his killing, as well as active in the days that followed that event. Kentucky passed one of the first railroad regulation laws, and McChord became a member of the state railroad commission.

The railroads did not want him elected and tried to defeat him; but he won and immediately began the enforcement of the statute. Next time he ran, Kentucky went Republican. The Republican candidate for governor was elected by some thousands of votes; and McChord was defeated by only seventeen votes, running as a Democrat—which gives an idea of his standing in his own state.

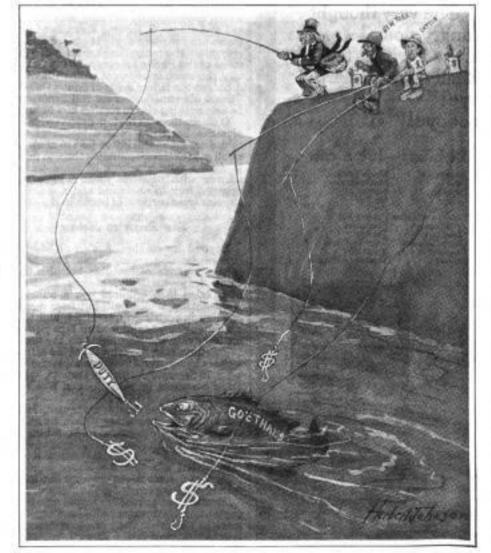
Then came a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition to McChord, largely on account of the Goebel aftermath; but McChord had the support of most of the prominent men in the state, all of whom advised President Taft that the best thing to do about the Goebel tragedy was to forget it; and Mr. Taft appointed him to succeed Commissioner Cockrell.

McChord came to Washington and, soon after he took office, was chosen to make the Bridgeport wreck investigation. From that he went into other New York, New Haven & Hartford affairs and has been the New Haven specialist on the Interstate Commerce Commission ever since.

McChord's idea of the functions of an investigator is that he should investigate. His idea of a report is that the report should embody the results of his investigation. His choice of language is guided by the fixed conviction in his mind that the word which means negligence is spelled n-e-g-l-i-g-e-n-c-e, and the word that means fraud is spelled f-r-a-u-d. If a thing is bad he says it is bad—not that it is not good or that it might be better. If he finds a man responsible he names that man. His command of direct and uncompromising-not to say compromising at times-speech is remarkable and remarked.

A short, stocky, active, alert man, he really is not so fierce as he looks; for when he is not acting in his capacity as Nemesis he is affable and companionable, soft voiced and mild mannered. You would never think of him as a Nemesis at all if perchance you saw him in his evening clothes officiating at a social function, or mayhap tangoing a trifle-you never would pick him out as the person who so unequivocally calls a spade a spade when he is dealing with that sort of hardware, that he is positively distressful to railroad persons who come within the purview of his reports and who have been used to distinguished consideration from those who have hitherto examined their affairs.

Still, inasmuch as it is necessary for every Administration to have a Nemesis, owing to these latter-day fashions in dealing with corporations that have in the past done the dealing themselves, there is no doubt that the choice of this Administration has fallen on the proper person. As Nemesis, Charles C. McChord is perfect in the part; and there are times, too, when he seems to have impinged a trifle on the well-known province of the haughty Adrasteia, who was, as you remember, the lady who looked out for the inevitable.



The Right Bait



"That is, I will if it won't make too much bother for you. Isn't this the maid's day out?" "Yes. But that doesn't matter. No trouble at all. I'll give you

# Campbell's Tomato Soup."

"I'll make it as a bisque; or with noodles in it if you'd rather. I have them handy."

"Great! Do I get two plates-full!"

"All you want. I've a dozen cans on the shelf. Then some cold sliced-"

"Never mind the rest of it. The starter catches me."

"Yes. It's so perfectly easy. And we'll be so cozy. Doesn't that beat dining down town?"

"Has it skinned a mile! The very thought of that soup makes me hungry now."



# THE TEA FANS OF NEW YORK-By Mary Isabel Brush

AN EARNEST young American coming home from Europe assured an English girl that his countrymen did not drink ten as hers did. A shadow of dismay spread over her pink-and-white face, clouding her

"What in the world, then, do you ever do with your awfternoons?" she demanded.

do with your awfternoons?" she demanded.
Statement and question carry a sociological significance. The American boy spoke with frowning impatience, signifying:
"We Americans are serious-minded people. We haven't got time for this idle practice of taking half an hour off every day simply to gratify a foolish habit."
The English girl's words represented the woman of leisure in a dull home, contemplating an afternoon of embroidering, un-

plating an afternoon of embroidering, un-broken even by the pleasant arrival of a neighbor for the gratification of a mild national taste.

That was four years ago. Now go on to Fifth Avenue any day at four-thirty and you will say something is going to happen that is very important indeed. It would seem that a siege of the city had either been

that is very important indeed. It would seem that a siege of the city had either been declared or raised, a reigning monarch had come to our republic, a fraternal conclave was pending—or, at least, that a circus had reached town.

Everybody in New York possessing a vehicle of any kind gets out on to Fifth Avenue with it, forming into two long lines of traffic, like counter processions, which appear to move something like the sixteenth part of an inch, until they are halted by the lifted arm of the blue-sleeved crossing policeman, who seems to be in sympathy with those

who seems to be in sympathy with those wishing to go east and west. Everybody without a vehicle swings on to the long reaches of sidewalk from the cross streets and sets a pace that puts them far ahead of the glacial flow of limousines. Though nobody makes any time except those on foot, every one is in a hurry.

People sit four abreast on top of omnibuses and look down in a detached way on the excited crowds, their own problems being of a different pattern own problems be-

ing of a different nature—namely, to keep their noses from getting too awfully red and to be careful not to fall out or in when the

to be careful not to fall out or in when the busses strike up martially for an uninterrupted run of forty feet.

Bill Swan, striding along the Avenue with a step conspicuously too long, sees the sun, red and elliptical, looking down from a remote, gray western sky. It touches with a rosy glow the magnificent masses of graystone of the Public Library, and lays on the city the same impersonal chill with which it bathes the fallow fields of South Dakota. "Same old sun!" observes Bill Swan; but he sees nothing else to remind him of home. he sees nothing else to remind him of home.

It shines through the low-draped windows of stone hostelries, where blocks of tiny tables are set so thickly as just to allow the small gold chairs surrounding them to move. It marks faint shadows of tense waiters stirring with noiseless rush, a little two-pronged fork in one hand and a saucer of circular cross sections of lemon in the other.

### The Rush to Relax

Beyond its reaches, out in an electricbeyond its reaches, out in an electric-lighted dressing room, Maria Theresa ar-ranges mounds of invisible hairpins on a china tray—excitedly, always excitedly. She places in a celluloid box a bunch of white cotton, which pulls out from a small opening in restricted quantities, and these are valuable, when dipped in face powder, for removing the high lights on the nose.

Belowstairs in the dry heat of the kitchen waiters hover over a long zinc table crowded with little, round, brown teapots, which carry strainers in their spouts, like nose decorations.

Outside, handsomely costumed ladies descend from limousines drawn in at the curbs. They are preceded by huge bunches of purple orchids stuck on the front of them over furs, and they show a vertical line of transparent silk stocking above light-top pumps as narrow skirts draw up like a cur-tain in the long reach for the sidewalk.

Are they excited too? Dear me, no! Ex-pectant, but not perturbed. They are what

most of the excitement is about. An important moment in the diurnal flow of life is approaching, of which they form the cen-tral ornament. The metropolis is about to observe its tea hour.

Every dining room on and off the Avenue is at present devoting itself heart and soul to serving this afternoon beverage. Most of smart New York is putting a like amount of arder into drinking it, and gets on thousands of dollars' worth of clothes for the occasion. We are in possession of a foreign custom—or should it be stated that a foreign custom possesses us? To be sure we eign custom possesses us? To be sure we have not given ourselves to it without re-serve—without such modification as stamps it for our own.

Tea, with us, is a generic term, and we drink it in the same fixity of purpose with which we fight fires, build fortunes and adorn our persons. That pellmell rush up the Avenue is largely directed toward the tearooms. A peevish-faced woman sticks her feathered head out of the cab window and says to the round-faced cabby, with edged utterance: "I expected delays at this beautiful the cab window and says to the round-faced cabby, with edged utterance: this hour, but I cannot put up with any-thing like this!" She is headed for a hotel, where, with good American impatience, she

is rushing to relax.
Only she and members of her leisure set in our land of the free have this privilege. No record has come to us of our working classes—like those of England—stopping for their five-minute gulp of the national drink. Girl clerks of the United States are not excused from work to sit in A B C shops on red plush seats that are just too far away from the marble-topped tables to be com-

#### Fighting the Ravages of Leisure

In America there is a particular regard for excessive comfort in the observance of our new custom. It has not been established to fill a fundamental need; not to supply nourishment the peculiarities of climate make necessary; not to allow a modicum of relaxation that will result in a maximum of energy for work. Our disciples of the practice are forever fighting the ravages of too much leisure—are foregoing the pleas-ures of jam and seedcakes for fear they may gain an ounce of flesh.

American tea fans are drawn from the ranks of those who recognize pleasure only when it is expensive. Thus in our country a very high price is paid for a very little re-freshment. Something like five dollars goes for nothing in particular served for two. No charming little teashops are recom-mended by New Yorkers where one may get a delicious cup of sweet-smelling tea for

A sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year orchestra is provided by one hotel to accompany the exercises of the afternoon. A glass dome, graceful in lines and soft with green lighting, arches over the participants. As to price, the hotel has lost its memorandum; but the sum is sufficient to endow a hospital, to finance the suffrage movement, or to pay a year's interest on our debt. A gardener is rising to independence just by coaxing into tropical splendor the palm forests in which the scene is set.

In England Parliament observes a four-o'clock siesta. In our country Wall Street and the banks do not shut down for the tea hour—indeed, nothing whatever shuts down for it in New York; but a great deal opens up. Ours is a public and not a private function. No innocuous observance takes place between the neighbor on Fifth Avenue dropping round to knit with the neighbor on Fifty-seventh Street, whose property is valued at only a few dollars less a foot. Any private consumption of afternoon tea is quite beside our metropolitan purpose.

New York regards the custom as one more opportunity for display. In its milder forms it represents a new occasion for creating expensive obligations and of discharging them at a slightly greater cost. It affords one more chance—like a wife's Christmas present to her husband-of giving oneself a pleasure while performing a duty toward some one else. The rich old aunt who will not give her country niece five dollars with which to buy a petticoat sets her down day after day in an expensive dining room when she visits the city and buys her thirty-five dollars' worth of tea.

It affords an excellent chance for the metropolitan resident to put one over on the rural visiting relative. A smart New York department-store buyer took her brother,



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around arm and are
odged with embroidery to match collar. Dress has a
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center of skirt in
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Dress

who was a college student, to have a cup of tea. She led him as by a leash the length of Fifth Avenue to a hotel and, in the wake of a foreign waiter of comprehensive gestures through a pathway of staring eyes, to a table beside a fountain. He brooded over the small gold table like a lampshade above its bowl and tried to focus his eyes on his order of sandwiches. This consisted of a slice of bread halved over the shadow of a thinness of white meat. "Rough exercise that!" he muttered;

"Rough exercise that!" he muttered; and thereby communicated, like a spirit from another world, that he realized a foreign, exotic art was being practiced on him. A certain celebrity was induced to go to

A certain celebrity was induced to go to one of these public tea parties and he was amazed. Some girls wished to meet him, with the result that a young matron who was acquainted with him before he became a celebrity invited him to tea. Knowing him as she did, she never expected that he would come on any such errand as meeting admirers—or she might have arranged a different form of entertainment. Admirable chance that, she thought, for discharging two obligations—and hers not the fault if the guest of honor followed his custom of accepting and then did not appear. She went on with her arrangements; and when at five on the appointed day he was not by the gold elevator in the lobby she led two disappointed girls into the tearoom. Just as her order arrived, in came the guest of honor looking not altogether satisfied.

He wound his way through the narrowest of crooked paths between chairs to the table of his hostess, which, he observed, was like a ten-cent piece on top of a stick of sealing wax and covered with a cloth or like a mushroom on its stem, but not so large. There was a great, poignant flow of orchestral melody, with the breathy hum of voices coming up through it. There was a subdued—oh, a very subdued—clack of white and gold plate, piece on piece. There was a zigzag rush of black and white figures, who were the waiters. The tea hour was in full blast.

The celebrity ordered a cocktail and could not have it. He took out a cigarette and was not allowed to smoke it. He squinted at his microscopic chicken sandwich, hastily

secured by his hostess.

"I realize, Jane"—he addressed the lady entertaining him—"that a life-sized sandwich could not be served on so small a table; but this is my breakfast."

#### The Five-Dollar Table by the Door

No place was this for any one with a definite want to fill! He moved the entire tea party over into the opposite dining room, where he ordered some regular food in the regular way. During the repast he kept looking across the hall at the tearoom, and he indulged in exclamations on the very slight entertainment of the afternoon as contrasted with the "enormous noise everybody is making about coming out to tea."

Not all the rooms are so very restricted as this one in the privileges they allow. For the most part, men and women alike may drink whatever they will; and the men, though not the women, may smoke. These details, however, are unessential and unconsidered by the tea fan in choosing a location. The highest purpose served by the afternoon custom in New York is not to satisfy appetite, but to afford opportunity for people to see those whom they have seen before—to recognize those of reputation whose names are associated with wealth, title and privilege.

title and privilege.

The most sought place, therefore, is so close to the righthand pillar between the favorite tearoom and the hallway that the marble column interferes with the operation of your right arm. The seat is squarely in the entrance, where everybody coming and going bumps into you and all the waiters stand a chance to empty their trays into your lap; but the view is excellent. Nobody can elude the holder of that seat—not even the transient visitor who has merely thought he might possibly take tea, and has stuck his head for a moment over the chiefwaiter's shoulder at the end of the hall. Numbers ask for this place and are all firmly told that it is reserved.

Popular interest comes to center round the identity of the ruling potentate holding it. At length an old lady, hobbling with a cane and ornamented with a false, frizzled front, limps in. Her under jaw juts out like a bulldog's, though her eyes are less kind than his. They have malice in them. Her mind is a ready-reference library of scandal. Everything she has ever heard of



# This Man Gave You Puffed Grains

Gave you Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to explode by steam the hundred million food granules inside of each grain.

He did this as a College Professor, in the service of science. Did it to make whole grains wholly digestible. In all the ages, men had never accomplished that.

Thus he gave you the best-cooked foods, the most digestible cereals that science had ever prepared.

# Gave Delight to Millions

He also gave you a new delight which millions are enjoying. Grains puffed to eight times normal size—bubble-like and thin. Grains that crush into dainty granules, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Before these came, no morning or evening ever brought to your table such fascinating foods.

That is all due to the years and years Prof. Anderson gave to this problem. And he is now seeking a way to do the same with corn.

Puffed Wheat, 10 c Except in Extreme Puffed Rice, 15 c West

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning. When berries come, mix these Puffed Grains with them. For suppers, serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in desserts, in candy making, as garnish for ice cream.

Keep them on hand for hungry children, between meals or at bedtime. For Puffed Grains do not tax the stomach. And every element is converted into food.

Puffed Grains should be, in every home, as staple as bread and crackers.



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# Rice Leaders of the World Association

ELWOOD E. RICE

NEW YORK

unpleasantness is deposited behind those eyes and used ad libitum as perfectly authentic information.

Two girls pass her as she limps in. They look so fluffy-haired and vacant-faced you would say that nothing short of a milliondollar gown would catch their attention. After passing her, however, they all but tumble into the dressing room and over Maria Theresa, clasping each other's hands with the exclamation: "She has the most with the exclamation: "She has the most evil face I ever saw!" Down the old lady drops into the desira-

ble, long-reserved seat, to pluck the scan-dal of the afternoon; and the departing

head waiter inadvertently lets show the sharp V of a five-dollar bill.

Under a high-mounted piece of statuary sits another tea fan. In his fixed, absorbed rigidity he looks like a parody on a bust in a gallery—like a colored, correctly dressed, mustached and monocled model of Henry Clay. His table is engaged by the year

Clay. His table is engaged by the year.
The girl with him changes from time to
time, but the table never.
You would scarcely know that the woman
beside him is his guest, so unmindful is he
of her in his absorption in the scene. He opens his countenance and his soul to the opens his countenance and his soul to the enactment round him; and it seems as though all the harmless, chittering, idle, foolish, vain display taints him with a murkier, sinister quality as it flows through his mind. A red line runs from the base of his nose across his cheek, making an acute angle with the black, wide ribbon of his eyeglass in its straight descent down his cheek. The red, angry-looking streak has a thin touch of something white, like salve, along its edges—as though it were conalong its edges—as though it were con-stantly induced to subside, without success.

By chance the old woman's gaze and his meet as she falls into her seat. Their eyes cross a moment—then turn, as though both are embarrassed. Can it be they hold an acquaintanceship in some of the subterranean passages of life that would not bear the pink light of sophisticated vapidity? Or is it that they simply gaze into the soul's secret chamber, each of the other, and what they see there causes both to shift the eyes?

#### The Most Important Engagement

Once in their long watch of the tearoom they have the triumph of detecting a tall, monocled Irishman, whose mustache droops in a horseshoe curve of sad dejection when he leaves off smiling—which thing he sel-dom does. They are the first to recognize him and they pass the word that Sir Thomas Lipton is present. This, of course, bright-ens the afternoon, for Sir Thomas is popular everywhere.

Three little children, as like as butterballs of graduated roundnesses, are led into the room by a sad-faced, uniformed nurse. They are dressed in white, from their fuzzy hoods to their leggings. "The Baroness de Vonne's little girls!" run the tidings; and great is the excitement, for the baroness is the American daughter of the only house in the most expensive section of Fifth Avenue that dares to have a yard.

A tall man, broadening into middle age, wanders into this favorite tearoom, his ample shoulders carrying his fur-lined coat easily. He has a manner of accustomed-ness, though he frankly does not know the place. His wife, who is much smaller, seems to have taken on a smartness in spite of herself, though her look is as if forever on her children. The two follow in the curving path of a waiter for several minutes before they are accommodated with a table. Then they smile at each other comfortably as

she unbuttons her long, loose sealskin coat.

Down on Wall Street that day at four o'clock he was sitting in one of those mahogany-paneled offices that are fortified from encroachment by three secretaries without, and are approached by the world only through liveried men standing about the high-tapestried reception room. A little silver vase of pink flowers, which a girl stenographer is instructed to have for him every morning, stood between the baby's picture in a silver frame and the mahogany inkwell.

All the secretaries were at his desk with different demands for his attention, when the vice-president of the corporation stepped

in to say:
"Harry, you had better just give this your attention."

The great man, taking out his watch, replied: "I can't."

"But this is vital. The National Finan-



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"I've got an important engagement," answered the president, "and must be uptown at half past four o'clock."

It was in his mind that, as the limousine

had drawn up that morning at eight o'clock under the porte-cochère, which looked out over the Hudson, his wife, Dorothy, had

said:
"I'll be at the hotel, Harry, today at four-thirty. Suppose you stop for a cup of tea and pick me up."
"All right," he had replied.
That was the engagement he would not sacrifice to the National Financial Something-or-other; and here he is in the incidental enjoyment of a ceremonial that recurs daily.

He and his wife have been married for ten years. When they married, the man was only just beginning to show signs of a genius which is now an accepted thing. He had been badly treated by another woman, who had loved him—there was no doubt about that—but had weakly allowed a meddling family to make what they deemed a better match for her.

In the reaction of that moment he asked Dorothy Robins to marry him. She put up a pitiful plea with her family to allow her to decline. In the privacy of her chamber she asked some unseen influence for youth to match her own youth and tastes to coincide

A half-shabby college boy, working his way through a university, had devoted himway through a university, had devoted him-self to her; then withdrawn—nobody knew whether through a reaction of feeling or through consideration for her. Chiefly be-cause she had no excuse for not doing so, she married the elder man and the match

turned out superbly well.

She had been buoyed ever since on a joyous wave of satisfaction. There are three children running over the broad, fair acres

along the Hudson.

Life contains very little for this family that they would change.

#### Living Happily Ever After

As they sit waiting for their tea and toast, how do you suppose this president of the Amalgamated Consolidation of Corporate Interests occupies himself? With listening to the music! Why does the hotel maintain that orchests. that orchestra—because it is expensive or because the waiters enjoy it so much? Un Peu d'Amour is the selection. The great financier has a far-away look on his face, stealing back, one should say, at least ten years, to the time when he had no mustache

years, to the time when he had no mustache that was graying and no fortune. What is he thinking about? Not wife and children!

They say that, whereas a woman forgets all other men in the maternal possessorship of one, a man remembers the woman who has been dear to him and is not his. As the sixty-thousand-dollar orchestra plays Un Peu d'Amour maybe he is thinking of that early love and wishing he might steal a hurried whisper with her—just to say, "Hello, little girl!" and to ask with tense excitement:

Are you happy?" Un Peu d'Amour! If his wife hears it she gives no sign. She is looking, her heart in her eyes, at those three children of the Bar-oness de Vonne, with their sad-faced nurse, now sitting at a round table—the little tod-dlers with their bare, chubby legs sticking straight out from their gold chairs and their faces circled in mugs of milk.

That youthfulness in herself which she once lamented—the youthfulness for which she begged a mate—is hers to trouble about no longer. The cushioned folds of middle age have closed over her girlish outline and her cheeks are leaner than they were. The success that has endowed her husband with a persistent youth has accorded her no such beneficence—so unfair is time in its dealings with women; but in the happiness of what she has gained her mind reflects not on what she has lost.

They do not remain at tea a great while Buttoning up their fur coats they make for their limousine, their minds intent on their larger, living interests miles away up the placid Hudson, as they nod their course between bowing men in livery. With so much of big, personal history behind these two, only the obvious occurs

to those industrious tea drinkers who form a lane of searching eyes through which they

"Curious that she should let her figure go that way!" "Twenty millions—you've heard that name before—president—genius for financiering! Wish I were half as rich as he is!" Such are the comments.



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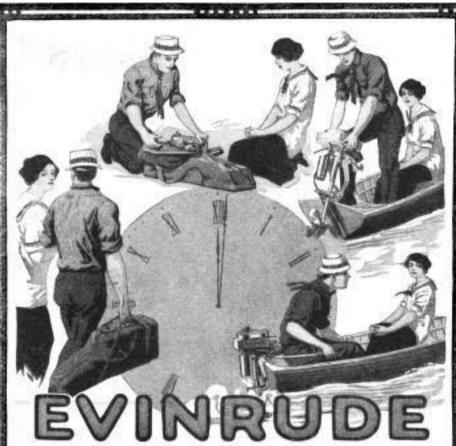


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Retail at \$1.00 and up to \$18.00 a suit. Always comfortable - All ways.

# COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.

Originators, Patentees and Manufacturers Kenosha, Wisconsin



# The Best of Summer Pleasures —Yours in One Minute

Any rowboat, yours or a rented one, may be turned into an eight-mile-an-hour motor-boat in less than one minute if you own an

# Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor

It attaches to rowboats of all shapes and sizes, canoes and duck boats; starts with one-twelfth turn of the flywheel and is so simple to operate that women and children may enjoy the pleasures of "Evinruding". Besides its many other attri-butes the following exclusive features are most noteworthy:

#### The Only Portable Motor with a Built-In Reversible Magneto

The Evinrude Magneto is built within the flywheel and in that manner is protected from all injury. It has no brushes, bearings or commutators to wear out and is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion.

#### The Only Portable Motor with a Maxim Silencer

We can now supply special Maxim Silencers for 1913 and 1914 "Evinrudes". The Silencer eliminates practically all noises. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer as it is an exclusive "Evinrude" feature.

#### The Only Portable Motor which Does Not Require a Rudder

The propeller turns freely in either direction to steer the boat. There is no rudder to become entangled in the weeds, fouled or damaged by rocks and driftwood. The propeller turns the boat within its own length.

#### The Only Portable Motor with a Compensating Steering Device

The tiller is controlled by a shockabsorbing, Compensating Device which allows the tiller free range in either direction and permits steer-ing without the exertion or strength, which is necessary with a rudder.

The Roosevelt Expedition, the Stefansson Expedition and other important parties of explorers are using the "Evinrude", while throughout the entire world those who love the water are enjoying the thrills and pleasures of motor boating with any ordinary rowboat. The "Evinrude" is on sale at Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers everywhere. Have you seen it?

> Evinrude Magneto Motor, 2 H. P. \$80.00 Evinrude Battery Motor, 2 H. P. \$70.00



free upon request Evinrude Motor Co. 463 F St., Milwaukee, Wis. Branch Offices:





People like these are very occasional visitors. They take so little interest in the diversion of the place that they leave just as regular patrons are assembling. Know ye that everybody in New York does everything as nearly as possible after the manner of everybody else. It is, therefore, estab-lished to be little short of outrageous to take tea before four-forty-five. Only inele-gant visitors from the Corn Belt do that.

The hour approaches when one has to stand in line. A white-mustached gentle-man in a Prince Albert coat leans against a marble colonnade at the entrance and asks all comers when they got back from Europe.
To some he answers: "Wretched chef on that boat!" To others, especially the young women, he replies, looking at them and patting their hands: "My dear, you were fortunate. The cuisine on that boat is excellent!"

A small stripling of a youth comes along, dressed as if to represent a grown man. His yellow hair is plastered close to his delicately small head. He wears the regulation man-of-leisure afternoon suit—rather short-coated, loose and tremendously well set. A chit of a girl is with him, whose dimples smile a proclamation that she is not more than fifteen and that in three years she will be well placed matrimonially. She strolls on as the older man asks of the

younger:
"How's your father? When I knew him
he was at it pretty hard."
"Only tolerable," the boy answers, stopping with well-bred decorum to accord a certain amount of time to a generation that is passing.

Courtesy demands that the older man should have what moments he desires. The younger hears him through an anecdote of which the father in question is the central

figure.

"He stays downtown all day," the boy continues, "and then goes to bed at nine o'clock. We see nothing of him. It's his

There is a certain degree of sobriety, of correct regret, in the statement, and yet it is infinitely patronizing and incidental. He passes on to the more serious business of recovering his young girl and getting tea.

#### The Count and His Bulldog

Among others arriving are the Count de Something and his bulldog. They have just been striding up the Avenue, the bulldog carrying the evening paper in his mouth. However cold it may be the count is with-out an overcoat; and he does some very fancy figures with his walking stick, held between the fingers of his bright yellow gloves. On arriving he is immediately sur-rounded by a bevy, a group—no, a coterie rounded by a bevy, a group—no, a coterie— of extremely chatty ladies, who laugh a great

deal and say:

"Are you de-ead? I am just simply de-ead! Everybody is going so hard I should think they would all—just—be—de-ead!"

There ledge are divided socially into

These ladies are divided socially into those who call him Jack and those who are restricted to the more formal title of count. There is an almost impassable gulf between them, yet each is intent on her own fell pur-pose, which is that of marrying him either to herself or to her daughter—this, too, in spite of the fact that the count has had one matrimonial experience in America which was not altogether fortunate, his father-in-law having kicked him downstairs for a lazy lout, a fortune hunter and a foreigner. Some—among whom is the count—insist there is much to be said on the other side,

and that he was unfamiliar with the customs of our country. He has now concluded that he prefers our home of the brave to his own more formal nation, and he is engaging in business, with the aim of mak-ing an American of himself. Thus far he matches up very well with the residents of our most unrepresentative city and can only be distinguished from the throngs round him by the large stir he makes. him by the large stir he makes.

The lady with a leopard coat drawn closely round the loins slides through the revolving entrance doorway. Her eyes are touched up to slant a little and she walks with a tread premeditatedly feline. Likewise are present the three schoolgirls, tall as young matrons, a curl over their shoulders, who matrons, a curl over their shoulders, who swung up the Avenue dangling their books at the end of a leather strap. They are free — oh, so very free! — in their gait, in their laugh, in their assured enunciation.

There is also the very small dark person, practically snuffed out by her low-lying mushroom hat, who stands under a palm

# reachment on Tailoring

of Indianapolis

N a Summer Suit for out of doors the line of demarcation between shapeliness and shapelessness is thin. The absence of superfluous lining necessitates the presence of vitals-deep tailoring to ward off "that hangdog look" due

to the crumpling and sagging of soft fabrics, as Flannels, Serges, Homespuns and Tropical

A Summer Suit is the crucial test of every tailor. Its style must be patiently and painstakingly needled into the garment. It should soften and "smart-en" with wear, like a fine glove and rebound over night from its creases.

Worsteds.

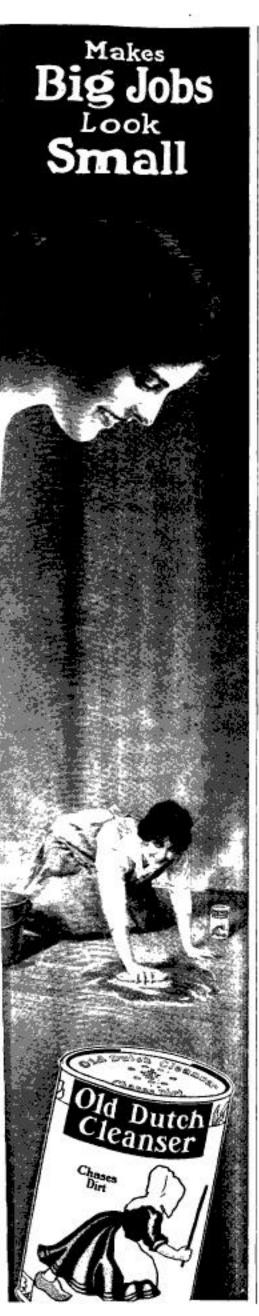


# Kahn-Tailored-Clothes \$20 6 45

are created in the largest institution dedicated to merchant tailoring under one roof, by tailors who have never plied a needle on any but "custom" garments. Their shape is everlasting, because it is put in by hand, not pressed in by machine. Their style is "custom" style — unmistakable any time, any place, even to the casual eye.

Sketched here is a fashionable Three-Button, Patch-Pocket Lounge Suit for Summer. It's soft, simple, "smart". Let our Authorized Representative in your town measure you for a Suit like this, or for any other style-thought shown by us or imagined by yourself, from any of our 500"custom" fabrics. Go to him to-day lest it slip your mind. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.





tree, facing a mustached gentleman in a furlined overcoat, and turns on him her brown gaze, like a warm light from a fortification. There is the taller, strictly tailored girl, with regular features, who makes a point of wearing heavy bunches of white aigret hat trimmings, now that there is a restriction-on them—just by way of showing how an American girl laughs at laws.

All testes are represented at the favorite

All tastes are respected at the favorite tearoom and a place is provided for those who prefer neither to see nor to be seen. Parallel lines of palms trace a lane that opens into a clearing behind a forest of rubber plants interspersed with flowering, potted things. It is set with Marie Antoi-nette couches and tables, which are watched over by sculptured bits of outdoor statuary

looking down on one. Charming place that in which to get one-self engaged—or free! Un Peu d'Amour is given by request. The big, dark man, with hair parted deep on one side—he who sits in the palm forest with the amber-shaded lady—asked to have it rendered. He is from a Pacific Coast state, and every two or three months, when he comes here, he requests it. His mission in crossing the continent is always the same. It is to see the lady of the brown hair and the amber eyes—matched by a jeweled chain of his choosing—whose mellow roundnesses flow

into the soft curves of her velvet and furs. Every year for five years he has crossed the continent quarterly to see her—at Christmas, on her birthday, in midsummer, and on another little anniversary observed just between those two. Each occasion was marked by a gift—a strand of pearla, a ring, a gold vanity case. Once she audaciously takes out the little implements of it, with which she powders her nose, rouges her lips,

which she powders her hose, rouges her hips,
runs a pencil across her eyebrows. Wriggling in his chair, the big man petitions:
"Don't do that, Laura! Why can't you
fix up at home?" She laughs a taunting,
amused, rippling laugh; and he looks at her
with eyes that say: "Well, whatever you
do is all right anyway."

Why then are not these two wedded?

Why, then, are not these two wedded? The lady is not free. A brute of a husband threatens her with death and scandal if she stirs away from him. And the gentleman, her respectful devotee, has a large political path to blaze in that Western state!

### The Reign of the Maxixe

They talk it over right here in the vapid, pleasure-seeking tearoom-this important matter of how to dispose of the remainder of their lives. They decide to bide their time and guard their secret, thinking themselves securely isolated among a throng of those

interested in every scattering thing.

"My dear," says the girl at the next table, while the orchestra plays Un Peu d'Amour and the lovers arrive at this large decision, "she wears them so tight; but I do say she is a beautiful woman!

Yes; the crowd takes what comes to hand for mental occupation and the lovers are inconspicuously uninteresting. Still, they have trusted too far to the mental indolence of tea drinkers. Some of them probe their own investigations minutely, among whom is that eminent authority on scan-dal, that old woman with the bulldog jaw;

and she has their story.

If this article were not about tea drinking proper a good deal might be said about the tangoing that goes on at the tea hour. At four o'clock the tired business man says: "My nerves are all unstrung. I need rec-reation." He calls up his wife to go with

him for a cup of tea.

The place to which the limousine winds by sheer force of habit is the home of the by sheer force of nabit is the nome of the dance. An area six feet square is therein dedicated to the preparation and the serv-ing of afternoon tes, while the handsome, big reception rooms are given over to two orchestras and every variety of tango step. At present the Maxixe is absorbing pop-ular attention, its ideal being to express the

ular attention, its ideal being to express emotions in an abandonment of rhythmic movement. This endeavor is engaging the efforts of the tired business man in the name of the cup of tea, which he swallows in the moment after the first orchestra stops and before the second begins.

Mammas are troubled about their sons; employers are irate with their young men cierks because they pass their golden hours in dancing. At four o'clock in the afternoon they dip and whirl and glide. So do they, however, at eleven in the morning, as well as at eleven at night.

No waiter from a cheap restaurant could hold a position in a popular tea place unless

# Three "Onyx" Days

APRIL 20th 21st TUESDAY

The "ONYX" DAY Offerings will consist of the Top-Notch "ONYX" Numbers, Advertised for Years, and known to dealer and consumer alike as the very Cream of "ONYX" Qualities, such as will establish a Broader and Better Relation with the Public than ever before.

We surely are going to celebrate; It will be a Most Memorable Occasion, the Greatest in the annals of





# SELLING IN AMERICA

A Much Wider Range of Styles has been selected which will include the Wants of Every Member of the Family

#### READ CAREFULLY THE DESCRIPTIVE LIST BELOW:

H 248; —Women's "ONYX" Medium Weight Cotton; Full Fashioned; "Dub-I" Top; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black only, Our Regular 35c-3 for \$1.00 Value. "ONYX" DAY Price, 25e per pair

409 KK: Black | Women's "ONYX"

402 SW: White | Medium Weight Silk
403 S: Tan | Lisie; "Doublex" Heel
and Toe; "Dub-i" Top and Reinforced Sole.
Feels and Looks like Silk but wears Better.
Regular 50c Value.
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E 970: Black | Women's "ONYX" Finest 962 S: White | Gauze Lisle; "Dub-l" Top, High Spliced Heel and Spliced Sole and Toe. Regular 50c Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00 H 366 :- Women's "ONYX" Gauge Weight Liste; "Dub-1" Top; High Spitced Heel and Spitced Sole and Toe; Black, White and Tan.

Spliced Sole and Toe; Black, White and Tan. Regular 35c—3 for \$1.00 Value.

"ONYX" DAY Price.

25c per pair 6807:—Women's "ONYX" Boot Silk with Lisie "Dub-l" Top; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black, White and Tan. Regular 50c & 75c Values.

"ONYX" DAY Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00 120 M;—Women's "ONYX" Extra Size Medium Weight Silk Lisie; "Dub-l" Garter Top, and Double Spliced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black only. Regular 50c Value.

"ONYX" DAY Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; a Fine Medium Weight in Black only; "Dub-i" Garter Top of Silk or Lisie; High Spilced Heel and Double Sole of Silk or Lisie. Regular \$1.33 and \$1.50 Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price, \$1.00 per pair \$1.00 per pair

E 325: —Men's, "ONVX" Silk Liste in Black only. "Doublex" Heel and Toe. Spliced Sole. Har no Equal. Regular 50c Value. "ONVX" DAY Price.

3 pairs for \$1.00

Ribbed Top. Spiced Heel, Sole and Toe; in Black, Tan. Navy, Grey, Purple and Smoke. Regular 50: Value. "ONYX" DAY Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00

620: — Men's "ONYX" Finest Pure Silk; Medium Weight; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black only. Regular \$1.50 Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price. \$1.00 per pair

B1273: Boys' "ONYX" Medium Weight
"Dub-i Wear" Ribbed Cotton in Black and
Tan; Sizes 6 to 10; Best Boys' Hose of its
kind in America.

25e per pair

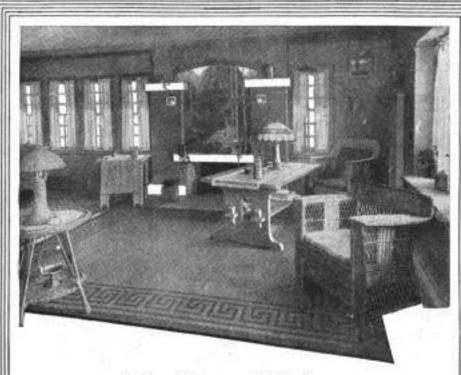
X 48: — Misses' "ONYX" Medium Weight
"Dub-l Wear" Lisle; Fine Ribbed; Black
and Tan; Sizes 5 to 10; Best Misses' Hose in
America. 25c per pair

Look for your dealer's announcement in the daily papers on this date, April 20th, for full particulars, and if you cannot get service at the dealer's from whom you always buy "ONYX" Hosiery, write us, Dept. E. P., and we will help you

Wholesale

Lord & Taylor

New York



# The Rug of Todayand Tomorrow

Madam, this is the rug you have waited for -a satisfactory answer to your demand for a beautiful, durable, sanitary, convenient and inexpensive Floor Covering.

Look at the picture and see how the Deltox Rug beautifies the room. That's the keynote of Deltoxharmony. From porch to attic Deltox is at home anywhere in the house—and it's reversible, practically two rugs in one. Especially suitable for porch use because dust and moisture do not harm the texture.

A cheerful and durable floor covering for the office.

The extra fine weave gives Deltox a flexible strength of body and a smoothness of surface that heretofore have not been obtainable in a grass rug, permitting the use of exquisite patterns and charming mellow colorings that add to the appearance of any room.

Always fresh looking because the dust filters through to the floor. Easy to handle-roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done.

### INEXPENSIVE

And yet, madam, they are so very inexpensive - ask your dealer.

If your dealer can't supply you, his name and 10c postage will bring you a beautiful 18 x 18 inch sample Deltox Rug suitable for lamp or jardinière mat. An unusually complete and attractive booklet illustrating Deltox Rugs in actual colors and one-twelfth actual size as in use in many American homes showing artistic arrangement of furniture in various rooms, on request.



Insist on Deltox-Look for the Trade-Mark

# Oshkosh Grass Matting Co.

81 Adel Street, OSHKOSH, WIS.

he maintained a certain standard of deportment; for the men who serve are as cultivated in their way as are those served. Sometimes one of the more gracious patrons speaks to them. "Oh, you have changed your table!" said a smiling matron. But the waiters do not encourage that sort of thing.

Every man has charge of three tables and he has assistants to the number of three or four. His rank is designated by a uniform ornamented with brass buttons, while the assistants' servitude is designated by a white apron. He presents no menu card when he asks for the order. As his client mentions whatever is in his mind the waiter writes it down and turns the blank over to one of his menials-not churlishly, but with, say, such a designation of difference in rank as a fashionable woman uses in addressing another of her own wider set who is a notch beneath her.

As the servitor returns the waiter takes from him the baby sandwich muffled in its

white napkin and serves it, at the same time placing the tea on the little table for the presiding lady to dispense at will.

The party once finished, he hopes most ardently that they will depart, for, how-ever long they remain to watch the spectacle of the afternoon, his tip remains about the same. Still, he does nothing so ill-mannered as to glance in their direction or to display in the distance their check. If they signify that they really wish it he again dispatches one of his menials to have it added—he all the while pacing sentinel-like along his avenue of territory.

One day a brave young American woman went against custom after having taken tea

at the favorite room for a year, and she sent for a bill-of-fare. She got up her courage suddenly at the end of her afternoon portion. It took half an hour to find one, When it arrived she discovered it to record cinnamon rolls, the presence of which she had never suspected. She forthwith ordered some, they being her favorite dissipation.

#### A Comprehensive Order

The waiter indicated no anxiety over the situation, though she gave him but her customary tip for occupying his table during twice her usual length of tenure, the incident resulting to him in an accrued loss of at least a dollar.

Three women and a man from the West not only asked to see a bill-of-fare, but when one was unearthed ordered assorted sandwiches. That is what the menu says; but what it means is that you may have any kind of sandwich under the sun—that there is a grocery store right in the kitchen, from which anything may be secured, however freakish and uncommon the order—even to ham. This was exactly what the group ordered when it caught the idea. The waiter, instead of humiliating them by explaining a point in Manhattan formality, merely inquired again:

"What kind of sandwich do you wish, madere?"

madam?"

The hostess, who was quick, caught the suggestion and ordered the only kind prevalent in her town. After the party had leisurely eaten their way through the bill-of-fare, ably assisted from course to course by the waiter, and after they had remained for some time to watch the display, the man of the party rose and with elaborate abandon laid ten cents on the white cloth.

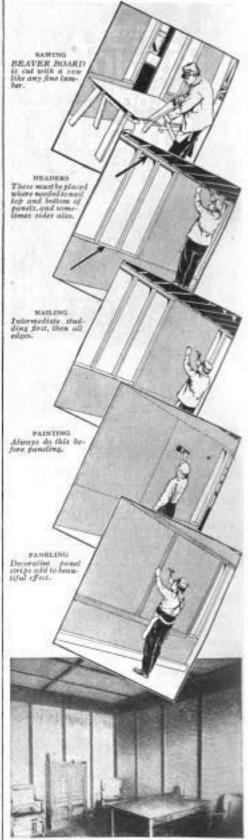
The waiter bowed a "Thank you, sir!"

with the same remote gravity he had on the day previous accorded the seventy-five cents which was laid on that same table. None but a really big character could maintain itself in such a situation as that. Still, this is not a disquisition on waiters,

but on the idle practices of the idle rich. It calls attention to a recent tendency in American habits, to an allowance, on the part of the most overworked of all our people—the successful business man and his socially prominent wife-of an hour of leisure in the daytime. It invites speculation on the possible outcome of the innovation.

Will it extend to the other classes? Will it be accepted by our industrial system? And if so, will it prove a benefit or a blight? What will the tea hour be like when Americans settle down into an unexcited acceptance of the ceremonial?

At present they keep up their mad ob-servance of it until the sun sinks behind the library, leaving a wipe of scarlet in the western sky, and Maria Theresa's little pile of invisible hairpins is reduced to two. Then everybody grabs up veils and sables in a mad rush homeward to dress for dinner.



BEAUTY AND GOOD WORKMANSHID Both are evident in this office of The Wisconsin Agriculturist, at Rucine, Wis.

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# BEAVE BOARD WALLS AND



Buy By This Label



(This Label on every garment)

# For Man—For Boy

ou get real coolness, comfort, quality, in halmers "Porosknit"-Guaranteed. But sure it's the GENUINE. It is imitated idely, but duplicated never. Buy by the It's your protection.

it's see what are "The Things Count" in summer underwear. in make some comparisons. lir will see why none may dupliin the genuine Chalmers "Porosquality, lightness, coolness, my durability, comfort. nor ever.

as investigate. Then you can gray you'll accept imitations.

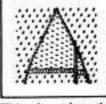
# Union Suit Comfort

Earnine any genuine Chalmers brosknit" Union Suit. Turn it at out. Notice how strongly my seam is reinforced throughout. are double-seamed by cover-F. 15. Note that there are no tesome flaps to gape open. it is the fabric. See the extra the surrounding each ventilating E These, with the lock-stitch, but unraveling.

# The Elastic Seat

I the "stretch" in all knit As bentirely one way. Observe

t trangular. is a the back 2 Chalmers 'clooknit' T. Suit. or how this re of fabric is tersed. It # sposite to 258



fabric is reversed in

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles IR NEW Any Style Stirts and Drawers 50c 25c per garment

S MIN 1.00

Union Suits Any Style

FOR BOYS 50c

This means full elasticity in the seat-up-and-down-as well as across. It gives-at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw. Therefore you have

#### Both Fit and Ease

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling-no "cutting in the crotch."

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits stay buttoned while on. They do not gape between the buttons. The Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

# Softest of Yarn

The soft yarn we use is the finest of long-fibre, combed.

We have been told that the yarn is better than it need be. That we could use less costly combed yarn. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars each year. That the yarn would still be good enough. That we could "get away with it."

True. We might. None might realize the difference but ourselves.

#### The Extra Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn-and Chalmers "Porosknit" would still look about the

Yet—the durability—the wear would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So-we take no chances with durability-no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

# 'Tis Unseen Quality

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot see. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort. They cause the wide demand.

Such is the "hidden" qualitythe extra quality-in Chalmers "Porosknit."

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles-for man, for boy.

Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air.

The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

### Note This Point

Many men and boys merely ask for "Porosknit" - and get imitations. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond. Because they never have worn the genuine-and in that way learned the difference.

### "Looks" Not All

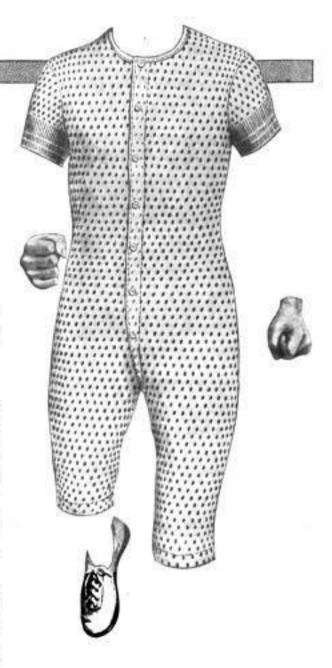
Those who get imitations that merely look something like Chalmers "Porosknit" wonder why the real is

Don't let that happen to you. Buy by the label. For those who once wear Chalmers "Porosknit" swear

# CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight



You'll find this runner's face on the box top of Chalmers "Porosknit" at your dealer's.



# No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

> "If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Insist that the actual label be shown you sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"-none. 50

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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

#### Pocket Wireless

THE dream of wireless telephony—that A a person will be able to carry in his pocket a telephone instrument and at any time or place call up a number and have a conversation-has actually become true in a limited way. Such pocket wireless telephones are in daily use in some European mines for communication with the surface and with other places in the mine.

Wireless telephony has been a complete success for some years for short distances of transmission; and in the short distances needed for use in one mine wireless telephony is as practical as wireless telegraphy. Instruments are located at convenient places in the mine, with wires already at-tached to pipes, rails, or some other means of getting a good electrical connection with the ground, and it is these stationary instruments that are depended on for most

In addition, however, portable instru-

ments are used frequently. These weigh too much to be carried in one's pocket, and so are carried like a handbag. Besides these portable instruments there are provided for the officials pocket in-struments that can send but cannot receive messages.

When a message is sent all the stations in the system receive it; but in practice it has been found to work much like a party-line telephone, giving little trouble to the stations for which the message is not intended.

Pocket receiving instruments for wire-less telegraphy are also appearing now. They are useful, of course, to only a lim-ited degree, for they can only receive and not send; and they receive only strong signals, such as those of near-by stations or government time signals.

#### Wheeling Yourself

ELECTRIC wheel chairs, which need no practice to operate, have now appeared as a substitute for the push chairs common at seaside resorts. Pressing on a lever with the foot makes them go ahead; and the harder the pressure the faster they will go, though the top speed is not much faster than a walk. Removing the pressure on the foot lever puts on the brakes. The steering is done by means of an ordinary steering lever.

#### Why Orange?

ORANGE paint for street cars is now suggested for safety reasons. Investi-gations by the Montreal street-railroad lines to determine what color can be seen farthest, both on city streets and on country roads, resulted in a finding for orange.

Accordingly the company has adopted this color for its cars, both as an added precaution for traffic on its single-track lines and as a means of enabling patrons and drivers of other vehicles on the streets to see the street cars as far away as possible.

### Tempus Fldgets

HARRIS DICKSON tells a story of a negro who was in jail in Mississippi under sentence of death for murder. The prisoner had tried and exhausted all other means of obtaining a reprieve or a commu-tation; and at the eleventh hour, so to speak, he thought he would make a per-sonal appeal for executive elemency. So he took his pen in hand and wrote to the governor.

The most significant part of his letter was the first paragraph, which ran somewhat as

"Dear Boss: The white folks is got me in this jail fixing to hang me on Friday morn-ing—and here 'tis Wednesday already!"

#### Hot Dogs of War

"SAY." said an eager visitor to Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, "you can do me a good turn at the War Department if you want to, senator." "What can I do for you?" asked James.

"Go down there and get them to give me the frankfurter privilege for them battles the Mexicans are fighting just across from

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The rugged lamps that stand the racket on rough roads; The lamps that stay bright; the lamps that are made right; The lamps that are approved and used by ninety-three per so all Automobile Builders as a result of their own laborayand service tests;

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Your guaranty of safety at night because each lamp is indardized; made for every car whether gasoline or electric; Name your car and any National Mazda agent will supply with lamps of correct brightness, voltage and style of base. Side everywhere by garages and electric shops in the miniature

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The low priced lamps that pay for themselves after a very short period of use—by tripling the lighting value of your current; the lamps that by giving more light for the same cost have made all other types of home illumination obsolete;

The lamps that offer you the choice of many sizes and shapes, all with threefold efficiency, for every kind of fixture; the lamps that are rugged, fit any socket, burn in any position, don't discolor and use only one-third as much electricity as carbon lamps of the same candlepower;

The lamps for the most modest home or the most elaborate mansion; for stores, offices, factories and mills;

The only lamps that come in the Blue Convenience-Carton that opens the way to better light. Put a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp in every socket before you pay your next light bill and have more light.

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Girard cigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

> Antonio Roig & Langadorf Established 1871 Philadelphia



### my son

(Continued from Page 22)

It isn't much to our credit that a man who produced milk that kept this side of being a positive source of death to children should be looked upon as a local pioneer and daring innovator. To be sure this attitude wasn't peculiar to our town. Most pure milk elsewhere is advertised like some choice luxury and charged for as such. So are other foods. But the consolation that comes of finding yourself merely no worse than the other fellow is faint-hearted and

doesn't go very deep.

The boy, in spite of his failure to respond to all of Barney's suggestions, was enthusiastic. Don't make any mistake about that. He had always been a hard worker, putting his heart and soul into everything he undertook. In the contracting business he was the inspirer, while his partner, equally val-uable, was the man who worked out the re-sults in terms of dollars and cents. Dick was the inspirer of the contracting business, but in this new venture it was the business that inspired Dick. It roused all the good in him, which was the Ruth in him. It did what a profession often does for a man but what business too seldom does. It placed an interest outside himself above self-interest. He felt a responsibility for the health of his customers as a good doctor does for his patients. In supplying them with good milk he felt also a keener

sense of citizenship.
"Great Scott, dad," he said to me one evening, "we sometimes catch our breath when we see figures showing the number of immigrants pouring into this country; but that's only the beginning. Every single one of those immigrant couples represents a future family. We ought to multiply the present figures by ten or twenty to get a realzation of what a power in the land they're going to be. Now it's no more natural to try to stop them than it would have been to try to stop them than it would have been to try to stop the movement west of Missouri in the forties. The only other thing to do is to improve them. One way is to catch 'em as infants and help them to decent health."

In his small way the boy felt he was doing

something along that line. It shows the broader outlook he was getting.

We had him before the Pioneer Club that winter for two or three talks. The boy wasn't a public speaker. He had no natural gifts and was as scared on a platform as Ruth was; but with the same spirit back of him that Ruth had he tackled the back of him that Ruth had he tackled the job like a man. It had come to be consid-ered a public duty for every man in town to respond to a call from the club. When we respond to a can from the cito. When we found a man or woman doing anything particularly well in Brewster we had him up to tell the rest of us how he did it. And if there wasn't much oratory of the old political variety, it was surprising what good talks we heard. In every case we listened to a man dead in earnest expressing himself to the best of his ability, and I tell you these men got home to us deeper than many a trained speaker would have done. So the boy took his place with the others

and gave in detail the results of what he had accomplished during the first months. I think he made every one there under-stand the wide gulf between fairly pure milk and the stuff most of them were pro-ducing. Then he made them see the value of records and the difference between a good cow and a poor cow. He made them understand, too, the necessity for the sim-ple precautions for cleanliness which it was within the power of a man to practice who kept only a single cow. The boy was in earnest and accomplished in an hour more than the agricultural departments had done in years at the expenditure of thousands of dollars. That isn't exactly fair either, for after all what the boy did was to interpret to these folks the things he had learned from the departments.

Then Barney followed and gave the other side—the Little Italy side. Barney was favorite with Pioneer audiences, for he had a dramatic way of putting things. He had that crowd alternately laughing and crying. And one evening he produced fat, chubby Giuseppe, Jr., and held the infant grinning

at the crowd.

"That's a Carleton milk baby," he de-clared. "Take a good look at him and then ask yourselves if he isn't worth a clean barn. And remember: it wasn't twenty-cent milk that did this but eight-cent milk."

That, after all, was the point that dis-

tinguished Dick's business from that of any



A MOORE'S ready for business the minute it's open. Starts in writing at the first stroke-and keeps on writing, too, smoothly and freely as long as there's ink left in the pen. For when a Moore is closed, the pen itself is pushed down into the ink - kept moist. Ink can't dry in the feed. And it's always ready to write-without coaxing.

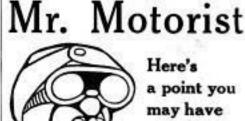
#### Shuts up Bottle-tight

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It's the kind of pen a man can rely on — does its work well, and doesn't have to be "nursed." Look for the style you like at almost any dealer's — or else write for catalog showing 121 styles and sizes from \$2.50 up.

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# Noores mont le



missed HE greatest power loss with which motorists con-

tend is due to leaky, cheaply built spark plugs-compression leaks through or the charge is only partly ignited.

A cheap plug must be poor; a poor plug always causes power loss, over-heating and costly damage to engine and car.

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were designed so that the right plug could be had, so that power losses, over-heating and other ignition troubles could be eliminated and so that the full power always could be obtained.

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used by the racers.

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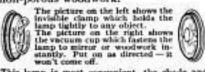
"Locating the Spark Plug" tells what you ought to know about plugs-it's free.

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with its invisible clamp firmly holds this handy household convenience to the back of a chair, head of a bed, or any place where a good strong light is wanted. It will stick to a mirror or any kind of non-porous woodwork.



This lamp is most convenient, the shade and lamp can be instantly adjusted to any desired angle—it saves the eyes and light bills. The adjustable shade brings the light directly upon any object. It is a convenience in traveling.

This is a new article, few deal-ers are supplied; if yours is not, SEND US \$5.00

and we will forward to you this lamp complete. If you are not satisfied, let us know at once, and you'll get your money back.

WIZARD ELECTRIC LAMP CO. San Francisco

147 New Montgomery St.

other milk producer I know of. There's plenty of twenty-cent certified milk to be had for those who can afford it; there's some fifteen-cent certified milk. But as far as the parents of such as those of Giuseppe, Jr., go there might just as well not be any pure milk in the world.

The eight-cents-a-quart price was still an arbitrary price fixed by Dick. It wasn't by any means based on good business. because it wasn't it disturbed the boy. Not that he was worrying so much because of selfish interests. He wasn't afraid of losing seins interests. He wasn't airaid of losing a little money; he could afford to lose. But that wasn't sound business. An enterprise founded on any such principle necessarily was weak. And the boy, you understand, was striving more and more earnestly every month for stability. The idea of permanency dominated him more and more. Here was to be an undertaking that should he was to be an undertaking that should be associated with him during his entire life-time and with the name of Carleton after he was gone. He wasn't so much con-cerned with making a monument for him-self as he was in establishing firmly what he believed to be an important and necessary public work.

From Dick's point of view he was also violating the spirit of his business if he was charging too much. A five per cent net profit was what he considered fair-this profit to be put aside in a separate account to the credit of the business. This was to be in the nature of a reserve fund. It had nothing to do with his personal account. He didn't use it even to include payment

for his own services Where the boy found time for it all was a marvel to some, especially to his city friends; but the explanation was simplicity itself—he got up at four o'clock in the morning. This gave him four clean working hours over many of his fellows. Then he had at least two more at the end of the day. The boy was leading two lives in one and doing it without strain. Day in and day out he was in better condition than ninety per cent of his business associates who didn't get up until eight and who spent the last few hours of the day in their clubs. He went to bed at nine, which gave him seven hours of sleep. And when Dick slept,

he slept.

The life of a galley slave, some will say. Looking at it from the point of view of men who are preaching eight hours as work enough for any free and independent citizen enough for any free and independent citizen struggling in the pursuit of happiness, per-haps he deserved that title. But honestly you never saw a heartier or a happier galley slave in your life. And he wasn't in the slightest conscious of being a galley slave. The boy's life was full to overflowing with honest ion. He lived every washing hour honest joy. He lived every waking hour to the fullest, and got so much fun out of the work itself that most ordinary amusements seemed stupid.

Sometimes I wonder if most public amusements aren't merely a makeshift for people not tired by overwork but bored by too little work. I don't mean the arts—good music, good drama, good paintings—but the amusements that can't be classed under any of those heads and upon which millions of dollars are spent every year. The men I know who go most to such things aren't by a jugful the freshest and keenest for life after them. To a man they are the growlers and yawners. So far as I've seen for myself, it isn't the ten-hour-a-day man who is discontented but the eight-hour-aday man. Of course the observation of one man doesn't count for much. Maybe, too, I'm growing older. I'd think so if with every year I didn't realize what a brave adventure life itself is; if I didn't feel that it's within the power of every man to live his own pleasures instead of hiring other men to furnish them to him.

Dick had his pleasures of a purely social nature, too, as all of us in Brewster have. There were dances and entertainments enough, and when there was anything especially good in the theaters in town Dick and Jane went to see it. But it wasn't often there was anything especially good

There are some women who will think that perhaps Jane herself was bored. That's for Jane herself to say, but I shouldn't be afraid to match her life against that of those women who play bridge in the morning and who yawn over everything in the way of entertainment that comes to the leading theaters. Besides, it was along about this time that Jane found a new interest-an interest that in a normal woman dominates every other interest in life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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OUALITY shoes with a style appeal. Styles for Beau Brummel and Uncle Billy. Styles for débutante and aged aunt-styles that please them all, because each gets exactly what suits-in kind, size, widthplus a quality that is not measured by the price paid.

Nearly half a century of shoe making experience on a gigantic scale makes such quality and style possible for the price. Buy American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and get in on the ground floor of shoe You will rest assured of shoe satisfaction.



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# For perfect dance



Mr and Mrs Vernon Castle, teachers and greatest exponents of the modern dances, use the Victor exclusively and superintend the making of their Victor Dance Records. 26 EAST 46TH STREET NEW YORK

March 2, 1914.

The superiority of the Victor & Victor Records is so apparent that Mrs. Castle and I after a thorough trial of other sound reproducing instruments, have decided to use the Victor and Victor Records exclusively at Casatle House.

Mrs. Castle and I find the Victrola
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of music it supplies during class work is so
satisfactory that our pupils are as enthusiastic regarding the Victrola as we are ourselves

I also take great pleasure in announcing that I have given to the Victor Company
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orchestra for the making of dance records,
and also that I will personally superintend
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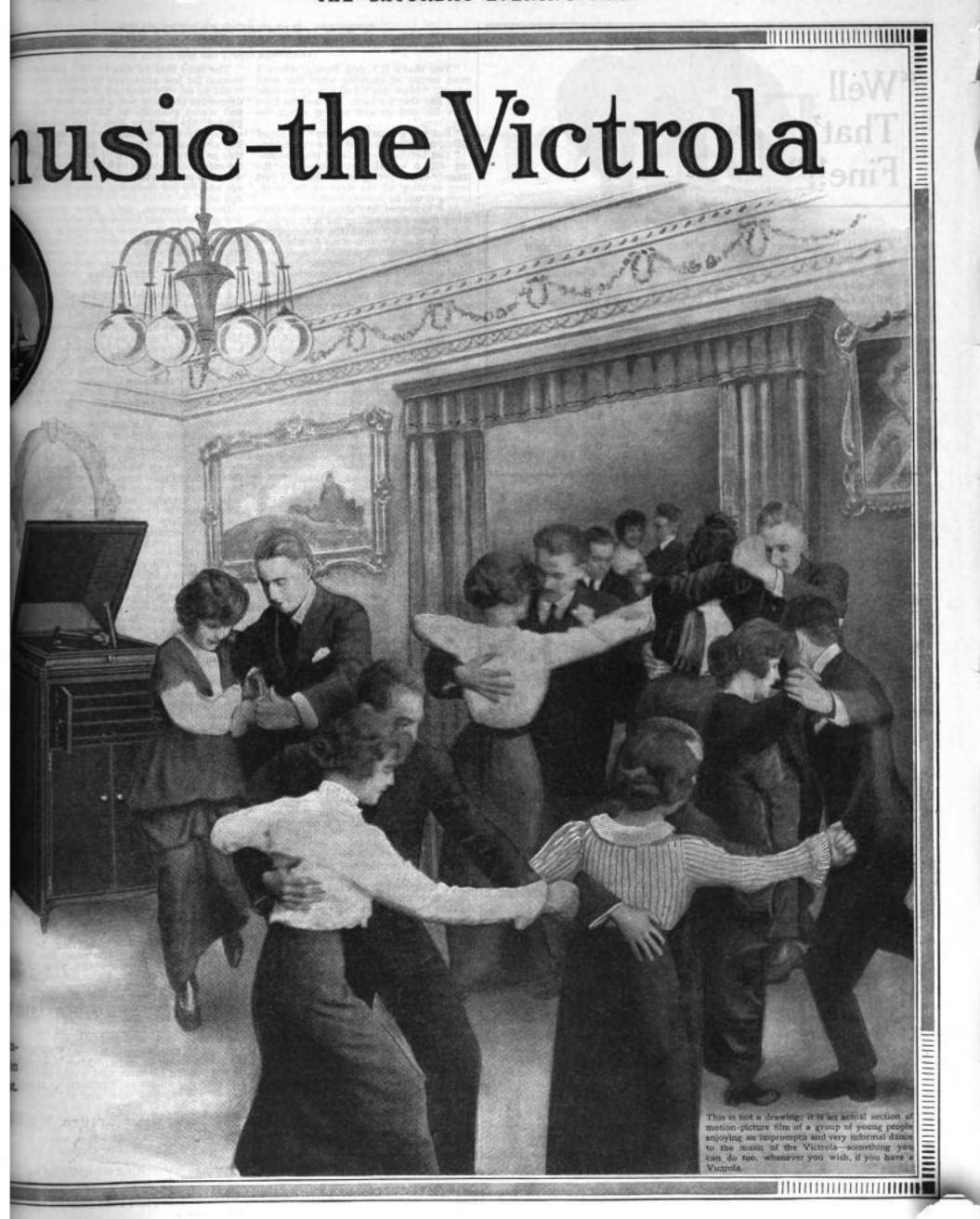
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Victors and Victrolas \$10 to Victor dealers in every city in the

Ask any dealer for book of instructions—how to dance tion, and tango—illustrated with 5 different photographs of Castle, and 288 motion-picture photographs. Or mailed dir

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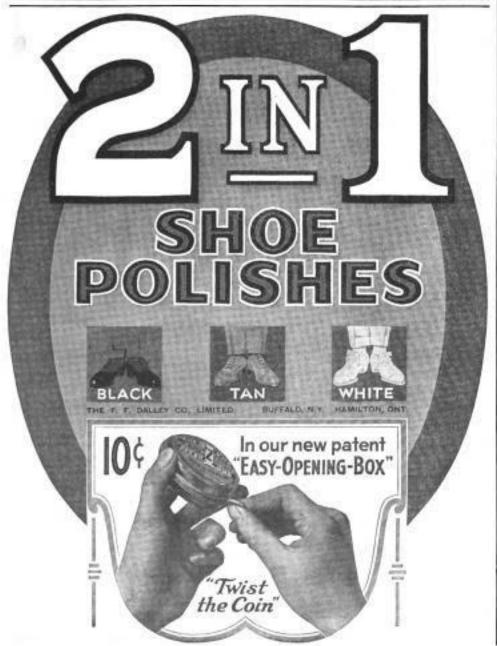
THE best shaver and saver of them all"—so says the man who shaves with the Gem Damaskeene Razor -- it overcomes the many difficulties often experienced in shaving with so-called "safeties." - The new Gem Damaskeene Razor, with a Gem Damaskeene Blade, makes shaving a real pleasure and real economy.

> GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, in mo-rocco case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



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# *The Jacksonboy*

"Yes, that's it," said Benny, whom I must acquit of knowing what the word meant. "Maw don't find it very sociable here, and that's a fack. I guess she likes more life and go and toiking about the

more life and go and toking about the neighbors."

"But you like us, don't you?" inquired Edith, much overcome at our social failure.

"You betcha!" ejaculated the Jackson-boy with a warmth that atoned for the tragedy of our boring his mother. "I just keep cointing all the days of the week, hoping it will be Sunday soon."

As it happened, he did not have to count many more days waiting for it to be Sun-

many more days waiting for it to be Sun-day. Bertha left us in the disconcerting way suburban servants often do when you have paid them their month's wages. You lay the notes in a red palm and five minutes afterward you are confronted with the problem of getting your own dinner. Benny rushed into the Berthaless breach and proved himself a perfect trump in help-ing Edith with the cooking and housework.

More than a week passed before I could find the right kind of girl, and all this time Benny hung about us in a manner that must have seriously affected his dog-ransoming, golf-ball-collecting profits. When I said something about paying him— it seemed only fair that we should—Edith blushed and remarked that she had arranged all that.

"Arranged it how?" I asked, thinking she meant old clothes or boots, and rather dreading any inroads on my wardrobe.
"Oh, I am teaching him to dance," she

"Dance!" I exclaimed. "Dance!"
"Yes; he is crazy about it," said Edith,
who was extremely fond of dancing herself.
"You ought to see us do the Boston—it is
simply remarkable how he has picked it up."

Now I did not object to dancing—heaven forbid!—but it came over me that Benny was already unsettled enough in life without our disturbing him afresh with the Boston. Honest toil seemed to me much more indicated than accomplishments, however graceful. Indeed, I was very much put out about dancing; it brought it home to me with sudden force that we might be having a bad influence on the boy. There could be nothing more unkind than to make a parasite out of him—a jobless individual basking at our fire, playing our phonograph and dancing the Boston with

That night she and I had quite a serious talk about it, which ended in our deter-mining to find Benny a job and—what was still more important—keep Benny at it.

As we had decided to put in a new furnace and heating system, and were there-fore on the most intimate terms with Mr. Updyke, the plumber, who was figuring on the matter, I thought perhaps we might manage to unload Benny on him as part of the contract; but it was harder to unload Benny than I had anticipated.

"That there Jacksonboy is n. g. all the way through," protested Updyke. "Why, I had a dog oncet -

It was the same old story, even to the collar; but I argued and persuaded and persisted until Updyke, who really needed a boy, as it happened, and was a good-hearted old fellow at bottom, finally consented to take Benny on six months' trial. He exacted some onerous conditions however. I had to agree to pay him four dol-lars a week, which, in turn, he would hand to Benny as though they were real wages. At the end of six months, if the boy were "anny good at all, at all," the plumber was to keep him on and continue the four dollars a week out of his own pocket.

We were not so well off that we could afford an extra four dollars a week without some inconvenience and pinching, but in such a good cause it seemed selfish to begrudge the money. After all, if it took only four dollars a week to plant a human brother on the ladder of independence, how could one hesitate for an instant? What were a few cigars and theater tickets in comparison with Benny's rescue from a possible life of crime?

We loved to dwell on that potential life of crime—it heartened us up so much about the four dollars. We drew lurid pictures of Benny's descent into the lowest depths of infamy and gloatingly followed him to the electric chair in order to say: "And for only four dollars a week we can make him a happy, prosperous plumber!"

The news that he was to be a plumber emed far less attractive to Benny than it did to us. He received it with a silent depression that was not a little wounding, and stared gloomly at his toes. I was goaded into lecturing him a bit, pointing out how hard his mother worked to support him and how much he owed her for a devotion he scarcely realized. I told him what a comfort it would be to him later on if he were in a position to support her in her old age and fill her declining years with ease and joy.

Benny, however, only grew glummer and glummer; and afterward, when Edith said he might play the phonograph if he wished, he chose all the saddest, mournfulest, most heartbroken records we possessed and gave each of them an encore. Even Bostoning with Edith failed to raise his stricken spirits.

It was so provided that I took him to

I was so provoked that I took him to task again; and when I had finished he stammered out:

"I'll woik my hands off—never you fear, Mr. Gilbert. I know how good you folks are to me, and the awful trouble you must have took to get me this job—though maw will just have a fit at my giving up being a lawyer. It's that which makes me act so dopy and like I wasn't grateful—thinking of maw and how dreadful disappointed she will be "

Whether maw was disappointed or not in her imbecile ambitions, Benny certainly showed a most praiseworthy ardor in his showed a most praiseworthy ardor in his new employment. Updyke told me he was "doing fine" and hinted good-naturedly that he would soon let me off the four dollars a week if Benny "kep' it up." But keeping it up, alas! was just what Benny failed to do. In Updyke's picturesque vernacular the boy "lay down on it," and it was in this recumbent position, three weeks afterward, that he received his walking

I was very angry with him and so was Edith, and for a while the Jacksonboy languished in the outer darkness; but after a time he crept back, penitent and hungrylooking, and lawn-mowed himself into our good graces again. Soon he was playing the phonograph and dancing with Edith as though there had been no interlude in

our relations.

Our second attempt to connect up Benny with the wheels of industry was through Mr. Fortnum, the grocer. Fortnum, whom I caught redhanded, so to speak, with Boy Wanted in his window, demurred and expostulated at Benny being foisted on him; but the four-dollars-a-week and six-monthsfree-trial arrangement was not without its appeal and was finally—though unenthusiastically—adopted.

"You are wasting your time befriend-ing that young scalawag," observed Mr. Fortnum with the air of a man who had made a bad bargain and was already re-gretting it. "I have known him ever since he was a little tad that high and, believe me, Mr. Gilbert, the only thing he is any good at is stealing dogs. I mind a little bull I had once, the pride of my wife's heart;

Benny took to commerce much more kindly than to plumbing, and went at it in such a brisk, whistling, basket-slamming way that his success seemed assured. But after several weeks, when Mr. Fortnum actually commended him to me, I confess I felt my first tremors of misgiving; for it was at this stage I had the most fear for Banny—the assembly wind stage when the Benny-the second-wind stage, when the novelty had worn off and the original im-petus had lessened. I was only too well justified; for, sure enough, Benny promptly ran down like one of those clocks you wind up once a month. He ticked to the last minute of the last hour of the last day and then stopped for a rewind.

It was all maw's fault, he said. He put the entire blame on maw. Maw declared he was wasting his time and would not let him stay any longer at Fortnum's. Maw said he was nineteen now and old enough to "woik" his way through the Columbia Law School; and would I please advise him how to go about it? Maw had sent him over to ask me that—how was he to work his way through the Columbia Law School?

It was an exasperating situation and was made even more exasperating by maw's quoted references to Lincoln. It was even more exasperating still that Benny did not

seem to wish to be a lawyer at all and evi-dently had some glimmering of his own deficiencies. I took down a copy of Every Man His Own Lawyer and forced him to stammer and flounder through a simple

partnership agreement.

"That's what law is," I said as he finished, flushed and mortified, with the sweat of the effort glistening on his brow. "It wasn't railsplitting that made Lincoln great—it was what he had in his head. Your mother is like so many people—she confuses the two."

"She's a durned old fool!" said the Jack.

"She's a durned old fool!" said the Jacksonboy, with a frankness that left us some-what overcome. "She don't understand a feller must do the best he can with what he's

got."
"Precisely," put in Edith, delighted at such an unexpected gleam of sense—
"though it is very wrong to refer to your mother like that, even if she is mistaken."
"That's why I am thinking of going on the stoige," said Benny, ignoring the reproof. "I have been thinking a lot lately of going on the stoige, for it would take

proof. "I have been thinking a lot lately of going on the stoige, for it would take me away from maw and her everlasting nagging about Lincoln."

While Edith and I sat there stupefied, Benny produced a little newspaper clipping and proceeded to read it to us. It was the advertisement of a tenth-rate dramatic school which characteristic delications. school, which charged sixty dollars for a three-months' course and guaranteed sit-uations to promising pupils. Benny read it a great deal better than he had the partner-

speat deal better than he had the partner-ship contract and then, putting it away in his vest pocket, regarded us hopefully. "I could easy pay it back afterward," he murmured. "It's something fierce what actors make! Why, sixty dollars a week ain't hardly nothin' to an actor!" If I had not minced my words before in telling Benny what I thought of him as a ressible lawyer, it was child's play to the

possible lawyer, it was child's play to the way Edith went for him now. I never saw her so worked up. She was so angry that her words could not come fast enough; she held the mirror up to Benny and showed him, in torrents of the most wounding invec-

him, in torrents of the most wounding invective, what he really was—an uneducated, uncouth, shambling, half-baked, conceited noodle, with neither the brains of a canary nor the grace and dignity of a yellow dog!

An actor! The scorn Edith put into the word was shriveling. Benny an actor! She pulled down from the bookshelf a volume of Shaw's Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant, and chose a passage at random.

"Read that!" she exclaimed in a paroxysm of contempt. "Read that aloud and just show us the kind of actor you are!"

The Jacksonboy, hunched in his chair as

The Jacksonboy, hunched in his chair as though being struck at from every side, burst into heartrending sobs. The disregarded book fell to the floor. As a scene in a play, with Benny himself playing, it would have brought down any house; but Edith and I were too enraged to see any humor in it. After all we had done for the young ass, after all our sacrifices and privations, to have him wanting to be an actor!

Ridicule, irony and sarcasm beat on his head like hail, and the more they beat the louder Benny sobbed. I washed my hands of him forever; Edith washed her hands of him forever. He was invited to retire into the outer darkness and, so far as we were concerned, to stay there permanently.

By this time Benny had been so completely skinned that the only thing to do, mataphorically encaking was to arran him.

metaphorically speaking, was to wrap him in a blanket and blow in his face. He was altogether repentant—childishly, tear-

was altogether repentant—childishly, tearfully, agonizingly repentant. He abjured
his errors as pitifully as a medieval heretic
up to his waist in burning fagots.

He had been talking like an "idjit,"
he quavered. He knew he was not fit to
black a real actor's shoes and never would
be. It was maw's fault for pestering him
night and day about Lincoln. The "stoige" seemed to be the only way he could escape from maw—and Lincoln. He pleaded with us not to turn "agin" him and, with his eye on the beloved phonograph, implored and

besought us in a hysterical crescendo not to turn again "agin" him. Needless to say we did not turn against him. Crushed and humbled as he was, it was impossible to turn against him. the contrary we were greatly mollified by his abasement and hastened to discuss a new plan I had formed for his future. The taxicab era had just dawned; and one of my friends at the club, who was interested in this new business, had told me of the great difficulty he was experiencing in find-ing enough chauffeurs. He had also told me it cost only forty dollars to go through

the Y. M. C. A. automobile school. I had put this in the back of my head, with an eye to Benny if he failed to hit it off with Fortnum.

So we talked chauffeuring with much gusto and enthusiasm, and with it peace descended on us. Benny revived and soon it was all settled that he was to go through the Y. M. C. A. school and learn to drive one of my friend's cabs.

It was a wrench to part with that forty dol-lars, for it deprived Edith of a new dress she had been counting on for weeks and saving up for, a dollar or two at a time; but the new furnace had cost us so much we had not a penny to spare and therefore I was forced to see her part with her little hoard. It was tremendously generous of her to sacrifice it; for, to a woman, giving up clothes is like a man's giving up tobacco—only more so.

It was her own suggestion, too, which made it all the finer; and she never whimpered a whimper, except to say, "Oh, my darling boy, it is perfectly dreadful!" when I ventured to praise the old dress she had made over by Madame Pipin, the local dressmaker. Her words betrayed an inner

suffering that would have entitled her to an angel's crown.

Meantime the Jacksonboy, who had to have a six-dollar commutation ticket, which came near breaking the camel's back, toiled and moiled with admirable persistence, and returned at night almost too tired to dance. He was certainly learning all about engines, and proved it by taking the phonograph to pieces and oiling it, as well as reviving our electric bells and overhauling the suction-

The only fly in the ointment was maw, who still harped on Lincoln and disap-proved bitterly of what we were doing for her son; but Benny, undeterred, went blithely on and in the fullness of time took

his examination and gained his certificate. Instead of hanging about, waiting for me to find him a job, he borrowed a suit of my clothes and went out and promptly found one for himself. And such a job! To drive a splendid, eleven-thousand-dollar im-

orive a spiendid, eleven-thousand-dollar imported French limousine for an old Central Park West lady named Miss Van Sickle!

How anybody in her senses could have intrusted such a magnificent car to Benny is beyond my comprehension! It must have been his heautiful blue eyes that accomplished this miracle—either that or the blind stupid faith people often show in engaging servants; or it may have been Benny's engaging manners. Edith had done wonders for Benny and had carefully coached him besides as to how he was to

act in applying for a situation.

Anyhow, there he was, with seventy-five a month, a smart livery, free bed and quarters, and little to do except tootle the old lady round the park and hold a bag of peanuts while she fed the squirrels.

Not went to be the squirrels.

Nor must you think we had only Benny's word to go on. There were cankering doubts in my own mind until one holiday morning Benny appeared with the car and, assuring us he had Miss Van Sickle's permission, took us for a forty-mile spin. It was the most stunning car I had ever seen—a great, shining, resplendent palace on wheels—and to sit there behind Benny, lapped in all this eleven-thousand-dollar luxury, was to

think oneself dreaming dreams.

I might have known it was too good to last, however—Benny's job, I mean, not our one long glorious ride together. He

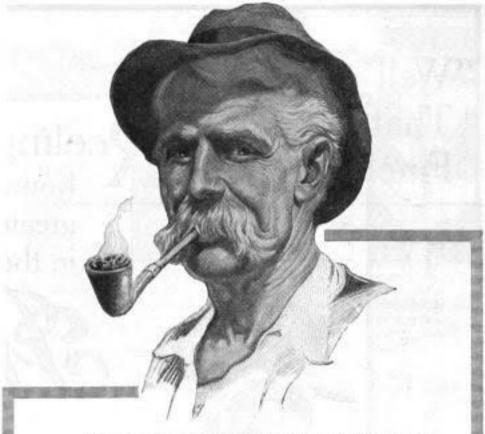
our one long glorious ride together. He quitted it through the glass screen in front at the glad, wild hour of three A. M.

Oh, yes, it was the old story—joy riding, girls picked up at random, drinks all along the line, and a milk wagon across the primrose path. The eleven-thousand-dollar car flew into eleven thousand pieces amid milk and blood; and though no one was said. and blood; and, though no one was seriously hurt, it was a case of ambulance and hospital for all the survivors save Benny.

Once through the screen, he had apparently never stopped running until he reached us at daybreak and fell, breathless and gasping, at our feet. While he lay on the floor and had a saucerful of glass specks picked out of him, he besought us hysterically not to give him up to the police.

I was all for sending for the doctor and allowing justice to take its course; but Edith would not hear of anything except hiding Benny until the hue and cry were past. Having just lost Miss Guleszecwiczcalled Maggie for short-we were in admirable trim to shelter a fugitive and afford him that aid and comfort which are so expressly against the penal code.

(Continued on Page 45)



Some folks say you don't need t' chase after a trolley car once you get it. But I say, look out you don't fall asleep after you get on, 'r you might just as well missed it. Similar with jobs. Jedgin' fr'm its uniform quality, the folks that make VELVET don't stop chasin' popularity after they've got it. They're hoein' away Velvet Joe as hard as ever.

COME goods build up a big reputation and then Dlive on it. VELVET has built up a big reputation and is living up to it.

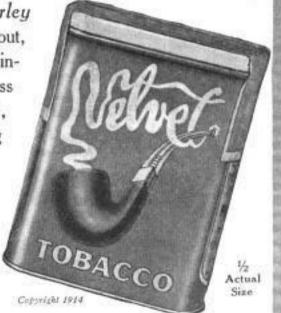
The Velvet Joes that raise the Kentucky Burley for VELVET are "a-hoein' away" to make good tobacco better. The Velvet Joes in the curing sheds and the factory are "a-hoein' away" to make better tobacco best in VELVET, the smoothest smoking tobacco.

All the mild, full-bodied flavor of this Burley de Luxe is brought out, with an added aged-inthe-wood smoothness found only in cool, pleasant, slow-burning VELVET.

Sc. Bags 10c. Tins One Pound Glass Humidors

> Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.





(Continued from Page 43)

Heaven knows it was none of my doing that we kept him-I was angry enough to take Benny by the collar and drag him to the local police station—but one might as well argue with a lion as with a sympathetic lady who has once made up her mind; and when Edith said Benny was to stay, Benny stayed.

Wound round and round with court-plaster like an emblematic figure of Sing

Sing, with his suffering form incased in my new baby-blue silk dressing gown, Benny was put to bed on the sofa, with a little bell at hand, which he was to ring if he wanted anything. I must say he did not want much except to be let alone. If ever there was a joy rider the worse for wear it was Benny!

When I got home that night he had chirped up enough to be playing the phonograph; and I was told—as though I ought to be preferred by greatified at the intelli-

nograph; and I was told—as though I ought to be profoundly gratified at the intelli-gence—that he had eaten two pounds of hot-house grapes. The next day he was up and limping about, helping Edith with the housework; and she said he was so grateful that it brought the tears to her eyes—totter-ing and hurt as he was, yet so pathetically eager to recov us.

ager to repay us.

I refrained from making any comment on the number of cigarette stubs I found everywhere or on the ample supper he tucked away. It was impossible not to like the young scamp; there was something so whimsical and absurdly winning about him that one was attracted in spite of oneself.

Even our last farewell was most cordial, though he had overstayed his welcome and become a fearful nuisance. He was wholly cured by now and there was no reason why he should continue to be our guilty secret and keep us on tenterhooks of apprehension.

We gave him ten dollars, my second-best suit of clothes, a selection of my shirts and underclothing in a telescope basket, and ordered him to proceed to Philadelphia and join the army or navy. If Benny were to flee from justice we thought he might as well do it at Uncle Sam's expense and gain a little badly needed discipline and setting

we started him off one dark night with as many precautions as though he were an escaping safeblower; and I told him I hoped he would never stop until he had reached Guam. Of course he promised to write from Philadelphia—and of course he did not four only companying tion from did not. Our only communication from him was found subsequently in the top of the phonograph:

"I have took 1073, 2904, 2777, which I hope you won't mind, but cheap at the price perhaps to get rid of One who, whatever his faults, knows how Kind he was treated and will remember same to his Dying Day. God bless you, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert!"

As time went by and there came no word from him, Benny gradually faded from our recollection. Maw, too, disappeared unob-trusively into space and was seen no more. I wish I might say the increasing years brought me increased prosperity, but they did not. Edith and I jogged along the road of life like most other middling people, with a few kicks here and there to ginger us up and an occasional raise, which was always a little less than we expected—but I must not say a word against my firm, for when I got run down last year and was ordered by the doctor to take a six weeks' vacation they acted with the most unexpected liberality.

Imagine my feelings when they sent me a check for a thousand dollars, with the nicest kind of letter about my sixteen years' faith-ful service and the high value they set on it!

We decided to spend the whole time in Paris, thinking it better to see one foreign place thoroughly than to race all over Europe; and no two kids let out for a holiday ever had a better time than Edith and myself. With all that thousand dollars and my pay still running on, we had money to burn—and there is no place where one can burn it more pleasantly than in that beautiful, incomparable Paris; but, lavish as we were in a quiet way, I admit I got a shock when one day Edith twined her arms about me and asked very falteringly whether she might have a hundred dollars to "throw to

"I want to do an awfully extravagant thing," she said, hugging me closer than ever and speaking with a breathlessness that showed how worked up she was. "And it isn't a dress, and it isn't jewelry, and it isn't a tracking, or gloves, but just some isn't stockings or gloves—but just some-thing I want more than any human being ever wanted anything in the world."

She gazed at me so wistfully that, of course, I said she might have all the money in the bank; but I was thunderstruck, nevertheless, at her wanting so much—for there never was a more careful, economical woman than Edith, or one who could make

a dollar go farther.

"It's the tango," she confessed, looking scared to death. "I want to take five half-hour lessons from Muñoz."

Muñoz! If she had said from the presi-

dent of the republic I could not have been more overcome. In tango-mad Paris Muñoz was king—he loomed over the place like the Eiffel Tower. Why, they named suspenders after him; pumps, all sorts of things. I was wearing Muñozes myself and took a hitch

wearing Munozes myself and took a fitch in them every morning.

"Muñoz!" I repeated helplessly. "Oh, my darling, there must be other teachers who could teach you just as well and do it for far less! Do you realize it is almost seventy-five cents a minute?"

"But it would be worth it," she protested. "There is nobody like Muñoz—nobody in the whole world; and they say he gives you.

the whole world; and they say he gives you a grace and perfection that no other teacher can come within a mile of. Then think of the prestige of being a pupil of Muñoz—you murmur you are his pupil, and people fall dead! And you would be the husband of a pupil of Muñoz—think of that!"

I tried not to sigh as I counted out five one-hundred-franc notes. It seemed a frightful lot of money, though Edith said that by the time she had taught the tango to me—the real Muñoz, drop-dead tango, to me—the real Muñoz, drop-dead tango, with the prestige to it—and we had taught it to the Babcocks back home, and made them pay their half—it would work out as hardly anything a lesson, thus divided among the four of us. If her arithmetic seemed somewhat faulty her pleading, eager face was irresistible; and I told her to rush round to the tangery and get her name down quick for five appointments.

She came back almost crestfallen enough to cry. A horrid little secretary had in-formed her that Muñoz was engaged for three weeks ahead. As we were sailing in two and had our cabin already engaged, you can imagine her despair.

"And he was so detestable about it!" con-

"And he was so detestable about it!" con-tinued Edith bitterly. "Looked me up and down as though I wasn't good enough for his nasty old Muñoz-wasn't smart or impor-I suppose if I had had purple hair and a transparent dress, and had worn legmuffs, he would have passed me right in!"

With that she threw herself on the sofa and wailed out how unbearable it was to come three thousand miles across a fiend-

come three thousand miles across a fiend-ish ocean—and then miss the one thing you had set your silly heart on. Then I said: "Why couldn't we go to that restaurant in the Bois where the paper advertised Muñoz to dance this very afternoon—ten francs apiece to go in, with afternoon tea extra at little tables."

Edith glanced at the announcement and then brightened up wonderfully, though she was inconsistent enough to demur at the ten francs. But she said that in Paris she supposed even a cat could not look at a king without being charged for it or having to buy a consommation for the privilege—a saucer of milk at least, or a lap of red sirup and that it was an awfully good idea to go to the Bois—and wasn't I the dearest old ear for suggesting it!

It was lucky we arrived early, for the tables were nearly all occupied; and such tables were nearly all occupied; and such of them as were not were mostly ticketed by grand dukes and baronesses, and all sorts of tiptop people. Twenty minutes later and we might have been with the scufflers outside the door, who were being held back by menials and rioting in a well-bred way at being refused admittance. There was an electric stir in the whole assemblage that showed better than anything the hold Muñoz had over Paris-an air of anticipation and a curious, indescribable excitement.

Then the music struck up, followed by a sudden loud buzz, a craning of necks and the scraping of a hundred chairs, as a cou-ple was seen advancing toward the cleared CTANDARD

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Floor Finish

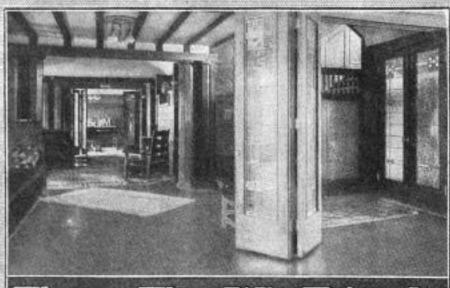
For 40 years the Standard Varnosk for floors

WORKS

space in the center of the room.

There were cries of "Muñoz! Muñoz!" and a frantic handclapping, while Edith and I — No! It could not be! It was and 1—No! It could not be! It was not possible! It was only a marvelous, an incredible resemblance! Those blue eyes; that shy, whimsical smile; that slight figure! "It's Benny!" gasped Edith, clutching at my sleeve. "It's Benny Jackson!"

I had risen from my chair, hardly know-ing what I was doing; and there was a jab-ber of resentment behind me as all the



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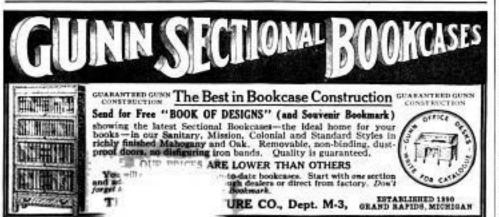
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Elm Park, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.; 2606 Federal Street, Chicago, Ill.; 113 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal., or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Use Satinette - the perfect white enamel

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dukes and princesses and barons and baronesses hissed and called out at me fiercely to sit down.

The hubbub arrested Muñoz's attention; his arm slipped from his companion's waist; his gaze sought mine—first in anger, then in amazement and dawning recognition. A moment later and I was almost appalled to see him moving toward us through the crowded tables, while heads craned and chairs scraped, and we found ourselves in the dizzy focus of five hundred pairs of staring eyes.

eyes.

Yes, it was Benny all right—Benny, smiling at me like a long-lost brother—Benny, waving at me and uttering exclamations of joy. He clasped me in a French hug and patted my back; caught Edith's hands to his lips and saluted them as though he would never stop; said again and again that he could not believe it—no, he simply could not believe it! And was it not too wonderful for anything that we three should meet again

like that!

Our talk was broken and disjointed, as it could not fall to be—what with the orchestra banging away, everybody staring at us, and Edith and I acutely conscious of the limelight we were standing in. Benny wanted our address and we wanted to know how he had become Muñoz; and somehow we would be talking of the old phonograph in one breath and of Buenos Aires in another, until Edith told him how she had been turned away by his secretary. And he said: "Caramba!" She should have a hundred lessons if he had to throw out half of Paris! And would tomorrow do,

at three? And might be send his car for her?
"I owe everything to you!" he said, looking down at her and speaking with a little catch in his voice. "It isn't that I can ever repay it—but please let me try!"

Before I realized what he was doing, he

Before I realized what he was doing, he slipped off a superb diamond ring and forced it on one of her fingers; and then he pulled out a gold cigarette case heavily monogrammed in brilliants and laid it beside my plate.

plate.
"That's for stealing Robbie, and that's for stealing his collar!" Benny cried out, apportioning the gifts with a giggle of recollection; and then he added, backing out of reach before we could expostulate or do anything: "The Jacksonboy will now return to the center of the room and tango for his thousand francs!"

### Record Extremes

BIG records for talking machines, largely magnified from the original records in order to have a greatly increased sound, and also little records reduced from the originals in order to have a more delicate sound, have been successfully produced lately by a chemist with a method so ingenious that it is interesting in itself. Whether such records will come into regular use is a question, though it would seem as if there would be a large opportunity for them.

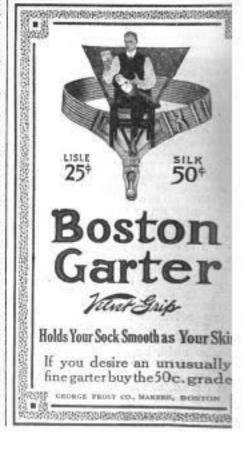
there would be a large opportunity for them.

The present practical methods of increasing or decreasing the sound of a talking machine are limited to using different kinds of needles and to horn or shutter arrangements; but all use the same-sized records as the original, as closely identical with the original as possible. This chemist sought a means of increasing the sound by enlarging the record.

He found, first, that he could not make successful enlargements by a pantograph—the apparatus commonly used in enlarging a drawing. The pantograph would record the delicate markings of the original record, but every tiny vibration of the instrument was also recorded in the enlarged copy; so that, instead of a pure sound from the enlarged record, it was possible to obtain only a sound badly broken up with scrapings and other noises.

He then took an impression of an original record in a mold of gelatin and succeeded in getting a perfect print. The gelatin was then enlarged by hydration, which practically means that he soaked it in water until it swelled the amount he desired. Then, by putting it in another chemical solution largely composed of formaldehyde he hardened the gelatin and thus had a mold for a magnified record. To make a reduced-size mold he followed much the same process; but instead of soaking the gelatin to swell it he dried it to shrink it. The chemist then exhibited the records made from these molds and stated that they were very free from scraping and other undesirable noises, having even less of them than the originals.





# May We Send You Both of These?

# FREE Book

"Household Helper"

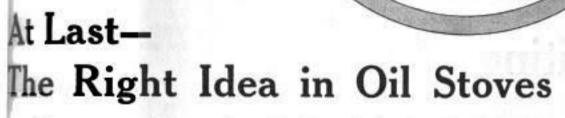
We have for you—FREE—an unusual and handsome book of recipes and household helps. It is a first aid to economy in these "high cost" days. It is FREE. Mail the coupon.

# A Toy Stove, 16c (stamps)

This we also have ready to send you: A toy representation of a Florence Oil Stove. Any child will enjoy this unique plaything. 'Tis a boon indeed for "playing house."

Harmless—not to be lighted.
Again, may we send you

both of these?



How can we make you—the millionth reader—realize the big significance of this story? For we tell you of the right idea in cooking stoves. How can we make you forget unhappy experiences with other oil stoves? For you must forget. The day of balky, smoking, unreliable, sooty, greasy oil stoves is past. The dependable—the absolutely safe oil cooking stove has come.

blockess demanded the automobile and it was perletted. It demands the aëroplane. That is being perfected. The housewife—sweltering over her and, dirty range—has cried out for relief. She is and in Florence Oil Stoves.

Let us start the day right. You come down in the Not to a cold range — nor a dead, left-over coal int to a ready stove.

highted match — a lever turned. Quickly you have a turn. Intensely hot—and blue. A few minutes later is ready, the mush is cooked, the eggs are boiled.

fourier turn of the lever. Your flame falls to a sim-

lasow," you say, "but my old oil stove always and scented and sooted up the whole house."

4 burner, high frame Florence Automatic



Certainly! Because of an untrimmed or raised wick — a flooded burner — a worn-out valve.

But the Florence Oil Stove has no wich. There are no walves to wear out — nor clog —

Again you protest, "My old stove never seemed to really heat up—the flame was half yellow and irregular." Imperfect combustion! The oil didn't gasify. Sufficient oxygen was lacking in the mixture.

Florence Oil Stoves change every drop of oil into gas. This is mixed with the right quantity of oxygen. The flame is blue.

When the flame is yellow it means that oil is burning not oil-gas. Burning oil does not produce a hot flame. It does smoke and smell. When the flame is blue, oil-gas is burning. Oil-gas that does not smoke and does produce the hottest flame for cooking.

Suppose you want to bake. No vexing wait for a stubborn coal fire. In a few minutes your Florence oven is ready for six loaves.

Through the glass doors you see the ruddy crust brought only by uniform heat. It is visible baking. That means good baking.

When the baking's done the fire is turned out. Your kitchen was not overheated. The heat was concentrated under the oven or cooking utensil.

Those intolerable summer days, when every inch of your cast iron range radiated heat, are gone.

### To the Man of the Family

And you men. You who want to know how it works the principle involved—if economical.

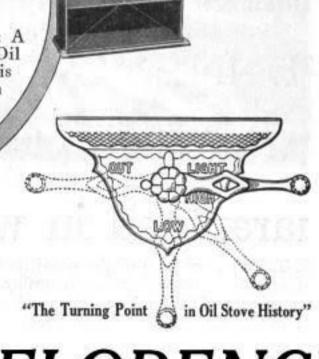
Oil seeks its level—from tank to feed pipe. A turn of the control lever lifts the burner above the level, out of the oil. No oil—no flame. Another turn. The burner is lowered into the oil zone. A full supply of oil. A third turn of the lever. The burner is in an intermediate position. A limited supply of oil and a low flame.

Simple — of course. But a simplicity protected by patents. Next — the principle. It is absolutely safe.

The sides of the steel chimney become red - almost white

# Central Oil & Gas Stove Co.

Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 25, Gardner, Mass.



# FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

# "Look for the Lever"

hot. This heat changes the oil to gas. The holes in the chimney permit just the right quantity of oxygen (air) to enter. The mixture rises as burning gas—intensely hot hotter than coal—infinitely hotter than any other oil flame.

And economy,

Each burner costs about one-half a cent an hour. Very much cheaper than a coal range or gas. There are no plumber's bills for connecting and disconnecting.

In the Florence line you have —at last — the safe, reliable oil stove. The model pictured below retails at \$25. Others as low as \$5.

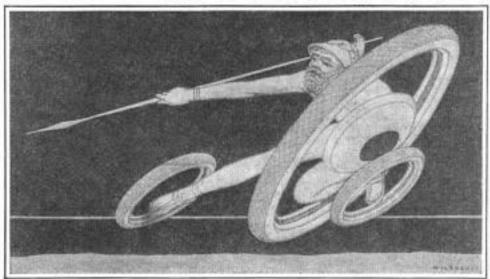
#### Florence Ovens with Glass Doors

You see your baking at any time without opening the oven. Cold air kept out until the baking is done.

The oven grates run from front to back, instead of lengthwise. Liquid pies or puddings slide in easily. No slopping no spilling. Florence Ovens are full asbestos lined and rust proof, with arched roof—bakers' oven top, ensuring even heat.

Let us tell you the whole story about the wonderful Florence Oil Stoves. They are fully guaranteed. Send for either the Free "Household Helper," the Toy Stove, 16c in stamps, to delight the children—or both. Please use the coupon and be sure to give your dealer's name.

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hich I enclose 16c in stamps.
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# Guaranteed in writing

AJAX TIRES were born of the conviction that a steadfast determination for higher in-built quality would justify a written guarantee of 5000 miles. We are pioneers in building quality into tires and guaranteeing that it is there. Nine years ago Ajax set the standard of 5000 guaranteed-in-writing miles for every Ajax tire made. An ever increasing demand, always greater than the supply, is the public's evidence of appreciation.

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Investigate Ajax tires! See the Ajax dealer who is close at hand, or write us for new booklets. The increasing favor of Ajax tires has come as users have told their satisfaction.

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

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Si0 or less 200 pensyl erzierarsi. It yes 520 to 520 to 520 for less 200 pensyl erzierarsi. It yes 520 to 520 for less 1820 for less 200 for less 200

# Erickson Leg

Arms, Braces, Wheel Chairs, Crutches, Stockings, E. H. Erickees Artificial Linch Co., 10 Wash. Av. No., Minneapolis, Minn



# HEART OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

missed a hook in the corner—that a decent,

self-respecting woman would wear.

A good-sized mirror was set on the shelf at the end of the room, with a border of glaring electric lights round it, and oc-cupying the rest of the shelf was a litter of articles the uses of which he did not at all understand, but which somehow signified the intimacies of feminine adornment. Pervading the whole place-and whether it came from the bright pink sticks and crayons and boxes of powder on the shelf, or from the clothes, he did not know-was a perfume. He had never heard of an odor called Bouquet du Diable; but if he had he should have felt no hesitation in asserting that this

And this was the place where he was to wait for his mother! There was something crooked about it surely. There would have been ample time to call her if that had been truly the purpose of the cyclonic and garishly dressed young lady who had thrust him in here. He had not heard her turn the key in the lock though. He went over and tried the door. Yes, it opened all right; and that fact reconciled him to waiting quietly for a few minutes more.

Presently he heard steps come thumping down the stairs. There was a rustle of many persons passing in the corridor. Perhaps his mother was out there now. At any rate there would be some one he could

ask to find her for him. He pulled the door wide open and started out. Then, with a quickness which a West-ern gunfighter would have envied, he sprang back into the comparative security of the dressing room and slammed the door shut. You see he had unfortunately chosen for making his escape the moment of what is known as a quick change of the chorus.

In the ordinary course of things, when a chorus girl changes one of her scanty costumes for another, she gets the new one off its hook where it hangs in a rank along the corridor, takes it to her dressing room, takes off her old costume, puts on her new one and comes out dressed, except for a V-shaped gap down the back, which the wardrobe mistress or one of her assistants hooks up. But when the time allowed for the change is only a matter of three or four minutes she gets out of her old costume while she is running down the stairs, grabs her new one off the hook and plunges into it in any vacant spot that happens to be handy,

much as a fireman jumps into his boots.

The consequence is that what she wears going down the corridor is merely the irre-ducible minimum that never comes off from the moment when she gets rid of her street clothes until the time when she puts them on again. It is a very small minimum really, and to the panic-stricken eye of one unaccustomed to such matters may easily

appear to be less than it is.

For about a fifth of a second Newton looked. After that nothing but an earthquake or a fire could have got him out of

that dressing room—except under escort. Perhaps I should not have said unfortunately, since it was to this fact that Hazel owed it that she found him there ten minutes later. She opened the door brusquely, shut it behind her with a bang and leaned back against it. "Anybody been in here?" she wanted to

He made no answer—just stared. It was his first good look at her—close to her. He had seen painted women before—on the streets of Denver and Obelisk—and he had often wondered that the brazen artifice of such a method of decoration should appeal to any one; but never in his life had he seen any one so flagrantly, so shamelessly painted as this girl who stood guarding the door of her dressing room against his

Her eyelashes were gummed thick with blacking and the lids were penciled blue. And the paint, the powder and the rouge challenged inspection quite without subter-fuge. As he looked at her, and from her to her surroundings, the explanation that be was dreaming occurred to Newton as a probable one The whole situation was to be real. simply too

minute for an answer assuming from his succeeded in finding ed another question: one here for?

y m-mother was here," trong. I don't believe







SANITAX ERUSH CO., 2503 S. Wabssh Avenue, Cl



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The high quality of these plugs comes not all from the use of superior materials, at from our own special manufacturing processes.

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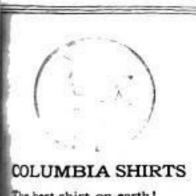
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Many Earn \$30 to \$75 a Week of profits. No bicks. You send for Catalog and Prices to Agents PERSONALE CO. Box H. Terrington, Conn it's true. Maybe it's a mistake. But I was |

in a hurry to see her; so I came."
"She's here all right," said Hazel after "She's here all right," said Hazel after deciding that it was not worth while to try to lie about it; "but you aren't going to see her if I can help it. You're going to see me instead. I'm Hazel Dering. Maybe your mother's written to you about me."

His jaw dropped at that in blank incredulity. The Miss Dering of his mother's letters, who was so kind and clever and who worked so hard that his mother worked.

worked so hard that his mother worried about her, turning out to be a shameless bedizened hussy like this! Her announced intention to prevent his seeing his mother faded into the background beside so glaring an impossibility.

She glanced up toward the ceiling, where a thumping overhead told her how much time she had left for the interview. Then, determined to waste none of it, getting as straight to the point as she could—and

that was very straight indeed—she sailed in.
"She's told me about you all right. You
don't need to tell me what you came here
for. You couldn't graft it from her fast enough out there in Arizona, so you came along to make a straight touch. Maybe it's none of my business, but old Keziah's a pal of mine, and right there's where I butt in and say Nix! She's an old lady, and she works twelve hours a day for her little old thirty a week—and she's going to keep it. See! No rathskeller rube is going to separate her from it while I'm right side up with care! Do you get that?"

Newton opened his mouth and draw in enough out there in Arizona, so you came

Newton opened his mouth and drew in his breath preparatory to speech; but the thumping overhead had stopped and the girl knew her time was getting short.

"Now, keep your hair on," she ad-monished him, "and listen! I don't know what the resuler antennes had if old

what the regular ante was, but if old Keziah could stand it I guess I can."

She had not been looking at him while

she said it. Any one who knew Hazel well, if he could have seen her and heard her just then, would have found her manner a little It was an inveterate habit of hers to dress her occasional altruistic acts in a disguise of selfish considerations. She was always—toward her own more romantic impulses—a bit of a cynic. The proposition she had now to make to the rube, in its naked kindness and affection for her old friend Keziah, troubled her modesty as one of her own costumes would have troubled

that of a débutante.

"I'm no Sarah Bernhardt or Eva Tanguay—or anybody like that," she said;
"but I guess I can see old Keziah's ante all right. Tell me how much you get from her and I'll pay it regular. And I'll stand the carfare back to Arizona if you'll hit the rattler tonight. You play it square with me

the carfare back to Arizona if you'll hit the rattler tonight. You play it square with me and I'll play square with you. You write her a letter when you get back and tell her you've got a job, and I'll slip the coin to you once a week—see? Does that go?"

Overhead the ponies were doing the third encore to their specialty, and she had to come strolling on left as they bounced off right. She ought to be in the wings this minute. She left the door and strode up nearer to him. nearer to him.

"Does it go?" she repeated insistently.

Before she could speak, however, the unguarded door swung open behind her and the look in the rube's face made her turn round.

"Mother!" he said.

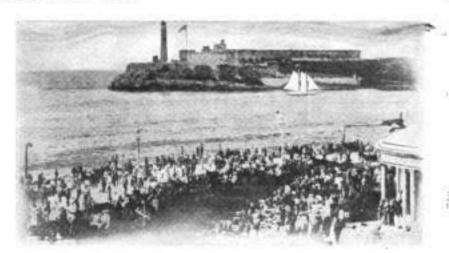
Old Keziah just looked at him and her face went white. Her competent, strong old hands went out fumblingly, tremblingly for a chair. Hazel was quick, but the rube was quicker. Before she could sweep away the cumber of things on a chair he had caught the old lady in his arms.

"Keep your mouth shut about that," said Hazel in a last frantic whisper, "and

She bolted from the room again and fled up the iron stairway, catching her cue and a glimpse of Freddy Boldt's distracted face at the same moment.

When she came off at the end of her scene Freddy was the first person she en-countered in the wings, and she was prepared to be properly explanatory and apologetic. A stage wait of one second is long enough to chill an audience and is an excuse for heart-failure on the part of the stage manager. To Hazel's amazement it appeared from Freddy's manner that his

own anxiety was to reassure her.
"The old lady's all right," he said. "It wasn't anything serious that happened to her. The rube's taken her home, but she'll be all right in the morning."



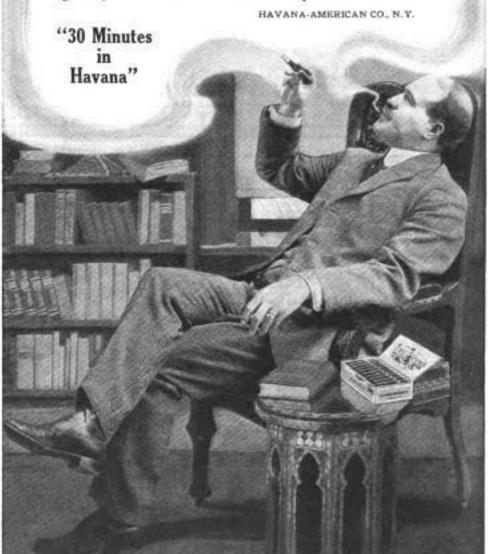
LA PREFERENCIA is unique—the pioneer Broad Leaf Havana Cigar, never successfully imitated.

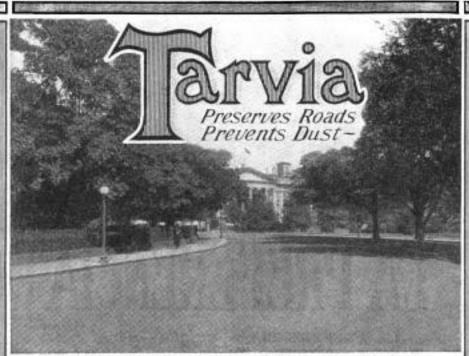
LA PREFERENCIA is unrivaled—immense sales and constantly increasing demand have clearly established the brand as "The National Smoke."

LA PREFERENCIA is distinguished—the rich, mahogany-brown color of the Broad Leaf wrapper indicates thoroughly-ripened, fullymatured tobacco.

LA PREFERENCIA has character—the pure Havana filler and the Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly to produce a deliciously mellow, sweet, full flavored cigar.

LA PREFERENCIA is unvarying—year after year the brand maintains its exceptional high Quality and skilled Workmanship.





Road south front of White House, Washington, D. C. Constructed with "Tarvia X", Showing U. S. Treasury building.

# In front of the White House

THE roadways leading to the White House, U. S. Treasury and State, Navy and War Departments, in Washington, illustrated above, were constructed with "Tarvia X" in 1911.

The above photograph shows the condition of these roadways two years later. They are quiet, clean, smooth and dustless, entirely suitable for so exacting a location.

The Tarvia forms a tough matrix around the stone, holding it firmly in place. Automobile traffic simply rolls down the surface and makes it smoother.

The maintenance cost of tarviated roads is insignificant, and their first cost is only slightly higher than that of ordinary macadam. Tarvia has no odor and does not track.

Tarvia is made in three grades— "Tarvia X" is a dense, viscid coal tar product of great bonding power, suitable for building Tarvia-macadam roads; "Tarvia A" and "Tarvia B" are thinner grades suitable for roads already in use, to preserve them and make them dustless.

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We Will Send This Mackinuw Robe for Your Inspection Free. Write and Send the Name of Your Dealer.

I'm afraid that Hazel's expression of her annoyance over this unforeseen turn of affairs would not meet the approval of any writer, however liberal, of a book on etiquette. Freddy did not approve of it either. He had done, according to his lights, a friendly act in letting the old lady to have in the middle of the resformers.

go home in the middle of the performance. However, there was no time to tell Freddy the whole story as she had confided it to George Featherstonhaugh earlier in the evening; so she allowed his natural though rather profane inquiry as to what

was eating her to go unanswered.

It was hard luck, though, and no mistake. The rube would have a clear two hours with his mother in which to tell his sob story and make his touch before Hazel could possibly interfere again. Probably

he would not waste a minute of it, either, now that her own declaration of war on him had given him such ample warning.

She thought a little of telling George Featherstonhaugh what had happened and getting him to go home with her—George's getting him to go home with her—George's remark, accompanied by a muscling up of remark, accompanied by a muscing up of a big right arm, about settling the hash of that particular Johnny recurring pleasantly to her mind. But it was hard to see, on reflection, how an appeal to force would settle matters. The rube could not be beaten up in his mother's apartment and under her eye; and anyway Hazel doubted a little whether George, with the best intentions in the world, were the man to do it. The rube was almost as big as he was and had a lean, hard, dangerous quickness that recalled to the girl's mind a phrase about being able to lick one's weight in wildcats. No; all there was for her to do was to dress as fast as she could after the show, go home in a taxi and hope she would not be too late. not be too late.

The light, which shone through the tran-som over the door into their little sitting room, was an encouraging augury as she went panting up the stairs; but the ab-sence of voices as she felt for her key—she had decided to let herself in rather than ring-told in the opposite direction. And when she quietly swung the door open and

when she quietly swung the door open and stepped inside she saw that she was too late, just as she had expected to be.

Old Keziah, in a rocking chair by the window, was alone in the room, and the look of troubled perplexity in the kind old face shot a hot stab of anger through the girl's mind. She closed the door quietly and reused a minute to get her breath

and paused a minute to get her breath.

"Well," she asked at last, her voice
harsh with eagerness, "did you fall for it?
Are you going to do what he wants you
to?"

"I don't know," said old Keziah. "I'm tryin' to figger it out. He's comin' back in the mornin'—to breakfast. I'm a-goin' to tell him then."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# Wireless Controls

WireLESS control from a distant point Wise now sufficiently perfected for practical use. For several years the idea of control in this way of machinery or apparatus, or recording instruments that are difficult of access, has been discussed and attempted, because of the great number of uses it would find. The first actual one is in the control of fog horns or fog guns on coast lines.

Such fog guns are now being made and placed on dangerous shoals or rocks, supplied with a wireless control operated from a shore station a few hundred feet or even a few miles away. When fog comes up, a switch is turned at the control station and the fog gun begins work, keeping up its warning signals until the switch is turned

The fog guns are automatic, and the only action of the wireless signal is to start the gun mechanism or to stop it. Such fog guns are operated by acetylene gas. Gas feeds constantly into an explosion cham-ber and this gas is exploded at regular intervals, usually two or three times a minute. The reports may be heard three miles away under rather adverse conditions, and under the best conditions as far as ten miles for the largest guns.

Most of such guns now coming into use are operated continuously day and night, with no idea of restricting their use exclusively to times of fog, because the cost of the gas hardly warrants the attention necessary to such restriction and enough gas is supplied to last several months without recharging.

I'll Put The Proof In Your Mouth

All you do is to write me a letter and express your willingness to try my cigars. You may doubt, with all your function

of doubting, my statement that my Shivers' Panatela at \$5.00 perhundred is the equal of the 10c cigar at retail.

I don't care how much you

doubt, so long as you give my cigars a chance.

Without asking a penny of you, I will ship you, express prepaid, a box of my panatelas. You smoke ten and then make up your mind about them. I have thirty thousand cus-

tomers scattered all over the country who buy my cigars direct from my factory in Phila-

delphia.

These people are satisfied that my method of making and selling cigars is economically sensible and correct.

They have every coportu-

They have every opportu-nity to cease being customers of mine. They are surrounded by cigar stores and stands. Yet month after month and year after year they re-order and re-order from me—and save half

their cigar money.

It is on re-orders that I make
my profits. Initial orders do
not mean any money for me unless the customer is pleased and
wants more of my cigars.

Now that you know these things, consider my offer.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panetelas, on approval, to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may amoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and se charge for the ten amoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

My Shivers' Panetela is head

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

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Shivers' Panatela

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THE W. H. MULLINS CO. 120 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio, U.S.A. The World's Largest Boat Builders

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

# *adventures in bankrupt*cy

(Continued from Page 18)

office and made them his clients. Finally be decided that the time to strike had come.

Having selected the professional receiver that he wished to have handle this difficult enterprise he took this man into his confidence, and together they made careful plans and together they made careful plans and had all things in readiness for quick action. Then the lawyer appeared before the judge in chambers and advanced the startling proposition that a receiver should be appointed without notice to the officers of the amusement corporation, for the reason that any notice would jeopardize the interests of the small shareholders and the interests of the small shareholders and permit the directors of the corporation not only to get away with the assets—mainly in the form of funds—but also to destroy the evidences of the fraud under which the minority shareholders had been robbed of their dividends. The court finally decided that this was good reasoning and that the interests of the small shareholders must not be allowed to suffer for lack of technical precedent. Therefore the receiver was se-cretly appointed.

Twenty deputies were already waiting at a convenient point not far from the park gates, and another squad was in readiness at the downtown office of the corporation. A code signal was first telephoned to the park squad, and the telephone wires leading

to the park were cut.
At practically the same instant the five deputies took possession of the city office and put out all the employees after making sure that they did not take any papers with them. The receiver then made a speedy run in an automobile to the park. His deputies were distributed so that every entrance was covered.

#### A Well-Planned Raid

Then the signal was given and each squad charged the entrance allotted to it. The private policemen of the park were seized, put outside, and the gates were closed. The receiver, with his picked men, made his assault on the office where the directors were sitting at a table on which were heaped the uncounted gate receipts. These men were seized, carefully searched for papers and then hustled out of the gates.

The most important requirement, beyond seizing the gate receipts, was to secure evidence that would substantiate the charges made in the bill that, by collusion and subcontracts with concessioners, large sums of money were diverted from the corporation to the pockets of the three majority stockholders, and that certain specific cases of graft existed by which the directors were personally enriching themselves. Not a scrap of record that might bear on this charge was allowed to be taken away. An examination of the books and records

showed that the volume of diverted funds was many times larger than had been suspected, and that there was not a concession in the park that had not paid heavy tribute. One man owning three concessions, for example, was paying a small percentage to the corporation—but was dividing his profits equally with the directors as individuals.

At the hearing it was shown that they personally received forty thousand dollars from this source alone. The directors had bought more land adjacent to the amuse-

ment park than the park itself contained.

The result of these sensational disclosures was an order from the court that the rewas an order from the court that the receiver continue the business, and that the
directors should have no part in the management of the company. They surrendered
all their stock and interests in the concern,
and the business was continued. The next
season the widow, with fifty shares of stock
that had never paid a dividend and which
could not be sold, received three thousand
dollars in dividends; and her fifty shares
are worth more than twenty-five thousand are worth more than twenty-five thousand

Such experiences as these make the work of a professional receiver interesting. Of course these experiences do not happen often, but there is enough of novelty in the course of the routine work to make it as interesting a profession as any I could

A favorite plea on the part of the crooked bankrupt who has worked a deliberate frame-up for the planting of assets is the statement that the goods were sold and the money lost at the gambling table. Though the staid and respectable business man regards gambling as a disgrace, the law has not branded it as a prison offense; but the concealment of assets in a bankruptcy proceeding happens to be punishable with imprisonment.

One of the most notorious and instructive cases of this kind occurred in a large Western city, and it carries more than a casual lesson to the manufacturer, the jobber and their credit men. It also indi-cates the artfulness with which assets may be manipulated under the hands of a master in that branch of magic.

This merchandising house was a close corporation owned by a father and three sons. The jobbers' credit association had become suspicious of this house and had been watching its movements for ten days long enough to reach the conclusion that careful preparations were being made for a failure. It was decided to beat them to at lature. It was decided to beat them to it, and an involuntary bankruptcy was filed and a receiver appointed. The court pro-ceedings were short; but evidently the notice to the bankrupt company was suffi-cient to allow its managers to manipulate

When the receiver reached the store and when the receiver reached the store and looked at the windows he was tempted to indulge a momentary feeling of security, for the windows were filled with a generous display of goods. Once inside the big store, however, this feeling suddenly vanished. The counters and showcases were thinly

He promptly began an investigation of the boxes on the shelves. One contained a single shirt; another, two collars; another, a solitary necktie. The stock had been skinned. Normally the store should have contained forty thousand dollars' worth of goods; actually there was not three thousand dollars in merchandise within its walls.

The unsecured liabilities of this corporation amounted to about forty thousand dollars and a large part of this indebtedness had been incurred within the previous sixty days. Naturally the first move made by the receiver was to put "the boys" on the witness stand and call on them to account, in their own way, for the situation.
They declared that the goods had been sold—trade had been brisk with them—but that they had been reckless and had attempted to do up a trio of innocent-looking strangers who had drifted into a certain gambling house. Their account of this experience was highly circumstantial and entertaining.

### Chasing Vanished Assets

Few courts have heard a more thrilling recital of poker combats than that given in harrowing detail by these sons, who claimed that they had been tempted into the game because their opponents looked like such easy money that it was a shame to waste the chance. Their antagonists were described as wearing their trousers in their boots, smelling of the stockyards and

having mild blue eyes.

The young merchants professed great remorse at the trouble they had brought on the head of their old father, who had started them in a business that was prosperous beyond their expectations - until they fell under the blandishments of the

blue-eyed strays from the stockyards.
"That's a mighty moving poker story,"
remarked the receiver to his custodian,
"but it's too good to be true. Men who
know as much about poker as that don't lose. It's up to us to find where those goods have been shunted to — and find them

The first clew led to an empty store building in a remote part of the city. The receiver followed it in person. Half of the build-ing was occupied by a fruit store, run by a Greek who had a wholesome fear of an officer or a court document. A display of the writ of receivership and a firm demand in the name of the law were enough to induce the Greek to show his guest into the basement and lead him up into the vacant store—the windows of which had been carefully whitened.

There the receiver found a drayload of packing cases. There had been an attempt to scrape the name of the bankrupt company from the cases, but the work had been too hurriedly done to insure thoroughness, and the name was still legible. Attached to the goods were the lot numbers corresponding to those on the list held by the





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receiver; but no sooner had these goods been seized and placed in care of a custodian than an uncle of the boys appeared with a writ of replevin, claiming that he had bought and paid for the goods and that they were his. The court, however, held that this was not proved and that the goods belonged to the assets of the bankrupts, and should be held and sold as such.

Nearly three months passed before the well-nigh discouraged receiver developed, from a fragment of chance freighthouse information, the hope that he had at last found another clew. As it involved more than thirty cases of goods it was well worth following. following.

One trail led from the dock of a steamship line to Milwaukee. Here the receiver's agent arrived just in time to find that the consignment of goods had been unsuccessfully offered for sale there and then reshipped to Minneapolis and placed in storage. There the agent watched it carefully and saw it reforwarded in two shipments over different

railroads to San Francisco.

Though the receiver had, by this time, little doubt that these nimble assets belonged to the bankrupt company, he had no proof of the fact; and his only recourse was to keep on across the continent in the trail of the goods until his proof could be established. An appeal was made to the attorneys of the railroads; and they agreed that, if the court would issue a restraining order, they would not only hold up the delivery of the goods but would also allow the usual notice to go to the consignees when the goods arrived.

The receiver's agent was waiting at the San Francisco freighthouse to welcome Smith & Brown, and was not surprised when two of the boys appeared to claim the goods under their new names. As soon as they found they had been checkmated they brazenly filed a writ of replevin and sent their attorney on to Chicago. When he learned the history of his clients he refused to continue the case. One of the polyer blazing ages and beginning to the continue the case. poker-playing sons came back to Chicago of his own volition, and the other was brought back by a United States marshal. They were both indicted for concealment of assets, pleaded guilty when the case was called, and received a sentence of one year in the Fort Leavenworth prison.

#### Fraud on the Heels of Loose Credits

"The business man," remarks this receiver, "ought not to miss the real nub of
this incident. What made it possible for
these crooks to get these goods, with which
to play ducks and drakes across the continent? Loose credits! That's the whole
story in a nutshell. There were a hundred
seventy-five creditors in this case—all
crazy to sell goods. And because the boys
were sharp enough not to place a heavy
order with any one house they got the
goods without question. The credit man
was willing to take a chance.

"If any one of those hundred seventy-

"If any one of those hundred seventy-five credit men had looked into the history of the personnel of that corporation he would not have trusted the boys for ten would not have trusted the boys for ten dollars; but these boys knew as much about credit men as they did about poker. The highest order they placed was for five hundred dollars and the lowest about two hundred fifty. These orders were distributed all over the country. In a word they selected houses so far apart that the credit men would have no temptation to make men would have no temptation to make inquiries by personal contact.
"And they made their orders so low that

And they made their orders so low that the men at the credit desks would take a chance rather than enter into correspondence for an exchange of information. It was a slick job and they nearly got away with it too. No matter how vigilant and experienced a receiver may be, he's no miracle worker-and that's what's necessary in order to make a successful backstop

in the majority of crooked frame-ups."

The heights of audacity and daring to which the crooked bankrupt will sometimes. attain are almost beyond belief. Some years ago a shoe manufacturer began prospecting for a factory location and visited a Western town that was feeling the first tickles of the boom fever. The town was sure it had growing pains and was strong for infant industries. The visitor was very modest. He said frankly that, though he understood the shoe business, he would have to start his factory in a small way and let it grow; he considered that the safest way. The committee for securing industries was headed by the president of the strongest bank in the town-a man of

large personal fortune and of strong influence in his part of the state.

The modest talk of this location prospector greatly impressed the banker—particularly when he learned that the stranger did not expect the citizens to capitalize his enterprise. All he asked from the public was the land on which to locate his factory and a moderate bonus with which to help build his factory.

The banker felt that here was the right sort of manufacturer to have in the town

sort of manufacturer to have in the town It would be putting it over on the othe towns that were paying fancy prices for ner industries to get this one on a sound and reasonable business basis. Besides, the banker was not averse to showing his townsmen what he could do for them whe he really took off his coat and went at it. The manufacturer made it clear that h looked on the banker as his special guidcounselor and friend.

The factory was built and did a god business. It grew faster than its founder of the banker had expected. This expansion demanded capital, and the banker backs the manufacturer to the limit. When the owner of the shoe factory needed a heavi-line of credit than the home bank cou extend, the local banker gave the man facturer a good name with certain outsi-banks; but finally, in a period of gener financial depression, the manufactur failed to take up an obligation and t gates closed down on him.

#### What Happened at Lunch Time

When his factory was invaded by the strangers, who were empowered to take invoice of his stock, he made them welcome and wasted no time in lamentations. T accountants remarked that he stood t gaff like a good sport. Owing to his h gan like a good sport. Owing to his his the work of invoicing proceeded rapid At noon he invited the accountants lunch with him at the hotel. The lunche was a good one and they ate it with becoing leisure. As one of the accounta remarked, it was not polite to hurry a funeral! This witticism was greatly preciated by the bankrupt, who laugh heartily. heartily.

After luncheon the invoice proceed There was no difficulty in telling w portion of the stock had been invoibefore luncheon, as a tally figure had b chalked on the end of each box of shoes soon as listed. When the work was finish and the entries footed the head account remarked:

remarked:
"You're not so badly off. If your credit would get together and let you go ah you'd pull out all right. There's alm twice the amount of manufactured stock this factory that I expected to find who first looked things over in a casual way If a sharp lawyer, who had learned for experience years before the wily chara of this manufacturer, had not been droped.

of this manufacturer, had not been dra into the proceedings this invoice m have remained unquestioned until the of sale; but as soon as he was called the case he made an investigation on own account and discovered the trick the shrewd manufacturer had played the accountants.

The office help had been carefully dr in advance, and while the account were lingering over luncheon the emplo were shifting the stock already invo-into boxes that had not been chalk-mar As a result about three-fourths of manufactured stock was officially invo-twice. The object of this plan on the of the manufacturer was to make so a showing that his creditors would pe him to resume business without hadjudged a bankrupt.

In subsequent litigation it was development of the manufacturer took notes from any lower who record as a bankrupt.

employees — who posed as shoedcale and discounted them at the banks, goods supposed to be involved in t transactions were shipped to a relarge city and sold at auction. proceeds the schemer was able to p portion of the fake notes at the ban just enough of them to keep his cred repair and at the same time increase

From the testimony it was evident this gifted schemer had his plans care laid for a meteoric finish—a get-away would have broken all records for comp ness; but all bankruptcy officials f iar with this incident are agreed tha simple audacity the double-invoicing played by this manufacturer is entitle first rank.

# THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 9)

for president. When I called the Madison Square Garden reception to order Murphy's
personal following and the Hearst men
attempted to stampede the meeting for
Hearst, but Mr. Bryan appeared on the
platform in the nick of time.

Murphy's next big piece of work was his
domination of the Democratic state conception at Buffelo which perminated Mr.

vention at Buffalo, which nominated Mr. Hearst for governor. Mayor McClellan bolted the nomination, and so did McCarren and the Democratic organization of Brooklyn. This in itself was responsible for the defeat of Mr. Hearst, but it had the effect of establishing Murphy as the first leader of Tammany Hall since Tweed's time to become the absolute master of the New

York State Democracy.
Shortly after this Murphy had a row with Bourke Cockran and drove him out of Tammany Hall, as Croker had done years before. Murphy became very busy in na-tional politics and it became my duty to keep close watch on him. I knew he was holding conferences with Wall Street Democrats who were planning to prevent the third nomination of Mr. Bryan. Big Tim Sullivan at this time was the most powerful man in Tammany Hall, next to Murphy himself. Tim was far from being a Bryan man, but he was well aware that the rank and file of Tammany loved Bryan, and that the Nebraskan was bound to get the nomi-nation. I depended on Sullivan to keep me posted.

In this way I learned that Murphy had refused to pledge himself to the Wall Street Democrats and that the New York delegation would vote for Bryan if they knew that his nomination was inevitable. It was through these conferences that Murphy established himself in the good graces of some of the powerful financiers. Murphy was the undisputed leader of the New York delegation at Denver, just as he was four years later at Baltimore. The men he trained with were anti-Bryan men. When he saw that Bryan's nomination was a foregone conclusion he set to work to bring about the nomination of the late Mayor Gaynor for

vice-president. Murphy showed that he had not the

slightest conception of the spirit of the National Democracy, to say nothing of the spirit of the times. He came to the Bryan headquarters, accompanied by Daniel F. Cohalan, who had succeeded Bourke Cockran as Murphy's chief adviser. Charles W. Bryan was in charge. There were several of the leaders in the room when Murphy and Cohalan entered. Murphy wanted to talk about Judge Gaynor and proposed a secret conference. Charles Bryan laughed at the idea.

# The Exclusiveness of Murphy

"Progressive Democrats do not hold secret conferences," said Mr. Bryan. "We believe in doing everything in the open."

Murphy and Cohalan made a hasty exit.

Tammany gave Bryan very indifferent support, though on the surface they appeared to be loyal. Most of the Tammany energy was spent in an effort to elect Lewis S. Chanler governor.

The gambling and criminal elements, which, with the financial interests, largely decided to the control of the

dominated Tammany Hall, were very bitter against Governor Hughes on account of his racetrack legislation. There is no doubt they traded Bryan off to get votes for

Mr. Murphy has been held accountable for many things for which he was not responsible. One of the great troubles with Murphy has been that he is so exclusive. He has an agreeable personality and I have heard no end of his charitable deed has not lost all his bashfulness and he still dislikes to meet strangers. He has had but few advisers at a time; and up to a couple of years ago he was afraid of the Sullivans. The Sullivan tribe controlled all the districts south of Fourteenth Street, and they had the sympathy of several leaders in the upper part of the city. Murphy had all of Croker's power but not Croker's forbearance.

A very small percentage of the New York voters attend primaries; so, with the regular Tammany machine vote and the aid of toughs, the Tammany leader has practically his own way in everything.

It is really dangerous for an honest voter to attempt to cast his ballot at some of these primaries. I attempted to do so in the early days of Murphy's leadership and was told that I was a repeater—that the real owner of my name had voted hours before. I knew very well that some tough had voted for me; but as I did not want to go to a hospital I lost no time in getting out of the

neighborhood. Under the new primary law that will be in effect when the next primaries are held in the fall of this year it will be much more difficult for the toughs to operate in the almost unobstructed manner of recent years. The great fear will be that New Yorkers, not being in the habit of going to the primaries will not take adventure of the primaries, will not take advantage of this splendid new opportunity to assert themselves. I believe the best thing that could be done would be to declare primary day a holiday. Even a half holiday might answer the purpose. If such an amend-ment of the law were made I have not the least doubt that nearly half of the Tammany districts would elect leaders and committees not only hostile to Murphy but in favor of the absolute destruction of Tammany Hall as a political organization.

#### Tammany's Dublous Future

The Tammany Society, which is benevolent and patriotic, according to its charter, would, of course, still go on. If a majority of the leaders elected were anti-Tammany they could simply declare that Tammany had nothing to do with the regular Demo-cratic organization by taking their head-quarters away from Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth Street.

The whole spirit of the times is diametrically opposed to the system that controls Tammany politics. With Tammany Hall becoming more and more a stench in the nostrils of the National Democracy, which is carrying out Woodrow Wilson's ideas of New Freedom, it is impossible for me to believe that by the end of Mayor Mitchel's four-year term Tammany Hall will be able to say who shall be the Democratic candidates for the chief city offices.

Murphy for several years has spent com-paratively little time at Tammany Hall, and makes his headquarters at Delmon-ico's, on Fifth Avenue, where only a chosen few can meet him. After he had elected John A. Dix governor, and became more powerful than ever as the leader of the whole State Demography Murphy's time. whole State Democracy, Murphy's time seems to have been occupied in opposing every healthy and progressive tendency. He has been both ignorant and indifferent to the real trend of Democracy. It was his control of the city that gave him control of the state.

After all, Murphy is but a tool or agent taking orders from certain great legal and financial influences that care only for their own good. The only time that this com-bination of big business and bad politics was thoroughly exposed to the public gaze was at the national convention in Baltimore,

by William Jennings Bryan.

The country now knows, as it never knew before, what Murphy and his masters stand for; and it is hard to figure out how it will be possible for the same combination ever again to appear at Democratic national conventions and be a factor.

Murphy is holding on, probably hoping hat the new primary law will not be suc-cessful, and that, with Republican and Progressive state tickets in the field next November, he can again elect "any old ticket." If the Brooklyn Democracy is reorganized, as it now appears it will be, and with a hostile upstate Democracy, Murphy will not be able to say who shall be the Democratic candidates. With this With this be the Democratic candidates. gloomy outlook Tammany will save whatever money it has left; and, as the financial interests will not furnish a great amount of backing, Murphy's struggle for political existence will not be unlike Huerta's desperate effort to obtain power.

Murphy has no particular adviser at the present time. He first discarded Bourke Cockran, then Daniel F. Cohalan and J. Sargent Cram; and his last adviser, Edward E. McCall, defeated by John Purroy Mitchel, is no longer on intimate terms with Mr. Murphy.



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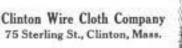
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Martin H. Glynn, the present governor, is a genuine progressive Democrat, and almost from boyhood has been W. J. Bryan's most devoted friend and ardent admirer. An incident in Mr. Glynn's career indicates that he is not going out of his way to sup-

that he is not going out of his way to sup-port Murphy in power.

When Governor Glynn was managing editor of the Albany paper he now owns he brought it out flatfooted in support of Bryan in 1896. The paper was then owned by J. H. Farrel, who was also president of the leading bank of Albany and associated with large financial interests that were bitterly hostile to the Democratic presidential candidate.

When proprietor Farrel first learned that his newspaper had become a Bryan organ he was presiding over a meeting of his bank directors. Had they been suddenly informed that the cashier had absconded with all the funds of the bank, Farrel and the directors could not have been more surprised or more indignant. One of Farrel's sons rushed over to the editorial rooms of the newspaper and not only denounced young Glynn for assuming such authority but started in to emphasize his opinion with blows. However, according to the story I got from Mr. Glynn himself, the young editor was handler with his fists and there was no great harm done.

Pretty soon Mr. Farrel himself came into the office making as much noise as an ap-proaching cyclone. He charged Glynn with having ruined his property and betrayed a trust. Glynn kept his temper and insisted that he had enhanced the value of the property. That night there was a family council erty. That night there was a family council and Glynn was present. He knew that everybody would be against him. Mr. Farrel told Glynn that he did not want to hear a word from him, and then he let the whole Farrel family talk until they had exhausted themselves.

### The Tammany Conscience

Glynn was then given an opportunity to present his side of the case. He pictured a greatly increased circulation, and said that for every advertiser who had withdrawn his patronage from the paper, dozens would give the paper business before the end of the year. Proprietor Farrel realized that it was pretty hard to change the policy after Glynn's action, and he told Glynn he would give him six mouths to make good his give him six months to make good his prophecy. The young editor's predictions were more than realized within that time. Two years after that Glynn was elected to Congress.

For over thirty years I have heard some of the leading Democrats of the country wonder how certain leaders of Tammany Hall could stand for things that would not be tolerated in the South or West. The late Speaker Crisp often asked that question.
This is accounted for by what is called the
Tammany conscience. The class of leaders
who served under Croker would not think of
doing the things they did for their organisation if they were in business for them zation if they were in business for them-selves; but they trained themselves so as

selves; but they trained themselves so as
to have no compunctions of conscience.
They felt that only Tammany and its chief
were responsible, and they themselves were
simply parts of the machine.
This is well illustrated by a story Mr.
Croker told me years ago about Thomas F.
Grady, who was then known as the silvertongued orator of Tammany Hall. When
Croker became the successor of John Kelly
he determined that one of the first things Croker became the successor of John Kelly he determined that one of the first things he would do should be to expel Grady from Tammany Hall. The first day he acted as leader he was going through the papers in Kelly's desk, and found orders issued by Kelly to Grady to do the very thing Croker had objected to and for which he had publicly denounced Grady as a crook.

Grady had killed a bill in the senate that

Grady had killed a bill in the senate that would have reduced the ferry fare to principally u by poor people. When Croker made the discovery he sent for Grady and asked him why he had not explained his reason for permitting him-Croker-to believe ill

"It was not my conscience, but Kelly's," id Grady. "I always follow the leader of said Grady. "I always follow the leader of Tammany Hall and never ask any questions. My conscience is clear."

A short time ago I repeated this story to Senator O'Gorman. He admitted it was one of the great curses in Tammany that so many otherwise good men have a Tammany conscience!

Editor's Note-This is the last of a series of four articles by Harry Wilson Walker.



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# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

he discovery caused him even more acute mety. The city was full of thieves; povm and its companion, crime, lurked on an shadowy staircase of the barracklike ses, or peered, red-eyed, from every

inywy.
And into this city of contrasts—of gray som of the night hugging gratings for and accosting passers-by with at some gestures, of smug civilians hida regions mouths under great mus-ares of dapper soldiers to whom the girl unattended was potential prey. his night city of terror, this day city by the night city of terror, this day city by the first contrasts, ermine rubbing has with frost-nipped flesh, destitution to the first along the fashionable Prater for in of shelter, gilt wheels of royalty and a wheels of courtesans-Harmony had gard alone for the second time.

and this time there was no Peter Byrne and he there cheerily in the twilight and is by sheer friendliness. She was id smething else had gone—her faith. In Beyer had seen to that. In the aum: Harmony had faced the city cleared and unafraid; now she feared it, met it

in marraid; now she teared it, met it in verted eyes, alas! understood it. It was not the Harmony who had bade have farewell to Scatchy and the Big grap in the station who fled to her far on the upper floor of the house in a Wollbadgasse. This was a hunted same alternately flushed and pale, who the ber door behind her before she took [be lat, and who, having taken off her s of surveyed her hiding place with sproves, fell suddenly to trembling, in there in the gaslight.

She aid had no plans beyond flight. She all reart, once alone, to think the thing a But the room was cold, she had had mir to eat, and the single slovenly maid # a Hungarian and spoke no German. b issemaker had gone to the Ronacher. group did not know where to find a suriot, was afraid to trust herself to parets alone. She went to bed suppera vahatiny picture of Peter and Jimmy give wooden sentry under her cheek.

To pigeons, cooing on the window-sill, sized her early. She was confused at at grup to see if Jimmy had thrown off sets, and wakened to full consciousmuch the sickening realization that

my was not there.

desmaker, whose name was Monia if we late after her evening out. Harby eslapsing with hunger and faintness, be a long as site could. Then she put be things desperately and ventured out. By it this hour Peter would not be self and even if he were he would re tink of the sixteenth district. He ad make inquiries, of course—the Pennikhvara, Boyers', the Master's. Is breakfast brought back her strength

the morning air gave her confidence, whitrict, too, was less formidable than aughborhood of the Kärntnerstrasse fleGraben. The shops were smaller. The this exhibited cheaper goods. There liset of family atmosphere about many fee: the head of the establishment in corway, the wife at the cashier's desk, www.cousins, nieces behind the wooden in. The shopkeepers were approachand of familiar. Harmony met no the as respectfully greeted and cheerworld to. In many cases the appliwe ded in a general consultation, shopw. w.de. daughters, nieces, slim clerks by mustaches. She got addresses, register up, more consultations, more trees but no work. The reason dawned being a day of tramping, during which by carefully away from that part of the where Peter might be searching

he ject was, of course, that her knowlinglish was her sole asset as a clerk. truteenth district. She was market-nonmodity for which there was no

be abed at a Conditorei, more to rest body than because she needed afternoon was as the morning. i lock, long after the midwinter ad fallen, she stumbled back to aigusse and up the whitewashed

As shock at the second landing. Astepped into the angle to let her Assert flared over his head, and

she recognized the short heavy figure and ardent eyes of Georgiev. She had her veil down luckily, and he gave no sign of recognition. She passed on, and she heard him a second later descending. But there had been something reminiscent after all in her figure and carriage. The little Georgiev paused, half way down, and thought a moment. It was impossible, of course. All women reminded him of the American. Had he not, only the day before, followed for two city blocks a woman old enough to be his mother, merely because she carried a violin case? But there was something about the girl he had just passed—Bah!

A bad week for Harmony followed, a week of weary days and restless nights when she slept only to dream of Peter-of his hurt and incredulous eyes when he found she had gone; of Jimmy—that he needed her, was worse, was dying. More than once she heard him sobbing and wakened to the cooing of the pigeons on the window-sill. She grew thin and sunken-eyed; took to dividing her small hoard, half of it with her, half under the carpet, so that in case of accident all would not be gone.

This, as it happened, was serious. One day, the sixth, she came back wet to the skin from an all-day rain, to find that the carpet bank had been looted. There was no clew. The stolid Hungarian, startled out of her lethargy, protested innocence; the little dressmaker, who seemed honest and friendly, wept in sheer sympathy. The fact remained—half the small hoard was gone.

Two days more, a Sunday and a Monday. On Sunday Harmony played, and Georgiev in the room below, translating into cipher a recent conference between the Austrian Minister of War and the German Ambassador, put aside his work and listened. She played, as once before she had played when life seemed sad and tragic, the Humoresque. Georgiev, hands behind his head and eyes upturned, was back in the Pension Schwarz that night months ago when Harmony played the Humoresque and Peter stooped outside her door. The little Bulgarian sighed and dreamed.

Harmony, a little sadder, a little more forlorn each day, pursued her hopeless quest. She ventured into the heart of the Stadt and paid a part of her remaining money to an employment bureau, to teach English or violin, whichever offered, or even both. After she had paid they told her it would be difficult, almost impossible, with-out references. She had another narrow escape as she was leaving. She almost collided with Olga, the chambermaid, who, having clashed for the last time with Katrina, was seeking newemployment. On another occasion she saw Marie in the crowd and was obsessed with a longing to call to her, to ask for Peter, for Jimmy. That meeting took the heart out of the girl. Marie was white and weary—perhaps the boy was worse. Perhaps Peter —— Her heart contracted. But that was absurd, of course; Peter was always well and strong. Two things occurred that week, one un-

expected, the other inevitable. pected occurrence was that Monia Reiff, finding Harmony being pressed for work, offered the girl a situation. The wage was small, but she could live on it.

The inevitable was that she met Georgiev on the stairs without her veil.

It was the first day in the workroom. The apprentices were carrying home boxes for a ball that night. Thread was needed, and quickly. Harmony, who did odds and ends of sewing, was most easily spared. She slipped on her jacket and hat and ran

down to the shop near by.
It was on the return that she met Georgiev be a the staircase unlighted. In the gloom one face was as another. Georgiev, listening in-tently, hearing footsteps, drew back into the embrasure of a window and waited. His swarthy face was tense, expectant. As the steps drew near, were light feminine instead of stealthy, the little spy relaxed somewhat.

But still he waited, crouched.

It was a second before he recognized Harmony, another instant before he realized his good fortune. She had almost passed. He put out an unsteady hand. "Fräulein!"

"Herr Georgiev!"

The little Bulgarian was profoundly stirred. His fervid eyes gleamed. He struggled against the barrier of language,



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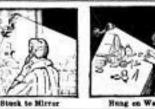
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# A Young Married Man

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broke out in passionate Bulgar, switched to German punctuated with an English word here and there. Made intelligible, it was that he had found her at last. Harmony held her spools of thread and waited for the storm of languages to subside. Then: "But you are not to say you have seen me, Herr Georgiev."
"No?"

Harmony colored.

"I am—am hiding," she explained.

"Something very uncomfortable happened and I came here. Please don't say you have

Georgiev was puzzled at first. She had to explain very slowly, with his ardent eyes on her. But he understood at last and agreed of course. His incredulity was turning to certainty. Harmony had actually been in the same building with him while he sought her everywhere else.

"Then," he said at last, "it was you who played Sunday."

"I surely."

She made a move to pass him, but he held out an imploring hand.

"Frinklein. I may see you sometime." of course. His incredulity was turning to

"Fräulein, I may see you sometimes?"
"We shall meet again, of course."
"Fräulein—with all respect—sometime perhaps you will walk out with me?"
"I am your bloom all day"

"I am very busy all day."

"At night then? For the exercise? I, with all respect, Fräulein!"

Harmony was touched.

"Sometime," she consented. And then impulsively: "I am very lonely, Herr Georgiev.

She held out her hand, and the little Bulgarian bent over it and kissed it reverently. The Herr Georgiev's father was a nobleman in his own country, and all the little spy's training had been to make of a girl in Harmony's situation lawful prey. But in the spy's glowing heart there was nothing for Harmony to fear. She knew it. He stood, hat in hand, while she went up the staircase. Then:

"Fräulein!" anxiously.

"Yes?"

"Was there below at the entrance a tall.

"Was there below at the entrance a tall man in a green velours hat?'

"I saw no one there."

"I saw no one there."
"I thank you, Fräulein."
He watched her slender figure ascend, lose itself in the shadows, listened until she reached the upper floors. Then with a sigh he clapped his hat on his head and made his cautious way down to the street. There was no man in a green velours hat below, but the little spy had an uneasy feeling that eyes watched him nevertheless. Life was growing complicated for the Herr Georgiev.

Life was pressing very close to Harmony also in those days, a life she had never touched before. She discovered, after a day or two in the workroom, that Monia Reiff's business lay almost altogether among the demimonde. The sewing girls, of Marie's type many of them, found in the contemporary englishs tonics of conversation. customers endless topics of conversation. customers endiess topics of conversation.

Some things Harmony was spared, much of the talk being in dialect. But a great deal of it she understood, and she learned much that was not spoken. They talked freely of the women, their clothes, and they talked a great deal about a newcomer, an American dancer, for whom Monia was making an elaborate outfit. The American's namewas Lillian La Grando. She was ican's name was Lillian Le Grande. She was dancing at one of the variety theaters.

Harmony was working on a costume for the Le Grande woman—a gold brocade slashed to the knee at one side and with a fragment of bodice made of gilt tissue. On the day after her encounter with Georgiev she met her.

There was a dispute over the gown, something about the draping. Monia, flushed with irritation, came to the work-room door and glanced over the girls. She

singled out Harmony finally and called her.
"Come and put on the American's gown,"
she ordered. "She wishes—Heaven knows
what she wishes!"

Harmony went unwillingly. Nothing she had heard of the Fräulein Le Grande had prepossessed her. Her uneusiness was increased when she found herself obliged to shed her gown and to stand for one terrible moment before the little dressmaker's

amused eyes.

"Thou art very lovely, very chic," said
Monia. The dress added to rather than relieved Harmony's discomfiture. She donned
it in one of the fitting rooms, made by the
simple expedient of curtaining off a corner
of the large reception room. The slashed
skirt embarrassed her; the low cut made
her shrink. Monia was frankly entranced. her shrink. Monia was frankly entranced. Above the gold tissue of the bodice rose

Harmony's exquisite shoulders. Her hair was gold; even her eyes looked golden. The dressmaker, who worshiped beauty, gave a pull here, a pat there. If only all women were so beautiful in the things she

made!
She had an eye for the theatrical also. She posed Harmony behind the curtain, arranged lights, drew down the chiffon so that a bit more of the girl's rounded bosom was revealed. Then she drew the curtain aside and stood smiling.

The Le Grande paid the picture the tribute of a second's silence. Then:
"Exquisite!" she said in English. Then in halting German: "Do not change a line. It is perfect."
Harmony must walk in the gown, turn.

Harmony must walk in the gown, turn, sit. Once she caught a glimpse of herself and was startled. She had been wearing black for so long, and now this radiant golden creature was berself. She was en-chanted and abashed. The slash in the skirt troubled her: her slender leg had a

skirt troubled her: her slender leg had a way of revealing itself.

The ordeal was over at last. The dancer was pleased. She ordered another gown. Harmony, behind the curtain, slipped out of the dress and into her own shabby frock. On the other side of the curtain the dancer was talking. Her voice was loud, but rather agreeable. She smoked a cigarette. Scraps of chatter came to Harmony, and once a laugh.

once a laugh.
"That is too pink—something more delicate."

"Here is a shade; hold it to your cheek." "I am a bad color. I did not sleep last

night."
"Still no news, Frāulein?"
"None. He has disappeared utterly.
That isn't so bad, is it? I could use more

rouge."

"It is being much worn. It is strange, is it not, that a child could be stolen from the hospital and leave no sign."

The dancer laughed a mirthless laugh. Her voice changed, became nasal, full of

venom.

"Oh, they know well enough," she snapped. "Those nurses know, and there's a pig of a red-bearded doctor—I'd like to poison him. Separating mother and child! I'm going to find him, if only to show them they are not so smart after all."

In her anger she had lapsed into English. Harmony, behind her curtain, had clutched at her heart. Jimmy's mother!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# When to Light Up

AN ALARM signal, to give warning that it is time to depend no longer on fading daylight but to turn on the gaslights or electric lamps, is now being devised. The great usefulness of a successful device of this sort is apparent. Records have shown that the greatest strain on the eyesight comes in the late afternoon hours near sundown, or on dark, dull days when it does not seem to be dark enough to turn on artificial lights. Each case is a matter for the judgment of some individual and the tendency is to delay turning on the lights. In offices, schools, libraries—and to some extent in stores—the lights are switched on many a day only after a period of eyestrain for all the people in the place; so illuminating engineers have called for a machine that will decide at just what moment lighting should begin should begin.

There is no great difficulty in building a successful apparatus for this purpose, though there is a great problem in making one inexpensive enough for general use. All over the world there are now used lightbuoys on the seacoast and in places dangerous to shipping, so constructed that they turn on automatically at dusk and

turn off at sunrise.

It has been found possible to make their response to light so delicate that the light would be turned on in the daytime when cloud passed over the sun. Selenium has the peculiar property of permitting a greater or a lesser amount of electricity to pass through it, according to the amount of light thrown on it; and on this principle most of these light-controlled devices operate. Therefore it would be entirely feasible to have an alarm bell controlled by a selenium cell in such a way that when the day-light in an office faded to the point where artificial illumination was required the bell would ring. Thus far the idea has not been developed to the point of marketing such an alarm, but it is being worked out and may come into general use before long.

# THE JURY AND THE JUDGES

(Continued from Page 19)

opinions of foreign civilians are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights with approbation or respect? By such treacherous arts the noble simplicity and free spirit of our Saxon laws were first corrupted.

Junius touched here the great central idea in this struggle. The theory of the people as judges in a cause was the Saxon idea, while the chancellor was a Norman importation. The early English people were opposed to a centralized authority, as we are today. They were afraid of power in the hands of either one man or a body of men. They believed that justice ought to be administered by the whole people. Their shires and their hundreds each had a court where suits might be instituted. A larger jurisdiction was exercised by a county court, and from this appeals were sometimes made to the Witenagemot; and here they were decided by a vote of all those who constituted that assembly.

They had no chief justice nor any supreme judicial tribunal. The chief justice was an importation of that Norman robber, William the Conqueror. He had a genius for keeping all authority within his hand; and his plan was to have a grand central tribunal for the whole realm, which should not only be a court of appeal but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided.

So William the Conqueror set up the first supreme court in England. The constable, the mareschal, the seneschal, the chamberlain and the treasurer constituted this court, over which the grand justiciar presided, and which sat in the hall of the king's palace. Arlotta, of romantic legend, who fascinated Robert, Duke of Normandy, as he rode by the door of the Tanner of Falaise, was the mother of the first chief justice of England—and a fine figure of a rogue he was!

And so we see that this struggle between the people, who wished to remain the source of justice, and the judges is as old as the race. Nor can it ever be harmonized; for the first idea is English and has its origin in the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon people, and the latter idea is Norman and has its origin in the divine right of kines.

kings.

When today we see benches of judges undertake to annul laws the people have passed, and assume to say by what laws the people shall be governed, and by what laws they shall not be governed, we see the system of William the Conqueror dominating the Anglo-Saxon machinery of justice. And when we see the jury made the mere subservient creatures of the judges in the trial of causes, we see the Norman idea dominating the English idea of justice.

We are moved to inquire whether the long struggle of the English people to keep the administration of justice in their own hands is, after all, useless; and whether we are about to abandon what our ancestors with so much difficulty gained and held.

#### The True Source of All Justice

Lord Blackstone declared that the jury system was the chiefest glory of the English law. He said it was the one device by which our civilization had been able to preserve itself from that decay which had eventually overtaken all previous civilization.

This idea, that the jury shall be the sole and ultimate judges of the whole case in every controversy, is particularly adapted to our form of government. It guarantees that our conception of right shall be of common constituency, like water drawn from a lake having a variety of sources; that the idea of justice administered in the courts shall be and remain at all times the idea of the whole people; that the motives of all classes of the people shall be interpreted by those who understand them; and that the ultimate source of all justice, like the ultimate source of all authority, shall remain in the whole electorate.

It seems wipely ordered that men do not require a special education in order to do justice. A sense of right and wrong in a cause is not the exclusive attribute of the "learned judicial monk." A lame slave, who wrote philosophy in the time of Domitian, pointed out that, though men were not born with the knowledge of a right-angled triangle and had that to learn, every

one came into the world with a knowledge of what was good and what was evil, what he ought to do and what he ought not to do.

From the beginning the English-speaking people have been of the opinion that a certain number of intelligent persons taken from the whole body of the common people would always be the best guardians of public justice; that a plain common-sense passing on human affairs was not apt to be more in error than a refined philosophy.

The thing was aptly illustrated in an ancient case where the crown was endeavoring to make out a case of treason by proving a number of little things, no one of them amounting to treason; but the attorney-general insisted that, taken together, they made a case of treason against the king. And the jury met it with this piece of shattering comment: "We have yet to hear that two hundred black rabbits make one black horse!" This comment has been credited to a more pretentious authority; but it has the smoke of the fireside on it and probably came from the people.

people.

This old idea that the jury should judge everything in a case is based on the profound truth that all sane men are born into the world with a natural sense of what is right and what is wrong, that which constitutes justice and that which constitutes injustice; and that if a matter be fully explained to the man in the ditch he will be as able to sny what is the right of it as the man on the bench.

#### The Rarity of Corrupt Juries

The idea is a proper basis for the administration of justice in a republic. It guarantees that all persons within certain limitations shall have a share in the administration of justice; that a wise uncertainty shall be maintained as to what particular individuals shall hear and decide a particular case; and that no special class of people shall be able to take over the machinery of justice to the injury of other classes. It insures to every man a consideration of his controversy by at least some persons of the same condition in life as himself; and it would prevent any permanent corruption of the judiciary.

of the judiciary.

Mr. Joseph Choate has answered those who speak of the corruption and bribery of individual jurors as follows:

"In an experience of more than forty years in the trial of civil cases before juries I cannot recall one case where I had reason to believe that corruption or bribery had reached a single juror. And if you can show me a few authentic cases of such infamy in the jury boxes I will undertake to match them with an equal number of similar crimes committed by judges who have been properly exposed and punished.

"For I cherish, as the result of a life's work near its end, that the old-fashioned

"For I cherish, as the result of a life's work near its end, that the old-fashioned trial by a jury of twelve honest and intelligent citizens remains today—all suggested innovations and amendments to the contrary notwithstanding—the best and safest practical method for the determination of facts as the basis of judgments of courts; and that all attempts to tinker or tamper with it should be discouraged as disastrous to the public welfare."

It is the law today in our courts—and it has always been the law except for a brief period—that in the case of libels the juries are the ultimate judges of both the law and the facts in every case. This doctrine makes the jury the regnant tribunal over and above every other portion of our machinery for the administration of justice. And it is properly so. We, like our fathers before us, when we stop to consider the subject in its large, national aspect, do not believe that any one man or any fixed number of men ought to be the exclusive source of either authority or justice. We believe the whole people to be the common source of both.

We do not believe any class of men could be so well acquainted with the multiple affairs of life as to be able to appreciate the motives and status of the whole people. We fear that if any particular class of men were to undertake the whole administration of justice, even though their motives were forever pure, they would be unconsciously influenced by the trend of ideas among their kind, and that their decisions would be favorable to that class of which

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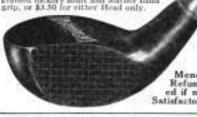
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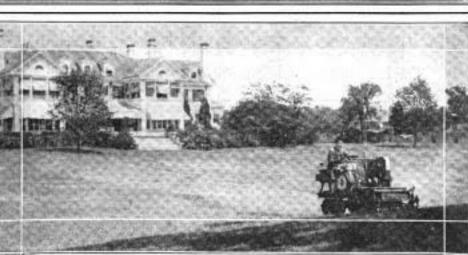
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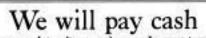
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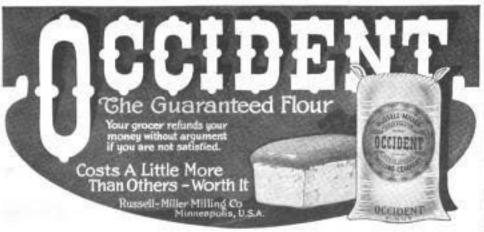


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they were a part. We have read in the books, and our fathers have told us, that it is not natural to expect the few to be attentive to the interests of the many!

tive to the interests of the many!

English-speaking people have always known this. They knew it before the Conquest; they knew it during the long struggle with the king's judges; and they know it today. They need only to be awakened in order to see that the administration of justice is kept in their own hands.

There is no danger to the liberties of a country when the people are roused into attention. When Washington, riding north out of Virginia, heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, he did not ask who had won; his only inquiry was:

Hill, he did not ask who had won; his only inquiry was:

"Did the militia fight?"

He knew that if the people were awakened the fortunes of any particular battle would not greatly affect the ultimate result.

We are apt to forget the struggle that plain, common men—unknown, unremembered and long dead—have made to keep the source of justice in the body of the whole people. The king's judges were not men easy to oppose. Wright was a crook; Kelynge was a vulgar tyrant; and Scroggs Kelynge was a vulgar tyrant; and Scroggs and Jeffreys were unconscionable beasts. But the common people of England, like Doctor Johnson's countryman, Elwall, were afraid of neither the king's "red-guards" nor his "black-guards."

#### Juries Firm Under Judicial Pressure

Lord Ellenborough was so anxious to convict William Hone of a libel on George IV that he got up from a sick-bed and went into court to conduct the trial himself. When he took his place on the bench Hone said to him: "I know what you are come here for, my Lord Ellenborough; I know what you want." The judge replied: "I come to do justice; my one wish is to see justice done." But Hone shattered his hypocrisy with the answer: "Is it not rather, my lord, to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

That was the precise thing for which Lord Ellenborough had come into the courtroom, for he presently exerted himself to force the jury to find Hone guilty by declaring to them that the publication was a "most impious and profane libel." But the jury was not under the thumb of Ellenborough or of any other judge, and Hone went free. that he got up from a sick-bed and went

Hone went free.

In the celebrated trial of the seven bishops, whom the king had committed to the Tower and wished to prosecute because they presented a petition to him praying that they might "not be forced to violate their con-sciences and break the law," the stubborn resistance of the jury to the royal judges was

resistance of the jury to the royal judges was conspicuously marked.

The king had selected Chief Justice Wright, who the biographers say was "the lowest wretch that had ever appeared on the bench in England," to conduct the trial. And he had managed to get his brewer on the jury; but the people were stanch in those days in their resistance to tyranny, and, in spite of everything the king's judges could do, the jury could not be coerced into a conviction. They were given into the custody of a bailiff who was sworn not to let them have "meat or was sworn not to let them have "meat or drink, fire or candle" until they had agreed on their verdict. The king's brewer stood out for a conviction; but at six o'clock in

the morning a huge countryman in the panel rose and thus addressed him:

"Look at me!" he said. "I am the largest and the strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe!"

A stubber of the twelve and the twelve in the twelve and the twelve in the twelve and the twelve and the twelve in the twelve and the twelve in the twelve and the twelve in the twelve and the twelve and the twelve in the twelve in the twelve in the twelve and the twelve in th

A stubborn contest between juries and judges has not been infrequent in our own day. We have seen a jury find a verdict and the judges set it aside—and a new jury

find it again.

This happened in the case of Shaw versus the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company. ry found a verdict of ten th dollars and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts set it aside. It was tried a second time and the second jury found a verdict of eighteen thousand dollars. The court set this verdict aside and remanded the case for a third trial. The third jury found a verdict of twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, and the supreme court finally

abandoned a contest that seemed to result

only in a larger verdict on each reversal. Restrictions on the exercise of power written into great national charters and old bills of rights have always a meaning founded in some desperate experience of

It is not for a small reason that trial by

It is not for a small reason that trial by jury is guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States and the state constitutions following after it. It was the accumulated experience of English-speaking people that put in this safeguard.

They knew the tendency of judges to accumulate power and to reach out after an extended jurisdiction. They had had a long experience with the centralization of authority and had ample cause to fear and resist it. They did not intend that the whole body of the people should ever cease to be the common source of justice.

The Anglo-Saxon people have always been opposed to a centralization of authority—to the exercise of power, judicial or governmental, by any particular class of men. They have believed in an administration of the government by the people and in an administration of justice by the people; and their resistance to this day against the exercise of excessive powers by

and in an administration of justice by the people; and their resistance to this day against the exercise of excessive powers by executives or judges is a racial resistance.

It is the resistance of the instincts of a people to a custom antagonistic to them. Government by tribunals apart from the people was a Norman custom superimposed on the English system of jurisprudence. It is adverse to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon institutions. It is contrary to the great idea of self-government for which the Anglo-Saxon has always contended, and it cannot be made to harmonize with a republican pretension.

The hostility of the people to it is seen in their statutes restricting the authority of judges, confining them in some states in their instructions to the juries to a mere written statement of the law. It is seen in a common practice among the states of making the office of judge elective, and in the great agitation today against the pretension of courts to annul acts of the legislature, by their decisions to make laws for the people and to say in effect by what laws the people shall be growned. shall be governed.

## The Two Legs of Self-Government

It ought to be remembered that the only person in a courtroom who is in fact clothed with the attributes of the sovereignty of the people is the juror. He alone is permitted to exercise the larger powers of sovereignty. He alone has the rightful power of life and death over both the law and the facts in a case.

Compared with him the judge is an of-ficer of delegated powers, within certain fixed limitations; but the juror sitting in judgment in a case is a sovereign. He can decide it as he pleases; and he can take the law, which the judge explains to him, to apply to the case or not to apply, as he chooses. He is responsible to no one for his verdict. He is under the dominion of no authority. He is supreme! The judge is helpless before him.

The law is binding or inoperative on him as he pleases. This is the law for which the people contended against the king's

judges—a right they forced Parliament to recognize and which they have preserved to themselves in their great charters.

It is a correct principle of justice. Somebody must have supreme authority in the decision of causes. These great powers of sovereignty could not be delegated to a particular person for a term of years or force. particular person for a term of years or for life, for those cogent reasons always apparent to English-speaking people; but they could be delegated to persons unknown until they were drawn out of the whole body of the

And they could be delegated for the brief time that a jury panel would exercise them. Thus the source of justice would remain in the body of the electorate. The imperial powers of judicial tribunals would issue out of the body of the whole people and return to it.

Self-government goes forward on two legs—the people are the source of authority and the people are the source of justice. To amputate either is to put democracy on



# GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

fiscal year ending March 31, 1913—the latest issued at this writing: "Considerable progress has been made with the work of providing additional plant, both external and nternal, in those areas where the National Telephone Company reduced or stopped construction work during the period immediately preceding the transfer of their system to the post office. This class of work will be actively pursued during the coming year and it is estimated that throughout the country a sum of almost two million pounds will be spent on the providing of additional underground and overhead wires."

This starved condition of the plant should be taken into account in considering the

be taken into account in considering the poor service subsequent to the government purchase. I just came from a London office in which two telephones stand side by side on the same desk. One is Central; the other is Bank. In other words they belong to different exchanges. At the American Embassy one telephone is Victoria, while the other is Gerrard. All through the telephone directory you will find this same condition of two telephones in the same office that belong to different exchanges. The reason belong to different exchanges. The reason, of course, is that one was formerly a post-office telephone, while the other was a Na-tional Telephone Company instrument; and the duplication has not been corrected—at

least, the phones have not been assigned to the nearest exchange.

The National Telephone Company's license required it to pay the government a yearly royalty amounting to ten per cent of its gross exchange receipts. In the last year of its existence it paid the government on that account one million seven hundred thousand dollars. As to the fiscal results of government operation, all I have is the brief statement in the postmaster-general's an-nual report, which shows a gross telephone revenue of a little over twenty-eight million dollars and a net revenue of a million nine hundred thousand dollars—or substantially what the National Company would have gaid the government as a royalty if it were still operating the lines. The National Company, however, paid a six per cent dividend on its stock, after paying its royalty to the government.

The same report says that service in London was improved during the year, "the number of completed calls being kept steadily between seventy and seventy-one per cent"; whereas in 1911 it was between sixty-five and sixty-seven per cent. I do not dispute the figures; but all the tele-phone users I talked with seemed unable to appreciate the distinction between getting their number seventy per cent of the time as against only sixty-five per cent. I think it a fair statement that the service, originally not good, has not improved under government ownership. Rates have not been reduced; and the meager information so far available indicates that the government has made less profit from the lines than the private owners did.

### Service Dear at Any Price

A few other things in the report may be mentioned. For example: "Traffic on the Anglo-French lines—gov-ernment-owned on both sides—has increased satisfactorily during the year; and the in-crease would have been more marked but for the fact that, owing to bad weather experienced during the early part of the year, two of the lines were out of order for some time, while the others were unworkable for shorter periods.

"Negotiations are proceeding with the Dutch administration for the joint provi-sion of a direct Anglo-Dutch telephone

"The possibility of affording telephonic communication between Germany and this country is under consideration."

Germany and Holland, of course, are parated from England by comparatively short stretches of water and there is a great volume of business between the island and the continental countries. I venture to think that in America, under like conditions, telephonic communication would already have been established.

Telephoning is cheaper in England than in the United States. The charge for a busi-ness telephone in London, with unlimited service, is eighty-five dollars a year; or one can get a residence telephone by paying five dollars for the instrument and two pence— or four cents—a call. But these rates have

no particular bearing on the question of government ownership, as they were the same when the lines were privately owned; and the rate signifies little, except when the quality of service is also taken into account. Cotton is cheaper than wool-but nobody wants a winter overcoat made of it. The only object of a telephone anyway is to save time and effort; therefore a cheap, slow service may be really dearer than a more costly and faster one. I expect to have something to say about comparative telephone rates in another article—therefore I will drop the subject here.

There was always a reason why the British Government should go into the telephone business. That reason is that, for more than forty years, it has had a monopoly of the telegraph business. It acquired the privately owned telegraph lines in 1870; and here again I may point out that the total investment was only forty million dollars, which, by the way, was substantially twice what it was estimated to be when the bill passed Parliament; but taking over a forty-million-dollar concern is rather different from taking over a several-hundred-million-dollar one.

#### The English Telegraph

Pretty much the same general reasons that led the American Bell System to buy control of the Western Union Telegraph Company led the British Government into the telephone field. The telephone is a competitor of the telegraph and a complement

Now the British post office's manage-ment of the telegraph is one of the most successful instances of government owner-ship in the world. The service is good; certainly as good as the telegraph service in the United States, and perhaps better. For telegraphing anywhere in the United Kingdom the minimum charge is sixpence, which carries a message of twelve words, and for every additional word the charge is half a penny; but both the address and signature are counted as part of the message.

The average address probably contains five words—as, John D. Smith, Peoria, Illinois—and the average signature will no doubt take two words. Of course if a street number is added the address will take more than five words. than five words.

On the other hand, there are many registered telegraph addresses that take but a single word besides the name of the city. If we take five words as the average address and two as the average signature, then the average cost of a ten-word message—ex-clusive of address and signature, as on the American plan—would be seventeen cents in England, which is well below the cost in the United States.

There is, of course, an immense difference in distance. All England is within about six hours' ride of London. Concerning a projected trip to Glasgow—a night's run— an English friend raised the objection that it was "a very long journey." There are few daily papers in England outside of London.

The town of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants, which would support at least one or two dailies in the United States, gets late editions of the London papers at break-fast and has no local daily. So telegraphing in England is all dense, shorthaul business,

which naturally affects the rate.

Nevertheless, telegraphing under fairly comparable conditions—as between London and Manchester or Liverpool and New York and Philadelphia or Boston—is cheaper than with us and the service is quite as good; but because a government succeeds well in one field it does not necessarily follow that it will succeed well in all sarily follow that it will succeed well in all

And on the fiscal side the British Government's operation of the telegraph can hardly

The post-office reports show that for the last five years expenses of the telegraph system have ranged from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty per cent of gross receipts. In other words, gross re-ceipts have paid for only two-thirds of the service, the remaining third coming out of the public treasury.

In these five years salaries and wagesexclusive of engineering-have never been less than eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, and the proportion has risen quite steadily year by year. To be more exact,



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five years ago salaries and wages took over eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, while last year they took over eighty-seven per cent—each intervening year showing a rise. In the same years the expenditures for maintenance of plant have steadily fallen, both absolutely and relatively. Five years ago maintenance took twenty per cent of gross receipts—last year only twelve per

All these figures, it should be said, are made after crediting the telegraph with the made after crediting the telegraph with the estimated value of services rendered free of cost to other departments of the government; so when you pay twelve cents to send your English telegram you are paying only two-thirds what the message costs. The extra six cents is paid by the government—which means the body of taxpayers. Or it may be around that it comes out of Or it may be argued that it comes out of the postal revenue proper, which, exclusive of telegraphs, shows a surplus. But, how-ever you figure it, users of the telegraph system pay only two-thirds of what the service costs.

The last five years have not been excep-tional in this regard, for the telegraph service has shown a deficit pretty steadily since the government took it over; so that

giving a service at less than cost seems to
be its settled policy.

In all branches the British post office
employs two hundred and forty thousand
persons—a fact which has considerable
political significance. About a decade ago
relations between the post office and its
employees were decidedly strained, because
the post office refused to recognize the the post office refused to recognize the labor unions to which some of its employees belonged-insisting on dealing with its men as individuals rather than through the representatives appointed by the unions.
This led to a rather bitter fight, and one incident of the fight was that a postmastergeneral lost his job. Various other explanations, official and non-official, were given; but no doubt it was the fight made on him by dissatisfied postal employees that forced him out of office.

The upshot of the contest was that the

post office recognized the unions. Natu-rally this increased the membership and strength of the unions, and in late years labor questions have been settled by con-ferences between representatives of the post office and representatives of the unions.

In the last ten years organized labor in England has made many contests for the principle of recognition of labor unions, and principle of recognition of labor unions, and
has been pretty generally successful. As a
recognized labor leader explained to me,
the greatest of all victories in that line was
the one over the post office because of its
moral effect on other employees.

Unions being fully recognized, relations
between the post office and its employees
in late years have been quite amicable. It
is the opinion of well-informed men that
postal employees get better pay, better

postal employees get better pay, better hours of work, more secure tenure, more consideration and more holidays than like labor in private employment. No doubt this condition sufficiently accounts for the fact that labor generally is in favor of nationalization of railroads in England.

### The Pay of Postal Clerks

That telegraph wages take nearly eightyrhat telegraph wages take nearly eightyeight per cent of the gross receipts of the
service I mentioned above. For the whole
postal service, salaries and wages—exclusive of engineering—took thirty-one per
cent of gross receipts a generation ago, and
of late years have taken from forty-seven to
fifty-one per cent.

Under the head of Health of Staff the postoffice report shows there were one hundred

office report shows there were one hundred seventy thousand absences on sick-leave last year. In the metropolitan district fiftyfive per cent of the men and eighty-three per cent of the women of the established staff were absent on sick-leave during the year, the absences averaging fourteen days for the men and seventeen for the women.

It may be mentioned that there are one hundred eighty-one thousand men em-ployed and fifty-nine thousand women; but the women, in all the more important positions, such as the money-order department, and so on, are well organized, probably three-fourths of them belonging to unions. As I write this a rumor is in circulation

that a special committee of Parliament, which has been investigating the subject, is about to make a report recommending equal pay for equal work in the post office-that s, the same pay for a woman as for a man doing the same grade of work. If this Parliamentary report is made it will be a distinct victory for the organized women

of the postal department.

That the organized employees of the post office constitute a political factor that every political leader is bound to take into account cannot be disputed. The reader may regard that as a good thing or a bad thing, according to his taste and inclination; but it is a thing that must be taken into account in any consideration of government ownership in a democratic country.

My own notion is that better wages and better hours—better treatment of labor all round—are decidedly good things; but they must be paid for. And a large body of citizens who stand in a dual relationship to the government, first as its employees, then as voters, tends to create a rather difficult situation in any democratic country, especially if the employees are well organized, as they are in England, and there-

fore able to act promptly as a unit.

Here again it is necessary to consider
the comparatively small size of the British
Government's trading enterprises.

#### The Strike at Leeds

That public ownership may count heavily against labor was recently illustrated at Leeds. Like a majority of British cities, Leeds owns the street-car lines as well as the gas, electric-light and water works, and some other utilities. Common ownership of these things naturally tended to solidify the labor employed. Last winter the men demanded a flat raise of two shillings a week all round. Some of them at least were no doubt underpaid. The city granted some increases in wages, but not all that was demanded. A strike began and at one time

the whole municipal force was on strike.

The leaders calculated that the city would be obliged to surrender very quickly; that two days, at most, of complete tying up of the public utilities, including street cleaning, street-car service, and so on, would secure their demands. Now if any one set of them had been striking against a one set of them had been striking against a private employer public sympathy would have been a good deal on the side of the men; but this was a strike against the city, and the citizens rose up and smashed it. Volunteers carried on the necessary public works-manning the street cars, and so on,

until the men gave in.

Under the same conditions the same thing has happened elsewhere, and sometimes on a larger scale. In striking against a government the men usually have public opinion against them. In striking against a private employer public opinion is likely to be with them. And every experienced labor leader knows—though he may deny it on oc-casion—that public opinion is an important

element in nearly every strike.

I am not trying to make an argument against government ownership or for it. Nobody worth considering would wish our Government to turn the mail service over to a private corporation. Most of the British cities own and operate street cars, gas plant, electric-light works, and do it quite successfully. The London County Council operates a very good street-car service in London.

On the other hand, privately owned motor busses and subserve carry millions of near

On the other hand, privately owned motor busses and subways carry millions of passengers cheaply and, on the whole, quite satisfactorily. Both arrangements work very well as they stand. The County Council does nothing with the street cars which tends to show that it could do any better with the busses and subways than the present private owners do. Why, then, should it take them over?

The British Government has operated the telegraph for more than forty years—

the telegraph for more than forty years— practically growing up with it, for the total number of telegrams handled in its first year was under ten millions, against over ninety millions now. Considering the def-icit, it is doubtful whether it handles telegrams more cheaply than a private corporation would; but it is a fairly satisfactory established condition and it ought not to be radically changed except for some cogent reason. There ought to be a strong presumption that somebody would benefit by a change.

I believe the British mail service is better than ours, and if that assumption is correct a fair inference from it would be that our post-office department would handle telegrams and telephones less efficiently than

the British post office does.

As for England's experience with publicly owned telephones, there is nothing in it from which a fair argument for public ownership of telephones in the United States can be deduced.



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### JUNK

(Continued from Page 12)

of spume boiling in the breath of the gale—but somehow tonight it seemed worse than ever before. The crashing bows of the old liner drove up tons of brine that swept the forward decks and thumped sullenly against the walls of the wheelhouse. Far aft he could hear the quick swirl of the

rar at he could near the quick swift of the propeller as it rose and dived again.

"I'll be glad when we're in the lee of San Miguel Island," he thought. "I'm glad I didn't take the outside course. This is a very hard gale indeed."

An hour passed and Mr. Halsey came to him and cried into his ear that they should have raised Point Armeelle Light.

have raised Point Arguello Light.
"We haven't," said Singgold briefly.
"Keep her wide!"

So another hour passed and still there

was no light visible.

"We're held back by wind and current,"
the captain remarked calmly. "We will
wait fifteen minutes more before we haul for the outside."

At this moment the quartermaster picked up the Light and Singgold verified it. "We shall soon be in the lee," he said. "An S. O. S., sir," gasped the wireless

operator at his elbow.

"Tell me the message," said the captain calmly, putting the paper in his pocket. "Steamer Arrivaca. Thirty-three degrees and eighteen minutes north and 121-46

east. Machinery broken down, and sinking.

east. Machinery broken down, and sinking, sir."

"Tell the Arrivaca we are steaming to that position at full speed," said Singgold evenly. Then he picked up the speaking tube and called the engine room. "Chief," he said brusquely, "please carry all the steam you can and get all the power out of your engines possible. We are steaming to the relief of a sinking vessel off Santa Rosa Island."

"Shall I wreck this machine?" demanded Mr. Bales in his harshest tones.

You know how to drive your engines," s the sharp response. "Drive them as was the sharp response, you never did before!"

He then gave orders to change the course and take the direct road into the open sea. He figured his course in the chartdesk and told the chief officer, who had been called, that at full speed the Chittagong should

that at full speed the Chittagong should reach the designated spot within three hours. "The Arrivaca is an excursion steamer that makes trips round the islands," Mr. Masters announced; "usually carries about two hundred passengers." By this time the old liner was shaking from keel to truck under the tremendous

impulse of her hurrying engines, and the seas that piled over the port how kept the decks full. The gale had risen to a hurri-cane and Mr. Masters loudly thanked his stars that the man in the wheelhouse knew the ship and his business.

Captain Singgold's ruddy cheeks were blazing as he felt his old command respond to the emergency. He strode back and forth on the bridge, with the brine dripping from his white beard and his eyes alight with strange fires. Each time the operator sent strange fires. Each time the operator sent him up a fresh message of despair from the sinking steamer he would snatch up the speaking tube, call Mr. Bales and demand more speed. In some way that ancient mechanician managed to get more power, and when the day was fully come the Chittagong was plunging through the mountainous seas at a good sixteen knots, and the smoke from her funnel poured out in a

the smoke from her funnel poured out in a steady, roaring stream.

"My Lord!" said the second mate to the third. "This is stepping some! She's some packet!" Pride rang in his voice.

It was eight o'clock when they sighted the wreck. It lay a mere speck on the leaping horizon, but Captain Singgold knew it instantly for what it was.

"Foundering!" he said curtly. "Mr. Masters, you and Mr. Halsey will see that our boats are ready to be swung out."

our boats are ready to be swung out."

There was a moment's hesitation. It was Death that was hammering on the old liner's sides and stretching up huge fingers for its victims. Even running as she was, taking the seas on the starboard bow, two boats had been smashed in the chocks and a liferaft hurled clean into the boiling smother; but something in the old skipper's eyes brought the two mates to their duty. They dropped down the bridge ladder and were quickly at work, taking off boatcovers

and overhauling falls.

It was just three-quarters of an hour before the Chittagong hove to windward of



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the Arrivaca. She was deep by the head and a hundred passengers were huddled on her afterdeck. A cloud of steam blew from her funnel, showing that the fires were being extinguished. Just as the Chittagong rolled into the trough of the sea a despair-

roned into the trough of the sea a despairing, thin, tremulous cry came from the
wreck. A huge comber swept over her
almost submerged bows and broke in wild
fury against the deckhouse.

Captain Singgold did not hesitate. He
leaned far out over the after-rail of the
bridge and bellowed his order to lower
the boats. A moment later the little crafts were swinging over the crested surges

toward the doomed vessel For the next hour Captain Singgold maneuvered with all the skill of his fifty years at sea to pick up his boats when they got away from the Arrivaca, while Masters and Halsey risked their lives every instant in getting the huddled passengers down the side of the rolling wreck and into their

Meantime the hurricane continued to increase in force and the old liner lost one thing after another as the combers swept her; but at noon the Arrivaca's people were safe on board of her, and the wreck, as if having struggled to the limit of her strength, rolled under a terrific sea and did

not appear again.

"Now for Santa Barbara!" said Singgold calmly when the last boat was aboard.

"You'll have to make it quickly!" growled Mr. Bales in his ear. "She's opened up below. Water's a foot deep in the fireroom. One of the boilers has fetched loose too. I just came up to tell you. I'll

keep her going."
"Charlie," said the captain, putting his mouth to the chief's ear and whispering. "keep her going s'long as you can. I never knew the old packet to fail. She'll save these people anyway. I can tell by the feel of her that she won't last long; but spin those engines up as much as you can,

Then he called the wireless operator and commanded him to send out his S. O. S. call. "And keep it going, son, for we're in an awful tight pinch. Get the latitude and longitude from the third officer."

He then went down and saw to it that the rescued were well fed. To the gray-haired

chief steward he said:
"Don't spare your stores. We won't need 'em ourselves."

And the old man looked at the captain and smiled—the solemn smile of those who must depart from the activities of life and

assume the dignity of death.

For two hours the Chittagong ran before the howling hurricane, and then appeared a steam schooner. The wireless operator reported that she was coming to the rescue. "Tell her to hurry, son!" was the grim

answer.

It was drawing into the late afternoon when the other vessel hove to, a quarter of a mile from the old liner and sent word

by her wireless that she had no boats left.
"We've got two," Singgold remarked.
"Mr. Masters, you and Mr. Halsey will transship the passengers. I saved those boats a-purpose.

There was consternation among the saved from the Arrivaca when they were told they must leave the big Chittagong and once more brave the furious seas to reach the lit-tle steamer that rolled to beward. Then

the steamer that rolled to beward. Then some one openly refused to go and there was a tempest of revolt.

When he heard of this Captain Singgold came down himself. He strode into the hysterical throng and raised his voice authoritatively and effectively.

"This ship is sinking!" he said. "You have only half an hour to save yourself. Women and children first! Have no fear!"

From the bridge he again superintended the getting away of the boats. It was a comparatively easy matter, for the Chittagong made a good lee and the master of the steam schooner crept up to within a cable's length. The boats had made two trips each

length. The boats had made two trips each and had come back, their crews exhausted. 
"Now," said Singgold calmly, "take our crew off. Be sharp about it too!"

He saw the mates race back to their boats and bent over the speaking tube.

"Chief," be said quietly, "send your men topside, Would you mind staying by your engines a little while longer?"

"Oh, I'll stay!" came back the bitter response.

Singgold rang his engines astern; and as the old Chittagong slowly drew back abreast of the other steamer he waved his hamis to the officers to lower away. He saw

that both boats were full. He rang engines down, stared at the dial a mon and then put his hand over his quive lips. The dying liner had done her c gloriously. Now she was to rest forever Mr. Bales came slowly up the hr steps and bent his seamed face before

gale. Behind him came the boson, behind him the head fireman. Sing looked at them, the men who had with him when the Chittagong came ra

round the Horn—a maiden ship.
"A boat will be back for you," he

They turned their eyes toward the st

They turned their eyes toward the st schooner. The boson gave a grunt. "That whooping sea will get 'em if sin't quick!" he muttered. With unwinking eyes they watched tragedy. They saw the two bosts s alongside, the quick grasping for the the wild pulling on them, the slow cree of the laden boats up the steamer's str-ing flank. Then the huge and terrif-flung the little steamer far over, ro over its bows and tossed the boats up. They saw the men spilled out on the They saw the men spilled out on the saw them grasp at handholds, disce their agonizing struggle not to be the overboard. Then the two empty boats in shattered fragments and flew a before the shricking wind.

"No more boats!" said Singgold stabledding his face from the stinging "We're going with the Chittagong." The four of them stared down at decks, now awash and filled with foa water; they stared at the gruel and in

water; they stared at the cruel and h

less sea.
"Well," said Charlie Bales, "I :
we'll stay with her."
Tom Allen peered from under the pe

"Yes, sir; we'll go with her."

The head fireman puffed out his length and made gruff assent.

"Charlie," said Singgold quietly, sorry I couldn't get you off. I do best—and the old Chittagong did her but we're all old."

but we're all old."

"I don't mind," rasped the eng
"I'm going down to my cabin."

"I think I'll go down to my room,

said the boson quietly.
"I might draw them fires," said the

Two of the men went down the lur steps and vanished, but Captain Sin laid a detaining hand on the chief engis

"I want to say something to Charlie," he said. "Let's get in the the chartroom."

Standing squarely on their feet,

booked at each other.

"There's one thing I never toldyou my wife—Ruth," said the captain. remember when we were married? came into the room that night with he down and said to me: "Ted, all this he to end some time. You or I will have first—and alone. I hope I'll go first.

Singrold named and his line original.

first—and alone. I hope I'll go first.
Singgold paused and his lips quiver
"She went first. She was buried a
ship. I've crossed that spot hundre
times, and I'vesaid: "There'll be some
to meet me." You haven't anybounest you, Charlie. Ye remember ho
used to always ask you to supper?
want ye to come with me, seeing y
got nobody waiting on the pier. She
awful glad to see you."

There was silence between them.

There was silence between them. chief engineer rubbed his hands on as

bit of waste.
"She'll be awful glad to see you, Cl Come with me!"
"I'm nothing but old junk," mu

"S'far as that goes, we're both but Ruth won't think so. I'm just a you to come with me—to supper." Beneath them the Chittagong tre terribly. Together they made their v

Far off they sa the forward bridge. steam schooner. Below them the be the old liner were sinking beneath they "Yes, Charlie," said Captain Sin

grasping the engineer's arm ten "you just come with me. I'll tak along with me. Ruth will be might to see you."

A tremendous sea rose out of the distance and raced toward the dying tagong. It seemed to pause a momen her submerged bows and then swept over her, while the captain and the ch gineer stood calmly side by side, Ca Singgold's hand still steady on Mr.

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### THE LAME DUCK

### Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: The incredible and inces-sant clamor of the Democrats for office continues unabated. Every known device—
and some not previously known—for making vacancies has been resorted to by the
harassed senators and representatives; and
still the wolves howl unceasingly. They
want jobs, these Democrats, jobless for
sixteen years; and they do not see why
they cannot have them. Nor will they see.
"This man is a Republican, isn't he?"
they ask of their supposedly influential
man in Congress.
"He is."
"And I am a lifelong Democrat ain't I?" continues unabated. Every known device

And I am a lifelong Democrat, ain't I?"

"You are."
"And I've supported you loyally in the past, haven't I?"
"You have."
"Well, then," shouts the place hunter. "why don't you turn him out and put me in? What good did it do us Democrats to get control of the Government if the Republicans are to hang on to the places and get the money? Answer me that!'

There isn't any answer to that kind of talk. All excuses that the civil service interferes; that the policy of the Adminis-tration is to allow officials to serve out their terms; that there can be removals, in terms; that there can be removals, in many cases, only for cause, fall on indignant ears. The rank and file of the party do not understand. They do not want to understand. What they want is jobs, and they expect their representatives at Washington to get those jobs for them. There is no reasoning with them, no pleading with them that is effectual.

"Was want jobs!" is the battle gray of the

"We want jobs!" is the battle cry of the jobless Democrats, and they intend to have jobs or take such reprisals as they can.

### The Voracious Victors

Viewed from a distance, a man who is a senator of the United States seems to have a great and comfortable position; and he has. Outsiders are accustomed to think of him as a statesman participating in momen-tous discussions of big affairs, shaping and debating legislation, consulting with the President on matters of national and international import, pronouncing and per-

ternational import, pronouncing and per-fecting far-reaching policies, and all that. But are they? Not exclusively, my dear James, not exclusively. The fact is that the greater number of the senators of the majority and the greater number of the representatives of the majority—the Dem-ocrats—are patronage brokers, no more and no less. Their chief concern is to get jobs for their constituents. Their chief grief comes when they do not get them; and most of their troubles may be summed up under the broad, general heading of patronage.

their troubles may be summed up under the broad, general heading of patronage.

The early hurrah and elation are gone. The senators and representatives have settled down to the grind, and with the settling down many trials and tribulations have come. Big Democrats are getting sore. Patronage is on their nerves. They are ridden to distraction by the place hunters; and they, in turn, ride the place givers to distraction. So inconsequential a thing as a little public office has caused hard feeling between men in Congress and men in the Cabinet. Legislators who have been friends for years are at odds. Underneath there is a great dissatisfaction.

The job business is the most perplexing and most troublesome phase of the cares of a new Administration. You cannot make

a new Administration. You cannot make a Democrat who has been a Democrat always, and who has stood by the party in times of defeat, think that a Republican should continue in the office the Democrat wants for himself. Merit system, civil service, tenure of office, policy of the Administration—none of these arguments has the slightest effect. The creed of the average Democrat is: "To the victors belong the spoils!" And that is the creed of the average Republican and the average Progressive.
"We won, didn't we?" they ask.
"Yes."
"Then give us the jobs! We are entitled

to them and we are going to have them."



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The Democrats in Washington are doing the best they can, but their best isn't good enough. And the cruel feature of it all is this: When a senator or a representative gets a place for a constituent, that doesn't help the giver any. Instead, it hurts him; for always there are several candidates for each office, and they continue angry and resentful until their dying days.

You cannot make any applicant for an office believe that his claims for recognition are not greater and more securely founded

are not greater and more securely founded than those of any of his competitors. You cannot make him think that another deserved the office more than he did. That is contrary to the nature of the human animal. He thinks he is preëminently the person for the place. He doesn't get it; and he becomes an enemy of the man to whom he applied and a disgruntled party member forever after.

member forever after.

Take the post-office situation, because there are more postmasterships than other offices. Postmaster-General Burleson, working at the highest possible speed, appointed sixteen thousand postmasters during the first year of the Wilson Administration. He replaced sixteen thousand Republican postmasters with sixteen thousand Democratic postmasters—an average of more than fifty a day for the three hun-dred working days of the year. That, of course, didn't make much of a dent in the total number of poetmasters in this country, which is in the neighborhood of eighty or ninety thousand; but it shows that the Postmaster-General is at least making an earnest effort to put Democrats where Republicans have flourished for sixteen

Substituting postmasters seems a com-paratively easy thing to do, you think. Well, let me tell you some things about it, just to show you how fierce the strife is and how difficult the situations, of both the Postmaster-General and the Democratic senators and representatives, to say noth-ing of the position of the President himself, who must pass on all first, second and third

years, subject to such limitations as are

prescribed.

class appointments to postmasterships.

Four disappointed candidates for post
offices have committed suicide since March 4, 1913, when Postmaster-General Burleson took office. Several others have tried to kill themselves. A number became insane over their failure of recognition.

### The President Not to Blame

In several states the two senators have had bitter quarrels over small post-office appointments. In numerous cases these quarrels have been carried to the White

House, with consequent disturbance of the President and his Congressional policies. To show you how seriously the Senate takes it, five or six hours were spent fight-ing over the confirmation of a man appointed postmaster of a small Western town—five or six hours of the time of the Senate of the United States over a twentyfive-hundred-dollar job! This is but one of many similar instances.

The Postmaster-General is blameless. His appointments are made according to his best lights. He is an able and conscien-tious man, and he has a place of enormous difficulty. The senators and representa-tives are not to blame. They do the best they can for the party, for the local com-munities affected, and with an eye to the most advantageous political effect. The President is not to blame. He depends, as he must, on the recommendations of those beneath him, who are familiar with all the circumstances.

It is the system that is to blame-the system of parceling out offices as reward for voting this way or that; the system that places the administration of the business affairs of this Government in the hands of the party for the instant in power and, disregarding the plain business sense of the situation, makes a political reward of an Administration place instead of making

that place a business responsibility.

Of course all this is as old as the hills. It has been going on since we began as a nation, and in all probability it will go on until the end. I cite it merely to show that, so far as demanding spoils for victory is concerned, we haven't advanced an inch beyond the days of the early seventies, not-withstanding all our efforts at civil-service reform—not advanced an inch, I mean, so far as the impulse is predicated.

Under pressure of public opinion the

civil service has been expanded and it retains many persons in office; but in



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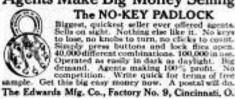
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their hearts the members of the dominant party always loathe the civil service, and there never has been a minute in the past thirty years when every civil-service law would not have been repealed if the men

with the repealing power had dared.

I have tried for many years to discover what there is in public office that makes it so attractive to Americans. The only solution I have arrived at is that a public office gives—or is supposed by the holder to give—a little added importance to the holder; to make him somewhat superior to his fellow citizens; to pin a badge on him that shows his standing in the community. That must be all there is to it, for most public offices do not pay large salaries, and most public officeholders lose rather than gain financially by holding office.

That sit, Jim—recognition. They want to be given the stamp of approval. They hun-

ger to have a medal pinned on them. They cry for a little brief authority, so they may strut about in their own communities, proud in the distinction conferred on them. They resort to any subterfuge, suffer any deprivation, take any sort of office—and

are happy.

There is a government elevator in this town, Jim, that is run by a man who was once a candidate for United States Senator in his own state. There is a minor legal position that is filled by a man who was once almost daily in the dispatches concerning the proceedings of the House of Representatives. There are clerkships and assistant secretaryships, and other similar offices by the dozen, held by men who once

were prominent politically.

And the way the incumbents hold on!
You'd think, to hear those Republicans who are in office talk about it, that the crowning political crime of the ages would be committed if they should be removed to make way for Democrats. Men who in Republican days shoved Democrats out incontinently weep over the cruelty of a Democratic Administration that has the uncharitableness to say to them: "We need your places for men of our own political faith. You have been in office for sixteen years. We want your jobs."

#### The Outraged Patriots

They get indignant over the outrage. They seem to consider themselves some sort of superior political beneficiaries, who must not be disturbed lest the Republic shall perish! And when they were in office under Republican Administrations their sole political thought was to keep themselves and their friends in place, and to shove any Democrat who might be hanging on precipitately into private life.

It is a toss-up between these sniveling hypocrites who want to be retained and

these foolish patriots who want to obtain. One lot of them makes your gorge rise, and

so does the other.

The more you look into the psychology of office hunting and office holding, the farther into the gulch you get. The only rational explanation of it, it seems to me, is the explanation of the passion for recogni-tion, for trifling distinction over one's fellows, which in the American mind comes from holding office. Why should a man give up a good practice at the law to come here and take office as an assistant to some Cabinet officer, for example? The pay is small; the social position is nil; the work is laborious; the future is not bright. Or why should a man move heaven and earth to get to be an assistant secretary in one of the executive departments or to be a bureau chief? I don't know. It's beyond me!

Patronage may not be a great rock on which the Administration will strike though patronage has been such a rock in the past-but it is and will continue to be a series of troublesome reefs on which Captain Wilson's Ship of State will bump, and which will jolt the captain and the crew to a considerable and a continuous extent.

And you think a senator has a n gentleman's job, do you, Jim? Maybe so—maybe so; but you can't make any Democratic senator believe it.

For instance, a woman who has a grievance has been here for one hundred and eighty days. In that time she has called on a defenseless senator, who comes from her state and knows her people, two hundred and fifty times by actual count, and has told him her monotonous tale of woe each time—and he can do nothing! And she is but one case out of a hundred

Yours on the outside, genially looking in, BILL.

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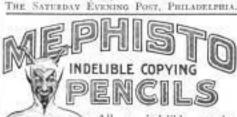
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the magnetic instrument. We mention only those ma

ometer.

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4 Garford cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

4 Chalmers cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Lozier cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Stevens-Duryea cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Simplex cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Franklin cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 White cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Renault cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

represented by two or more cars: 2 Fiat cars carried the magnetic speed-

> 2 Stoddard-Dayton cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

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It will pay you to have a Warner on yo If you are getting a new car look at the speed it carries. Make sure it is a Warner. Y have no difficulty in getting one. Makers grade cars use nothing else. If you are labigh grade carrinaist on the Warner.

All dealers will gladity supply a Warner.

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All of which bears out our oft repeated statement that people of wealth, taste and judgment—people who are accustomed to the very best of everything—will take no other than the Warner Auto-Meter—the world's finest speed and mileage indicator.

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equipping with Warners for years—in fact, since the introduction of the magnetic instrument. They will use no other.

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### Here are the high-grade cars that are Warner equipped:

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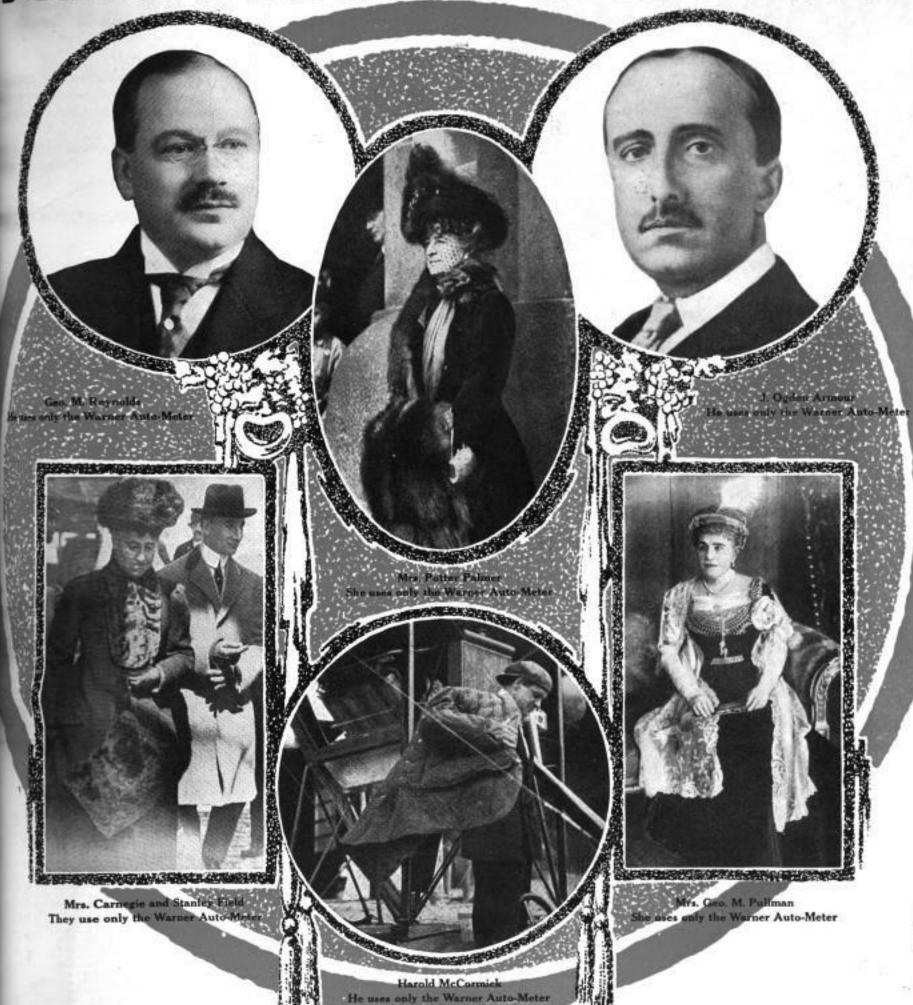
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Here are just a few of the prominent Chicago Grand Opera Box holders who use only the Warner Auto-Meter. See opposite page for long list of others.





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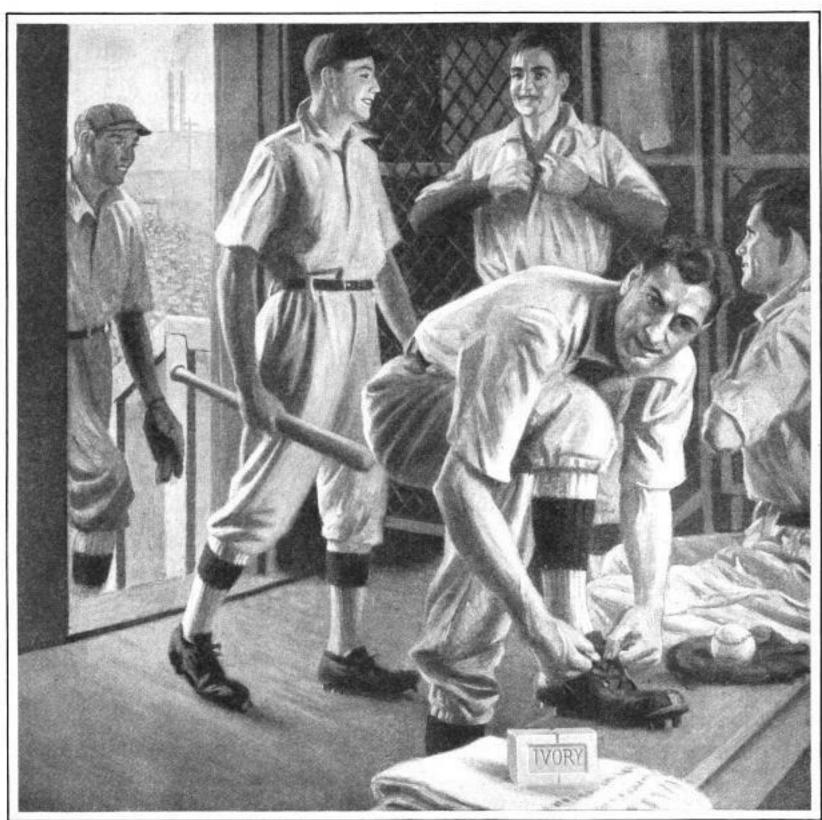
The BUDD—A "Nothing" suit—unlined, no-pad shoulders—an example of garment now much in vogue; easy, cool, comfortable, stylish. Coat—3-button, soft roll, patch pockets, full skeleton. Vest—"Athletic" style, full skeleton, or "Olympic", with extra large armholes to give greater ease in movements of arms and body. Trousers—medium width, with cuff about 25% above heel of shoe.

The POOLE—An ultra-smart model. Semi-English, single-breasted 3button, soft-roll front, semi-form fitting coat. Vest—6-button "Athletic", or "Olympic", as described above. Trousers—Same as "Budd."

# Society Brand Clothes

Made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn

Made for Canada, in Montreal, by Samuel Hart & Co.



The Sporting Editor reported it this way

or our boys came to bat in the last half of the ninth with the score tied. Brady fanned. Stimson walked. He went to second while Griggs was thrown out at first. Big Ed Barrows, looking beyond the pitcher to the club house in center field with its cooling shower, thought this a good time to end the day's toil and sent the first ball safely to right, bringing in sin Stimson with the winning run.

¶ Of course, the sporting editor thought that he was cracking a joke at Big Ed's expense when he confided to the fans the supposed motive power behind that hit to right. But there was more fact than fancy in his observation. Indeed, Ed saw with his mind's eye not only the refreshing shower but a big cake of Ivory Soap waiting to free his hot, chafing skin from the dust and sweat of the contest. ¶ Under these conditions could you blame him for spoiling an extra-inning game?





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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1914

Number 43

# THE FIRST YEAR

By William Jennings Bryan

Secretary of State

NE year of President Wilson's Administration is past and its record has been made. It has been a busy year. The first year of an administration is generally its busiest year, if it is the administration of a new president. The changes made in the personnel of the government are more numerous, and every incoming executive has new policies to inaugurate. The changes in the offices and in the policies are still more numerous when the new president represents a different party from that which controlled the former administration, and in the case of President Wilson the changes in both persons and policies were augmented by the fact that an opposing party had been in control for sixteen years. And as if this were not enough to absorb the executive thought and occupy his time, a special session of Congress was called in order that the work of reform might be commenced at once.

In the matter of appointments the President has demonstrated his purpose to make qualification for the work to be

the chief requirement; but he has not been unmindful of litral merit, where that has been found combined with fitness. he plus activity has been the formula used where the two mets have been found in an applicant.

in the very beginning he laid down a rule which enabled him to begin time—namely, that he would not personally see applicants ratio except when they were summoned before him. This not it is enabled him to reserve time for the consideration of public seres, but has saved him from the nerve-racking strain that those

Serid F. Houston

must endure who listen to earnest and often pathetic appeals, supported by a narration of services rendered or an account of pressing need for financial assistance. The refusal to see officeseekers, however, does not mean that he has delegated the appointing power to any one. While refusing to surrender the final decision in such

matters he has, as far as possible, followed custom and given weight to the recommendations of senators and members of the House.

lettibets of the House,



William J. Bryan

### A United and Harmonious Cabinet

THE "togetherness," as some have expressed it, of the present Cabinet has been a matter of favorable comment. The members were not selected as they usually are. The President did not pick out the states he thought ought to be represented in the Cabinet, and then consult with the political leaders of each state as to the availability of any particular man. Regarding the heads of the various departments as members of his official family, upon whom he was to rely for the development of his policies, he selected his Cabinet without regard to locality and according to his personal preference. He could not have chosen a more harmonious body. The men brought together in his consultation room, inspired by his own high purpose and wholehearted devotion to the work he has undertaken, not only have avoided friction, but have grown in each other's confidence and in the spirit of fellowship. The President has a rare combination of open-mindedness while a matter is under discussion, and independence when the time comes for action. The example he sets of firmness, frankness and forbearance has contributed powerfully to the unifying of the Cabinet in the support of the various measures that have been brought before Congress.

Some consternation was caused by the announcement that he would return to the custom that prevailed in the earlier days of reading his messages to Congress. Conservatism was shocked and the timorous were alarmed lest the Executive should overstep the limits of his office and unduly influence Congress. The fear disappeared, however, when he met the legislators face to face and in a spirit of comradeship invoked their cooperation in the fulfillment of the pledges made. No criticism has been heard since, and the restored custom quickly vindicated itself. His visits to the Capitol for purposes of consultation have also had a good effect and relations between the White House and Congress were never more cordial than now.

### Triumphant Leadership

THE tariff question was the first to test his power to organize the forces of his party in support of a given proposition.

He called into conference the members of the committees who were intrusted with the shaping of the bill for the reduction of import duties. He not only was one of the architects of the bill, but he acted as a "board of conciliation," harmonizing differences and adjusting demands. His plan, having worked well in the House, was applied in the Senate, where it also succeeded; and as a result the Democratic party was marshaled behind the best revenue measure that has been put upon the statute books in a generation. It was so good that it won Republican support and has commended itself to the Nation. The reduction in tariff rates is both substantial and equitable, and the income tax provisions are all that

could be desired.

It is fortunate for the country that
the constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax was adopted in
time to permit the embodiment of the
principle in the present tariff law, for
without it, it would have been unwise
to risk as much reduction as public

opinion demanded. The high rates of the income tax and its general acceptance indicate a most significant change in public opinion on economic questions. The effect of the new tariff law was largely discounted in advance of its enactment, and it went into operation without a jolt or jar, much to the relief of those who had faith in it and to the astonishment of those who were wedded to the policy of protection.

During the tariff fight the President learned of the lobby assembled in Washington for the purpose of obstructing the work of reduction, and promptly called attention to what was going on. Some of the protectionists thought to embarrass him by demanding an investigation of his charges, with the result that the lobby was scattered and the consideration of the tariff bill accelerated.

In the preparation of the currency bill the President followed the same plan that he adopted in dealing with the tariff question—that is, he conferred with the committeemen of the two houses and brought them together on the provisions of the measure. This was a greater triumph in leadership and in constructive ability than the victory won in the fight for tariff reduction. The opposition to tariff reform was almost entirely a Republican opposition, the Republican party having won over practically all the Democrats who were pecuniarily interested in the maintenance of a high tariff. In the matter of finance, however, a great many men prominently connected with the banking business are identified with the Democratic party, and



Prantilin K. Lane



these were able to bring a

strong influence to bear against the policy favored

by the President. Twice

during the course of the

discussion a concerted attack was made upon the

bill: first, through pres-

sure upon the business public, and second, by op-

position to the main fea-

tures while the bill was

in the Senate. When in the beginning of the fight

indications of stringency

were manifested simulta-

neously in different parts

L. M. Garrison

lowest price.

In the case of

government

ownership, it

is the desire of

the officials

representing

the public to

furnish the

consumer the

maximum of

benefit at a

minimum

charge. With-

out attempt-

ing to discuss

the relative

of the country, the Secretary of the Treasury, after consultation with the President, announced that the Treasury would furnish money to the various communities in such quantity as was needed to relieve the situation. This at once put the panic forces to rout and illustrated the merit of the plan by which the different sections of the country are brought into communication with Washington instead of Wall Street. The second attack was intended to force a demand for

one great central bank, or, if this

was impossible, to limit the re-

gional banks to four. The Pres-

ident promptly put an end to
this effort by his appeal to the Senate, and soon had an
opportunity to rejoice over the passage of the measure.
This bill enjoyed the distinction of securing a larger
Republican vote than was given to the tariff bill, and the
instant approval the measure has won from the country
proves the wisdom of the work of those who joined with
the President in securing currency reform.

The new currency law is a remarkable measure. The rights of the public are safeguarded, and at the same time the banks are put in a better position than they have ever been in before to furnish aid in an emergency. A bank, in order to secure government money, has heretofore been compelled to put up bonds; and to secure the bonds it had to pay out more money than it could possibly borrow on the bonds. This plan, though remunerative to the banks, because they could collect interest on the bonds while they loaned government money at a profit—money upon which until recently they paid no interest—did not put the banks in a position to help the community in time of distress.

### Competition to be Restored

THE new law, by authorizing the banks to borrow on the notes held by them, enabled them to bring new money into the community and thus increase the currency to meet temporary needs. This alone ought to win the favor of all the banks that are engaged in legitimate banking; and that the banks appreciate this advantage is shown by the fact that they have accepted the provisions of the bill almost without exception, in spite of the fact that many of them had declared their intention of going out of business when they were attempting to drive a bargain with the Government.

While the banks are rejoicing in the advantages conferred by the bill, the general public finds satisfaction in the vindication of the Government's right to issue the money and to control the banking business through government officials.

The state banks for the first time are permitted to enjoy on equal terms with national banks the favors extended by the Federal Government in times of emergency. This breaks the monopoly which the national banks have had and does justice to the state banks, which outnumber the national banks and share with the national banks the burdens of the business community. In its practical operation the chief merit of the new law is that it disintegrates the money power and ends the domination that the Wall Street financiers have exerted over the country. When New York was the only place to which the country banks could go for money, Wall Street opinion was accepted as law throughout the country. Now with eight or more sub-centers of finance, all dependent upon the Government for assistance and subject to the Government's direction, it will be impossible for a group of men in New York to coerce any section of the country. These two laws, dealing with two subjects of prime im-

These two laws, dealing with two subjects of prime importance, have been referred to in foreign lands as the two outstanding events of the year. The third subject taken up by the President for definite action was the trust question. The reduction in taxation levied on import duties, and the substitution of a direct income tax for a part of the taxation that was indirect—these constituted a paramount

duty. Currency reform was the connecting link between the tariff question and the trust question. The new system inaugurated was intended to supply the money needed for a larger business activity; and at the same time it freed the country from the financial despotism that had heretofore prevented any serious attempt at the overthrow of private monopoly.

Solong as a few men could dominate the industrial world, and create a panic if they were disturbed, men were afraid to incur the risk that affirmative action involved. But now that the scepter has passed from Wall Street it is possible to legislate on this subject without fear, and the President has undertaken a comprehensive scheme for the restoration of competition.

There are but two forces that can protect the purchasing public: One is competition; the other

is government ownership. In the
case of competition, the
self-interest
of rival producers is relied upon to
furnish the
c o n s u m e r
with the best
article at the



W. B. Wilson

merits of the
two systems, it is sufficient to say that there is
no middle ground between the two. There is
no disposition on the part of the general public
to undertake government ownership where
competition can exist. A large majority of
the people are individualists, and they favor
legislation necessary for the protection of competition because they believe that private
monopolies cannot be successfully controlled.
They know that it is folly to expect a private
monopoly to be benevolent in disposition. It is
as natural for the private monopoly to squeeze
the public as it is for the ferocious animal to
bite. They know, too, that efforts to regulate

private monopoly are futile, for the monopoly, profiting largely by the control of officials, cannot resist the temptation to elect those whose duty it is to control them, or to corrupt them, if possible, after election. The tribute paid by each individual, though aggregating a large sum, is so small that the citizen is not able to cope with the vigilant and sleepless beneficiary of privilege. To allow a monopoly to exist and then attempt to control it is like letting a burglar into the house and then staying awake to keep him from stealing. In the end the public prefers to rid itself of the nerve-racking effort to protect itself from organized greed.

The President, recognizing the importance of satisfactorily restraining and limiting a private monopoly,

plants himself upon solid ground when he declares that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. In taking this stand he is fortified by the fact that this declaration has been embodied in four national platforms of the party. It is the only rational doctrine on the trust question; it lays the ax at the root of the tree.

The restoration of competition is the object that those have in view who seek to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. The aim is to open the door of opportunity to the young men of the country by assuring them of the Government's protection while they build business success upon merit.

We produce and consume more than any similar population, and this is due, in part at least, to the fact that there is more hope in the heart of the average man in this country than is to be found in the hearts of people elsewhere. This hope of independence, hope of reward commensurate with effort and measured by the contribution that the individual makes to society, is the most valuable element in our industrial world. This hope, darkened and in many cases destroyed by combinations and trusts, is to be restored and vitalized when the plans of the President are realized. It is not possible to comprehend in a single message or even to calculate at this time all the legislation that may become necessary in the carrying out of the President's purposes, but he has suggested five steps that may with advantage be taken now: First, there is the prohibition of interlocking directorates. One of the favorite methods for the stifling of competition has been the electing of the same men to the managing boards of rival corporations. Men do not compete with themselves, neither do corporations, controlled by the same men, compete with each other. This custom is to be stopped, and none acquainted with present conditions will doubt that this will exert a most salutary influence on business.

#### Control of Security Issues

THE second remedy is to be found in the supervision of the issuance of stocks and bonds by corporations doing an interstate business. The interests of the stockholder, as well as the interests of the general public, demand this supervision. Remedies never come until after the people are convinced that disease exists. The investigations that have been made have convinced the people that the issuance of stocks and bonds has been used by promoters and Napoleons of finance for their own enrichment and for the swindling of the public. So long as the stocks and bonds

represent water instead of invested capital, so long will fluctuations be certain, and fluctuations injuriously affect those who hold stocks and bonds for investment. The interest of the general public in this supervision of issues is found in the fact that, when once issued, these fictitious representatives of value are made the basis of a demand for excessive tolls and charges. The sympathy bestowed upon the innocent purchaser is turned to the advantage of the promoter and the manipulator.

The third measure proposed by the President for dealing with the trust



A. J. Burleson

question is intended to define a trust, and to mark the limits beyond which a corporation cannot go toward the monopolizing of the market. The interpretation placed upon the Sherman Anti-Trust Act by the Supreme

> (Continued on Page 77)



William C. Redfield

# THE WIRELESS CONFESSION

N THE last Sunday of an exceptionally hot June the Reverend Doctor Morton, suffering, Christianlike, from overwork and underpay, or, if you prefer, overworry and underfeeding, fainted in his pulpit as he had nearly finished one of his nice, gentle sermons. Everybody thereupon made the same remark. This often happens among people who share the same beliefs in the kindness of the Deity. They all said it was lucky Doctor Morton collapsed just as vacation time was commencing. They, of course, also said they would do their duty. They did. They instantly began to talk about giving him a little extra money so he could go away. In order that neither the congregation nor the pastor might have any doubts as to this kindly deed being charity, they talked in public about the donation and the vacation. After discussing whether a trip to the Yellowstone was not better than one to Switzerland, besides being cheaper, they compromised by giving him one hundred dollars in cash. This left him free to go anywhere, excepting Switzerland or the Yellowstone. The growth of factions in the congregation was thereby prevented.

The old clergyman had fed a family of three healthy sons on his salary of one thousand dollars a year and had clothed them with the fees he received for marrying people. These three sons had even gone to college. John, the oldest, after getting his B. A., had gone to the law school, and was ready to accept a position as office boy in some city law firm. James had finished his fourth year at the medical school and had been lucky enough to secure an appoint-

ment as interne at the hospital, and Paul had finished his sophomore year at electrical engineering and hated it.

Fortunately the boys were at home when the old clergyman's collapse came on. They stood by his bedside when Doctor Emmons, the town's most competent physician, came. Doctor Emmons was very fond of the clergyman. The clergyman's sons called him Uncle Jim.

The physician of bodies felt the pulse of the physician of souls, raised his eyebrows and asked perfunctorily:

"No pain?"

No, James."

"H'm!" muttered Doctor Emmons. The Morton boys Istened attentively, for the old physician had a habit of dagnosing aloud. "Mine mule! Two-legged! Worn out! Fine specimen to pickle in alcohol for permanent exhibition westry, labeled: "Christian. Typical Case."

The old clergyman smiled feebly. "James," he said,

"I named Jimmy after you. Don't make me regret that I made him study your profession. If it is going to make

"Be reassured, reverend sir; medicine is worse even than the Christian ministry. If it's martyrdom you crave for him he'll get it. He'll spend long stretches of time in the houses of patients waiting, waiting alike for people to die and for people to be born. You don't get paid for waiting, but you can become a Shaksperean scholar."

The physician began to write a prescription. The tlergyman turned to his sons and said:

"Boys, while I still can talk, I ask you to remember all your lives, in case I-I-in case I should

"You won't this time, Tom," cut in Doctor Emmons: "so kindly spare your own tears over your untimely

"I'm not so strong as you think," murmured the old degyman, "and I feel so tired, so tired!"

His eyes closed. The three boys bent over him anxiously. The old man opened his eyes and smiled at them-reassuringly, as he thought, but it made them gulp.

"John, I think you will be a-a careful lawyer. fend always the right -

"Don't you do it, John," interrupted Doctor Emmons. "It is not your duty to starve to death; and, besides, how in blazes are you going to tell who is right? You go to work and acquire a practice first. That's bread. If you must pick and choose later, pick out good butter."

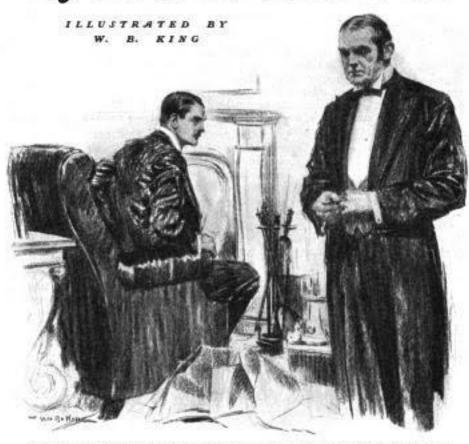
"Father, I'll never take any case I know to be wrong," promised John with the overpowering solemnity of twenty-three years.

"And you, James -" began Doctor Morton.

"He also will be poor," volunteered Doctor Emmons. 'He will have all his own practice, and mine if he wants it. It isn't worth much."

"Thank you, Uncle Jim," said Jimmy gratefully.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE



The Dread of Being Alone Made the Banker See the Human Being in the Domestic

"I also thank you, James," said old Doctor Morton. "Jimmy, learn to be like him, but don't talk the way he does to hide his big heart -

"I order you to be silent," gruffly interrupted Doctor

"And you, Paul ---"

"Don't you worry about me!" said Paul hastily but decisively. He was nineteen.

"My son, I do worry. I fear -

"You needn't. I know what I am going to do. I don't know just how I am going to do it, but that, after all, will depend upon what chance I get."

What are you going to do, Paul?" asked Doctor Emmons, obviously to distract the sick man.

"I intend to make a million dollars!"

"My boy! My boy!" The old man's voice so plainly showed distress that Paul hastened to say reassuringly:

"If it can be made honestly I am going to make it. And I'm not going to give up trying until I've made it. What has your life been? It's bad enough to have to worry over the troubles of a congregation at the rate of about twelve cents per annum per trouble. But to worry about food and clothes! Your worries were mother's worries, and they killed her. I propose to make a million dollars as quickly as I can, and you are going to live to enjoy it.'

"My son, I -

"And to teach me," went on Paul very quickly, "to use my fortune worthily and do good to those who need financial help."

Doctor Emmons laughed and said:

"Well, Tom, you know Mary's grandfather was a banker. I'll keep you on top of the ground for some years. But, Paul, you hurry up just the same."

"I'll make it in less time than you think," said Paul defiantly, boylike suspecting that his talk was not taken very seriously.

"By wishing to make it; by wishing it with all my head and all my heart. That always does it, doesn't it?

"Not always," contradicted Doctor Emmons. Barring death, always!" said Paul, so firmly Doctor Emmons turned to the sick man and said:

"I believe he'll do it, Tom!"
"I hope not," retorted the sick man with deep sincerity.
"Tut, tut!" chided Doctor Emmons. "I tell you it'll do him good," just as if making a million were medicine. "Now, boys, get out and don't let anybody see him. They might want to sympathize with him, and he's had the sympathy of his congregation too long."

"But, James -

"Well, if any fellow-Christians come and you see in their eyes the unquenchable hope that your father is dying, you might deprive them of the joy of hearing his last words free of charge by telling them he's got smallpox. Clear out, all of you. You will eat at my house until I change the treatment. You know my meal hours, boys."

The old clergyman did not die then. He died two years later, when his congregation superseded him by a younger soul-saver and generously made Doctor Morton pastor emeritus. In view of the Latinity of the title they felt constrained to give him five hundred dollars in a lump. They knew he couldn't live very long. Besides, the old man had three grown sons.

The sons did as they had promised. John was not brilliant. He was a plodder and, moreover, did not believe in taking tainted cases; so he had to leave the highly reputable firms for which he worked. He went into business for himself. He made a living and was neither popular nor unpopular, neither respected nor ridiculed on account of his honesty. So few people knew him at all that they couldn't know he was honest.

James, good-natured and cheery, patterning himself after Doctor Emmons, made a good practitioner. He did a very good business, and some years, with the aid of threats of lawsuits, he collected fully sixty per cent of what was owing to him.

Paul went to the city, looked round and decided that the way to make money was to have something or somebody work for you while you worked your brain. To have men work for you has all the disadvantages that any large employer of labor will cheerfully enumerate for you whenever you have a couple of years to spare to listen in. Therefore he decided to make money by the simple process of letting money make it for

him. He studied money and its habits. This led him

straight into the Marshall National Bank.

He worked very hard and very conscientiously. He had one flash of inspiration. One is all any man needs in his lifetime. He decided that to make a success of his own life he must be famous for something, must identify himself with one thing. He ingeniously resolved to be known as the man who never made mistakes. He saw clearly that one of the things a bank must not make is errors. He talked about the sin of making mistakes even to the president. And so within three years they took him at his own valuation and made him teller. He worked hard; trained incessantly, as it were, for infallibility; took his work home and practiced, practiced, practiced until he couldn't make a mistake. And even while he was a teller he trained for cashier. And so they made him assistant cashier, and he was so good at it that they felt proud of their own discernment and made him cashier, and finally, at thirty-eight, vice-president of the bank-the man who never made mistakes! But now that he had to deal with men instead of figures he subtly revised his slogan. He called it: The sin of making avoidable mistakes! And he cleverly hedged by adding: "Any man may fool me once!"

He became cautious on principle, careful by force of habit, suspicious by reason of his environment. But worst of all he began to take the exaggerated view of the importance of having money that all people take when they have money to lose. He developed a habit of trying to regulate his own life, to govern it, checkbook in hand. Even in his family affairs, instead of visiting his brothers at Christmas, he sent to his nieces and nephews each a check for one hundred dollars, making seven hundred in all.

At forty he had made his million and vaguely thought he ought to marry. And as he studied his own fitness for marriage, he perceived that he had been for years in a business in which nothing was left to the imagination, but everything given precisely, to the hundredth of a dollar, in which he did not deal with men but with customers. He trusted only people who signed their names to documents. His associates were human beings, to be sure, but they might as well have been labeled No. 87 or 16D as baptized John Henry Brown or William P. Jones. It was a souldesiccating environment, and this careful man who never made mistakes realized that he should not treat a wife as he would an honest merchant or a stock-exchange borrower.

He therefore decided to train for the married life as he had for other positions—he must first humanize himself. He would do so by learning to spend money.

So he began by spending one-third of his income; and then, after a great effort, one-half; then seven-eighths of it. But he accomplished this by cheating himself-richman-fashion-by buying a house and choice furniture and very good paintings, which should have been charged to capital account instead of to expenditures.

At forty-two he had a nice home and was becoming used to spending money without pain.

Of course, he had been a money-maker for twenty years! His acquaintances were all people to whom money meant pretty much what it meant to him. It was among them that he looked for the girl. He knew that after he found her he must fall in love with her, and that only then should he marry her. In considering all the phases of it he filled himself with the vehement passion of a man doing a mathematical problem.

He found her. It was not difficult. He was known to be a millionaire and he was not known to be forty-two, for he looked five-and-thirty at the most. Being well was a profitable habit. He had husbanded his health as he had saved his earnings. He had a pleasant smile, which, though it did not strike heartward more than one-fifteenth of an inch, nevertheless made him look like his mother, who was the most lovable of women. Then there was in his eyes a look

of alertness that was as impressive as sharpness. without the disagreeable quality you find in the eyes of those money-making men who suspect all other men of being thieves and all thieves of being murderers.

And as for falling in love, he knew that all men whose judgment he respected did it. And this girl was very beautiful and very worthy of being loved.

It was only after they were engaged, and indeed after he was madly in love with her, that the man who did not make mistakes learned that her father, instead of leaving his family several millions, had barely left them enough to live on in outward decency. But he mathematically demonstrated to his own satisfaction that her poverty clearly proved that he loved ber. Indeed, one of the blessings of a Providence always kind to young-well, relatively youngbankers is that they are permitted to marry beautiful girls to whom they can give ever so many beautiful things.

He would rather not marry at all than buy a wife! That was obviously the most egregious of all mistakes. She did not even try to resist his suit. Had he not been in love he probably would have called her a human orchid, one of those ornamental feminine parasites that like

even their emotions ready-made and, as it were, predigested. She was indeed young and beautiful, with that useless, illusory, wholly artificial beauty that is both described and damned by the word dainty. The barbarian gazes with awe upon the frail crystal goblet and worships its fragile beauty because it is fragile. All men in their first love are children and all children are born barbarians. But there comes the time when you don't want a dainty mother of big healthy babies!

He married her. He soon discovered that falling in love was quite unlike making money. There is a certain definiteness about making money: you do certain things and leave undone certain other things; and the reason you do and the reason you don't is one and the same—to make money. And all the things you do in money-making consist, like everything else in life, of both giving and taking, but your gifts and your takings can be measured with dollars and you must always take more than you give.

But in loving there were no set rules, no definite plan of conduct. To begin with, there were so many ways of loving that Paul spent hours every day hoping he might live long enough to love in all the ways possible. The business of loving was the business of giving, never of taking. To give to her was to give to himself the pleasure of giving to her! Therefore he treated love like a wonderful beverage, to intoxicate himself with. The more he drank, the more he craved. The more he gave, the more he wished to give.

He did not desire a helpmate, because he was a selfreliant, aggressive man, who, moreover, had reached an age at which his social likes and prejudices had definitely crystallized. She was his first sweetheart, what harmony is to the musician and color to the painter. He really lived only when he loved her. He surrounded her with the adult toys, the over-refinements of luxury and intricate mechanical conveniences that attend the transformation of a democracy into a plutocracy.

Far more carefully than the money markets or the business outlook this banker now studied ways and means of pleasing this girl. He eliminated all necessity of her ever asking by giving in advance. He sharpened his inventiveness by anticipating her needs. He interested her in hobbies, merely that he might gratify them!

At his desk in the bank he kept an exquisitely painted miniature of her and in a little silver vase always fresh flowers-a boy-lover's devotional demonstrativeness. He confessed to her portrait things he dared not tell her in person, for her delicate exquisiteness made him tremble. Whenever he passed the tips of his lingers over the smooth ers over the smooth cheeks he did not say to her that flower-petals, that her blood m and flesh but -leaves, that her soul made itself fe odors! He did not tell her. He

That is precisely why this money-maker, accustomed to the deference of the less rich and the ingratiating smiles of thousands of money-borrowers, felt a very pauper before a girl who had no views on life, no experience of the demand and supply of money and what men do because of them, no fixed opinions on anything. He could see no reason why she should love him! To youth love brings its overpowering selfishness, but to middle-age it brings its subtle humility, because where twenty craves action forty yearns

And in the same topsy-turvying way love made him an optimist by sheer force of pessimism. Humanity became very nice after his marriage. He saw only lovable traits in all men under thirty-five, and he felt a profound gratitude toward all men who were nice enough to be over fifty and, therefore, not dangerous.

What a man of over forty gets who has married a girl of under twenty is not a wife but a treasure—to gloat over and

"I Could See From the First That You Were Not in Love With Me"

> fear for until the jealous, sleepless care of the treasure comes to be life itself for him!

Nearly a year had passed since their wedding when the first blow fell: Mrs. Morton's only sister, suddenly taken ill in London, cabled for Anne. The physicians' cable made Mrs. Morton decide to sail at once. Paul could not go with her. The annual meetings of several corporations of which he was a director were near at hand, and there were other strong business reasons why he should not leave New York. His loyalty to his associates put it out of the question for him not to do his duty. But he understood at last why intelligent men retire from business, since the hardest chains of all to break are those of solid gold. He could refuse her nothing. He said she could go. He loved her.

It was their first separation. In the daytime in his office the miniature of her cheered him with the old implied promise of reunion at the close of day. But at home the moment he crossed his threshold gloom descended. The house was a burial-crypt. The silence maddened with its ten thousand sinister meanings; the emptiness appalled. It made the halls not only cheerless but huge, like warehouse corridors. In the dining room the consciousness of her non-being took on an unearthly character. He was filled with an uncanny expectancy—as of seeing her because she was not there!

He did not, however, dream of escaping any of the exquisite subtleties of suffering inflicted by her absence. He preferred to be unhappy in her house than try to forget her at his club.

He therefore was dining at home alone.

The English butler looked on superciliously. Why should a millionaire eat as though he had a train to catch? And even if there had been a train to catch, what was the use of being a millionaire if you couldn't make the train wait until you saw fit to take it?

Paul Morton refused dessert, rose and told the butler to take the coffee to the library.

"Very good, sir," said the butler coldly.

Paul wished to sit in an easychair before a cannel-coal fire and look at a map of the Atlantic Ocean above the mantelshelf. A black-headed thumbtack near the Banks

represented the Atlantis, on which Mrs. Paul Morto sailed for Liverpool. Twice a day he heard from h wireless, in the morning at the office and in the even home. She gave him the latitude and longitude and assurance of the state of her health.

She had been on the ocean fifty-nine hours! He : her so poignantly that he felt his longing go from I psychic waves. At times he thought she must recei soul's wireless messages!

It must be at least ten o'clock on the Atlantis. asleep? Possibly she was playing cards, or talking fellow-passenger; or, worst of all, listening to F

He bit his lip and stared at the fire gloo. reproached himself for fostering suspicions that in her heart and his head.

He even tried to argue himself out of his feeli jealousy, which is to attempt the impossible.

In his search of rehabilitating excuses he merel ceeded in making the vision of her lose its sharp: outline and its vividness of color. But, on the other he became conscious of her nearness most curiously. and again he half rose from his chair, as though he f beside him or behind him, as if she were coming it room, walking toward him. He even thought he f draft of air caused by her passage through the root

He reproached himself for disloyalty to her in t was allowing the strain of the stockholders' fight control of the bank downtown to disturb him in her

Suddenly he shivered, for no reason whatever, a inward trembling, as though his soul were shakin

was sure that if he sweated it would water. He rang the bell.

"Bring me some Scotch whisky," he t servant. He drew the easychair close to t braced his feet against the bars and ker there until the smell of burning leather him move away from the hearth.

The servant returned with a tray. 1 took a stiff drink of raw whisky and back in his easychair.

"Shall I leave it, sir?" "Yes, on the table. There!" "Yes, sir. Very good, sir!"

The moment the man turned to g Morton realized that he did not wish alone. To him the servants had neve men or women but furnishings, like the c or the rugs. They always felt themsel humanized in his presence and they him, for he had established them on a I eternal inferiority. The faculty of others feel that way belongs to the true crat and to all military leaders.

But now the dread of being in this coz; alone with the cheerful fire that could no

ailing souls stop shivering, made the banker see the being in the domestic.

"Wait, James!" he said before he knew it; ar cudgeled his brain to think of what to say to th whose name was James. Or was it the man's pred whose name was James?

"What is your full name?" inquired Paul M having found the excuse.

"My full name, sir?" repeated James uncomfo He looked like a man caught in a trap. "Yes."

"Charles Edward Bolton, sir," confessed James. "Oh! Charles, is it?"

"Ye-yes, sir."
"H'm!" muttered Morton. Immediately the quaking and shivering returned. He thought hi must be shaking. He held it before him, the finge spread. It was absolutely steady. He felt hot a: at once and, withal, not ill.

"James! I mean Charles! Ah—wait there. I feeling well. I ——" He stopped talking. He felt were smothering for all that his breath came and we normal regularity.

"Yes, sir. Shall I telephone for the doctor, sir?" Charles. He looked as if he feared to be blamed master's indisposition.

"No! I-I - No!" said Paul Morton. H and presently began to pace up and down the roo felt as though he had walked twenty-five miles. time to time he caught his breath sharply, sugaspingly. His wife's ghost had vanished from the He was not now thinking of her.

"You may go, Charles. If I need anything I'll "Yes, sir. Very good, sir," the man said with . relief. Nevertheless he waited.

"I'm better," said Paul Morton and smiled reassu He felt grateful to the stolid Englishman for his sol And the stolid Englishman blushed at the master' ness as one blushes at being overpraised in public.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir. You-I-yes, si stammered. "Do I look ill?" asked Paul Morton curiously.

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"No, sir, not exactly ill, sir," answered Charles hastily. "How then?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, as if you were frightened,

sir. Or," he added after a pause, "angry."
"I am all right now!" Morton nodded dismissingly, and legan to pace up and down the room after the servant left. He again took an inventory of himself to account for his malaise. But he could not hit upon the precise trouble. Age, which explains so many inexplicable things, is the last hypothesis to occur to a man who has married a woman twenty years younger than himself.

Suddenly there came a knock-faint, uncertain, ominous. Paul Morton felt himself grow cold all over. His legs

bent under him.

"Come!" he said; but the word sounded so faint to his own ears that he repeated more loudly: "Come!"

The door opened. The butler entered. He had a silver eardtray in his hand. "Cablegram, sir."

With a hand that shook Paul Morton took the marconigram from the tray. The butler's eyes were fixed on the master's trembling fingers with the curiosity of a man trying to see a compromising situation through a keyhole.

"No answer!" said Morton irritably. He wished to be alone. The butler left the room. On his face was the look of a man foiled at the last minute.

Paul Morton opened the envelope and read:

S. S. ATLANTIS. At Sea, Feb. 25. PAUL MORTON, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Ship sinking collision explosion have given wireless oper-stor emerald necklace if rescued do nothing last message to you forgive me full confession in third drawer.

Paul Morton slowly clenched and unclenched his hand six times.

He was alive.

His wits came back. Crises always made him calm. He now went over the marconigram carefully.

The ship was sinking. There had been a collision. It was followed by an explosion. In the confusion the wireless operator obviously refused ordinary messages. She had not much currency with her-enough for gratuities to the steamer servants—and her letter of credit was of no use in the emergency. She bribed the Marconi man by giving him the famous emerald necklace for which Paul Morton had delightedly paid eighty-five thousand dollars. She had kept her wits about her!

And what was the message? She asked for forgiveness. What had she done that needed his forgiveness, that made

ber ask for it with her last breath?

And farther on the word confession! Preceded by the prayer for forgiveness, it could mean only one thingguilt! Of what was she guilty, that exquisite creature fashioned of petals, with blood of liquefied rose-leaves? His wife, his life, his everything-in-life, asking for forgiveness, speaking about a full confession -

He heard hoarse shouting in the street.

"Extry! Extry! Extry!"

He rang the bell and, without waiting for the servant to answer, went out into the hall, threw a coin down the stairs and shouted: "Get me the extra. Hurry! The man is passing the house."



"I Propose to Make a Million Dollars, and You are Going to Live to Enjoy It"

the Fürst Bulow, of the German-American Line, had received a call for help from the Atlantis, which reported having been struck amidships by a strange steamer. An explosion had blown in some of the bulkheads. The engine room was rapidly flooding and the ship was sinking. There was no disorder among the passengers, who were fortunately few in number. They were taking to the boats. The message abruptly ended, probably due to stop-page of dynamo. The Fürst Bülow was rushing to the scene of disaster, but feared the worst by reason of the high sea running, the strong winds and the extremely low temperature prevailing.

There followed a description of the ship; quotations from the Bonnard Company's circulars declaring the Atlantis to be the last word in ship construction and practically unsinkable; the list of the first and second cabin passengers and of the officers.

Among the latter was that of the wireless operator. When he read that name Paul Morton felt as if an icicle had pierced his heart-it was Robert MacGregor! Who but a Scotchman would calmly think of a life of ease in the face of death, of the uses of eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of emeralds in the event of escape?

Paul Morton never knew how he lived through that night. He was numbed by the blow. He could no more readjust himself to the new conditions than can a man to the loss of both arms. What overwhelmed him was the amputation of that part of his soul that he was happy with. He had lost the ability to love out his love, to squander affection!

His concern was with himself, with his own loss, not with her death!

In the days that followed the servants tiptoed their way bout the empty house and would not look him in the face. They spoke in whispers; never a door slammed; the shades were drawn, just as though she were in the drawing room in her coffin lying on banks of rare flowers. Presently the steamship people gave up hope. Friends, associates, acquaintances-all were very nice to him. Even the newspapers respected his grief. But in all the well-meant words of sympathy and in the far more expressive silences never a hint or a look to show that the world suspected he had not even the solace of his memory of her! But for that wireless message he might have lived on, an elderly man of affairs humanized by his love, made kindly by the remembrance of her brief sojourn in this world before she left him, to wait for him! But that message, that prayer for forgiveness, that daggerstab in the very heart of his love of loves-the word confession!

Outwardly he bore his loss like a gentleman; he was slightly paler, slightly more deliberate, a trifle more consciously impassive. But within him raged tempests that shook him to his inmost soul. Doubt ran amuck and stabbed, stabbed! Was she worthy of being mourned? Was it some schoolgirl prank, exaggerated by her purity



intoblack guilt, that she would confess? Was it some boyand-girl affair that she had allowed to persist? And then he thought of her, in her slim youthfulness, struggling in the Atlantic gale, freezing, drowning, this beautiful child-and he could find her guilty of nothing, unless it was of the right to be pitied!

He could not at first bring himself to formulate an accusation against her. But gradually, in the pathetic fever-

ishness of his search for solace, he began to fling the mud of jealous suspicions at her character, until, grown half-mad, he definitely accused her; anesthetized his sense of decency, and began his search of all the third drawers in that haunted house-like a thief, that nobody might discover him; like a coward, that no one else might learn the shameful truth! He ceased going to the office in the forenoon, to search more assiduously; sent his housekeeper away on a short vacation that he might search unsuspected and unhampered; and still trying to save the last shriveling shred of self-respect, he argued that certainty would be wisdom, for if he knew that she was unworthy he would not have to grieve! He invested his search with something of the character of a consumptive's trip West. To have been spared the necessity of divorce proceedings, to have escaped the humiliation of hearing the world's vile chuckles, was no small boon—if only he knew definitely.

He searched carefully, methodically. He looked first in the third drawers; and then in all drawers; and then in all places wherein a sheet of paper might have been hidden. At times there were reactions and he abandoned himself to his original sorrow. But the poison had entered; he could not think of her as guiltless. And the struggle left its traces on his face, in his eyes, in his very gait and in his habits of work, so that his associates feared to comfort him lest they might unwittingly intensify the strain to the

breaking point!

He could not help thinking of her as too exquisitely delicate for certain kinds of guilt. Most women and all wives are capable of deception, but not necessarily of crime. He could not know the strength of her resistance to temptation because he had persisted in keeping her a doll; but he knew her hatred of vulgarity. If she were alive and guiltless he felt he could not kiss her, after the depths of degradation into which his jealous suspicions had made him sink!

Still there were her own words, vouchsafed at a time and under circumstances which precluded falsehood. This child, in the face of a terrible death, had thought of him

to the very last, had asked to be forgiven even as the Atlantic yawned for her. Had he forgiven the dead woman who had been so much to him? "I wish I could! I wish I could!" he cried

aloud in his despair.

But he couldn't as long as he didn't know. Presently a knock sounded. Evidently some servant had heard him speak and imagined he was calling.

"Come in!" he said.

Charles entered.

"Telegram, sir!" he said softly.
"Damn it!" said Paul Morton irritably.

"I thought it might be important, sir," meekly apologized the servant.

"You did well to bring it, Charles," said Paul Morton. "I thank you."

He opened the message and read:

GLOUCESTER, MASS., March 3.

PAUL MORTON. Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Picked up by schooner Mary R. Brennan. Leaving immediately. Expect to arrive New York eleven fifteen A. M. tomorrow.

He stared at the yellow sheet with eyes that no longer saw words; that instead beheld a slim girl of twenty with two skies for eyes and roseleaves for blood and flower-petals for cheeks, a girl three hundred miles north of New York. What- When-How-

"Good Lord!" he muttered.

"Mr. Morton, sir! Mr. Morton!" said Charles in alarm.

'It's Mrs. Morton! Saved!" he gasped. "Oh! Ah! Yes, sir! Mrs. Morton!" in turn gasped the servant.

(Continued on Page 48)

# A KING AMONG KING



THE king we tell of was not born to his purple; neither did he achieve it. Rather was it thrust on him by careless hands in the large, lavish days of the old

By Harry Leon Wilson

California. Johnny Hogaboom, of humble birth and without hope of temporal grandeur, had been a sprightly unit of the throng that surged over the mountains in the yellow fifties to gather gold from the breasts of the hills and the sand of the creekbeds; but Johnny, it soon developed, had too little of the gambler's temperament to be a miner.

He was young and strong, and ardent for the new life that flowed about him in such generous contrast to that of his New England upbringing, but the haphazard hunt for gold was repellent to all his orderly instincts; for in this blind hunting, industry was not inevitably rewarded the prizes went too often to mere singing, carefree, lazy luck. The game went too much by chance; and Johnny, who was not singing or carefree or lazy, and who considered Luck a hussy, bestowing her favors by caprice, craved a calling where he could be sure of a day's pay for a day's work.

And so, forever proscribing gold as a yellow wanton, Johnny hit on a manner of hunting that was less fortuitous. At a point where the ranks of the goldseekers filed down out of the mountains lusting for fresh meat he hunted the deer and the elk. There was nothing of romance about it—no flavor of the wild, free forest sport; it was a thing of prosaic routine. He would ride into the hills, leading a packhorse or two, and from the populous herds there he killed as many deer or elk as he could pack in to Webber's Landing in a day.

Indeed it was hardly skilled labor, and it was at all times tedious; but Johnny knew each day what his net profits would be—his foundations were firm, his results certain, his satisfaction mild but unalloyed. He supposed that sometime he would find pleasanter work; but he worried not at all about this. When it came he would take it.

Even in that early day he often suspected that this new work might have to do with the soil. On that first spring morning when he beheld the far-flowing reaches of the San Joaquin Valley he had been oppressed by a sense of wastefulness. He saw a wideflung garden of flowers and verdure in which cattle grazed. The grass and the clover grew hub-high about the lumbering oxcarts of the Spanish rancheros, but the land was giving back only a thousandth part of its potential value; and Johnny's thrifty soul even then was vaguely affronted. The careless Spaniards were wasters.

"They only make a picnic ground of it," complained Johnny as he rode out for his meat. Then ominously: "Some day the Americans will take that land and show them what to do with it."

And the wave had started that was to lift Johnny to his throne. When the founder of the city of Stockton was beneficently allotting several hundred thousand acres of the richest land in the new state he suddenly bethought him of the hard-working young hunter who brought in the fresh meat with such unfailing regularity.

"And Johnny Hogaboom might as well have some of that land," he mused. "He ought to be having a nice little home one of these days—about five thousand acres, I should think, for Johnny."

In this airy fashion was Johnny's domain confihim. To be sure, the gift was not considered did young Johnny Hogaboom experience at elation in accepting it. He took it, of course he might have taken a box of cigars from I

storekeeper, at Christmastime. The following week he returned the courtesy by leaving at the door of his benefactor a tender yearling buck of an amiable succulence. Johnny felt that they were quits then. For that matter, so did the landgiver.

And the new proprietor forgot about his land for a number of years. It continued to blossom, a beauteous and wasteful flower garden, while Johnny applied his industrious hands to several of the simpler crafts; but when he did chance to remember them the fat acres were a real satisfaction to him. Their mere spaciousness was satisfying, especially when he remembered the little rocky-hilled Vermont farm of a pitiful hundred acres or so, from which his father had tortured a precarious livelihood; but during those early years the charm of his domain lay entirely in its effectiveness as a spectacle. It was good to look at and to think about—but one had to work at other things. Johnny was land poor.

Then came the amazing day of wheat. Magically, as it seemed, the whole San Joaquin Valley threw off its cloak of blossoms and became one billowy sea of grain. As Johnny had once foretold, the Americans had shown the Spaniards what to do with the land; and Johnny's five thousand acres became the Waterloo Ranch. He happened to like the name. And in the fullness of time Johnny himself became a wheat king.

Of his rise and of the gracious middle years of his reign little need be told. He wore his honors lightly and yet with an increasing and very serious devotion to the cause of wheat. He held wheat as he would have held his religion had he been burdened with one—he had left his in New England, with the small, rock-hilled farm of his father. The new state's destiny was wheat and Johnny Hogaboom, of the Waterloo, was its zealous high priest.

So engrossed was he by the cares of state that he did not marry until he was thirty-five—and then merely as an afterthought. He formed an alliance with a wheat princess

alliance with a wheat princess of a neighboring dynasty who bore him a son. And Johnny forgot about wheat and his relation to it only to the extent of planning that his heir should also grow wheat—and nothing but wheat—in all the years to come.

The crown prince was taught at school that the principal products of California are gold, wheat, wine and wool; but at home he was taught by his father that the gold, wine and wool should be thought little of—that wheat alone was the state's cause for being. When his father returned from business trips to San Francisco he almost always brought a newspaper with him, in which

that "John Hogaboom, eat King of the San quin Valley, is in town a few days, and is registered a
Palace." The
prince though
fine thing t
father should a
palace in that d
city.

This, howeve all in the good before the que passed at the er dry year, and the little crown had followed the end of a dry year; in tru fore they had l to speak of dry assomething to pected in the c processes of th sons. No evil had been ut against Joh

chosen staple; nor had any shrewd and impious for suggested that the soil of the valley was too rich humble a crop as wheat. Johnny enjoyed those to the full. His money went as it came. Desp ancestry, he was never a saver. The careless genero the land itself had beguiled him into an openhand that would have rudely shocked his pinch-penny for

Nor was Johnny perturbed when his brother mobegan here and there to abdicate—some under expressure; others voluntarily and at great profit. It the later day, when the newspapers proclaimed "John Hogaboom, last of the Wheat Kings," John still undismayed—and at last, it must be confessed than a little proud of his title. He felt no alarm. It seemed to him that of all the wheat kings he hafittest to survive. With increasing droughts he is more and more stubbornly a wheat king. And then bad years he was actually forced to sell random acrothe remote frontiers of his domain; but he swore he die planting wheat.

Perhaps the curtain should descend briefly wi imagine that something like half a century has e As aiding this feat, we may note that in 1900 John boom was arrested and fined fifty dollars for killing out of season—even a deer he had been obliged three days over a mountain trail to find.

Hogaboom had met with advercities, but not or came to him with the shock of this.



The Crown Prince Thought it a Fine Thing That His Father Should Have a Palace in That Distant City

The curtain rising again reveals the house and outbuildings of the Waterloo Ranch; but these are now in a state of squalid neglect. The house of weathered gray is battered and pathetically patched here and there, where its grandeur has succumbed. The enormous barn—last of those glorious wheat barns in the valley—is well-nigh denuded of shingles, and seems in its decrepitude about to collapse.

The débâcle had not come with fanfare, onslaught and clash of arms. It had been a thing of slow, insidious eating away, hardly to be detected from year to year. Yet it had come decisively and Johnny Hogaboom was but a harried serf. Some dethroned monarchs are impressive—some are cruelly picturesque; but the dethroned wheat king, amid the ruins of his kingdom, was all but ignoble. In determination only was he still kingly. His figure retained at seventy-six the suppleness of youth; he was spare and straight, with his white-maned old head well up.

He stood at his doorway in the fading light of a December afternoon, gazing with a sickened wonder out over the Waterloo Ranch—he could see all of it now. Without efort his eyes could trace its farthest confines, for there was little left of his domain save a name that had become all too eloquent. To be precise, there remained a hundred acres of the lordly five thousand. The ranch had very simply and crudely consumed itself. In driblets of five, ten, twenty, fifty acres, those fields had been eaten away from him in the bad dry years—insignificant tracts, surely never to be missed from that wondrous total.

The droughts had persisted, the hungry years had massed themselves on him, and the steady drain had told; but in all those years, though his frontiers were canningly creeping up to choke him, the king had stayed stubborn to the voice and precepts of the new day. Other wheat kings had capitulated—planting fruit or crops that could be irrigated, or selling their lands handsomely to those who would do this.

Captain Webber's Ranch was now the site of the valley metropolis and its suburbs. Jacob Kettler's Ranch was the Tokay Syndicate's vineyard, and Kettler's heirs were globetrotters, social aspirants. alcoholics, and what not. John Hogaboom had repulsed fortunes of this sort a dozen times. He had not sold land when he could, which would have made him rich, but when he must-when the store had declined to let his bill run longer. He had sold just enough land for just enough money to plant more wheat.

And the dreadful and humiliating worst of it was that Johnny's land had, acre by acre, gone to despised aliens—Italians, Swiss, Japanese, Chinese. These hordes had crowded

in on him, edging ever closer to the old ranch house; transforming his beloved wheatfields into what seemed to him to be the old flower garden of the lazy Spaniards—orchard and vineyard and piffling truckpatch. The aliens had invaded his kingdom with an intensive farming that does not come out of books, but is painfully acquired through centuries of land poverty.

He remembered now when the first amazing orchard had sprung into life on one of his quarter sections—the price of it going into a wheat crop that was never harvested. Slowly then the astute Japanese had hemmed him in with acres of the Tokay grapes that brought fabulous prices in New York; yard by yard the patient Chinese had encroached on him with their garden tracts; and the thrifty Italians had crept to his very door with their vines.

As he now looked out on his depleted acres something like panic seized him for the first time. He remembered what he had once foretold of the Spaniards when the land did little but feed their cattle—that the Americans would take their land and show them what it was good for; but now these later aliens were calling the same boast to the Americans—they were taking the land and showing what it was good for. All at once the old man saw his ranch as but a desert of wheat set in a wide oasis of gardens.

He sighed and turned desperate eyes to the heavens for a sign of the needed rain. Three dry winters had befallen and now again he was waiting for rain. It had been that way, he recalled, at the end of a third dry year, when his wife had gone. And now—was he to lay his last acre in sacrifice on the moldering altar of wheat?

From the vine-embowered cottage of Tony Jusi, his nearest neighbor, came Tony's fruity gurgle of a voice, flung gladly out in his one song: O sole mio!

The old man shook an angry fist in the singer's direction and launched a hearty curse on the presumptuous dago; for only that morning Tony Jusi—stocky, glowing Tony—who seemed always to irradiate earthy smells of fruit and green salads, with a definite tang of honest human sweat, had paused in his song long enough to offer old Johnny three hundred dollars an acre for the fifty acres south of the ranch house. Fifteen thousand dollars in gold had Tony to pay for that bit of land—and old Johnny was perplexed about next month's salt pork and coffee!

And Tony had smiled, almost it seemed in sympathy, when the old king, with quick, hard words, had rebuffed him and his impudent offer. They had not beaten him yet. He would keep something from them. A hundred acres at least they would not turn into a picnic ground. He was still a wheat man.

And yet old Johnny knew as he scanned the arid sky that his back was against the last wall. The year before he had planted his hundred acres to wheat, but the summer sun had burned it to tinder when it was three inches high while the Italians and the Asiatics were harvesting their irrigated crops to a vast profit.

"It is Good Wine. I Make Myself. Jure to Mike!"

This year, he felt, had to be a good year. The heavens must relent and open for the wheat that would be planted again—it had to be so, because the store would not carry John Hogaboom over another year.

As the night drew on he entered the untidy living room, lighted a candle and—for a moment's solace before bed-time—sought the columns of the Stockton Gazette. The angry lines about his eyes deepened and his lips were set desperately as he caught the disgraceful tenor of the local news:

"Potato King of the San Josquin Talks to College Men," he read in a headline. The offending item concerned a Japanese who had cunningly wrested a fortune of millions from the valley's despised tule lands.

"Tain't a white man's country any more!" he growled.

"Well, I'll be ——" he muttered fiercely as he turned the page and read again:

"Antony Baccigalupi, the Tokay Baron of the San Joaquin, has returned to his native Italy for a brief visit. Mr. Baccigalupi is reported to have cleared one hundred thousand dollars in Tokay grapes last season."

This offender had once been Johnny's humble farmhand and had bought five acres of the Waterloo with the savings of a twelvemonth. Now he held five hundred acres of the original Waterloo and handled the products of other ranches besides. He had not planted wheat, The old man threw down his paper with a shudder of apprehension and desperately ran a hand through his mane of white hair. Years ago—his dark eyes flashed back to that splendid past—the same paper had spoken only of wheat kings, and he was not the least honored of them all. Now there were potato kings, onion kings, cabbage kings, asparagus kings—a monarch for every species of vegetable, it seemed. The editor of the Gazette was a busy Warwick.

"A sweet bunch of kings!" he sneered. "I wonder they ain't got a king for catnip and a birdseed baron!"

He went out for another questioning of the sky. The moon shone through the scattering tule fog—a dry moon, he had to admit. From a distance came the gurgled cadences of Tony Jusi's O sole mio! The old man shivered as at the note of some pursuing, incluctable fate.

"It can't be," he thought in a sudden panic, "that they'd have four dry years. I start plowing tomorrow—rain or no rain."

Once he had had two hundred and fifty men to do his plowing, and more horses than he had ever counted. Now he had one pair of horses and he would plow alone; but he was still an American and a wheat man.

He was astir even before the gray of dawn the next morning. He purposely kept from looking out-of-doors. He had a sudden unreasoning belief that if he waited until sunrise he should see a sky full of rich black clouds and feel a soft little wind of promise coming up from the south. He built a fire in the rusted kitchen range, set the coffee

> to boiling, the salt pork to frying, and put into the oven a loaf of bakingpowder bread. His kitchen lore might have been enlarged to his advantage.

In the larder at his elbow were ten such loaves, partially consumed. He made a fresh one every morning. It was a villainous, a tissuerending, a soul-destroying bread at best—and he was never equal to more than a quarter of a loaf; but he continued to bake it freshly, and his flour bill mounted.

While his meal cooked he shaved. Never a morning in all those years of dwindling prosperity had he omitted this. It helped him to remember his past dignities as a wheat king—to keep a firmer grasp on such pride as remained to him. He was going out to plow his bit of dry land, but he shaved his lean brown face with such care as might any king facing a state function.

Then he sat down to his breakfast as the flame of his candle yellowed in the new dawn; but he made sorry work of feeding. He managed a bit of the salt pork, but the baking-powder bread revolted him. He even balked at the coffee. It was poor coffee beyond a doubt—there were now rather strict credit systems

in the San Joaquin Valley, and the stores frankly discouraged doubtful creditors from choosing the best of their wares—but ordinarily he was equal to tremendous drafts of coffee.

He recalled with some alarm that, of late, he had eaten but little of anything. He knew that would not do. He must keep up his strength for the plowing. But on such food! He who had once had the best Chinese cook money could hire!

Dejectedly he pushed his plate away, drew a long breath and went to the door. The light had come and an empty sapphire sky glowed above him. He tried to pretend that he had not really expected rain today. Tomorrow, of course, it must come. The fourth year could not be dry; and yet—O sole mio! came the gurgling tenor of Tony Jusi, already abroad.

He found himself swaying in the doorway under a wave of dizziness. He reached to the wall for support and waited for it to pass, shrugging it off contemptuously. He had felt that thing before. It was nothing. Then he returned to the table, heroically drank a cup of the wretched coffee, and was off to his plow and horses.

The horses were Dolly and the Colt. Dolly was a white mare almost twenty years old to the day. The Colt, just one year younger, still held his name because he was a colt

(Continued on Page 72)

# The Wage-Earner as an Investor

How Employees' Organizations are Teaching Thrift by Teamwork



and most devastating, was the ravage of the loan shark,

who oppressed the needy and blackmailed his victim into

Then came the uprising against the Shylock masquerading as a loan banker. Philanthropists took up the subject

of the remedial loan and legislatures began to grind out

statutes against illegal interest rates; but the discriminat-

ing employer, realizing that by legislation alone reform is

never achieved, took the matter into his own hands. He

saw that the highest conservation was to safeguard the

purse and the peace of mind of his employee. It was not

sharks who fattened on the misfortunes of their fellows. In

every group of men there are always a few stronger and

thriftier than all the rest. The question naturally arose:

If the worker can be imposed on from within, why cannot

saver and the lender pool their interests without seeking

outside aid. It represents the very essence of financial democracy and it has brought new hope and fresh faith to

Hence sprang up a whole economic system, by which the

So many and varied are the mediums through which the

employee may save, invest or borrow, without leaving his

place of work, that it is possible to present here only a few

types of the organizations that fulfill that far-away proph-

Frequently in factories, stores and shops there were

only practical humanity but good business.

far beyond his means in an era of

overextension of all kinds. Third,

bankruptcy and ruin.

he be helped from within?

"But how do you get this good will," asked one of his companions. "I pay good wages and don't have it."

"I give bonuses," chipped in a third, "and miss it."
"I let our people buy stock, and still they are not

happy," came from the fourth.

"I'll tell you how I do it," replied the first speaker: "I teach my employees how to save and encourage them to keep on saving. In other words, I show them they can become financially independent by their own efforts! When you do this you lead them to competence and contentment."

This manufacturer was simply expressing a growing sentiment among intelligent employers that is finding expression everywhere in organized movements-usually aided and abetted at the top—to teach the great lesson of thrift. No economic step of recent years has so intimate an appeal, so helpful a moral, or achieves such a deep and lasting good as this crusade to make the average wageearner an investor.

### Routing the Loan Shark

this moment; and the net result to him, so far, is a dividend of increasing harmony and efficiency. To the worker it not only means independence but immunity from harassing money ills.

The campaign for systematic saving and investment bristles with benefit. When combined with humane lending, and with character as collateral, it puts the loan shark out of business; it is making the savera real partner in industrial and commercial enterprise. Best of all, it is giving to the individual working at the bench or in an office a larger confidence in himself and a better realization of his opportunity. In short, a financial commonwealth, which represents a real community of interest, is in the making. Like thrift, it recognizes no creed, color or sex.

BUT how does plain everyday thrift make him an investor? you may ask. Simply because all investment, whether large or small, consists of putting money out to work, so that it will earn more money. It starts with saving. The moment a surplus, however humble, begins to earn a return, that moment the owner joins the investing class. The farseeing employer is beginning to capitalize

He Seldom

Saved Any Money

and Borrowed Incessantly

ecy of Benjamin Franklin that by saving alone can the working man become master of his money fate. It is the narrative of a notable emancipation from usury and dependence, and it has a significant lesson for everybody. Let us nowsee how it works out. Before we go into the concrete examples, however, it may be well to say at the outset

that in every known system of saving provided by employers for employees, or by employees for each other-whether it is encouraged by deposits from the firm, generous interest rates or other inducements the big underlying purpose is to foster the regular habit of thrift. The man worker and woman worker are taught that no sum is too small to save. Thus you discover that the penny has played an important part in the unfolding of this drama of social welfare and practical uplift.

First, take one of the most imposing of all illustrations, furnished by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whose Staff Savings Fund has 8995 members, with assets of \$2,232,213.08, raised out of the dimes and quarters that have been piled up from week to week. This plan combines systematic

saving with an old-age pension. As in most constructive enterprises, the beginning was significant. In the late nineties various older employees who had not been thrifty began to need help; others were in the toils of the loan sharks So the officials said: "If our people will learn to help themselves we will also help them."

Out of this grew the Staff Savings Fund, open to everybody in the employ of the company whose salary did not exceed three thousand dollars a year. Any sum is received

To encourage the employees to save, the company subscribes to the fund fifty cents for every dollar deposited by a worker. This contribution is credited to the depositor's account and draws interest along with his own savings.

Depositors may close their accounts in the fund at any time and for any cause; but, unless the withdrawal is after twenty years of service or is caused by death, old age or illness, the employee can take out only his deposits, plus the interest accumulations. The company's subscriptions, however, are not withdrawn and remain in the fund to the credit of the persistent depositors.

Withdrawals are more numerous among the thousands of agents in the field, where there are frequent staff changes, than among the clerks in the home office. Therefore the field savings accounts, which comprise a separate class in the fund, show larger increases from forfeits than those of the clerical force. The word forfeit in this connection is used to indicate the company's money transferred from the account of the withdrawing depositor to the account of the loyal one.

The savings funds are invested by trustees chosen from the important officials of the company and are employed mostly in high-class bonds and real-estate mortgages. Last year the home-office force got 5.30 per cent on the straight fund investments and 1.23 per cent from forfeitures, making a total of 6.53 per cent on their savings.

Saving for a Trousseau

In The field the return on the investments was the same, but the yield on the many forfeitures was 3.58 per cent, making the total yield on deposits 8.88 per cent.

The way these Metropolitan savings accounts have piled up is little short of amazing. Of course one reason for their startling size is the fifty per cent contribution of the conpany. Some concrete examples will illustrate the results of systematic saving:

One of the agents in the field-the kind of agent who follows the trail of industrial insurance down the highways and through the alleys-has been putting aside \$1.18 a week since April 3, 1900. He has actually deposited \$848.50, yet his account stands at \$2523.71. Of this total \$424.25 is the company's contribution. The rest is the interest that the money has earned, plus forfeitures.

On the saving of one dollar a week since February, 1900. another field worker has rolled up a total of \$2186.33. The amount of his actual deposits is only \$719. The company's share, interest and forfeitures do the rest. An inspector in the field who earns fifty dollars a week, and who has a thrifty bent, has an account that aggregates \$4578.58. It began April 1, 1900. His own savings are only \$1553.15.

A girl in the New York office began to save in Marci. 1900, with the expectation that some day she would many and need a trousseau. She took the desired step last April. Though she had deposited only \$445, her account was

These incidents and many more that I could give not only add much to the welfare of these savers but give them each day a fresh revelation of the wonders that money achieves when it is put by regularly and left to labor.

Nor does the company lose any opportunity to bring home this beneficent lesson. At most conventions of agents, for instance, the superintendent will say:

"All who are members of the Staff Savings Fund stand up!" Those who remain seated are not likely to continue much longer out of the Savings Fund. When employees get their pay envelopes the cashiers are instructed to say: "Can't I take out something for the savings fund?"

In this connection another plan that makes for compulsory saving is well worth explaining. It applies to the salaries of the host of women clerks in the home office, more than a thousand in number.

Formerly these girls were started at six dollars a week and raised from year to year until they got twelve dollars. The initial wage was found to be inadequate; so a minimum of nine dollars a week was established. Instead of regular increases, however, the company gives the girl a cash bonus of one hundred fifty dollars at the end of three years; three hundred dollars at the close of six; five hundred dollars when she finishes nine years' work, and two hundred dollars every year afterward.

This plan has a twofold value: First, it keeps the girl in the employ of the company, which gets the benefit of seasoned and continuous service; second, it provides the girl with a neat nest-egg at regular intervals, and the chances are that she would not have saved it if she had received it in the form of a weekly wage increase.

No girl gets her bonus without a brief sermon on the advisability of putting part of it, at least, into the savings

find. Experience shows that most of them already have modestaccounts. It is perhaps fitting to close this Metropolitan chapter with the statement that last year its army of thrift saved exactly \$315,743.50.

Somewhat different in scope is the Savings and Loan Association conducted by the employees of the New York Edison Company. Here the path of systematic saving leads to homebuilding on the easiest possible terms. In this process you encounter, for the irst time in this journey through the domain of saving, the widely employed plan of selling shares to members on installments, which are called dues.

Four kinds of shares are sold. The most popular is the installment, paid for at the rate of one dollar a month, which may be used for systematic saving or for house-buying. Likewise this share gives its purchaser an illuminating lesson in the way money works. Its matured value is two hundred dollars; but it requires only the actual payment of one hundred thirty-eight dollars because, by compound interest, the matured value is reached in eleven years and a half at the present rate of earning.

### Aids to Thrift

WHEN a member wants to buy a house he buys enough installment shares to cover the amount of his loan. He pays off these shares at the rate of one dollar a month on each share.

These installments at maturity are sufficient to pay off his loan. It is the simplest kind of amortization. He pays an average of six per cent for the loan and on easy installments. Here is a concrete case:

Let us say that the member wants to borrow thirty-six hundred dollars. He buys eighteen installment shares. These cost him eighteen dollars a month. He pays eighteen dollars more in interest. The total cost of this house to him is at the rate of thirty-six dollars a month, which is no more than rent; yet every month brings him nearer to ownership of his domicile and the approach is made very easy.

In addition to this first aid to homemaking the association provides for proper appraisal, censorship of title, and exercises a general supervision. If a member has an annoying mortgage hanging over his head the association will take it up and he can reimburse it in easy installments.

When the installment shares are bought just as an investment they yield the holder an average of five and threequarters per cent a year. This represents the earnings of the association on the money it lends to the home buyers or builders.

This association also sells savings shares, which have no definite dues and are paid for in optional deposits. It is just like putting money in a savings bank. The interest return is four per cent.

Then, too, there are income shares, paid for with a lump sum, which provide an annuity at the rate of five per cent. They are sold in pieces of one hundred dollars each.

The fourth share was devised to encourage the boys in the employ of the company to save, and such shares are known as juvenile saving shares.

They may be started with a deposit of ten cents a week and pay four per cent interest.

No feature of the Edison Association is more beneficial in promoting a competence than its automatic saving. This plan has found wide adoption and has come to be regarded as a regular part of most employees' thrift associations.

It consists of taking the saver's weekly or monthly deposit out of his pay before he gets it. Of course he must authorize it. Thus he becomes accustomed to receiving a net salary and the surplus goes on piling up almost without his knowledge. It is the best answer to the plea of the hitherto improvident, which always is: "I cannot save."

Turn to the Investment Fund of the Brooklyn Edison Company and you get a different plan, which brings to straight saving a highly desirable profit-sharing and copartnership process. Though only inaugurated in 1910, this fund includes thirteen hundred of the eighteen hundred present employees of the company, and embraces laborers and linemen.

Any one in the employ of the company may join, and he or she can begin an account with twenty-five cents.

head of his department on the withdrawal blank. This procedure goes a long way toward cooling sudden and ardent impulse to be extravagant.

In the Brooklyn Edison thrift program there is an original scheme for profit sharing that makes all participants involuntary savers. In order to encourage and reward loyalty the company gives its men a certain share of the earnings each year. This is based on the dividend paid on the stock and the employees' salary. To those who have been in the company's employ two years one-fourth of the dividend on the salary is paid. This dividend has averaged eight per cent a year.

Therefore if a man gets two thousand dollars a year his share of the profits, after two years, is forty dollars. At the end of three years he gets one-half of the dividend on his salary; at the close of four years it is three-fourths. If he has worked there five years he gets the full dividend on his income, which usually means the bonus of a whole month's salary.

A constructive provision attaches to these profits. No one may draw out his share until it has been to his credit for three years. Of course it is earning interest all the time. This is the feature that makes for involuntary saving. An exception is made to this three-year rule in the case of an employee who wants to use his bonus to aid in the purchase of a house or for some pressing emergency. These withdrawals, however, are made at the discretion of a Provident Committee.

The company encourages the men to devote their share of the profits to the purchase of company stock, which is offered as an inducement. The stock buying is not

mandatory, but last year one hundred took advantage of it.

Now let us see what a definite saving and lending system has done to redeem economically two types of workers—the telegraph operator and the printer.

#### After the Sharks

Take the case of the telegrapher first. In New York and elsewhere many were borrowing from loan vultures at interest rates ranging from four hundred to one thousand per cent a year. By holding the club of attaching their wages over their heads the lenders kept the victims in a state of mental terror, which impaired their efficiency. Frequently the most competent men were forced to jump their jobs to escape this persecution.

This demoralizing state of affairs was happening, for example, in the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, where the excess of usurious zeal proved to be the undoing of the whole nefarious system. Here is the way it came about:

Back toward the end of the nineties a tall, lithe, lean, keeneyed man sat in an office on an 
upper floor of the huge white 
Postal Building, which towers 
over City Hall Park in New York. 
He was born up in the state of 
New York and had been graduated from working a key in a 
small branch office to be general 
auditor of the company. His 
name was Edward Reynolds.

As auditor he came in close contact with the financial affairs of the employees. He had seen about him—in his operator days—the depredations of the loan vampires; now he was face to face with examples of garnisheed salaries and all the rest of the toll that usury exacted.

One day a particularly harrowing case of extortion came to his notice. He called the victim into his office, and the man came with fear and trembling, expecting to be dismissed; but Mr. Reynolds said to him:

"You have made a mistake in allowing yourself to be blackmailed. We are going to take up your battle for you. Don't pay any more interest. We will settle the claim against you on a fair compromise and you can begin all over again."

Mr. Reynolds sent for the loan shark. It was a new experience for the Shylock to find an employer interested in the loan troubles of his men. The auditor offered a fair compromise—the shark threatened suit; he was dared to go into court—and that took all the bluff out of him. He, and other loan sharks, were glad to settle.

The effect on the men was so cheering and helpful that Mr. Reynolds asked himself the question: Why not convert



The Loan Shark Blackmailed His Victim Into Bankruptcy and Ruin

One can have this taken out of his pay if he so elects. This automatic saving includes weekly installments of from one to twenty-three dollars. Curiously enough, the man who permits this last-named sum to be taken out of his envelope is earning only forty dollars a week.

Interest is paid at the rate of six per cent a year. The proceeds of the fund are invested by a board that includes the general manager, the treasurer and the auditor of the company, supplemented by two men named by the president and two by the employees. The investments are entirely in the securities of the company.

Here, as in so many similar organizations, you get striking examples of the results of systematic saving. In this era of high cost of living the following illustration may be found of interest: Early in 1911 a man started to save two dollars a week on a weekly salary of twenty-five dollars. Today his salary is thirty-seven dollars and he is saving fourteen dollars a week. In other words, he added every salary increase to his weekly saving and continued to live on twenty-three dollars a week. He is married too.

One desirable rule of the Investment Fund is that no depositor may withdraw money without the O. K. of the this cooperative help into a definite and organized force? The result was the formation of the Mutual Investment Association of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, which has set a new mark for economic welfare.

It is a voluntary organization, with a membership limited to one hundred fifty. It is really a savings club. Membership is gained by subscribing to a share of stock with monthly installments of five dollars. This makes

regular saving necessary.

There is no limit to the value of a share. Dividends are declared out of the proceeds of the installments; but, instead of being paid in cash, they are put to the credit of members, and thus continuous saving is encouraged. The value of each share on the first of February of this year was \$457.05. This represents its paid-up installments and interest earnings. Last year each share earned \$39.61.

The earnings are from two sources: One is by the investment of the money saved in high-grade stocks or bonds; the second is in loans to Postal employees, who need not be members of the association to have the borrowing privilege and who pay at the rate of six per cent a year. On a loan of twenty-five dollars, repaid in weekly installments of one dollar, the interest is seventy-five cents. At the time this article was written the association had assets of eighty-one thousand dollars in gilt-edged securities and good loans.

The association not only encourages its members to save, but, by an arrangement with a building and loan association, assists them to get homes. Operators who never knew what the word thrift meant now have bank accounts and

are living in their own houses.

Mr. Reynolds, however, who meanwhile had risen to be general manager of the company, was not content with the good the association was doing. In sponsoring the affairs of the employees he came on another evil. He found that many of the men were buying merchandise on the installment plan, which is always costly. Stores that sold employees clothes on weekly payments were also lending them money and covering it up on the books as goods bought. Every operator must furnish his own typewriter and most of them were renting them on terms that were exorbitant.

So Mr. Reynolds made an arrangement by which the investment association would provide its members and other employees with what they needed at cash prices, to be returned to the organization in easy installments and with no interest charge. The association's profit is in the liberal cash discount it gets from the stores. The method of operation is very simple. If a Postal employee wants to buy a suit of clothes for twenty-five dollars he goes to the secretary of the association and gets a purchase card, which contains this sentence: "This card will introduce Mr. Blank, who will select goods to an amount not excepting twenty-five dollars; same to be charged to the account of the Mutual Investment Association.

### The Hurry · Up Touch Club

THE buyer does not have to show this card until the time comes to pay for the suit. Thus he gets the very lowest cash price. He can pay back the twenty-five dollars in installments of one dollar a week. This purchase-card system has extended to scores of stores in New York and Brooklyn, until the employee can supply practically all his personal needs and get a typewriter on a spot-cash price basis. It is just one more form of saving.

This plan of saving and lending money has proved so successful in New York that Mutual Investment Associations have been started by Postal employees in Chi-

cago, Philadelphia, Washington and St. Louis. In the Chicago office, for instance, it has wrought wonders. On account of the many changes in operators, due in the main to the inroads of the loan sharks, it was jocularly called the Tramp Office. Now it is one of the steadiest in the country. The result to the company has been a more efficient and permanent group of employees. To quote Mr. Reynolds: "When you build men economically you build them morally."

No less interesting is the economic emancipation of one group of printers, who have pointed the way to freedom for all their coworkers.

Before the introduction of the typesetting machine the printer was known as the Tramp of the Trades. One reason for his shiftlessness was the fact that he seldom saved any money and borrowed incessantly. The Hurry-up Touch Club was a feature of most composing rooms. More than one thrifty foreman did sharking on his own account; men who would not pay his price lost their jobs. And so it went.

The Boston Globe in the old days was no better and no worse in this respect than any other large printshop. There was the usual number of men who were constantly broke or borrowing at exorbitant rates.

In 1892 one of the oldest employees, with a saving sense, took out some shares in a

cooperative bank. He got his first insight into humane lending. As he looked about and saw his colleagues struggling with debt and topheavy interest, he conceived the idea of starting a fund to which they could contribute and then borrow their own money. Thus the Globe Savings Fund and Loan Association came into being. It is one of the most successful in the country.

account reaches three hundred fifty dollars, the maximum sum on which a dividend is paid to one depositor. started, the member must keep up his saving. He cannot advance or reduce the specific amount he promises to contribute. If he fails to deposit in any week he is fined two cents for every dollar of his deposit.

provision has kept more than one man from extravagance.

The executive officers devote considerable attention to members who, through sickness or other misfortune, become financially embarrassed. The man's debts are usually pooled and the association pays them off on weekly installments. Thus the debtor escapes worry and his earnings contribute to the wiping out of his obligations all the time.

The whole effect of the Globe plan has been to establish thrift, create order and stability, and make the working force a cheerful and contented unit. The simple key has been systematic saving.

We now come to a process of mutual saving and lending that seems destined to create a fresh financial epoch for the American wage-earner. It lies in the so-called Credit Union, which is nothing more than the seasoned cooperative bank that has been the economic refuge of the small borrower—in both town and country—in Europe.

First, let us see what a Credit Union is. Summed up, it is an association of persons tilling the land in the same vicinity, working in the same establishment, or laboring for a common end, whose purpose is to provide a loan fund by small and systematic saving. This saving is accomplished by the purchase of shares of stock on the installment plan.

A fundamental rule is that each member is entitled to one vote, regardless of the number of shares he owns. Loans are made entirely on character and the affairs of the organization are conducted by members. Thus a purely democratic administration is achieved and a high moral standard established.

The Credit Union came to the United States by way of Canada, where many are in operation in the Province of Quebec. Massachusetts was the first of our states to enact a law authorizing them.

However, even before the Bay State took up the plan as a statute, the various cooperative agricultural commonwealths formed under the auspices of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, in Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, had proved the efficacy of the

Only employees of the Globe are eligible. A member may deposit from one dollar to five dollars weekly until his This prevents a monopoly by a few members. Once

Loans ranging from one to three thousand dollars are made to members. The rates range from one per cent a week on small loans to an average of five per cent a year on large ones. For the small loans character is the only collateral required. On loans from fifty dollars up a married man must have the indorsement of his wife on the note, so that she may be acquainted with his bank relations. This On the very largest loans life-insurance policies are accepted as security. So admirably is this fund conducted that the average return to the depositors has been as high as twelve per cent. It seldom falls under eleven. The dividends are paid pro rata to all depositors, and thus the borrower gets a share of the earnings.

Last year a Credit-Union statute was written into the laws of the state of New York. Its principal features are: loans at the rate of not more than one per cent a mouth; exemption from attachment or taxation of members' savings up to six hundred dollars; equal distribution of

opened up a whole new and picturesque vista of usefulness. In the city of New York the firm of Bing & Bing operates extensively in real estate. An allied company called the Speedwell Construction Company erects and operates many large apartment houses. Here was a great variety of labor under one control.

The head of the firm, Mr. Alexander Bing, who has been a student of thrift systems, desired some plan by which he could make his employees save, thus becoming more

"These people will not go to a savings bank, which is only open at stated hours. We will bring the bank to them." He pointed out the merits of the new Credit-Union Law

to his employees and under his direction they formed the Speedwell Credit Union. Any employee and—what is new and interesting-any member of an employee's family may become a member by subscribing for shares the par value of which is one dollar. Installments of twenty-five cents a week are accepted. A member may pay for half a dozen

twenty-five cents a week and receive interest just

as in a savings bank.

Up to this point the conduct of the organization is fairly conventional; but when you investigate the way it literally brings the bank to the people you uncover an interesting service. This savings system is, of course, easily accessible to the office force. How does it reach the scores who are scattered in apartment houses all over New York?

The case of the elevator men will illustrate. They are paid off in cash every Saturday night. If these employees, however eager they might be to save, had to wait until Monday to deposit their money they might easily succumb to myrial temptations to spend it; so they are provided with deposit slips, and as soon as they get their pay envelopes they can take out their weekly saving and hand it over to the superintendent of the building, who is authorized to receive it and who gives them a receipt.

Each employee has a passbook and at regular intervals the deposits are written in. This same system applies to the laborers working on new buildings for the firm. On payday they give their savings to the foremen, who issue receipts and then turn the deposits over to the treasurer of the union. This experience shows conclusively that when you make the medium for saving accessible, men will save. (Continued on Page 33)

The Vacation Savings Fund Has Grown Into a Nation-Wide Protest Avainst Useless Christmas Giving

system. These unions are unincorporated and voluntary, and based entirely on character. The Credit-Union idea lends itself admirably to the

ambition of workers who want to organize for thrift. First to take advantage of the Massachusetts law were the employees of the American Express Company, whose union differs slightly from the or all plan in that it is controlled and officered by off the company chief purpose is to encourage the strength of the company bought on weekly installments of the styles.

scheme and built up a chain of helpful mutual small-loss

agencies that are really the forerunners of a rural credit

they pay interest at the rate of four per containe One excellent reason for the existence of the Union-which applies everywhere-was given me by an officer of the American Express Company Employees' Union, who said:

"Our union has inspired men to save because it makes the medium for saving accessible. Many men do not become savers because they are too lazy to go to the trouble of finding a bank. They won't stand in line awaiting the pleasure of a dilatory clerk. Such procedure takes up much of their lunch hour and often some of the company's time. Furthermore, they will not go to a bank with a deposit of a quarter or half dollar; but they are willing to save this small sum if a clerk stands ready to receive it the moment it is paid to them as a wage."

### Making Banking Easy

SO SATISFACTORY have been the operations of the Credit Unions in Massachusetts that a group of publicspirited business men in Boston have organized the Massachusetts Credit Union, in order to extend the system throughout the state. This union will not enter the loaning business, but will organize new unions, strengthen old ones, distribute literature about the idea, and be prepared to furnish local unions with funds when they fall short.

profits; one vote for each member, no matter what his stockholdings are, and supervision by the State Banking Department. The very first firm to incorporate under its provisions

efficient to themselves and to him. So he said:

shares at the same time. Members need not purchase shares to become savers. They can begin with

### HIS OWN STUF $B_{\mathtt{Y}}$ Charles E.Van Loan

T'S a mighty fine thing for a man to know when he's had enough, but there's a piece of knowledge which beats it all hollow. That's for him to know when his friends have had too much.

Thisisno temperancesermon, so you needn't quit reading. it's the story of a baseball player who thought he was tunny and didn't know when to quit the rough-and-tumble comedy that some idiot has mmed practical joking.

Before I tell you what happened to Tom O'Connor because he didn't know when to quit being funny, I want to put myself on record. I don't believe that there is any such a thing as a practical joke. As I unierstand the word, a thing in order to be practical must have some sense to it and be of some use to people. To play it safe I looked up the dictionary definition of the word to see if I could stretch it far enough to cover the sort of stuff that Tom O'Connor pulled on us

at the training camp last season. I couldn't make it asswer. Here's what I found in the dictionary:

"PRACTICAL—pertaining to or governed by actual use or experience, as contrasted with ideals, speculations and

That's what the big book says it means, and I string with the definition whether I understand all of it or not. Show me anything in there that applies to sawing out half the slats in a man's bed or mixing up all the shoes in a Pulman car at three o'clock in the morning!

You can call it practical joking if you want to, but it won't go with me. I claim there's nothing practical about it, or sensible either. Practical joking is just another name for plain, ordinary foolishness with a mean streak in it. The main thing about a practical joke is that somebody always gets hurt—usually an innocent party.

I'm strong for a good clever joke. I get as much fun out of one as anybody and I can laugh when the joke is on me;

but when it comes to the rough stuff I pass. Take 'em as a whole, baseball players are a jolly bunch.

They've got youth and health and vitality. They call us the Old Guard, but we're really nothing but a lot of young fellows and we have the reputation of being the liveliest outfit in the league; but even so, we got sick of the sort of stunts that Tom O'Connor handed us at the training camp and in the early part of the season.

We didn't have much of a line on Tom when he joined the club. He'd been in the hig league only part of the seaon previously, and he came to the Old Guard as the result of a winter trade. We needed a first-baseman the worst way, and Uncle Billy—he's our manager—gave up a pitcher, an infielder and an outfielder to get Tom O'Connor away from the Blues. The newspapers made an awful roar about that trade, and so did the fans. They said Uncle Billy was out of his head and was trying to wreck the team by letting three good men go. The noise they made wasn't whisper to the howl that went up from the other manager when the time came to get some work out of those three good men.

When it comes to a swap, Uncle Billy is a tougher proposition than a Connecticut Yank, and a Connecticut Yank can take an Armenian pawnbroker's false teeth way from him and give him Brazil nuts in exchange for em. Uncle Billy always hands the other managers three x four men for one. He's so liberal and open-hearted that bey feel sorry for him, and they keep right on feeling erry after they see what he's slipped them in the trade.

In this case the pitcher had a strained ligament that even he bone-setter couldn't fix, the infielder's eyes were giving at on him and the outfielder had a permanent charleynose in his left leg. As big-league ballplayers they were all brough, but as benchwarmers and salary-grabbers they vere immense.

Even if they had been in condition I think that Tom Connor would have been worth the three, for he is a Tacking good first-baseman, and now that he has settled lown to business and quit being the team comedian he'll be wen better than he was last year.

He joined us at the spring training camp in Louisiana. We've been going to the same place for years. It's a sort of



health resort with rotten water to drink and baths; and the hotel is always full of broken-down old men with whiskers and fat wives to look after 'em.

O'Connor turned up in the main dining room the first night with a big box of marshmallows in his hand. He is a tall, handsome chap with a tremendous head of hair and a smile that sort of warms you to him even after you know him. He stopped at every table and invited folks to help themselves.

"These are very choice, madam; something new in confectionery. Prepared by a friend of mine. Won't you try one?"

That was his spiel, but the smile and the little twinkle of the eye that went with it was what did the business. The fat ladies didn't stop to think that it was rather unusual for a strange young man to be offering them candy. They smiled back at Tom and helped themselves to the marshmallows, and some of them insisted that their husbands should try one too.

Tom was a smooth, rapid worker and he kept moving, not stopping long at a table and never looking back. Perhaps that was just as well, for the marshmallow had been dipped in powdered quinine instead of powdered sugar. Quinine ain't so bad when you expect it, but when your mouth is all fixed for marshmallow the disappointment and the quinine together make a strong combination. The fat ladies went out of the dining room on the run, choking into their handkerchiefs, and the old men sent C. Q. D.s for the proprietor. He came in and Tom met him at the door and handed him one of the marshmallows, and then of course everybody laughed.

I admit that we might have begun discouraging his comedy right there. We would have done it if he'd been a minor-leaguer trying to break in, but he wasn't. He'd been five months with the Blues—a bad ball club, but still in the big league. That made him one of us. We knew and he knew that he was going to be our first-baseman and he settled down with as much assurance as if he had been with us ten years instead of ten hours.

He saw right away that we were going to be a good audience for him. Not all of his stuff was on the roughhouse order. Some of us were not long in finding that out.

A couple of nights afterward we were having a nice, quiet little game of draw poker in my room on the third floor of the hotel. Any poker game running after ten o'clock in the same hotel with Uncle Billy has got to be a quiet one-or it's a case of a fifty-dollar fine all round.

Uncle Billy is a great baseball manager but he's awfully narrow-gauge on certain subjects, and one of 'em is the American indoor national pastime of draw poker. He doesn't like the game for seven hundred different reasons, but mainly because he says it sets a bad example to the kid players, who get to gambling among themselves and lose more than they can afford. That's true of course, but if a kid is born with the gambling bug in his system you can't fine it out of him, not even at fifty a smash. One season Uncle Billy tried to shut down on poker altogether, and there was more poker played that year than ever before. Then he took off the lid, and now we're allowed to play twenty-five-cent limit until ten o'clock at night, Think of it! Why, if a man had all the luck in the world and filled everything he drew to he might win as much as four dollars!

I'm not saying that the rule isn't a good one for recruits and kids, but it comes hard on the veterans, especially at the training camp where there isn't a thing to do after dark. We used to sneak a real game once in a while with a blanket over the transom and paper stuffed in the cracks and the keyhole. We had to do that because we couldn't trust Uncle Billy. He was just underhanded enough to listen outside of doors, and to make it worse the poor old coot has insomnia and we never know when he's asleep and when he's not.

Well, this poker party in my room was the real thing: Pat Dunphy, Holliday, Satterfield, Meadows, Daly and myself all deep-sea pirates. It was table-stakes of course, every man declaring fifty or a hundred behind his stack in case he should pick up something heavy and want action on it.

It got to be about two in the morning, and Dunphy was yawning his head off and looking at his watch every few minutes. He was two hundred ahead. The rest of us were up and down, seesawing along and waiting for a set of fours or something. The elevators had quit running long ago and there wasn't a sound in the hotel anywhere. What talking we did was in whispers because we never knew when Uncle Billy might take it into his head to go for a walk. I've known him to bust up a poker game at four in the morning.

Dunphy was just scooping in another nice pot-like a fool I played my pat straight against his one-card drawwhen all of a sudden a board creaked in the hall outside, and then came a dry, raspy little cough that we knew

mighty well.
"Holy Moses!" whispered Dunphy. "Uncle Billy! Don't move!"

Then somebody pounded on the door. We were sure there wasn't any light showing through the cracks, so we sat quiet a few seconds trying to think what to do. The pounding began again, louder than before—bangety-bang-bang!

Well, our only chance was to keep Uncle Billy out of the room, so I motioned to the boys and they picked up their money and chips and tiptoed into the alcove in the corner. I whipped off my shirt, kicked off my pants, put on a bathrobe, tousled up my hair to make it look as if I'd been asleep a week, switched out the light and opened the door a few inches. Then I stepped out into the hall.

It was empty from end to end. There wasn't a soul in sight.

We had a long discussion about it. We all agreed that it was Uncle Billy's cough we heard; but why had he hammered on the door so hard and then gone away? That wasn't like him. Had he been round to the other rooms checking up on us? Was he so sure of us that he didn't need the actual evidence? Perhaps he was going to switch his system and begin fining people fifty dollars apiece on circumstantial evidence. It began to have all the earmarks of an expensive evening for the six of us.

Did anybody else know about this party?" I asked. "O'Connor knew," Holliday spoke up. "I asked him if he didn't want to play a little poker. He said he couldn't take a chance of getting in Dutch with the boss so soon. That was his excuse, but maybe he was a little light in the vest pocket. He already knew about the ten o'clock rule and the fifty-dollar fine."

"Did he know we were going to play in this room?" Sure, but I don't see where you figure him. wouldn't have tipped it off to anybody. Probably Uncle Billy couldn't sleep and was prowling round. You can't get away from that cough. And he's got us dead to rights or he wouldn't have gone away. I'll bet he's had a passkey and been in every one of our rooms. We'll hear from him in the morning."

It did look that way. We settled up and the boys slipped out one at a time, carrying their shoes in their hands. I don't know about the rest of 'em, but I didn't sleep much. The fifty-dollar fine didn't bother me, but Uncle Billy has got a way of throwing in a roast along with it.

I dreaded to go down to breakfast in the morning. Uncle Billy usually has a table with his wife and kids close to the door, so he can give us the once-over as we come in.

"'Morning, Bob!" says Uncle Billy, smiling over his hotcakes. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Finer'n split silk!" says I, and went on over to the main table with the gang. That started me to wondering, because if Uncle Billy had anything on me he wouldn't have smiled. The best I could have expected was a black look and a grunt. Uncle Billy was a poor hand at hiding his feelings. If he was peeved with you it showed in everything he did. I didn't know what to make of that smile. and that's what had me worried.

Dunphy and Holliday and the others

were puzzled too, and the suspense was eating us up. We sat there, looking silly and fooling with our knives and forks, every little while stealing a peek at each other. We couldn't figure it at all. Tom O'Connor was at one end of the table eating like a longshoreman and saying nothing. Dunphy stood the strain as long as he could and then he cracked.

"Did Uncle Billy call on any of you fellows last night?" said he.

'No! Was he sleep-walking again, the old rascal?"

"Was anything doing?"

"He never came near the fourth floor. If he had he'd 'a' busted up a hot little crap game.'

"What was he looking for-poker?"

None of the boys had seen him. It was plain that if Uncle Billy had been night-prowling we were the only ones he had bothered. Peachy Parsons spoke up.

"Did you see him, Pat?" says he.

"Why, no," says Dunphy. "I-I heard him."

For a few seconds there was dead silence. Then Tom O'Connor shoved his chair back, stood up, looked all round the table with a queer grin on his face and coughed once—that same dry, raspy little cough. It sounded so much like Uncle Billy that we all jumped.

O'Connor didn't wait for the laugh. He walked out of the dining room and left us looking at each other with our mouths open.

KNEW a busher once who tore off a home run the first I KNEW a busner once who tore on a mount would have time he came to bat in the big league, and it would have been a lot better for him if he had struck out. The fans got to calling him Home-Run Slattery and he got to thinking he was all of that. He wouldn't have a base on balls as a gift and he wouldn't bunt. He wanted to knock the cover off every ball he saw. Uncle Billy shipped him back to Texas in June, and he's there yet. In a way O'Connor reminded me of that busher.

He had made a great start as a comedian. The stuff that he put over on the poker players was clever and legitimate; there was real fun in it. His reputation as a two-handed kidder was established then and there, and he might have rested on it until he thought of something else as good. He might have; but we laughed at him, and then of course he wanted to put the next one over the fence too.

I can see now, looking back at it, that we were partly responsible. You know how it is with a comedian-the more you laugh at him, the worse he gets. Pretty soon he wants laughs all the time, and if they're not written into his part he tries to make 'em up as he goes along. If he hasn't got any new, clever ideas he pulls old stuff or rough stuff-in other words he gets to be a slapstick comedian. A good hiss or two or a few rotten eggs at the right time would teach him to stay with legitimate work.

It didn't take Tom long to run out of clever comedy and get down to the rough stuff. Rough stuff is the backbone of practical joking. Things began to happen round the training camp. We couldn't actually prove 'em on Tom at the time—and we haven't proved 'em on him yet—but the circumstantial evidence is all against him. He wouldn't have a chance with a jury of his peers-whatever they are.

Tom began easy and worked up his speed by degrees. His first stunts were mild ones, such as leaving a lot of bogus calls with the night clerk and getting a lot of people rung out of bed at four in the morning; but of course that wasn't funny enough to suit him.

There was a girl from Memphis stopping at the hotel, and Joe Holliday the pitcher thought pretty well of her.



Al Found the Inake, Which Relieved His Mind a Whole Lot

He borrowed an automobile one Sunday to take her for a ride. After they were about twenty miles from town the engine sneezed a few times and laid down cold.

"Don't worry," says Holliday, "I know all about automobiles. I'll have this bird flying again in a minute."

"It sounded to me as if you'd run out of gas," said the girl, who knew something about cars herself.

"Impossible!" says Holliday. "I had the task filled this morning and you can see there's no leak."

"Well, I don't know all about automobiles," says the girl, "but you'd better take a look in that tank."

That made Holliday a little sore, because he'd bought twenty gallons of gasoline and paid for it. They stayed there all day and Holliday messed round in the bowels of the beast and got full of oil and grease and dirt. I'll bet he stored up enough profanity inside of him to last for the rest of his natural life. And all the time the girl kept fussing about the gasoline tank. Finally, after Joe had done everything else that he could think of, he unscrewed the cap and the gas tank was dry as a bone.

Somebody with a rare sense of humor had drawn off about seventeen gallons of gasoline.

"I told you so!" said the girl—which is just about what a girl would say under the circumstances.

They got back to the hotel late that night. Love's young dream had run out with the gasoline, and from what I could gather they must have quarreled all the way home. Joe went down and got into a fight with the man at the garage and was hit over the head with a monkey-wrench. From now on you'll notice that Tom's comedy was mostly. physical and people were getting hurt every time.

Joe's troubles lasted O'Connor for a couple of days and then he hired a darky boy to get him a water snake. I think he wrote it in the boy's contract that the snake had to be harmless or there was nothing doing. He put the snake, a whopping big striped one, between the sheets in Al Jorgenson's bed, which is my notion of no place in the world to put a snake. Jorgenson is our club secretary—a middle-aged fellow who never has much to say and attends strictly to business.

Al rolled on to the snake in the dark, but it seems he knew what it was right away. He wrecked half the furniture, tore the door off the hinges and came fluttering down into the lobby, yelling murder at every jump. It was just his luck that the old ladies were all present. They were

pulling off a whist tournament that night, but they don't know yet who won. Al practically spoiled

the whole evening for 'em.

The charitable way to look at it is that Tom didn't know that Jorgenson was hitting the booze pretty hard and kept a quart bottle in his room. If he had known that, maybe he would have wished the snake on to a teetotaler, like Uncle Billy. To make it a little more abundant Tom slipped in and copped the snake while Al was doing his shirt-tail specialty, and when we got him back to the room there wasn't any snake there. Tom circulated round among the old ladies and told 'em not to be alarmed in the least because maybe it wasn't a real snake that Jorgenson saw.

But Tom had his good points after all. The next morning Al found the snake tied to his doorknob, which relieved his mind a whole lot; but he was so mortified and ashamed that he had all his meals in his room after that and used to come and go by the kitchen entrance.

Tom's next stunt—which he didn't make any secret of-put four of the kid recruits out of business. He framed up a midnight hunt for killyloo birds. It's the old snipe trick. I didn't believe that there were four people left in the world who would fall for that stunt. It was invented by one of old man Pharaoh's boys in the days of the Nile Valley League. It is hard to find one man in a whole town who will fall for it, because it has been so well advertised, but Tom grabbed four in a bunch. It just goes to show how much solid ivory a baseball scout can dig up when his traveling expenses are paid.

The idea is very simple. First you catch a sucker and take him out in the woods at night. You give him a sack and a candle. He's to keep the candle lighted and hold the mouth of the sack open so that you can drive the killyloo birds into it. The main point is to make it perfectly clear to the sucker that a killyloo bird when waked out of a sound sleep always walks straight to the nearest light to get his feet warm. After the sucker understands that thoroughly you can leave him and go home to bed. He sits there with his candle, fighting mosquitoes and wondering what has become of you and why the killyloo birds don't show up.

Tom staged his production in fine style. He rented a livery rig and drove those poor kids eleven miles into a swamp. If you have ever seen a Louisiana swamp you can begin laughing now. He got 'em planted so far apart that they couldn't do much talking, explained all about the peculiar habits of the sleepy killyloos, saw that ther candles were burning nicely and then went away to be in the game. He was back at the hotel by elev

About midnight the boys held a conference that maybe it was a bad time of the year for hills as a but that the sucker crop hadn't been cut down any. 1 ac. started back for the hotel on foot and got lost in mud dear up to their necks. They stayed in the swamp all night and it's a wonder that they got out alive. And that wasn't all: Uncle Billy listened to their tales of woe and said if they didn't have any more sense than that they wouldn't make ballplayers, so he sent 'em home.

The night before we were to leave for the North therewas little informal dance at the hotel and the town folks came in to meet the ballplayers and learn the tango and the

It was a perfectly bully party and everything went along fine until the punch was brought in. We'd decided not to have any liquor in it on account of the strong prohibition sentiment in the community, so we had a kind of a fruit lemonade with grape juice in it.

Well, those fat old ladies crowded round the bowl as it they were perishing of thirst. They took one swig of the punch and went sailing for the elevators like full-rigged ships in a gale of wind.

Of course I thought I knew what was wrong. It's always considered quite a joke to slip something into the punch I'd been dancing with a swell little girl and as we started for the punch-bowl I said:

"You won't mind if this punch has got a wee bit of : kick in it, will you?"

"Not in the least," said she. "Father always puts : little brandy in ours."

So that was all right and I ladled her out a sample. would have got mine at the same time, but an old lab behind me started to choke and I turned round to se what was the matter. When I turned back to the gir again there were tears in her eyes and she was sputtering about rowdy ballplayers. She said that she had a brothe at college who could lick all the big-leaguers in the world and she hoped he'd begin on me. Then she went out o the room with her nose in the air.

I was terribly upset about it because I couldn't thin what I had done that was wrong, and just because I ha the glass in my hand I began drinking the punch. Then went out and climbed a telegraph pole and yelled for th



"How Dare You, Jir! Help! Police! Help!"

fire department. Talk about going crazy with the heat. It can be done, believe me! I felt like a general-alarm fire

for the rest of the evening.

There was an awful fuss about that, and some of us held n council of war. We decided to put it up to O'Connor. He stood pat in a very dignified way and said that he must positively refuse to take the blame for anything unless there was proof that he did it. About that time the cook found two empty tabasco-sauce bottles under the kitchen sink. That didn't prove anything. We already knew what the stuff was and that too much of it had been used. One bottle would have been a great plenty.

That was the situation when we started North. Everybody felt that it was dangerous to be safe with a physical humorist like O'Connor on the payroll. We hoped that

he'd quit playing horse and begin to play ball.

We went so far as to hint that the next rough stuff he put over on the bunch would bring him before the Kangaroo Court and it wouldn't make any difference whether we had any evidence or not. The Kangaroo Court is the last word in physical humor. It's even rougher than taking the Imperial Callithumpian Degree in the Order of the Ornery and Worthless Men of the World.

This had some effect on Tom and we really thought that he had reformed, but we should have known that there is only one cure for a comedian, and that is to hand his own stuff right back to him.

THE last straw fell on us in the home town. Jorgenson came into the dressing room one afternoon with a hand-

ful of big square envelopes. There was one for every man on the

I opened mine and there was a stiff sheet of cardboard inside of it printed in script. I didn't save mine, but it read something like

Mr. Augustus P. Stringer requests the honor of your company at dinner, at the Algonquin Club, 643 Avenue, at seven-thirty on the evening of May the Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred and

Well, there was quite a buzz of excitement over it.

"Who is this Mr. Stringer?" asks Uncle Billy. "Any of you boys know him?"

Nobody seemed to, but that wasn't remarkable. All sorts of people give dinners to ballplayers during the playing season. I've seen some winters when a good feed would come in handy, but a ballplayer is only strong with the

public between April and October. The rest of the year nobody cares very much whether he eats or not.

"He's probably some young sport that wants to show us a good time and brag about what a whale of a ballplayer he

used to be in college," says Pat Dunphy.
"You're wrong!" says Peachy Parsons. "Ten to one you're wrong! I never saw this Mr. Stringer, but I'll bet I've got him pegged to a whisper. In the first place I know about this Algonquin Club. It's the oldest and the most exclusive club in the city. Nothing but rich men belong to it. You can go by there any night and see 'em sitting in the windows, holding their stomachs in their laps. Now this Mr. Stringer is probably a nice old man with a sneaking liking for baseball. He wants to entertain us, but at the same time he's afraid that we're a lot of lowbrows and that we'll show him up before the other club members."

What makes you think that?" asks Dunphy.

"Simple enough. He's got an idea that we don't know what to wear to a banquet, so he tips us off. He puts 'formal' down in one corner.

"What does that mean?"

"It's not usually put on an invitation. It means the old thirteen-and-the-odd. Claw-hammer, white tie, silk hat and all the rest of it."

"How about a 'tux'?"

"Absolutely barred. A tuxedo isn't formal."

"That settles it!" says Dunphy. "I don't go. If this bird don't want to see me in my street clothes he don't need to see me at all. I never bought one of those beetle-backed coats and I never will!"

"Come now," says Uncle Billy, "don't get excited. I know a place where you can rent an entire outfit for two bucks, shoes and all."

"Oh, well," says Dunphy, "in that case -

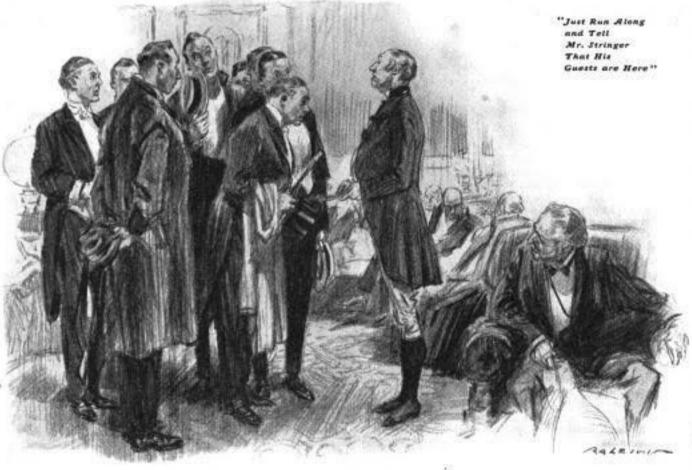
The more we talked about it, the stronger we were taken with the idea. It would be something to say that we'd had dinner at the Algonquin Club. We warned Tom O'Connor that none of his rough comedy would go. He got awfully sore about it. One word led to another and finally he said if we felt that way about it he wouldn't go. We tried to persuade him that it wasn't quite the thing to turn down an invitation, but he wouldn't listen.

You never saw such a hustling round or such a run on the gents' furnishing goods. Everybody was buying white shirts, white ties and silk socks. If we were going to do it at all we felt that it might as well be done right, and of course we wanted to show Mr. Stringer that we knew what was what. Those who didn't own evening clothes hired 'em for the occasion, accordion hats and all. We met a couple of blocks away from the club and marched over in a body like a lot of honorary pall-bearers.

We got by the outer door all right and into the main room where some old gentlemen were sitting round, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers. They seemed kind of annoyed about something and looked at us as if they took us for burglars in disguise, which they probably did. Up comes a flunky in uniform, knee-breeches and muttonchop whiskers. Uncle Billy did the talking for the bunch.

Tell Mr. Stringer that we're here," says he.

"I-beg your pardon?" says the flunky.



"You don't need to do that," says Uncle Billy. "Just run along and tell Mr. Stringer that his guests are here."

The flunky seemed puzzled for a minute, and then he almost smiled.

"Ah!" says he. "The—Democratic Club is on the opposite corner, sir. Possibly there has been some mistake.

Uncle Billy began to get sore. He flashed his invitation and waved it under the flunky's nose

"It says here the Algonquin Club. You don't look it, but maybe you can read."

"Oh, yes, sir," says the flunky. He examined the invitation carefully and then he shook his head. "Very, very sorry, sir," says he, "but there is some mistake."

"How can there be any mistake?" roars Uncle Billy. Where is Mr. Stringer?"

"That is what I do not know, sir," says the flunky. "We have no such member, sir.

Well, that was a knock-out. Even Uncle Billy didn't know what to say to that. The rest of us stood round on one foot and then on the other like a lot of clothing-store dummies. One of the old gentlemen motioned to the flunky, who left us, but not without looking back every few seconds as if he expected us to start something.

"James," pipes up the old gentleman, "perhaps they have been drinking. Have you telephoned for the police?"

"They don't seem to be violent yet, sir," says James. Then he came back to us and explained again that he was very, very sorry, but there must be some mistake. No Mr. Stringer was known at the Algonquin Club.

"This way out, gentlemen," says James.

I think I was the first one that tumbled to it. We were going down the steps when it struck me like a thousand of brick.

"Stringer!" says I. "We've been strung all right. Tom O'Connor has gone back to the legitimate!"

"No wonder he didn't want to come!" says everybody

We stood on the corner under the lamppost and held an indignation meeting, the old gentlemen looking down at us from the windows as if they couldn't quite make up their minds whether we were dangerous or not. We hadn't decided what we ought to do with Tom when the reporters began to arrive. That cinched it. Every paper had been tipped off by telephone that there was a good josh story at the Algonquin Club, and the funny men had been turned loose on it. Uncle Billy grabbed me by the arm.

"Tip the wink to Dunphy and Parsons and let's get out of this," says he. "I don't often dude myself up and it seems a shame to waste it. We will have dinner at the Casino and frame up a come-back on O'Connor."

I've always said that, in spite of his queer notions about certain things, Uncle Billy is a regular human being. The dinner that he bought us that night proved it, and the idea that he got, along with the coffee, made it even stronger.

"Do you boys know any actresses?" said he. "I mean any that are working in town now?"

"I know Hazel Harrington," says Parsons.

"Ah-hah," says Uncle Billy. "That's the pretty one in Paris Up to Date, eh?" Why, the old rascal even had a line on the musical comedy stars! "Is she a good fellow?"

"Best in the world!" says Parsons. "And a strong baseball fan."

"Fine!" says Uncle Billy and he snapped his fingers at a waiter. "Pencil and paper and messenger boy-quick! Now then, Peachy, write this lady a note and say that we will be highly honored if she will join us here after the show to discuss a matter of grave importance to the Old Guard. Say that you will call in a taxi to get her."

When the note had gone Uncle Billy lighted a fresh cigar and chuckled to himself.

"If she'll go through with it," says he, "I'll guarantee to knock all the funny business out of Tom O'Connor for the rest of his natural life!"

Miss Harrington turned up about eleventhirty, even prettier off the stage than on it, which is going some. She said that she had sidestepped a date with a Pittsburgh millionaire because we were real

people. That was a promising start. She ordered a light supper of creamed lobster and champagne and then Uncle

Billy began to talk.

He told her that as a manager he was in a bad fix. He said he had a new man on the payroll who was promoting civil war. He explained that unless he was able to tame this fellow the team would be crippled. Miss Harrington said that would be a pity, for she had bet on us to win the pennant. She wanted to know what was the matter. Uncle Billy told her all about Tom O'Connor and his practical jokes. Miss Harrington said it would be a good thing to give him a dose of his own medicine. It was like Uncle Billy to let her think that the idea belonged to her.

'Suppose," says Uncle Billy, "you should get a note from him, asking you to meet him at the stage door some night next week. For the sake of the ball club, would you say

"But-what would happen after that?" asked Miss Harrington. "I don't know the man at all and -

Uncle Billy told her what would happen after that, and as it dawned on the rest of us we nearly rolled out of our chairs. Miss Harrington laughed too.

"It would be terribly funny," said she, "and I suppose it would serve him right; but it might get into the papers and -

Uncle Billy shook his head.

"My dear young lady," says he, "the only publicity that you get in this town is the publicity that you go after. I am well and favorably known to the police. A lot of 'em get

(Continued on Page 64)

### HEART G O L D

TAZEL went over to a little clothes closet and pretty deliberately took off her hat and the big fur coat that brought her weight up to one hundred and four pounds. She was in time, then, after all. The rube had not got away yet with all his mother's savings in his pocket; but the girl knew she must be careful. It would not do to make any mistakes in trying to dissuade Keziah from doing what her boy-with tears in his voice probably-had begged her to do. A wrongly chosen word might spoil everything.

She was still half buried in the shallow little cupboard, replacing her hatpins with minute accuracy in the holes they had come out of, when she heard the old lady getting up rather

creakingly from her rocker.

'I guess we may as well be goin' to bed-both of us," she said as Hazel faced round. "There's nothin' like a night's sleep for settlin' yer mind. And mine cert'nly needs settlin' after what I've

b'en through tonight."

They had lived together a year, with perhaps the nearest approach to intimacy that was possible to either of them. Both were reserved to an extraordinary degree—but here was where the difference came in: the girl-buffeted, cheated, tricked, grown out of all her illusions and most of her faiths before she was well into her teens-had cultivated and developed the blank, impenetrable reserve she wore before the world as a defensive armor. She could have understood that form of self-defense in the older woman.

The sight of the old lady, however, beaming trust and confidence and affection on her through her big iron-bowed spectacles—and yet carrying her troublesome problem to bed with her, all alone, without a word-seemed to the girl almost unendurably pathetic. It made her throat tighten and her eyes blur.

Keziah saw the brightness in the girl's green eyes, and the troubled, thoughtful look in her face gave way to her old benignant smile.

"Don't you fret about it, child," she said.
"Look here!" said Hazel. "Perhaps you're right about

a night's sleep; but in the morning, when he comes back and you talk things over with him, I want to sit in-see?"

"I don't see as it would harm any," said Keziah, "though there ain't a mite of need of it. The boy's made a mistake; but he'll understand better in the mornin' too."

This was a little puzzling; and Hazel was still frowning over the meaning of it when the old lady stopped halfway down the passage to her bedroom, hesitated like one in difficulty, and then said something more puzzling still:

"Mebbe—mebbe in the morning, if you was to dress fer goin' out-in your reg'lar street clothes-it'd help him to

get over his mistake."

Hazel wrestled with that remark for a while after she went to bed. Had she got any clew at all to its meaning she might have lain awake a long while over it; but, as she could make nothing of it whatever, she fell asleep presently.

The next thing she knew-somewhere along in the middle of the night-the doorbell was ringing; because, if your regular hours for sleep are from two to ten, half past seven A. M. is the middle of the night—just about.

Hazel slept on a couch in the sitting room, preferring it to the tiny little box, with a window in the light shaft, that offered the only alternative. Her reaction to the thrill of the bell was purely galvanic. She was not awake at all really when she sprang out of bed, groped for the sleeves of her heavily quilted dressing gown and poked her feet into her fleece-lined slippers. The bell was probably a mistake—or it might be a telegram or a special-delivery letter; and the more expeditiously she disposed of it the sooner she could be back in bed again, sleeping in the normal horizontal position. She would not have stopped for the dressing gown and slippers, except that the doctor had advised her to sleep with the windows wide open and the room was cold.

Consequently when she pulled the door open and found herself confronting Newton Strong it took her the better part of a minute to get her mental eyes open. During that time she simply stared at him. And he, with a difference, stared back at her.

To begin with, he did not know who she was at allthis pale, slim young girl with her black hair done up in two thick braids and her sleepy eyes staring at him. A woman always looks younger, or else a great deal older, than her age when you see her that way, with her hair hanging and in slippers without heels. And Hazel had not yet reached the age where the candor of such a revelation

By Henry Kitchell Webster



made her look old. And then, last night's make-up never entirely came off until she had washed her face in the morning, and the imperceptible residuum of it gave her skin the bloom of a child's. Indeed, it was for a child that Newton at first took her.

"My m-mother-" he stammered, "Mrs. Strong-asked me to come to breakfast."

"Breakfast!" said Hazel, shivering with the cold and with the effort to wake herself up. "Oh—yes. Come in." It was not until she had closed the door behind him that

he knew her.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "you ----"

She interrupted him with a quick little gesture toward his mother's bedroom up the hall.

"She's asleep yet," she whispered.

The rube took this admonition with a little gasp; then, still staring at her, he began to flush deeper and deeper. Presently he turned away and looked out the window.

"You might shut it," suggested Hazel. "The room will get warm quicker." And she padded across and closed the other one-the maneuver gave her time to think and she felt she needed it.

Obviously here was a providential chance to intervene once more in old Keziah's defense and finish up what she had begun the previous night in her dressing room—only, somehow, as she looked at the rube this morning in the light of day, as he stood there now at the window, painfully embarrassed, turning his soft widebrimmed hat round and round in his hands, the line she had taken with him last night seemed hardly applicable.

Perhaps it would not have seemed applicable last night if she had had time really to look at him then. She had been so hurried and so anxious that she had made her proposition rather to the image of Keziah's son she had been carrying in her mind for such a long time than to the man who had stood before her. He did not look like a regular grafter-no more really than did Keziah herself. There was a look of innocence about him that reminded her of Keziah-a look of competence too.

Perhaps he really had played in hard luck. Perhaps he had not understood fully what his mother's situation was or how hard she had to work for her thirty a week. The old lady-this was rather a startling thought-might have been as reticent about her affairs with him as she was with Hazel.

"Look here!" she said, moving a little away from the window and leaning back against the radiator. "The old

lady'll be coming out soon; but let's you and I have a little chin first-try to get things straight. That was pretty rough stuff [ handed you last night, but that wa-I thought she was getting the wors' I butted in without knowing what Le about. Things like that have been happen. Take off your overcoat and sit ... and deal it out to me straight."

He stammered out "Thank you!" and began unbuttoning his coat; but, after he had taken one brief and rather panicky look at her-a look that somehow included the disheveled bed she had so recently sprung out of — his eyes once more sought refuge in the blank front of the apartment house across the street.

And Hazel-Freddy Boldt would not have believed this, but it is true just the same-Hazel, after a puzzled frown that lasted half a second, began to blush. That last incomprehensible suggestion of Keziah's the night before recurred to her.

"I'll—I'll go and dress first," she said.

She turned up the blankets on the couch and drew the blue-and-red-striped cover, which disguised its functions by day, over it before she left the room. As she closed the door between them she apostrophized it, halfway between mirth and indignation.

"Now what," she inquired, "what do you know about that?"

A notion occurred to her that brought her color flaming up higher than ever. If he were shocked and embarrassed by her appearance this morning in a heavily quilted blue-silk dressing gown which, for warmth, closed tightly under her chin and reached clear to the floor, what must he have thought of her last night?

The rube himself, meanwhile, on his side of the door, made no remarks, but the shock to a number of his preconceived ideas went a good deal deeper. The first of these shocks had come with his identification of the pale, slim young girl in the dressing gown with the painted baggage who had abducted him the night before.

Paint on a face had always represented to him simply the black flag of feminine piracy, flaunted shamelessly from the mast in order that all might understand and that no mistakes might be made. Also, it was worn, he supposed. to conceal the ravages of age and wickedness. Under the paint, which gave that wicked adventuress whatever charms she had, he had assumed a perfect hag; but the vision in the blue dressing gown had looked to Newton-I am giving away a secret, but you may as well know it now as later-like an angel.

He was one of those simple persons-certainly with regard to women-who make the world simple. The celebrated little girl, with the curl in the middle of her forehead, is to people of this sort the prototype of all women-If they are good at all they are very, very good, and if they are bad their horridness is simply unspeakable and unspoken of.

Clearly Hazel, with that childlike look of innocence on her and that unmistakably authentic concern for his mother's welfare, was not the vampire he had mistaken her for; and if a girl as pretty as Hazel was not a vampire, then an angel was all there was left for her to be.

On the other hand, though, she was certainly an actressan actress who played the part of a grossly mercenary adventuress, who smoked cigarettes and sat on a table and crossed her legs and wore clothes that

The thought of those clothes he had seen on her person and littered about her dressing room gave him a twinge of misgiving that hurt horribly.

The other side of the door Hazel was dressing as fast as she could and thinking as fast as she dressed. She was a pretty wise young lady; and one of her shrewd observations on life was the fact that you were not very likely to get the whole truth out of anybody by sitting down blankly in front of him and asking him to tell you about himself even supposing him to be willing to tell you the whole unvarnished truth-which was some supposition, to begin with. The genuine revelations that you got out of people began when they had forgotten all about themselves.

Before she had buttoned the last button in her sober little silk blouse, however, she had hit on an idea for giving Newton something else to think about besides the story he was probably at this moment engaged in framing up. As she came blinking sleepily out of her little dressing room she glanced at the tiny watch in the bracelet on her wrist.

"Gee!" she said. "I don't believe I was ever awake at this time of day before. Look here! There's no use waiting for the Swede. She don't come till ten o'clock. Let's go out in the kitchen and boil up the mocha for ourselves."

The scene, though, did not work out as she had expected. It flew the track right at the beginning, when Newton exhibited a culinary technic so far superior to Hazel's that in five minutes it was he who was getting the breakfast, while she flitted about the kitchen and tried to keep out of the way.

"I think I'd know this was my mother's kitchen," he ad observed almost as soon as he had taken a look round. "Though of course it isn't much like the one we had back

There must have been something homelike about it, though, because, except for occasional moments when he net Hazel's eye and the old paralysis returned, he ceased to be the blushing, uncomfortable, tongue-tied creature of her arlier experiences with him. Except for the fact that he iid not talk like a rube, he reminded her of old Keziah nore than ever.

"Did you learn to cook out West?" she asked; and he aughed outright at the question.

"No," he said. "I'm a regular cook. My mother taught ne when I was a kid. She used to say I was about as good s she was-but I guess that was parental pride. In the sinter, when outdoor chores were slack, she and I spelled ach other off in the kitchen, week by week. It never did my good though. She always found something else to work at. If it wasn't her own work it was somebody else's." le looked round at the girl just then and caught the little onfirmatory nod she gave this statement. "She's still like hat?" he asked.

Hazel nodded again and the look of worried perplexity hat came into his face opened the sluicegates. She set lown the coffee pot, crossed the little kitchen and conrented him.

"Look here!" she said. "I had a bum steer last night; out what I said goes just the same. I know how you feel shout it. I've been up against it myself. I'm in luckist now," The doctor she went to see every week would have understood the way her lips twitched into an ironical mile over that, but Newton did not have the data. "And t's your mother I owe it to. If it hadn't been for her Well, I owe her a lot-not money, but in other ways. I'd like to get square—see? So you tell her you're all rightdon't need any more-help; and let me stake you on the quiet.'

Newton fairly jumped at that, but his gasp gave her

time to go on with a rush.

"It's just a loan, of course. You will be on the easy side of the street pretty soon and then you can pay it back. It's likely"—that same ironical smile twitched her lips again-"that I'll need it then more than I do now; so, you see, it's a favor to me too. Keep me from blowing it in." He turned away from her rather suddenly, and she saw him shut his hands tight and draw a long breath. "All right," she concluded encouragingly. "Think it over."

"Was that"-he asked, still without looking round at her-"was that what you meant last night?"

"Oh, forget last night! I had a bum steer, I tell you, and I was sore. The proposition was the same, only-well, this morning I'd like to shake hands on it."

Newton might have said: "Forget the proposition, but shake hands anyway." That represented more or less what was in his mind; but he had never talked with an angel before and his thoughts were whirling too fast for any one of them to find an out-The beauty-the innocence of her in her blue skirt and blouse—her warm-hearted affection for his mother and her kindness for him-the loyalty of her! What a pal she would make! Suppose a miracle should

So he did not say a word-just stood there staring at her until with a shrug of her slim shoulders she turned away.

"I suppose you're sore now," she said, "because of last night."

That stung him to speech.

"Sore?" he said. "Because—because you tried to protect my mother from agrafter? Of course that's what you thought me. I can see it plain enough. A man must seem pretty worthless who'd let his old mother work like that! And then, I suppose you knew about her sending me money. She did. Every time I sent her any she sent it back."

The color came flushing up again into the girl's cheeks. Really it was a shame that Freddy Boldt and George Featherstonhaugh could not have been there to see.

"I didn't even know," she said a little unevenly, "about her sending the money to you-only she seemed so worried about you and so scared when your letter came in."

He looked a little puzzled at that—and then he smiled. I suppose she began worrying," he said, "when I began threatening to come here to see for myself what she was doing and why she'd come to Chicago-why she'd left East Weston, you know." Hazel stared at that.

"Don't you know why she left East Weston?" she asked. He shook his head.

"I tried to get it out of her last night, but I couldn't. wish you'd tell me."

"You can search me!" said Hazel. "I thought-And then she floundered, because she was through the ice again. What was worse, her confusion gave him a hint.

"You thought it had something to do with me? That I'd-disgraced her some way? Oh, please don't mind!



That Were Not in Her Lines at All

Of course that's what you thought. Anybody would have."

This was rather too easy a view for the girl to take however. Shehad made the mistake that always exasperated her when other people made it.

"My middle name was Wiseheimer that time all right!" she said disgustedly. "Only-well, there's one thing I don't see. What was it threw the scare into old Ke-into your mother? Why didn't she want you to come?"

Seldom has the shoe of embarrassment changed feet more abruptly than it did at Hazel's question. The rube turned the unlovely color of an American Beauty rose.

"My m-mother had never t-told me what she was doing out here," he stammered. "She was afraid to tell me for f-fear I'd be shocked-about the

theater, you know. And—well," he laughed unhappily, "I guess I was all right." The very desperateness of his embarrassment forced him to turn and meet her eyes. "You see," he said, "I made a much worse mistake about you than you did about me."

The girl returned his look thoughtfully.

"How do you know," she asked, "that it was a mistake you made about me?"

"I've seen you and talked with you," he said simply.
"You didn't like me last night," she persisted, smiling

a little, "when I came out on the stage and lighted that cigarette."

"I'm not talking about the theater," he interrupted brusquely. "I'm talking about you. I know what you arethe real you! If there are things you do and say there that I don't-like, I guess that's because --- " Embarrassment was simply burning him up and he was stumbling fearfully; but he plodded on through and managed to get it out-"because-well, maybe you don't just understand what they mean?-how they'd be taken by men,

At first the only expression in the girl's face was a puzzled pucker between her fine brows. Then, as she got his meaning, her eyes widened and she turned suddenly away from him with what started out to be a laugh, but did not end exactly that way. Really it did not sound to Newton

"Oh, please!" he cried. "I only said it because I had to. I wouldn't have hurt you for anything. Last night, in your dressing room, I was sort of rattled or I might have understood then-what you really were, you know. You may

"You didn't hurt me," she said; and when she turned there was a smile, albeit a rather ragged one, on her lips, "I understand you, all right," she went on; "but you wouldn't understand anyone like me in a thousand years."

The sort of breakfast that Hazel had in mind when she suggested that they go out into the kitchen and get it for themselves would have been done long ago; but Newton, without asking any questions except as to where a few things were, had laid the foundation for the meal on a much larger scale. If anybody had offered him a cup of black coffee and a slice of toast and told him it was breakfast his feelings would have been hurt. He had something in the oven now, compounded principally of flour and lard. The girl had watched the mixing process with the fascination of horror-and she did not yet know what it was going to turn out to be.

He seemed to have no misgivings on the subject. Anyhow he turned to the oven door when Hazel said he would not understand any one like her in a thousand years, and he had ignored the remark. He just produced a pan of bakingpowder biscuits like a prestidigitator and announced that breakfast was ready.

"Mother's changed in one thing," he observed, "she'd never have slept through all this."



Hazel thought it was a bit queer herself; but she had one more mystery to solve, and she meant, if possible, to accomplish this before the old lady appeared. So she presented the first explanation that came to hand.

"It's only half-past eight and she doesn't wake up usually for another half hour. There's a lot in what you're

used to."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully; "I guess that's so." And what he was thinking of was revealed the next minute, when he added: "I wish you'd tell me about the theaterabout what your work is, and all."

Do you mean your mother's?" she asked.

"Yes; and—yours," he said. "It seemed horrible to me last night; but I suppose——" He flushed a little.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," she said, "not if you're lucky and have a place like the Globe to work in."

He stared a little at that, wondering-if the Globe were

a good place-what the others must be like.

"You've got a chance for good steady work in a show like Willy Lord's," she explained. "The trouble with the profession is the ups and downs. You make a hit in something and draw down a hundred a week for a while; and then you get a contract for a new show at one-fifty, and the new show's a bloomer and the notice goes up, and there you are—flat! Maybe you don't get another look-in for six months. You can't go back in the chorus and you've got to keep up a front. And then, if anything happens to you; if"—she hesitated, but went steadily on—"if you get sick or anything, why-it's all off."

Newton did not have the data that the doctor, or even George Featherstonhaugh, possessed; but his intuitive faculties were as good as old Keziah's, and the steady look he gave the girl across the table made her change the

subject quickly.

"Of course it's different with your mother," she said. "She don't get paid as much as we do and she has to work harder. She's at the theater every day by noon, whether there's a matinée or not-and she never gets back here before midnight; but she gets paid for all the time she works-and she'll always have a job as long as Willy Lord has a show to his back. It isn't a soft thing though-not so you'd notice it."

Newton set down his coffee cup and clasped his hands under the table.

"I wish I could take you out of it too!" he blurted out. The sparkle that had been in the girl's eyes and the faint flush that had colored her cheeks faded and died. She set down her coffee cup, too, so suddenly that it clattered.

"Too?" she repeated stiffly.

"I came on to get her, you see—to take her back West with me. When I found out last night where she was and what she was doing I told her I wanted her to pack up and come with me this morning. She said she'd tell me at breakfast-time. But—but I wish you could come with us."

Well, there was the answer to Hazel's unasked question. Since it was not money, what was it the rube had asked of old Keziah which had left that troubled look in the old lady's face last night? It was the most natural thing in the world. He wanted her to quit working twelve hours a day and go out West with him and be taken care of-as a mother should be taken care of-by her grown-up son.

The girl's sensation under the impact of this idea was one common enough in dreams. It was what an aviator must feel when a stay snaps and his planes begin buckling, and the long plunge begins-but not very fast at first. She had been aware for weeks that what held her up was nothing but the strength—the inexhaustible vitality—of the ironwilled old lady, who took her days so competently, one at a time-who never flagged, never let go, never sentimentalized or made a fuss, but was always there when she was needed, with that benignant smile of hers and those big, competent, motherly hands.

Hazel had never told her so. It was not the sort of thing you could tell Keziah. She had not told her, either, about those weekly visits to the doctor. What was the use?

Hazel was-like most followers of the hazardous professions-a thoroughgoing and thoroughly unconscious fatalist. She would not have described herself by that term, but she could not act in matters that concerned herself on any other hypothesis. The doctor's suggestions were not impracticable. Thanks to old Keziah she had saved up money enough to take the year's rest he ordered in the climate he specified. And if that did not do the trick she might find something to do in her own profession out in some place like Colorado Springs. Willy Lord would have plenty of suggestions along that line if she should ask him.

Active resistance was paralyzed, however, by the profound belief that you could not sidestep what was coming to you. The streak of good luck that had begun with her friendship with old Keziah had not resulted from any effort of hers; it had begun, in fact, through the throwing away of what looked like the best chance. The luck had gone on getting better and better so fast that it almost frightened the girl. And then, right in the full tide of it, had come a twitch of the stringthe warning catch in her breathing that had sent her to the doctor's office. She had smiled over the doctor's verdicta smile appreciative of the perfect irony of the thing.

Fate must have its little jokes, and this time the joke was on her; but she could not take this last blow like that. In sending this big bronzed innocent, with strength and power and confidence simply singing in him, to take her one support away from her, Fate was not playing fair. There was an intolerable wrench about it that could not be met with a smile.

She did not think it out. She was not thinking at all as with a clatter she set down her coffee cup and gripped the sides of her chair to resist an actual vertigo. The things I have been telling you were just the ingredients for the explosion; but you will understand why she did not grasp at once what it was he had actually said-that he would like to take her out West too. It was not until he repeated it that it began to reach her mind at all. When it did it struck her as almost grotesque.

The conventionally well-bred, nice girl would not have taken it quite that way because the cornerstone of a nice girl's good-breeding is the axiom that the world owes her a living. From the cradle to the grave it is somebody's job to take care of her. The only way she can forfeit this right

is to stop being nice.

Hazel, however, was not a "nice" girl and she had never found any disposition on the part of anybody to take care of her except for value-of one sort or another-received. One could pay her way by this means or by that. For one of these means—the easiest, perhaps—she had a very profound contempt.

In what capacity did Newton mean she should go out West with his mother? That question, which flashed into her mind as soon as she had fairly heard him say he wished she could go, would have brought a smile to her lips if she could have smiled at anything just then. She had been invited to take trips before—to California and Florida and places like those. The contrast between the givers of those other invitations and the big man across the table from her now, with that look of troubled concern in his face, should have been funny enough for anybody.

She had not said a word yet, since Newton had told her what he wanted of his mother. It seemed hours ago already. She tried to speak now, but could not.

He waited a moment—it was not more than that really then looked away from her and went on talking.

"It isn't much of a place yet to live in—just a galvanized iron shed; but it would not take long to build some sort of house and get things fixed up a little; and it's a wonderful country-with the mountains all round and the finest air you ever breathed. I'm not much at descriptions. You'll have to come out and see it for yourself." Now he looked round at her again. "It's better than this," he said.

"I guess that's right," she managed to answer; but her eyes fell away from his and she made a pretense at going on with her breakfast.

She had seen something in that last look that showed her a way out—an alternative to letting old Keziah go and

fighting her own hopeless battle alone. Newton might be a rube, and the old-fashioned cut of his collar was enough to have justified Tom O'Hara in calling it a paper one-and he might not be so very prosperous now; but there could be no doubt, looking at him, that he was going to succeed.

He had, in spite of his embarrassment in her society, the accent of a man who has succeeded already. There was no doubt in her mind that he would prove strong enough to carry all her burdens as well as his own. She could get that support, in exchange for old Keziah's, by the perfectly practicable expedient of making him fall in love with her and marry her. It would hardly take an effort.

She scorched that idea to death, before it had time to state itself explicitly, with a hot blast of contempt that brought the color up into her cheeks again and a hard light into her eyes. Newton stared at her in consternation.
"What's the matter?" he gasped. "Did I say anything

"Not a thing," she interrupted.

And just then Keziah came into the room. They must have pretty well forgotten about her, for a fact, since she had managed to get completely dressed without giving either of them an inkling that she was stirring. And the way Newton sprang up at the sight of her had a touch of surprise about it.

He managed to say, "Good morning, mother!" composedly enough, and went over to the wall to get a chair for

her, but she checked him with a gesture.

"I guess we might as well have an understandin' first as last," she said. "I didn't pack up my trunk last night and just for the present I don't reckon I will."

Hazel pushed back her chair from the table.

"Sit down here," she said to old Keziah. "I'm through." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "I'm going downtown to do some shopping before the matinée. See you later." She managed a sort of nod of farewell to Newton before she left the room.

Old Keziah pulled up the vacant chair and sat down comfortably to her breakfast; and she contemplated Newton's culinary triumphs with undisguised satisfaction.

"I'm good and hungry," she said. "I've been awake a right smart while." She smiled placidly across the table at her son, who blushed again. "Ever sence you rang the doorbell," she went on.

"Why in the world--" Newton began; but he did

not have the face to finish the question.

"I guess I'm ready to tell you now what you asked me last night," she said as she poured her coffee, "why I come out here in the first place; why I didn't just go on waitin' in East Weston till you was rich enough to come back and buy up the town, like you said you was goin' to, and show some of them backbitin', gossipin' stick-in-the-muds that they was capable of being wrong once in a while! You used them very words, Newton, and I ain't never forgot 'em. You'd show 'em, you said, whether yer old mother was a fool or not fer havin' given you a good education and a fair

"Well, that all seemed right and just to me, and I waited fer quite a spell-all the while you was at the School of

Mines, and after. But it come to me all at once-Why did I have to do my waitin' there, sewin' out fer the same folks, hearin' the same scandal, and gettin' to be 'most as ossified as the rest of 'em? They all thought I'd b'en a fool once fer not givin' you to yer uncle, and then fer keepin' you in school-and most of all fer lettin' you go out West. Well, sez I, why not be a fool fer once? Why not cut loose and have my fling? Get up some mornin' without knowin' everything that was agoin' to happen that day-like I'd dreamed of doin' ever sence I was a girl! So I up and come to Chicago."

"You've always wanted to do that?" gasped Newton. It was almost as much of a shock to him as

Hazel had been. She nodded.

"I've done my work," she said, "and I ain't never complained; but I calc'late it's finished and I'm entitled to a good time. I don't want to be selfish, but I ain't agoin' back to East Weston or out to your mine until you get it fixed up comfortable. I'm goin' to stay right here."

HAT quinine is, or calomel, to the medical W practitioner, such, to the writer of theatrical stories, is the understudy. You take a humble, unappreciated little heroine, who is looked down on by everybody. Nobody realizes her possibilities; she has a part in which she says: "Isn't it a lovely night? Let's go out on the terrace!" or "Will you wear your emeralds tonight, madam, or the pearls?" If she says these lines for what they are worth nobody pays any attention to her, and if she tries to dramatize them the stage manager calls her down-She has no chance in the world.

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# Cats and Mice in Merrie England

WILIGHT of a bleak December day was gathering in London streets. Low in the chocolatehued sky a discouraged sun strove to send earthward a few pale rays, the first that had appeared since noon was high. It was not raining—for a wonder-and a particularly acrid wind was taking advantage of that fact to scoop the corners hare of dust, soot and rubbish, and to distribute the same in germladen clouds into the eyes and throats of pedestrians.

One spot in the vastness of London gave the wind an especially good field for its activities. There the conflu-ence of several streets formed a large triangular open space, like an island left in the crossing of streams. The neighborhood was shabby genteel, but the most prominent object there could hardly be described as either shabby or genteel. It was a big, gloomy, castlelike stone structure set well back from the road behind six feet of wall. Barred windows proclaimed the castle a prison, and the crowd of women drifting up and down the street in shivering groups revealed it to be Holloway Prisonor, as they spell it in England, Holloway Gaol.

Six stalwart policemen guarded the iron gate to the prison yard and a small regiment of police defended the approach to the prison street. The police did not interfere with the

watching women, except to keep them moving; nor did they seem to notice the four women who, carrying purple, green and white flags, and marching two by two, were doing picket duty under the frowning walls. Back and forth, solemnly and silently, walked the pickets, the two sections meeting and crossing before the prison gate. Every two hours they were relieved; but two hours in that wind and cold must have been a test of endurance-even a Militant's

The twilight deepened and the wind took on a sharper edge. Still the watching women drifted up and down, the pickets marched and the police waited-all in shivering silence. A man walked hurriedly into the street and advanced to the center of the triangular space. Turning squarely toward the prison, he raised a cornet to his lips and began to play. He played Onward, Christian Soldiers, The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee and the Marseillaise. The police looked at one another and grinned. Then the cornetist played the Women's Marching Song, and the watching women looked at one another and smiled. Last of all he gave himself as an encore the Marseillaise.

### The Bobby on the Militant Breed

AS THE last defiant note died in the wind a coal cart came jogging noisily over the stones. The man on the seat drew his horses in with a loud and discordant Whoa! He looked at the retreating Blondel; he looked at the women; he looked at the purple, green and white fligs of the pickets; and then he looked at the long line

"Hey, Bill," he called raucously, "wot's the bloomin"

The nearest policeman jerked his thumb back toward the prison gate.

"R'yal fambly's in res'dence!" he replied tersely. It was his way of recording the fact that somewhere in the depths of Holloway Gaol, Mrs. Pankhurst was ending the fourth day of a hunger strike-the second since her return to England a fortnight before; and that in some other cell Sylvia Pankhurst was enduring an eighth day of forcible feeding. To a casual American the policeman's attitude toward the thing seemed unnecessarily frivolous. With the frankness of her kind she said

to another policeman standing near.
"'E don't mean nothin' by it, miss," apologized the policeman. "It's no more than a manner o' speakin'."

"Well," said the American severely, "I think this whole thing is perfectly awful. Do you think they'll let her out tonight?"

The policeman looked carefully to left and right. "Indeed, miss," he murmured cautiously, "all I can say is, I 'opes so."

"You hope so!" repeated the pleased American. "Are you a sympathizer?



Mrs. Drummond Entering Bow Street Police Court

"I am that, miss," said the policeman, still discreetly low-voiced. "You see, I've knowed 'em now for nearly six years. I've got so I know all the disturbin'st of 'em by nime; so it's just natural that I've growed into a sort of a friend-now ine't it? I was stitioned at Westminster all durin' the time when they was rydin' the 'Ouse of Commons, before they'd thought to set any 'ouses afire. Yus, miss, every few weeks or thereabahts we got the word at headquarters: 'Suffragettes is gettin' ready to send another depitation.' And we knowed who we was fycin'. You see, they 'ad their horders, so to speak-which was to get to the 'Ouse. And we 'ad hour horders-which was to stop 'em before they'd got beyond Victoriar Street.

"So there was alwis a mixup—wot you rightly might call a rah. And, wot with knocking 'em abaht, I come to feel aquynted with 'em. I used to s'y to 'em: 'Nah then, Miss Christobel, you know it ine't no use! Cawn't you see it ine't no use?' Or like enough I'd s'y to Miss Sylviar:



Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christobel in Prison Garb

'Nah look at your 'air all fallin' abaht! W'y cawn't you be the cool 'and you mah and sister is?' A fair 'eadstrong piece, I calls Miss Sylviar. But, Lor', she's nawt to some of 'em! Gen'ral Drummond! Lor'!"

"Right-ah!" agreed another bobby, strolling softly into the conversation. "I shawn't forget the rahnd I 'ad with 'er! It was the lawst big depitation they 'ad. Awfter that un they give hup depitations and took to bustin' winders, wich is easier on the police, miss. Wull, that day-Black Friday, they calls it-I 'ad two of 'em under arrest and was tryin' to get 'em through the crahd to the stytion, when the gen'ral she sails into me and catches 'old of the pris'ners. I was 'oldin' hon to 'em with one 'and and was-er-pushin' the gen'ral loose with the other, w'en one of the pris'ners got away, and sudden the other she grabs me by the belt, so I 'it'er once—not too 'ard, of course.

"Then the two of 'em grabs me belt and they trips me hup; and the three of us goes rollin' and sprawlin' on the pavement. I 'ad a black eye and a ear 'most tore off before we was through and they was sife in the stytion. And I goes 'ome and I says to the missus, 'W'y shouldn't they vote?' I says. 'They can fight!'"

If you want to hear denunciations of the English Suffragettes do not

apply to a London bobby. The London police-that is, the uniformed police-respect the Suffragettes as foemen worthy of their steel. The police are willing enough, it is true, to "knock em abaht." That is orders. Besides, they belong to the sex that, in the British Isles, has a hereditary instinct in favor of knocking the other sex about.

### The Suffragette View of the Situation

Now England is getting so emasculated that a man's activities in this direction are not quite as untrammeled as of old. It is becoming just a little dangerous to "knock 'em abaht," except within the hallowed precincts of the home. Not long ago a man actually got "six weeks 'ard" for assaulting a lady friend with a beer bottle.

"You seem to forget, my man," said the magistrate severely, "that this woman is not your wife!" When a bobby uses his fists on a Suffragette it is not in anger, but in the joy of a recovered masculine prerogative. He is

ready the next moment to ask her for her purple, green

and white button as a souvenir.

The real foes of the Suffragettes are the plain-clothes men and the detective Cats from Scotland Yard. The plain-clothes squad as it exists today in England was created to meet the Militant situation and overcome it if possible. In the early days of the agitation, previous to 1910, Militant methods meant nothing more incendiary than sending deputations to the House of Commons with a resolution calling on the government to give votes to

In itself this was as innocuous a proceeding as the working girls' deputation to the White House; but instead of an affable and astute Woodrow Wilson, offering the glad hand and a diplomatic utterance, the Suffragettes had an Asquith-which is to say, an old gentleman apparently entirely devoid of a sense of humor. He would not receive a deputation of voteseeking women-not he; and, that attention might be diverted from the absurdity of his position, he ordered out the police, uniformed and plain clothed, to fight the women back to their headquarters.

The logic of this course is apparent. When the public is talking about how shocking it is for women to fight the police and get themselves arrested, it is not talking about how silly it is of cabinet ministers to refuse to receive deputations of women. So the play went on. As the mélées repeated themselves, the usefulness of the

plain-clothes men became apparent.

They have an institution in Parliament known as Questiontime. At that hour the private member, who is almost as influential a figure as a Democratic congressman who does not belong to the caucus, has his small inning. He is permitted to rise in his seat and ask the all-powerful government why certain things have happened and what the government proposes to do about it.

These questions are sometimes embarrassing. They must be answered, and often it is not at all convenient to return the right answer.

Thus when members demanded to know whether it was true, as charged, that the police had broken bones and blackened eyes, choked and beaten and otherwise maltreated women, the home secretary replied suavely that the government's orders to the police were merely to keep the approaches to the House of Commons open. If violence had been offered the women it must have been at the hands of roughs and hooligans—always present during street brawls. There was no evidence to prove that the offenders were un-uniformed police.

As time went on this answer became more and more convenient, and the number of plain-clothes men increased. The plain-clothes men, a negligible quantity before the Militants appeared, now are said to outnumber the uniformed police. Their usefulness has increased still more since the passage of the Cat and Mouse Act, a measure which has sorely taxed the strength and ingenuity of the Scotland Yard force. More and more Cats are needed to

pursue and pounce on the elusive Mice.

The Cat and Mouse Act was passed by a reluctant Parliament in 1913 simply to oblige the nerve-racked and despairing home secretary, Mr. Reginald McKenna. The home secretary begged Parliament to help him enforce the majesty of the law, set at naught by the hunger-striking Suffragettes. He said forcible feeding could be resorted to only with the strongest, and that he was powerless to keep the others in prison unless Parliament authorized him to let them die of starvation. It really seemed impossible to let them die; but it was equally impossible to let arson go unpunished. Mr. McKenna proposed to release the hunger strikers before their health was too seriously affected, send them home or to a hospital long enough to recover health and strength—then re-arrest them. In this way the women would, in the course of time, serve their sentences.

Shortly before the bill was introduced, Mrs. Pankhurst had been tried for conspiracy and sentenced to prison for three years. While the bill was being debated she was successfully starving her way back to freedom. Under Mr.

McKenna's bill, it was pointed out, Mrs. Pankhurst would not be able to remain at liberty after a hunger strike. She would probably spend the next twenty years between Holloway Gaol and the hospital. Without their leader the Suffragette forces would speedily become disorganized. The Cat and Mouse Act, as an example of class legislation, stands almost without a peer.

Whether or not it has been a success depends on the point of view. From the government's point of view it falls short. From the Militants' point of view it is a huge success, because it gave them at once a new form of attack on the government and a new law to defy. On these two things the Militant movement thrives. Especially is it desirable to get new prison laws to defy.

First, it will be remembered, the women went peacefully to jail, wore the prison clothes, obeyed the rules and were model prisoners. It was good capital. They copied the prison dress, wore it at their meetings and also at by-elections, where it greatly impressed the rural voter and diverted thousands of votes from the Liberals.

No sensation lasts forever. The women took to breaking prison rules. Then they took to leaving prison via the starvation route. Then, most opportunely, came the Cat and Mouse Act; and they said:

"Good! The prison stunt was getting tiresome anyhow.

We won't go any more.'

And mostly they do not. Mrs. Pankhurst, it is true, has been arrested and re-arrested. She will not avoid arrest; and besides, the numbers sent against her are overwhelming. At Plymouth they sent two warships to clear the bay. They caused the White Star liner Oceanic to anchor two miles out in the harbor; and they sent a police tender with six men from Scotland Yard, the head constable, an officer from Plymouth and a wardress from Holloway. At Dover, ten days later, they took her by a ruse, backed up by a regiment of police. Yes, they do arrest Mrs. Pank-

The others they arrest occasionally; but they rarely get a woman against her will-or, more properly, against the will of the organization. When a Militant hunger-strikes her way out she is given a license, which authorizes her

release for a term of days, usually seven. By the provisions of the license she is ordered to return to the prison at the expiration of the time—but she does not. Instead she first scornfully destroys the license and casts the fragments at the feet of the governor of the prison.

In case she is a leader she preserves her license and auctions it off at the next big meeting. Annie Kenney's license is worth from twenty to fifty pounds. Mrs. Pankhurst's license is so fabulously valuable that they do not allow her to have it any longer. The governor reads it to have and locks it up in the safe.

The next thing the released hunger-striker de recovering her health is to go to the headquarters way and ask for orders. Those in charge there consu. question: Shall she be re-arrested or not? Usually not. In that case the released Militant becomes a Mouse, changes her name and the way she has been doing up her hair, and retires into the provinces to work.

An organizer is needed at Brighton.

"What is Miss Murray-Jones doing now and how much longer has she to serve?" asks the head organizer.

"She has just finished the new prison book and hasn't anything special on hand. She has five days more to serve."

"Well, tell her to go and get arrested this afternoon; and when she comes out she can take Brighton.

So Miss Murray-Jones smilingly goes forth and looks up a policeman who knows her and will take her in. They tell of an aristocratic young person who was standing on a street corner in Piccadilly, a little uncertain of her destination. The policeman on the beat watched her for a moment, then approached her politely, touched his cap and inquired:

'Beg pardon, miss, were you wanting to be arrested? I'm goin' off just now and should be very glad to do it for

you quite quietly.'

After all, it's the bobby-if anybody-who understands Militancy. Certainly Scotland Yard does not. Shortly before Christmas, Scotland Yard gave out a statement, probably government inspired, that was very widely copied

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# WILLIAM CARLETON

"We Need Big

Men Who Will

ICK kept his herd record faithfully and accurately. He knew both the quantity and quality of what each cow produced. He knew just what he paid for every item of feed and labor. He knew the cost of delivery and the cost of bottling. He could hardly wait until the end of the first twelve-month period to get at these figures. Then he and Jane spent a week in working them out. Because they were vital to his business and not because they furnish any standard I want to give some of the results. To start with he worked out averages, because these of course represent the actual cost of his milk. Later on he took up the record of each cow by itself.

Hay and coarse feed											\$ 52.00
Grain											34.00
Labor						90			1		25,00
Salt, veterinary, and	90	for	th								1.00
Bedding											3.50
Cost of male										3	5.00
Depreciation of cow	1					4			1	4	6.00
Interest and risk on	00	W			4	4					4.00
Interest on barn and	d	ury	P4	or e	WOO.	1					5.00
Taxes, insurance, repa	úr	s, d	epr	eci	ati	on,	per	rec	W.		1.50
Correspondence and	m	306	lla	neo	rus.	ite	ms			4	.50
Total cost per	e	W.					25			1	\$137,50
Total cost per				1		1					.048

The average production per cow that first year was 2848 quarts running to slightly over four per cent fat. This at eight cents a quart gave to the credit of each cow \$227.84. Further credits were:

By dress								\$16.50
By calf	,						+	3.00
								\$19.50

This gave a gross return per cow of \$247.34 and a gross return per quart of .0873, which was a net return over the actual cost of production of .0393 per quart. Out of this had to come

bottling and delivery. This totaled .0343 per quart, which left a net profit per quart of an even half cent. This figured out a net profit per cow of \$14.24.

The boy came over to the house with these figures as soon as he worked them out.

"Well, dad," he said, "I've made the thing pay. I've earned my five per cent and a little over; but honest, from the viewpoint of a farmer it looks discouraging."

"How's that?"



"I make the net profit for the whole herd to be only \$170.88 for the entire year.'

"That's after taking out five per cent on investment."

"I've counted that into the cost," he said.

"Of course, but at the same time you've had that returned to you. And you've counted in twenty-five dollars a cow, or three hundred dollars, for labor."

"I figured it took Al one-half his time to look after the

"That's about right, I guess," I said. "But if you were running the farm yourself as your only business you'd do the work yourself and would have to count wages to your own credit. That would bring your profit up to \$470-over a five per cent return on your money. Then you've used that same barn as part of your general farm plant, shelter for your horse, and so forth. Then you've taken out your own milk and cream at cost-another saving. I should say those items totaled about thirty dollars at least, which brings your profit up to five hundred. Now to me that doesn't look like a bad return on a three-thousand-dollar

investment. Furthermore, you must take into account that the herd kept your farm working in the winter when nothing else would."

The boy smiled.

"That looks like good reasoning," he said: "but let's get at it another way. As a matter of fact I haven't run the farm myself. I've invested my money, created the business, devoted my time and energy to it for a year and netted a profit over ordinary interest of \$170. Mind you, I'm personally satisfied, because I didn't go into this as purely a money-making proposition; but with those results I don't see how any one could."

"You mean you've been paid a salary of only \$170 for your services."

"Exactly."

"The whole point is then that a threethousand-dollar farm can't afford a business manager. That's right. If you'd been doing your own work you'd have been receiving. counting in your interest, a gross return of \$650 for about one-half your time and the use of three thousand dollars. That isn't a bad profit. Furthermore, you're only a beginner."

"You're right," said the boy.

When Barney saw the figures he was off in a wild dream in a minute.

"Fine," he exclaimed. "You've proved you can do it. Now the only thing to do is to get into the business hard. I've been keeping track of some good cows for you and know where you can buy fifty."

"I'm raising seven cows from my own stock," said Dick

proudly.

"Seven? What do seven amount to when we need seventy. I need five hundred quarts today and could use a thousand."

Then Barney proceeded to tell the boy of case after case where children were literally taking their lives in their hands every time they put a nursing bottle to their lips.

"And mind you that milk gets by the law. It's all right for adults who can put most anything down their throats and still live, but it isn't right for children. Nature will allow a hardened sinner of a full-grown man to swallow two or three hundred thousand microbes to a swallow and will proceed to kill them off inside him; but she has too many other things to do for a kid who's growing by the week more than a man grows by the year. It isn't fair to Nature or fair to the kid to keep them busy throwing off unnecessary poison."

Barney went into details about some of those children in a way that made your hair stand on end and left you feeling that you weren't even halfway decently human if you didn't contribute every cent you had in the world to help fight the danger. But he felt first what he made you feel afterward. I learned later that in at least four or five cases he was supplying families who couldn't get Carleton milk with certified milk, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. The man didn't save enough out of his income to pay his own bills. His wife never trusted him to buy a new suit of clothes or a pair of shoes for himself. The money would disappear before he had made half a dozen professional calls in Little Italy. She had to go with him and lead him into the store and pay over the money

herself in order to keep him looking respectable.

Because Dick refused to be swept on into the same extravagance in his dairy I goess Barney thought he was the typical modern young busiress man-for himself always, unemotional. and progressive only with some one else's money. But that wasn't true. Dick was for his business always, not for the sake of himself but for the sake of the business. He was as eager as Barney to produce a thousand quarts a day, but curbed his emotions sufficiently to realize that even a hundred quarts a day, year in and year out, was better than the larger production for only

In Brewster, and everywhere else I reckon, we need both

six months.

types of men. You can't combine those qualities in one man without taking off the edge from both. I've never seen anything accomplished yet without a wild-eyed reformer back of it; and I've never seen the wild-eyed reformer accomplish anything without a steady, sane man back of him. Barney was good for Dick, and Dick for Barney.

I've spoken of the wide difference in the herd as producers, but these differences became decidedly more marked when the cows were finally weighed in the balance at the end of the year. The figures were important only to Dick and I won't give them in detail. But if every cow in the herd had been equal to the best cow, Number 8, the production of the herd would have been almost doubled. If every cow had been as poor as the worst one, Number 2, the profits would have been halved. With the same investment, the same cost of maintenance, there was a possible margin of a fifty per cent difference in efficiency. And the boy's best cow didn't represent the last word by a whole lot. She averaged less than eight thousand pounds of milk per year when cows run as high as fifteen thousand. I don't know of any business in the world where there is such a wide difference between normal efficiency and possible efficiency. It is like a steam engine that wastes about ninety per cent of the real energy latent in coal. There doesn't seem to be any remedy for coal waste, but there is a remedy for dairy waste.

I wonder how long it would take the government to make a shoe manufacturer appreciate a way to increase the profit of his plant three or four hundred per cent, if the government could prove its theory by actual demonstration. Not an hour. The government wouldn't have to issue very many bulletins to reach any type of city business man. But they've been issuing bulletins on cow efficiency for years without exciting among the rank and file of farmers anything but ridicule when, through the agricultural papers, they succeed in getting the articles read.

Where these farmers haven't a sense of humor they are calloused by a grim fatalism that is almost barbaric.

Ruth and I spent a week one summer in the old New Hampshire town where she was born. While there I used to get out on the country roads and walk and when a team came jogging along get in and ride a way. I wasn't asked one in five times, but if I invited myself I was always welcome enough. In the same spirit no opening was ever made for a conversation. After a remark or two about the weather these lean, weather-beaten men remained silent unless I pressed the talk. There was nothing surly about them, but just as they went the round of their farm duties without either expecting or desiring outside interference, they pursued the round of their thoughts without either expecting or desiring interruption. Once interrupted, however, they were willing enough to talk.

I used to ask them all if farming paid, and always received the same reply: "Pays nothin'. Times have changed."

When pressed for something more definite one man answered: "Seasons are shorter than they useter be."

He honestly believed this and accepted it humbly as a decree of fate. Farmers all over New England believe it. I asked another man why more farmers thereabouts

didn't keep horses. "Can't afford 'em no more."

"Why not?"

"Horses eat more'n they useter."

There's No Distinction of Rooms in Our House

He let it go at that. There was nothing he could do about it. It shows their attitude and accounts for the difficulty in reaching them. As Hadley often says:

"A man can't go agin Providence."

One of these men told a story worth repeating. He pointed out a dilapidated-looking farmhouse surrounded by rock-strewn fields. The shingles were off the barn and the fences down. It was as poverty-stricken a place as I'd

"Frank Mead used to live there," said the man. "Frank never had no luck and had to sell off his own place up to the cross-roads. He came down here and hired this place. He was leanin' agin the fence here one day when a man came along. The feller stopped and took in the old house and the broken-down walls and the fields all covered with rocks, and then he walked up to Frank and held out his hand. There was almost tears in his eyes.

"'Stranger,' he said very sad-like-'Stranger, I don't know who ye be or anything about ye, but I'm sorry

for ye.'
"Frank took his corncob outern his mouth. Then he says, says he:

"'I don't blame ye none, but I ain't as poor as I look.
I jest hire this place; I don't own it.'"

I've wandered a long way from Brewster, and then again I haven't. 'Most every problem we had at home is a problem you'll find all over the country.

DICK sold that summer three of the least efficient cows and bought three others. But he had to go out of town to get them, because he wanted cows with established records. The cash loss in the transaction was forty dollars. Then out of his reserve fund he bought two more. This gave him a herd of fourteen, besides the seven calves of his own breeding. The five bull calves produced by the herd

he sold when five days old for four dollars each. And here the boy was ready to stop for that season, as far as increasing his plant went, when Barney came to him with a new proposition.

"Look here, Dick," he said. "Maybe your theory about making the business grow by itself is sound enough. I'm willing to admit it is. The only trouble is that it's too darned sound and too slow. You're figuring on your calves and it will be a couple years before they produce anything to count. During that time I know at least a hundred kiddies who either will have died or reached a point where they can get along without the milk."

"But won't there be a hundred others ready for it?"

said Dick.

"Yes," said Barney; "but that doesn't help the hundred who couldn't wait for the calves to grow up. I figure that twenty babies are worth a heap more than one calf.'

It wasn't exactly a fair way of stating the case, because it put the responsibility directly on Dick. That's the way Barney always did. I never saw a man who could take a vague public question and bring it home so sharply to the individual as Barney could. He converted every generality into a personality. He made every question of public welfare definite and concrete, and then proceeded to hold every one of us accountable by name.

I was present when he waded into the boy this time and I saw he made Dick feel mighty uncomfortable. "Well,"

said Dick, "what's your scheme?"

"Just this. Let a half dozen of us chip in and buy a cow apiece. There's room in your barn for them and it won't call for any increases in your plant. We'll take our profits in milk. We need it."

Dick didn't like the scheme at first. He thought it was a reflection on his good judgment.

"Look herehe began.

But Barney didn't allow him to go on until he had explained further.

"We're asking it as a favor," said Barney. "We need Carleton milk right here in town and you know there isn't any way of getting it. There are a dozen families who would pay fifteen cents a quart for it. My scheme gives some

of them a chance to get it. You're doing great work, Dick, and we all know it. Give us a chance to help. Don't be a hog!"

From this point of view the scheme looked different and Dick said he'd think it over. That night he talked with me

"Personally I can't see any objection," I said. "It's a cooperative idea and might work out to something big."

"It's the cooperative idea all right," said Dick, "and might work out to something else. I don't like the notion of having so many voices in the business. I know they'd all mean well enough, but they'd all have different ideas on the proper way to manage things. Now Barney or no Barney, propose to run this plant according to my own notions.

"That's your right, Dick," I said. "I think that's just exactly what they all want you to do. You can make that clear to them. But it does seem too bad not to run your plant full capacity when there's such a demand for your

"You couldn't satisfy that demand with a plant ten times the size of mine," said Dick.

In a way I couldn't criticize the boy for being somewhat shy of the cooperative idea as applied to dairying. There's a bigger record of failures along this line in New England than in any other branch of farming. Nothing on the face of it looks so simple as the cooperative creamery. It doesn't require an expensive plant; it offers a fair opportunity to both the large and the small producer; it supplies a steady and constant market. Yet cooperative creameries have failed again and again and offer farmers today their strongest argument against cooperation in any form.

But what the boy failed to take into account was that while in other places farmers had not been educated to cooperation, in Brewster they had. The trouble elsewhere in ninety cases out of a hundred was that the farmers had no real cooperative spirit. The creameries were started on a false basis. It was presented to them as a sort of getrich-quick scheme. The appeal was made wholly to their pocketbooks and not to their intelligence. The result was almost immediate dissatisfaction, jealousy and consequent bankruptcy. The creameries in most cases were poorly managed, to be sure, but that was due to lack of loyalty on the part of the farmers and to the jealousy that prevented them from placing the right man at the head of the business. In Brewster several years of success with the Pioneer Products Company had overcome all such petty weaknesses; but back of that success was the Pioneer Club. It was here we learned to know each other as friends and not as rivals; it was here we cultivated a genuine social spirit, which was only a larger growth of the family spirit. We laughed and played and studied together before we did business together. We learned to work together for the common good before we began to work together for the common purse.

I hadn't ever hinted anything of the sort to the boy, but down deep in my heart I had hoped his enterprise might work out into something of the sort. I had looked forward to a cooperative creamery, but a cooperative dairy would be just as useful. The spring, summer and fall work in town was well cared for by the Pioneer Products Company, but we didn't have as much to do in the winter as we needed. Our chicken business was increasing rapidly, but not every one could raise chickens. We were also doing considerable business in raising draft horses, but we needed both cows and pigs to round things out.

Without urging these facts very strongly I put them before the boy. With all a young man's combativeness he argued against them, but I knew he'd think over what I said. And he did. He told Barney he would consent to the venture upon the sole condition that the investment carried with it absolutely no voice in the management.

"I can't prevent your talking, Barney," said the boy. "I wouldn't if I could. But hanged if I'd trust you with a vote!"

This didn't show a particularly commendable coöperative spirit on the boy's part, but perhaps in this case he was justified.

The final arrangement was that Dick should select the cows himself, have entire control of them for one year and allow each investor one quart of milk a day. Valuing the milk at eight cents a quart this gave the investor a return of \$29.20. Taking out interest and depreciation this was generous enough for any one. Furthermore, it gave them milk which they couldn't get in any other way. Dick on his side saved the cost of delivery and transportation, for he stipulated that each customer must come to the dairy for his own milk. This left him a profit round three cents a quart. The arrangement still left about eighty per cent of the product for Barney and his kiddies. As near as I could see it was a mighty good deal for every one concerned.

But what the proposition emphasized more than anything else was the big per cent which was being paid for delivery to city customers - almost thirty-five per cent of the total cost. Had his clientèle been among the wellto-do class this wouldn't have seemed so important. Most of them probably would have argued, and rightly enough. that when they were getting such milk for eight cents a quart they could afford the luxury of having it delivered at their doors. But it did not seem right to squander thirtyfive per cent of the retail price in any such luxury, when the

manager of the enterprise was devoting his thought, capital and energy to the reduction of his profit to a fraction of one per cent. To put it another way: Dick was scheming the whole year round to keep down cost of production in order to supply as much milk as possible, and yet he was spending three cents out of every eight to get the milk to the door.

"Hang it all, why shouldn't the customers do a little of the work and come after their milk?" said the boy to me. "If I get it in town to them I don't see why they shouldn't do the rest. It's only fair to their neighbors who want the milk and can't get it."

He put this up to Barney and the latter agreed with him.

"You're right," said Barney. "No doubt about it. How are you going to work it?"

That was the point. It was the same problem we had faced with the Pioneer Products Company. Considering the amount of time and labor we spent in keeping down the cost of our market products for the benefit of consumers, it didn't seem fair to allow them to spend thirty per cent of what they paid for the privilege of having the goods brought to their doors. After all, consumer and producer are in a sort of partnership—a partnership that is growing more intimate every day. The consumer, then, should be willing to contribute a fair share of the labor or else hire it done for him without growling.

But it is one thing to recognize fair play, and another to be in a position to demand it. In the present case, however, Dick had the advantageit was not he, the producer, who was eager, but his market, the consumer. Under these circumstances it seemed as though he should be able to enforce his own conditions. But how?

Dick worked on the problem all that winter. We all did. It was a matter which was of common interest to us all, as today 'most every problem is. And, as it seems to me every problem inevitably must, it led us to the old cooperative idea. But the way it came about was entirely unexpected. To understand, you must know about Horace Moulton, Jr., the son of Moulton, the local storekeeper.

THE first year or so that I was in town I hardly knew Moulton had a son. The boy was away at college and seldom came home except for over Sunday or during the winter holidays. I met him once or twice and liked him well enough without being particularly impressed. He was a stalwart lad, tall, broad shouldered, and interested in athletics. He played football and baseball, and Moulton subscribed to a press-clipping bureau through which he acquired a wider acquaintance with his son than he did through personal discourse. The father handed out these clippings to his friends who dropped into the store. On the whole it was rather pathetic, because the father was very much alone. He was a widower and lived in a beautiful old house with only a crabbed housekeeper for company. But he was proud as a peacock of his boy, and became quite expert in the statistics of college athletics, though he was always too busy ever to get away and see the boy play. He did go up to see him graduate, however, and a day or two before that I happened in and he told me what he was planning.

"I'm glad you're going," I said. "What's the boy going to do next?

"I don't know," said Moulton.

"Going to study a profession?"

"No, be wants to go into business," answered Moulton. "With you?"

"Lord, no," said Moulton, looking kind of sad. "Running a country grocery store isn't big enough for him. He has a chance in a wholesale house and some of his friends want him to go into banking."

"I see."

"I suppose it will keep him away from home the rest of his life," said Moulton. "But that's the way, ain't it? I had kinder hoped he might like to settle down here. My father lived here and his father before him. There's a nice house going to waste and this business-well, it seems almost like a family business now. It's growing, too, but I don't suppose it grows fast enough to suit him.

"It's a pity he feels that way," I said. "You've done well here and I don't see why a younger man couldn't do even better. We need all our young men.'

Moulton put his hand on my shoulder.

"And I need him worst of all, Carleton," he said. "I ain't said anything to him or no one, and I sin't goin' to; but I'm gettin' old and haven't seen much of my boy. He's all I've got too. Sometimes it makes me wish I hadn't edicated him. But that ain't right, is it?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's a hard thing to say just how much our children belong to us and how much to themselves and the world. But I know just how you feel, Moulton, and I do wish the boy could remain here.'



Moulton hesitated a moment and then said wistfully: "I don't suppose you'd talk with him, would you? He's coming home for a week after school, and maybe you could kinder make him see the things the way you do. You've lived in the city and you've lived here and know both sides. It's a good deal to ask, but maybe he might listen to you."

"I'm afraid he'd think it was none of my business." ! said. "But come round with him some time and have supper with us. Perhaps in the course of the evening the talk

will lead up to the subject."

I told Ruth how Moulton felt, and I didn't have much doubt after that but what the talk would lead up to the subject all right.

"Of course it's none of our business, Billy," she said, "but I feel as though I could shake that boy. What's the good of his education if he doesn't come back and use it among his own?"

"Probably he doesn't think the field here broad enough,"

said.

"What do you mean by 'broad'?" she asked.

"I suppose he feels he can't make money enough here." "There you have it," said Ruth. "His father made money enough to have a good home and send his son through college and give him everything he wanted. If the boy made a million I doubt if he would do any better than that. If he made a million I wonder if he could buy anything worth more than this same father's love and pride and joy!"

"Now look here," I said, "you're getting off the subject."

"I'm not," she said. "How would you have felt if Dick hadn't gone on with your business and settled down with us after he went through college?"

"If he had wanted to go away and start fresh for himself?" I said.

"Exactly."

"Well, it would have hurt, little mother, it would have been hard; but I expect we'd have let him go. I expect you'd have been the first to say let him go."

She looked up at me kind of frightened when I said that. But down deep in her heart she knew I was right.

"Oh," she said, "isn't it lucky he didn't want to go!" "He would have left a big hole behind him," I said. "And he isn't all we have either," she said. "Life can

get so horrid it makes me shudder sometimes." "You'd have straightened it out somehow," I said. "But it's a different matter trying to straighten out any one else's life. But the old man sort of got hold of my heart today. And honestly I think there is a fine business chance here for the boy. All I want to do is to suggest that to him."

"And I'm going upstairs to see if Billy Junior is sleeping sound. He's getting so big and his legs are getting so long. Oh, it breaks my heart to see his legs get long.'

Moulton and his boy came, and Ruth had a supper ready for them that would have satisfied a king-fried chicken and hashed brown potatoes, lettuce and radishes that we grew in a little hothouse we had built as an experiment, rhubarb sauce and cake, coffee and home-made cream cheese. Maybe these things don't sound like much, but you have to remember that there was something of the magic of Ruth in each dish. She'd make gruel taste like something with a French name.

Dick and Jane came over and during the meal we talked football and baseball, with Ruth knowing as much about

the games as any of us. It's surprising where she ever learned all she knows. I didn't suppose she had thought of those games since Dick left college, for we never mentioned them at home. Yet here she came in almost as well informed as Moulton himself. I suppose she and Billy Junior must have been talking them over in private.

There was another thing Ruth could do which always filled me with wonder: She could cook a dinner and put it on the table, and then sit down looking as fresh as though she had a dozen servants in the kitchen. When one course was finished she could get up, remove the dishes, bring in the second course, and keep in the conversation so well that you hardly realized she wasn't sitting quiet at the table with some one else doing all those things.

After dinner Dick and I always helped clear the table and wash the dishes, and this time Moulton Junior insisted upon joining us. I saw him watching Ruth and saw the wonder of her grow in his eyes as it does in the eyes of every human being who ever saw her. I told her once that it was a curious fact that a visit by a young man to our home was almost always followed by the announcement of his engagement.

The two boys, pulling at their pipes, did up the work this evening while Moulton and I enjoyed our cigars, looking on. There's no distinction of rooms in our house. Kitchen, dining room, front room and all are just living rooms. The living room of the moment is just where we happen to be. Sometimes when it was a little chilly we'd

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# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

IMMY was not so well, although Harmony's flight had had nothing to do with the relapse. He had found Marie

a slavishly devoted substitute, and besides Peter had indicated that Harmony's absence was purely temporary. But the breaking up was inevitable. All day long the child lay in the white bed, apathetic but sleepless. In vain Marie made flower fairies for his pillow, in vain the little mice, now quite tame, played hide-and-seek over the bed, in vain Peter paused long enough in his frantic search for Harmony to buy colored postcards and bring them to him.

He was contented enough; he did not suffer at all; and he had no apprehension of what was coming. He asked for nothing, tried obediently to eat, liked to have Marie in the room. But he did not beg to be taken into the salon, as he once had done. There was a sort of mental confusion also. He liked Marie to read his father's letters; but as he grew weaker the occasional confusing of Peter with his dead father became a fixed idea. Peter was daddy.

Peter took care of him at night. He had moved into Harmony's adjacent room and dressed there.

But he had never slept in the bed. At night he put on his shabby dressing gown and worn slippers and lay on a haircloth sofa at the foot of Jimmy's bed—lay but hardly slept, so afraid was he that the slender thread of life might snap when it was drawn out to its slenderest during the darkest hours before the dawn. More than once in every night Peter rose and stood, hardly breathing, with the tiny lamp in his hand, watching for the rise and fall of the boy's thin little chest. Peter grew old these days. He turned gray over the ears and de-

veloped lines about his mouth that never left him again. He felt gray and old, and sometimes bitter and hard also. The boy's condition could not be helped: it was inevitable, hopeless. But the thing that was eating his heart out had been unnecessary and cruel.

Where was Harmony? When it stormed, as it did almost steadily, he wondered how she was sheltered; when the occasional sun shone he hoped it was bringing her a bit of cheer. Now and then, in the night, when the lamp burned low and gusts of wind shook the old house, fearful thoughts came to himthe canal, with its filthy depths. Daylight brought reason however. Harmony had been too rational, too sane for such an end.

McLean was Peter's great support in those terrible days. He was young and hopeful. Also he had money.

Peter could not afford to grease the machinery of the police service; McLean could and did. In Berlin Harmony could not have remained hidden for two days. In Vienna, however, it was different. Returns were made to the department, but irregularly. An American music student was missing. There were thousands of American music students in the city: one fell over them in the coffee houses. McLean offered a reward and followed up innumerable music students.

The alternating hope and despair was most trying. Peter became old and haggard; the boy grew thin and white. But there was this difference, that with Peter the strain was cumulative, hour on hour, day on day. With McLean each night found him worn and exhausted, but each following morning he went to work with renewed strength and energy. Perhaps, after all, the iron had not struck so deep into his soul. With Peter it was a life and death matter.

Clinics and lectures had begun again, but he had no heart for work. The little household went on methodically. Marie remained; there had seemed nothing else to do. She cooked Peter's food-what little he would eat; she nursed Jimmy while Peter was out on the long search; and she kept the apartment neat. She was never intrusive, never talkative. Indeed she seemed to have lapsed into definite silence. She deferred absolutely to Peter, adored him, indeed, from afar. She never ate with him, in spite

The little apartment was very quiet. Where formerly had been music and Harmony's soft laughter, where Anna Gates had been wont to argue with Peter in loud, incisive tones, where even the prisms of the chandelier had once vibrated in response to Harmony's violin, almost absolute silence now reigned. Even the gate, having been repaired, no longer creaked, and the loud altercations between the portier and his wife had been silenced out of deference to the sick child.

On the day that Harmony, in the gold dress, had discovered Jimmy's mother in the American dancer Peter had had an unusually bad day. McLean had sent him a note by messenger early in the morning, to the effect

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

that a young girl answering Harmony's description had been seen in the park at Schönbrunn and traced to an apartment near by.

Harmony had liked Schönbrunn, and it seemed possible. They had gone out together, McLean optimistic, Peter afraid to hope. And it had been as he feared-a pretty little violin student, indeed, who had been washing her hair, and only opened the door an inch or two. McLean made a lame apology, Peter too sick with disappointment to speak. Then back to the city again.

He had taken to making a daily round, to the Master's, to the Frau Professor Bergmeister's, along the Graben and the Kärntnerstrasse, ending up at the Doctors' Club in the faint hope of a letter. Wrath still smoldered deep in Peter; he would not enter a room at the club if Mrs. Boyer sat within. He had had a long hour with Doctor Jennings, and left that cheerful person writhing in abasement. And he had held a stormy interview with the Frau Schwarz, which left her humble for a week, and exceedingly nervous, being of the impression from Peter's manner that in the event of Harmony not turning up an American gunboat would sail up the right arm of the Danube and bombard the Pension Schwarz.

Schönbrunn having failed them, McLean and Peter went back to the city in the street-car, neither one saying much. Even McLean's elasticity was deserting him. His eyes, from much peering into crowds, had taken on a strained, concentrated look.

Peter was shabbier than ever beside the other man's ultra-fashionable dress. He sat, bent forward, his long arms dangling between his knees, his head down. Their common trouble had drawn the two together, or had drawn McLean close to Peter, as if he recognized that there were degrees in grief and that Peter had received almost a death-wound. His old rage at Peter had died. Harmony's flight had proved the situation as no amount of protestation would have done. The thing now was to find the girl; then he and Peter would start even, and the battle to the best man.

They had the car almost to themselves. Peter had not spoken since he sat down. McLean was busy over a notebook, in which he jotted down from day to day such details of their search as might be worth keeping. Now and then he glanced at Peter

as if he wished to say something, hesitated, fell to work again over the notebook. Finally he ventured. "How's the boy?"

"Not so well today. I'm having a couple of men in to see him tonight. He doesn't sleep." "Do you sleep?"

"Not much. He's on my mind, of course." That

and other things, Peter.
"Don't you think—wouldn't it be better to have a nurse. You can't go like this all day and be up all night, you know. And Marie has him most of the McLean, of course, had known Marie before. "The boy ought to have a nurse, I think."

"He doesn't move without my hearing him." "That's an argument for me. Do you want to

get sick?" Peter turned a white face toward McLean, a face

in which exasperation struggled with fatigue. "Good Lord, boy," he rasped, "don't you sup-pose I'd have a nurse if I could afford it?"

"Would you let me help? I'd like to do something. I'm a useless cub in a sickroom, but I could do that. Who's the woman he liked in the hospital?"

"Nurse Elisabet, I don't know, Mac. There's no reason why I shouldn't let you help, I suppose. It hurts, of course, but-if he would be happier-

"That's settled then," said McLean. "Nurse Elisabet, if she can come. And—look here, old man. I've been trying to say this for a week and haven't had the nerve. Let me help you out for a while. You can send it back when you get it, any time, a year or ten years. I'll not miss it."

But Peter refused. He tempered the refusal in his

kindly way.

"I can't take anything now," he said. "But I'll remember it, and if things get very bad I'll come to you. It isn't costing much to live. Marie is a good manager, almost as good as-Harmony was." This with difficulty. He found it always hard to speak of Harmony. His throat seemed to close on the

That was the best McLean could do, but he made a mental reservation to see Marie that night and slip her a little money. Peter need never know, would never notice.

At a cross street the car stopped, and the little Bulgarian, Georgiev, got on. He inspected the car carefully before he came in from the platform, and

sat down unobtrusively in a corner. Things were not going well with him either. His small black eyes darted from face to face suspiciously, until they came to a rest on Peter.

It was Georgiev's business to read men. Quickly he put together the bits he had gathered from Harmony on the staircase, added to them Peter's despondent attitude, his strained face, the abstraction which required a touch on the arm from his companion when they reached their destination, recalled Peter outside the door of Harmony's room in the Pension Schwarz—and built him a little story that was not far from the truth.

Peter left the car without seeing him. It was the hour of the promenade, when the Ring and the larger business streets were full of people, when Demel's was thronged with pretty women eating American ices, with military men drinking tea and nibbling Austrian pastry, the hour when the flower women along the Stephansplatz did a rousing business in roses, when sterile women burned candles before the Madonna in the Cathedral, when the lottery did the record business of the day.

It was Peter's forlorn hope that somewhere among the crowd he might happen on Harmony. For some reason he thought of her always as in a crowd, with people close, touching her, men staring at her, following her. He had spent a frightful night in the Opera, scanning seat after seat, not so much because he hoped to find her as because inaction was intolerable.

And so, on that afternoon, he made his slow progress along the Kärntnerstrasse, halting now and then to scrutinize the crowd. He even peered through the doors of shops here and there, hoping while he feared that the girl might be seeking employment within, as she had before in the early days of the winter.

Because of his stature and powerful physique, and perhaps, too, because of the wretchedness in his eyes, people noticed him. There was one place where Peter lingered, where a new building was being erected, and where because of the narrowness of the passage the dense crowd was thinned as it passed. He stood by choice outside a hairdresser's window, where a brilliant light shone on each face that passed.

Inside the clerks had noticed him. Two of them standing together by the desk spoke of him: "He is there again, the gray man!

'Ah, so! But, yes, there is his back!"

"Poor one, it is the Fraulein Engel he waits to see perhaps.

"More likely Le Grande, the American. He is American."

"He is Russian. Look at his size."

"But his shoes!" triumphantly. "They are American, little one."

The third girl had not spoken; she was wrapping in tissue a great golden rose made for the hair. She placed it in a box carefully.

"I think he is of the police," she said, "or a spy. There

is much talk of war."

"Foolishness! Does a police officer sigh always? Or a spy have such sadness in his face? And he grows thin and white."

"The rose, Fraulein."

The clerk who had wrapped up the flower held it out to the customer. The customer, however, was not looking. She was gazing with strange intentness at the back of a worn gray overcoat. Then with a curious clutch at her heart she went white. Harmony of course, Harmony come

to fetch the golden rose that was to complete the Le Grande's costume.

She recovered almost at once and made an excuse to leave by another exit.

She took a final look at the gray sleeve that was all she could see of Peter, who had shifted a bit, and stumbled out into the crowd, walking along with her lip trembling under her veil, and with the slow and steady ache at her heart that she had thought she had stilled for good.

It had never occurred to Harmony that Peter loved her. He had proposed to her twice, but that had been in each case to solve a difficulty for her. And once he had taken her in his arms, but that was different. Even then he had not said he loved her—had not even known it, to be exact. Nor had Harmony realized what

Peter meant to her until she had put him out of her life. The sight of the familiar gray coat, the scrap of conversation, so enlightening as to poor Peter's quest, that Peter was growing thin and white, made her almost reel. She had been too occupied with her own position to realize Peter's. With the glimpse of him came a great longing for the house on the Siebensternstrasse, for Jimmy's arms about her neck, for the salon with the lamp lighted and the sleet beating harmlessly against the casement windows, for the little kitchen with the brick stove, for-Peter.

Doubts of the wisdom of her course assailed her. But to go back meant, at the best, adding to Peter's burden of Jimmy and Marie, meant the old situation again, too, for Marie most certainly did not add to the respectability of the establishment. And other doubts assailed her. What if Jimmy were not so well, should die, as was possible, and she had not let his mother see him!

Monia Reiff was very busy that day. Harmony did not leave the workroom until eight o'clock. During all that time, while her slim fingers worked over fragile laces and soft chiffons, she was seeing Jimmy as she had seen him last, with the flower fairies on his pillow, and Peter, keeping watch over the crowd in the Kärntnerstrasse, looking with his steady eyes for her.

No part of the city was safe for a young girl after night, she knew; the sixteenth district was no better than the rest, rather worse in places. But the longing to see the house on the Siebensternstrasse grew on her, became from an ache a sharp and insistent pain. She must go, must see once again the comfortable glow of Peter's lamp, the flicker

that was the fire.

She ate no supper. She was too tired to eat, and there was the pain. She put on her wraps and crept down the whitewashed staircase. The paved courtyard below was to be crossed and it was poorly lighted. She achieved the street, however, without molestation. To the street-car was only a block, but during that block she was accosted twice. She was white and frightened when she reached the car.

The Siebensternstrasse at last. The street was always dark; the delicatessen shop was closed, but in the wild game

store next a light was burning low, and a flame flickered before the little shrine over the money drawer. The gameseller was a religious man.

The old stucco house dominated the neighborhood. From the time she left the car Harmony saw it, its long flat roof black against the dark sky, its rows of unlighted windows, its long wall broken in the center by the gate. Now from across the street its whole façade lay before her. Peter's lamp was not lighted, but there was a glow of soft firelight from the salon windows. The light was not regular—it disappeared at regular intervals, was blotted out. Harmony knew what that meant. Some one beyond range of where she stood was pacing the floor, back and forward, back and forward. When he was worried or anxious Peter always paced the floor.

She did not know how long she stood there. One of the soft rains was falling, or more accurately, condensing. The saturated air was hardly cold. She stood on the pavement unmolested, while the glow died lower and lower, until at last it was impossible to trace the pacing figure. No one came to any of the windows. The little lamp before the shrine in the wild game shop burned itself out; the portier across the way came to the door, glanced up at the sky and went in. Harmony heard the rattle of the chain

as it was stretched across the door inside. He Stood by Choice Outside a Hairdresser's Window

> Not all the windows of the suite opened on the street. Jimmy's windows-and Peter's-opened toward the back of the house, where in a brick-paved courtyard the wife of the portier hung her washing, and where the portier himself kept a hutch of rabbits. A wild and reckless desire to see at least the light from the child's room possessed Harmony. Even the light would be something; to go like this, to carry with her only the memory of a dark looming house without cheer was unthinkable. The gate was never locked. If she but went into the garden and round by the spruce tree to the back of the house, it would be something.

She knew the garden quite well. Even the darkness had no horror for her. Little Scatchy had had a habit of leaving various articles on her window-sill and of instigating searches for them at untimely hours of night. Once they had found her hairbrush in the rabbit hutch! So Harmony, ashamed but unalarmed, made her way by the big spruce to the corner of the old lodge and thus to the courtyard.

Ah, this was better! Lights all along the apartment floor and moving shadows; on Jimmy's window-sill a jar of milk. And voices—some one was singing.

Peter was singing, droning softly, as one who puts a drowsy child to sleep. Slower and slower, softer and softer, over and over, the little song Harmony had been wont to

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes. And in the—hereafter—angels may Roll—the stone from—its—grave—away."

Slower and slower, softer and softer, until it died away altogether. Peter, in his old dressing gown, came to the window and turned down the gaslight beside it to a blue point. Harmony did not breathe. For a minute, two minutes, he stood there looking out. Far off the twin clocks of the Votivkirche struck the hour. All about lay the lights of the old city, so very old, so wise, so cunning, so cold.

Peter stood looking out, as he had each night since Harmony went away. Each night he sang the boy to

sleep, turned down the light and stood by the window. And each night he whispered to the city that sheltered Harmony somewhere, what he had whispered to the little sweater coat the night before he went away:

"Good night, dear. Good night, Harmony."

The rabbits stirred uneasily in the hutch; a passing gust shook the great tree overhead and sent down a sharp shower on to the bricks below. Peter struck a match and lit his pipe; the flickering light illuminated his face, his rough hair, his steady eyes.
"Good night, Peter," whispered Harmony. "Good

night, dear."

Walter Stewart had made an uncomplicated recovery, helped along by relief at the turn events had taken. In a few days he was going about again, weak naturally, rather handsomer than before because a little less florid. But the week's confinement had given him an opportunity to think over many things. Peter had set him thinking, on the day when he had packed up the last of Marie's small belongings and sent them down to

Stewart, lying in bed, had watched him. "Just how much talk do you suppose this has made, Byrne?" he asked.

"Haven't an idea. Some probably. The people in the Russian villa saw it, you know." Stewart's brows con-

tracted. "Damnation! Then the

hotel has it, of course!" "Probably."

Stewart groaned. Peter closed Marie's American trunk of which she had been so proud, and coming over looked down at the injured man.

"Don't you think you'd better tell the girl all about it?"

"No," doggedly.

"I know, of course, it wouldn't be easy, butyou can't get away with it, Stewart. That's one way of looking at it. There's another.

"What's that?"

"Starting with a clean slate. If she's the sort you want to marry, and not a prude, she'll understand, not at first, but after she gets used to it."

"She wouldn't understand in a thousand years."

"Then you'd better not marry her. You know, Stewart, I have an idea that women imagine a good many pretty rotten things about us anyhow. A sensible girl would rather know the truth and be done with it. What a man has done with his life before a girl—the right girl—comes into it isn't a personal injury to her, since she wasn't a part of his life then. You know what I mean. But she has a right to know it before she chooses."

"How many would choose under those circumstances?" he jibed.

Peter smiled. "Quite a few," he said cheerfully. "It's a wrong system, of course; but we can get a little truth

"You can't get away with it" stuck in Stewart's mind for several days. It was the one thing Peter said that did stick. And before Stewart had recovered enough to be up and about he had made up his mind to tell Anita. In his mind he made quite a case for himself; he argued the affair against his conscience and came out victorious.

Anita's party had broken up. The winter sports did not compare, they complained, with St. Moritz. They disliked German cooking. Into the bargain the weather was not good; the night's snows turned soft by midday; and the crowds that began to throng the hotels were solid citizens, not the fashionables of the Riviera. Anita's arm forbade her traveling. In the reassembling of the party she went to the Kurhaus in the valley below the pension with one of the women who wished to take the baths.

It was to the Kurhaus, then, that Stewart made his first excursion after the accident. He went to dinner. Part of the chaperon's treatment called for an early retiring hour, which was highly as he had wished it and rather unnerving after all. A man may decide that a dose of poison is the remedy for all his troubles, but he does not approach his hour with any hilarity. Stewart was a stupid dinner guest, ate very little, and looked haggard beyond belief when the hour came for the older woman to leave.

He did not lack courage however. It was his great asset, physical and mental rather than moral, but courage nevertheless. The evening was quiet, and they elected to sit on the balcony outside Anita's sitting room, the girl swathed in white furs and leaning back in her steamer chair.

Below lay the terrace of the Kurhaus, edged with evergreen trees. Beyond and far below that was the mountain village, a few scattered houses along a frozen stream. The townspeople retired early; light after light was extinguished, until only one in the priest's house remained. A train crept out of one tunnel and into another, like a glowing worm crawling from burrow to burrow.

The girl felt a change in Stewart. During the weeks he had known her there had been a curious restraint in his manner to her. There were times when an avowal seemed to tremble on his lips, when his eyes looked into hers with the look no woman ever mistakes; the next moment he would glance away, his face would harden. They were miles apart. And perhaps the situation had piqued the girl. Certainly it had lost nothing for her by its unusualness.

Tonight there was a difference in the man. His eyes met hers squarely, without evasion, but with a new quality, a searching, perhaps, for something in her to give him courage. The girl had character, more than ordinary decision. It was what Stewart admired in her most, and the thing, of course, that the little Marie had lacked. Moreover, Anita, barely twenty, was a woman, not a young girl. Her knowledge of the world, not so deep as Marie's, was more comprehensive. Where Marie would have been merciful Anita would be just, unless she cared for him. In that case she might be less than just, or more.

Anita in daylight was a pretty young woman, rather incisive of speech, very intelligent, having a wit without malice, charming to look at, keenly alive. Anita in the dusk of the balcony, waiting to hear she knew not what, was a judicial white goddess, formidably still, frightfully potential. Stewart, who had embraced many women, did not dare a finger on her arm.

He had decided on a way to tell the girl the story-a preamble about his upbringing, which had been indifferent, his struggle to get to Vienna, his loneliness there, all leading with inevitable steps to Marie. From that, if she did not utterly shrink from him, to his love for her.

It was his big hour, that hour on the balcony. He was reaching, through love, heights of honesty he had never scaled before. But as a matter of fact he reversed utterly his order of procedure. The situation got him, this first evening absolutely alone with her. That and her nearness, and the pathos of her bandaged, useless arm. Still he had not touched her.

The thing he was trying to do was more difficult for that. General credulity to the contrary, men do not often make spoken love first. How many men propose marriage to their women across the drawing room or from chair to chair? Absurd! The eyes speak first, then the arms, the lips last. The woman is in his arms before he tells his love. It is by her response that he gauges his chances and speaks of marriage. Actually the thing is already settled; tardy speech only follows on swift instinct. Stewart, wooing as men woo, would have taken the girl's

"Nineteen."

Harmony Collapsed in a Heap on the Floor of Her Room

hand, gained an encouragement from it, ventured to kiss it, perhaps, and finding no rebuff would then and there have crushed her to him. What need of words? They would follow in due time, not to make a situation but to

But he could not woo as men woo. The barrier of his own weakness stood between them and must be painfully taken down.

"I'm afraid this is stupid for you," said Anita out of the silence. "Would you like to go to the music room?"

"God forbid. I was thinking."
"Of what?" Encouragement this, surely.

"I was thinking how you had come into my life, and stirred it up."

"Really? I?" "You know that."

"How did I stir it up?"

"That's hardly the way I meant to put it. You've changed everything for me. I care for you-a very great deal.'

He was still carefully in hand, his voice steady. And still he did not touch her. Other men had made love to her, but never in this fashion, or was he making love?

I'm very glad you like me.

"Like you!" Almost out of hand that time. The thrill in his voice was unmistakable. "It's much more than that, Anita, so much more that I'm going to try to do a hideously hard thing. Will you help a little?"

"Yes, if I can." She was stirred, too, and rather frightened. Stewart drew his chair nearer to her and sat forward, his face set and dogged.

"Have you any idea how you were hurt? Or why?"

"No. There's a certain proportion of accidents that occur at all these places, isn't there?"

"This was not an accident."

"The branch of a tree was thrown out in front of the sled to send us over the bank. It was murder, if intention is crime." After a brief silence

"Somebody who wished to kill you, or me?"

"Both of us, I believe. It was done by a woman-a girl, Anita. A girl I had been living with."

A brutal way to tell her, no doubt, but admirably couraeous. For he was quivering with dread when he said itthe courage of the man who faces a cannon. And here, where a less-poised woman would have broken into speech, Anita took the refuge of her kind and was silent. Stewart watched her as best he could in the darkness, trying to gather further courage to go on. He could not see her face, but her fingers, touching the edge of the chair, quivered.

May I tell you the rest?"

"I don't think I want to hear it." "Are you going to condemn me unheard?"

"There isn't anything you can say against the fact?"

But there was much to say, and sitting there in the darkness he made his plea. He made no attempt to put his case. He told what had happened simply; he told of his loneliness and discomfort. And he emphasized the lack of sentiment that prompted the arrangement.

Anita spoke then for the first time: "And when you tried

to terminate it she attempted to kill you!"

"I was acting the beast. I brought her up here, and then neglected her for you." Then it was hardly only a business arrangement for

"It was at first. I never dreamed of anything else. I swear that, Anita. But lately, in the last month or two, she-I suppose I should have seen that she-

"That she had fallen in love with you. How old is she?"

A sudden memory came to Anita, of a slim young girl, who had watched her with wide, almost childish eyes.

"Then it was she who was in the compartment with you on the train coming up?"

"Where is she now?"

"In Vienna. I have not heard from her. Byrne, the chap who came up to see me after the-after the accident, sent her away. I think he's looking after her.

I haven't heard from him.'

"Why did you tell me all this?" "Because I love you, Anita. I want you to marry me."

"What! After that?"

"That, or something similar, is in many men's lives. They don't tell it, that's the difference. I'm not taking any credit for telling you this. I'm ashamed to the bottom of my soul, and when I look at your bandaged arm I'm suicidal. Peter Byrne urged me to tell you. He said I couldn't get away with it; some time or other it would come out. Then he said some-



"Peter, I Must Prepare My

"He said you'd probably understand, and that if you married me it was better to start with a clean slate."

No love, no passion in the interview now. A clear statement of fact, an offer-his past against hers, his future with hers. Her hand was steady now. The light in the priest's house had been extinguished. The chill of the mountain night penetrated Anita's white furs, and set heror was it the chill?-to shivering.

"If I had not told you, would you have married me?"

"I think so. I'll be honest too. Yes."

"I am the same man you would have married. Onlymore honest."

"I cannot argue about it. I am tired and cold."

Stewart glanced across the valley to where the cluster of villas hugged the mountainside. There was a light in his room; outside was the little balcony where Marie had leaned against the railing and looked down, down. Some of the arrogance of his new virtue left the man. He was suddenly humbled. For the first time he realized a part of what Marie had endured in that small room where the light

"Poor little Marie!" he said softly,

The involuntary exclamation did more for him than any plea he could have made. Anita rose and held out her

"Go and see her," she said quietly. "You owe her that. We'll be leaving here in a day or so and I'll not see you again. But you've been honest, and I will be honest too. I—I cared a great deal too."
"And this has killed it?"

"I hardly comprehend it yet, I shall have to have time to think.

"But if you are going away-I'm afraid to leave you. You'll think this thing over, alone, and all the rules of life you've been taught will come-

"Please, I must think. I will write you, I promise."

He caught her hand and crushed it between both of his. "I suppose you would rather I did not kiss you?" humbly.

"I do not want you to kiss me."

He released her hand and stood looking down at her in the darkness. If he could only have crushed her to him, made her feel the security of his love, of his sheltering arms! But the barrier of his own building was between them. His voice was husky.

"I want you to try to remember, past what I have told you, to the thing that concerns us both-I love you. I never loved the other woman. I never pretended I loved her. And there will be nothing more like that."

"I shall try to remember."

Anita left Semmering the next day, against the protests of the doctor and the pleadings of the chaperon. She did not see Stewart again. But before she left, with the luggage gone and the fiacre at the door, she went out on the terrace, and looked across to the Villa Waldheim, rising from among its clustering trees. Although it was too far to be certain, she thought she saw the figure of a man on the little balcony standing with folded arms, gazing across the valley to the

Having promised to see Marie, Stewart proceeded to carry out his promise in his direct fashion. He left Semmering

(Continued on Page 57)

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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### A Freight-Rate Puzzle

PEOPLE especially interested in that subject are asking themselves what effect the Panama Canal will have on railroad freight rates; and the only answer so far is that it will probably bring up anew that troublesome question of the long and short haul. To meet water competition railroads are permitted to charge more for a short than for a long haul—that is, the rate from Chicago to a point two or three hundred miles east of the Pacific Coast may be the rate from Chicago to the Coast plus the local rate from the Coast back to the point of destination.

The argument is that the rate to the Coast must be low in order to meet water competition; and if the merchant three hundred miles east of the Coast pays the through rate plus the local rate from the Coast back, that is only what he would have to pay if his goods were shipped by water to the Coast and by rail from the Coast to his town.

That, however, does not altogether reconcile the merchant to paying, on a carload of goods from the East that stops in his town, exactly what he would have to pay if the car were hauled three or four hundred miles farther west and then back again.

More and more are rail rates in the mass held down to a point that will yield only a fair return on the capital invested. Now if rates, as a whole, yield only a fair return on the investment, and some of those rates—to meet water competition—are decidedly lower than others, it necessarily follows that the lower rates are producing considerably less than a fair return on the investment, while the higher rates are producing considerably more.

As water competition is increased by the Canal, inland people will probably be more dissatisfied with an arrangement under which they contribute disproportionately to the support of the roads.

### The Special Court

CHICAGO, which blazed the way with a juvenile court, has since added a court of domestic relations and a morals court, and now proposes another special court to deal with youths. The fundamental idea behind these special courts is tremendously important, and we hope to see it pervade our whole system of criminal jurisprudence before many years. That fundamental idea is to deal with a culprit as a human being instead of dealing merely with his crime or disorder as an impersonal thing.

Here, say, is a youth who has stolen an article of a certain value. That is all the old statute wanted to know about him—simply that he was of a certain age and stole an article of a certain value. It then classed him as a thief and sent him to jail; but if the case were brought before you, you would ask: "What sort of youth is he? What is his record? What was his motive for stealing?"

It would make a great deal of difference to you whether his record had been good and he had stolen a scuttle of coal to keep his mother warm, or whether his record had been bad and he had stolen a washerwoman's purse to get money with which to buy eigarettes.

So all through the old criminal code; its attempt to deal merely with acts by hard and fast rules, without regard to the character, situation and motive of the persons who perform the acts, gives bad results. These new special courts, each with a comparatively free hand within its field, can deal humanely with the people brought before them. They are our great invention in jurisprudence. We hope to see them multiply.

### The Party's Breadbasket

IN PROSECUTING its heroic warfare on behalf of the plain people every political party—broadly speaking—has been compelled to resort to ornamental people for its campaign funds. Before it could fire a shot at the citadels of special privilege it must go to some gentlemen inside those citadels for money with which to buy powder.

That this put the party in a rather anomalous and embarrassing position was long recognized. The history of the Republican party shows the logical result of this dependence on the privileged for munitions of war. In this country parties derived funds from the sale of offices or nominations for offices, and from contributions by benevolent gentlemen who had a direct stake in the tariff or some other governmental policy.

In England, ever since there were parties, the sale of titles of nobility has been a standard method of replenishing the party's coffer. A cynical peer recently observed in Parliament that the thing had always gone on and doubtless always would; while another peer confessed that not long ago he endeavored to secure a substantial sum for party purposes on the pledge of a baronetcy to the donor, but his tender was promptly rejected on the reasonable ground that his party was out of power and consequently unable to deliver the goods.

Naturally it is the Conservative party that is pressing the question over there, both because it is out of power and so has no titles to dispose of and because as soon as a Liberal contributor is made a peer he turns Conservative; so that, though the Liberals have him neatly off their hands, the Conservatives have him to live with for the remainder of his life. It is like rewarding a man who has assisted you to fight Smith by giving him a lifelease of a part of Smith's house. The noble Smiths do not like it. Publication of contributions on the American plan is suggested as a remedy.

Financial support of a party by its own rank and file ought to be the remedy. The time has come in political development when the continued usefulness of any party for which the rank and file will shout and vote, but which it will not support with money, is very questionable.

### The Professional Consul

WE ARE not much interested in the diplomatic service, for its importance to the country is small. The occasions when a minister or ambassador acts on his own initiative, except at a tea party, are so few as to be fairly negligible. Mr. Choate described the situation when he said that an ambassador was only a glorified messenger-boy.

The consular service, however, is capable of real and broad usefulness. It ought to be a big trade-promoting agency, equipped to give the smaller manufacturers such comprehensive reports about foreign markets as the great exporters, like the oil and steel trusts, gain by maintaining expensive organizations of their own. It ought to be a national bureau of information on foreign social and commercial affairs. All this requires training and experience. It requires that spirit in the personnel which can be had only by making the consular service a profession, with security of tenure and certainty of promotion.

A good many young men in the consular service are now watching events at Washington with interest and a little apprehension. They went into the service only after our Government promised to make it a profession. Mainly they are the sort of young men who would not have gone into it unless it were made a profession.

From time to time rumors have arisen in Washington—happily unsupported by facts as yet—that there was to be a return to the old system of using the better consular positions as rewards for political activities. The better consular positions are few. Only two or three political appointments to the more attractive posts would be necessary to demoralize the whole consular service. The young men on whom its future depends would feel that the Government had broken faith with them; that energy and devotion on their part were thrown away. A single dubious appointment not long ago, and that by no means to a first-class post, sent a chill through the whole service.

With any considerable return to the spoils system, we might as well throw the consular service on the scrapheap.

### The Speculator's Toll

ESSENTIALLY Berlin is as new as Chicago, and of about the same size. Both have sprung up overnight, so to speak, in the forcing-house of an industrial system which causes cities to sprout everywhere from the Danube to the Sacramento. The Chicagoan makes his own government; that of the Berliner is made for him. It is, therefore,

rather odd to find that in the first and most important item of civilized living the self-governing Chicagoan is mulcted to an extent which the governed Berliner would deem incredible and intolerable.

For equal living quarters a man of moderate means would pay in Chicago at least double the rent he pays in Berlin. The rent a New Yorker who is just comfortably off pays for his flat would procure him quarters in Berlin or Paris that an enthusiastic reporter might describe as palatial.

It is really extraordinary that in the matter of paying a monstrous toll to urban land speculators America far outstrips all European countries. The rent that almost any American city pays over and above what would be paid in almost any European city of corresponding size would support a dozen royal households and maintain a hundred dreadnoughts.

### They Do Not Quite Like Us

THE United States is not very popular in France at present. That nation of small investors is peculiarly cautious and sensitive on the subject of bonds. It has by no means forgotten how we unloaded some rank Frisco securities in Paris just before the road confessed bankruptcy.

The general principle of our new tariff law, with low rates on necessities and high ones on luxuries, is admitted to be sound; but unfortunately France is almost exclusively an exporter of luxuries. Her wine and silk merchants complain: "Instead of saying 'We will impose high rates on luxuries,' you might as well have said, 'We will impose high rates on French goods.""

France has some interest in Panama Canal tolls and some stake in Mexico. In neither respect does she find satisfaction in our actions. The course pursued by our Treasury Department in regard to imports of French pottery was especially resented. There is undoubtedly a feeling that the United States holds France in rather light regard; and being held in light regard is probably less tolerable to the French than to any other people in the world.

On the other hand, prodigal circulation of American coin along the boulevards is duly appreciated; and the knowledge, based on long experience, that American visitors spend more money and spend it more foolishly than any other nationality about squares the account.

### **Irritating Customs Practices**

WE HAVE, after mighty effort, reformed our tariff law: but we do not seem to have reformed very greatly the method of enforcing it. Time out of mind our custom duties have been collected with a sort of inveterate suspicion and nagging jealousy that have provoked much righteous resentment. The guiding principle seems to have been to construe the law in whatever way would be least agreeable to the person paying the duty.

The matter of traveler's baggage is a relatively unimportant instance, yet that has created an amount of irritation which makes the money gained by it a very doubtful asset. Every successful department store, for example, suffers a certain constant amount of imposition and is perfectly aware of the fact, but would rather be imposed on than make a fuss. The same thing is true of all good businesses. No good business insists on the last cent in every case. It is much better to suffer some petty impositions with a smile than to set the machinery so tight that its screech is heard all over the place.

For half a century, of course, the basic idea of our tariff was that bringing foreign goods into the United States was an evil. Under that idea, to make importation as vexatious as possible was perhaps the reasonable policy. The new law expresses a more liberal idea and ought to be enforced in a correspondingly liberal spirit.

### Listing Real Estate

A COMMITTEE of the New York Real-Estate Board has reported favorably on a proposal to list there securities based on real estate, substantially as stocks and bonds are listed on the Stock Exchange, and to make an open, official market for them comparable to the Stock Exchange market for other securities.

Here would be a responsible and reputable body which would appoint a committee to examine securities that were offered for the list, to require exact statements concerning them, and to see that they had some substantial, bonafide basis. The investor in such a security would know at least that he was not buying mere blue sky.

Taking it by and large, there is as much sheer take and fraud in the selling of real estate as in any other part of the investment field. This proposal looks only to the listing of securities based on real estate. In every large city we should like to see the real-estate board offer to list all extensive real-estate selling enterprises—all those that advertise, circularize or otherwise go out for a public hearing.

Under proper regulations any lot or acreage selling proposition that was not listed would be one for investors to let severely alone.

# Who's who-and why

### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Gentleman With a Broad A and an Appetite for Scrod

TIBRARIES have been written about country boys who went to cities and there became masters of business, of finance, of politics, and of everything else in the line of endeavor that re-quired stout hearts and willing hands-or willing hearts and stout hands, as the various cases may have been.

Likewise libraries are being written about city boys who are going to the country-back to the soiland attaining that well-known and justly celebrated panacea for human woes, independence, through the medium of close communion with Nature, the tilling of the soil as opposed to the soiling of the till with the tainted money to be obtained in the busy marts of trade, and the manifold benefits of the

parcel post, which enables them to ship their produce direct to the consumer-from grower to growler, so to say.

Personally I applaud both propositions, for I have tried them both; but it occurs to me that here, at this moment, It is time to say a few ringing words in behalf of the city boys who stayed in the cities; who fought their fights in or near the wards where they went to public school; and who,

struggling with the horrendous handicap of a metropolitan upbringing-for it is an awful thing to be a native of a city, as we have been told voluminouslysashayed in and proved that now and then a boy who is born urbanly and remains urban is not, either congenitally or contemporaneously, always of no account.

Wherefore, casting about for a living example to cite as proof of my contention, my eye lights on the Honorable Billy Murray, of Boston-lights on Bill Murray and lingers there; and I cite him. I cite William Francis Murray, of Boston, who was born in Boston, has always lived in Boston, always intends to live in Boston, hopes to be buried in Boston, and has all the Boston attributes, including the broad A, the appetite for scrod, the firm belief that if Boston were expunged the universe would be eliminated and that Buffalo is out West.

I call your attention to the picture of the said Murray that is snugly ensconced in the upper left-hand corner of this page. Observe that! If it is not a picture of a city boy; a boy who was reared on the pavements instead of in the fields; a boy who has been over seven since he was three; a boy who, from the top of his derby hat to the tips of his shoes, radiates the wisdom of city ways; a boy who has always been familiar with street cars and big stores and theaters and ambulances and crowds, and keenly sophisticated as to all other city matters that are strange to the youth who wanders in from the farm-if that is not the picture of such a boy, then I have never seen such a picture or such a boy. And I've seen a million such boys and several such pictures.

At the present time William Francis Murray is thirtythree years old, and is serving his second term in Congress, from Boston, the place where he was born. That means he was elected to Congress when he was thirty, and it also means that occasionally a boy comes across in a city who was not brought into this vale of sorrows and deceit in an outlying district. There are others, of course, in our Congress; but not so many as you would think when the opportunities are considered—the opportunities in a numerical sense, I mean-and very few who came under the wire at such an early age.

It can be said, with due regard for conservative utterance, that Mr. Murray has been and is a busy little pot of baked beans. "Of course," he said to himself as he emerged from the first grades and sought sanctuary and a sheepskin at the Boston Latin School, "of course, I am penalized by a stroke a hole because I did not come down from Maine, and that may make it more difficult; but, that being as it may, I shall now begin an endeavor to put something over in my capacity as a Bostonian."

#### On the Air Line to Washington

AFTER he had finished with such Latin as was provided by the Boston Latin School he turned his face toward Cambridge, as all loyal Boston boys must, and matriculated at Harvard. He spent four years at that institution for the manicuring of young men, and two more years at the Harvard Law School. The net result of these six years in a scholastic sense was the beneficent bestowal on him by Doctor Eliot of the degree of bachelor of arts in 1904, and the further plastering of him with the degree of bachelor of laws, or something like that, in 1906. Thus equipped, he began the practice of art and the study of law. Neither degree, so far as can be learned, has had a deterrent effect on him, and he feels that he has lived them both down.

However, art and the law were not his sole concerns. While he was at Harvard he was a sort of a Siamese-twin

student or a Siamese-triplet student. He studied-of course he studied. He received his degrees, didn't he? But other things concerned him to some extent. There was journalism, for example, and politics, and one or two little matters of similar import. They say his record for a sprint from a classroom to a newspaper office, thence to the meeting of a political club and back again, stands for all time as the low mark for such performances.

Gradually he concentrated on the law and on politicsthat is, gradually he concentrated on politics and the law. The law is the handmaiden, valet, major-domo and the general manager of politics. So are the lawyers. It must be so. If we had no law we could have no lawyers—what a calamity !-- and if we had no politicians we could have no law. Hence the lawyers go into politics in order that they may make the laws, so there may be laws for the lawyers to unmake.

Anyhow, young Mr. Murray not only felt it to be his duty to provide a few laws for his own use but, being of a genial and charitable and kind disposition, concluded that his sphere of influence was along those lines—politics and law. As is well known, law is not insistent. You can practice law or let it alone, as it pleases you. Politics, on the other hand, is not only insistent but persistent. Unless you practice politics constantly it will not be a case of your letting politics alone-politics will let you alone. The youthful Murray was soon in touch with the situation.

That denoted adaptability. Any person who is in touch with the Boston political situation may be said to be a good, capable, experienced situation-toucher. Boston politics eludes most persons who do not begin the persistent practice of it at the age of four years. Also, it eludes most persons who do so engage in it. Boston politics is a combination of race, religion, tradition, prejudice, inheritance, entails, ancestors, posterity, dogmatism, hatreds, friendships, history, prophecy, precedent, novelty, delusion, deception and desire. It has as many slants as a cubist picture of a man falling down stairs with a cookstove; as many angles as a rail fence; as many intricacies as a crystal maze. Some understand it; some comprehend it; some apprehend it; and many try to beat it.

Murray seems to have grasped the rudiments of it anyhow, for he had been but a short time out of the law

school-maybe it was while he was there-when he offered himself for the suffrages of his fellow citizens and was elected to the Boston City Council. That started him. He next seized on the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was triumphantly deposited therein. Then came the upward step that led to the Governor's Council, and after that it was but a short distance to Washington.

An alert and capable young fellow, he has good ideas and good sense. He talks well, makes friends, is open and aboveboard, and is popular with his colleagues. He has courage, says what he thinks, is not averse to a fight, and plays the game as it lies, with a strong predilection for having all the cards laid on the table. He is lively, energetic and busy every minute. Moreover, he has excellent material in him and will develop into a very useful legislator. He harbors the remarkable theory that a workable but not overworked phase of politics is to be frank and fair in his dealings with everybody

Bearing all this in mind I cite Murray as Exhibit A in the class of city boys who stuck to the city and won out, as a proof of the contention that it is not absolutely necessary for a person to come from a farm to get anywhere in town. Sometimes the city boy lands, and William Francis Murray appears to be a rising young member of that aggregation.

Herbert Johnson

The Camel Breaks Loose



# The Children

who go to school this way breakfast on Quaker Oats. They get the cream of the oats—the large, luscious flakes-the most delicious food of its kind.



But so do the children who go to school this way, if their mothers know. For Quaker Oats, despite its quality, costs no extra price. And its flavor wins the children to this most important food.

# Duaker Oats

### The Flakes with the Luscious Flavor

Perhaps five million children, weighing 32 pounds-yields but every day, get from Quaker Oats ten pounds of Quaker. But their study food and their food for that one-third, as delicious food,

Some are next door to you - some 10,000 miles away. For the mothers of a hundred nations send for Quaker Oats.

They insist on Quaker because it consists of just the rich, plump oats.

Oats with a flavor and aroma not found in puny grains.

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25¢ Size Now we put up a large package for 25 cents. It lasts nearly three times as long as the 10-cent size. And by saving in packing it offers you

Now a

10% More For Your Money

And it brings you all this for one-half cent per serving. Every home reached by this weekly can afford the luxury

is worth the other

Remember this

when you order.

Quaker Oats

brings a delightful

dish. It brings

you this energy

food at its best.

two-thirds.

10c and 25c per Package Except in Far West and South

The Quaker Oals Company

### Bank Stock as an Investment-by Roger W. Babson

MY FRIENDS have asked me to recon-cile the facts that, though I am an officer and a large stockholder in banking institutions, I at the same time advise others not to invest in bank stock. My reply is that in these SATURDAY EVENING POST articles I have been endeavoring to guide the small investor to sound financial practices, irrespective of personal interests. You may own a grocery store, yet you would feel free to advise small investors to invest in other securities rather than in stock in grocery stores. Well, banks are a good deal like grocery stores.

Experience shows that the success or failure of banks depends on the human element. A bank cannot be run by rule; neither has it any monopoly. Bank management requires a wonderful combination

of honesty, tact and good judgment.

Among people of New England antecedents there exists an inherited predilection for bank stock. This is a natural reflection of the veneration in which their forbears held that class of investments. The spirit of the age, which is more active in showing up defects than in extolling virtues, shows that the idol of gold has, at times, feet of clay. Bank stock that has been inherited along with family portraits and old china sometimes ceases to pay dividends—or, what is worse, declares Irish dividends. For the benefit of readers not posted on the technicalities of finance, I will say that an Irish dividend is an assessment.

First let us consider the elements that affect the value of bank stock and note the use of the published reports of condition in arriving at the stock's investment merits. Fifty years or so ago the natural and most common use for excess funds was to organ-ize a local bank. Local money was loaned to finance local needs under the personal supervision of those most interested. The possibilities of the bankruptcy law were undeveloped and personal integrity was a dependable asset. With the high rates of interest then prevailing, the local bank was a good proposition from all standpoints.

As the commodity dealt in by the banksthat is, money—is the concentrated es-sence of all human endeavor, success or failure depends on the human elements governing the transaction of the business. The latitude permitted by the elasticity of modern business usage renders it impera-tive that credit should be based on facts rather than on sentiment.

### How to Judge Bank Management

In other words, though most business is conducted with honest intentions, there is not the moral or social opprobrium attached to the financial delinquent that existed in those early days. In a business where the losses, expenses and profits are recovered from a gross return of two or three per cent on the total overturn, the errors resulting from an excess of either conservatism or liberality are very potential in results. A bank reflects both local and world con-

ditions; and on the ability of the management properly to decide today's small and great questions depends the prosperity of the institution. Is the bank you have under consideration a nursing bottle for infant industries—or is it an invigorator for senile decay? Is it dominated by a progressive spirit, full of hope, optimism and thrift, tempered by good judgment as to probabilities? Is it a bank where the majority of the stock is held by live directors, or by women and estates—so that the local cemetery is the only place where a stockholders' meeting can be held with a certainty of having a quorum present? Are the directors coming or going? Are they full of industry and courage? Or are they like the last leaves—unwilling to let go? These are the human assets or liabilities, as the case may be, which cannot be found in a report of condition; but they are the factors that decide whether your prospective bank stock is a good or a bad investment.

National and state laws require that all banks under their authority shall furnish, when requested, sworn statements of condition at the close of business on certain dates—generally a few days past. In the case of national banks these calls are made at least five times a year and to a certain

extent periodically. Two copies are made in detail, each showing the salient facts affecting the bank's stability as shown by the books on that date. One copy is sent to the Government authorities at Washington and the other copy is kept on file for verification by the examiner on his next visit. These reports show the amount of stock held by the several directors, as well as the amount of loans made to them and to

These reports also show all loans in ex-cess of the prescribed limit; maturity and character of all loans; nature of the items comprising the bonds and securities ac-count; amount of cash on hand and in banks; average of cash reserve held for thirty days previous; the amount of money borrowed from other banks; interest paid and charged, and so on. A concise state-ment of the bank's condition is demanded, in fact, and may be considered as mathe-

matically correct.

For the purpose of comparison, it will be better for the investor or young business man to use the report made in response to a call rather than one voluntarily published, as bank officials are sometimes not above selecting opportune times for issuing re-ports. I have even known instances where they have loaned themselves money to fatten up deposits. Did it ever occur to the reader that a bank can at any time easily increase its deposits one hundred thousand dollars by loaning five of its friends twenty-five thousand dollars each, with the understanding that they should each have twenty thousand dollars of their loan on deposit? It is a sort of perpetual-motion affair; nevertheless it does the trick.

### Conditions Revealed by Figures

National banks are also required to furnish a condensed statement to a local newspaper for publication, and this is the report that will be available for the people interested. A copy of the published report is attached to the sworn statement of the publisher attesting publication and forwarded to the Government authorities for comparison with the other detailed report, mentioned before.

Any discrepancies between the published and the detailed reports must be accounted for and corrected. This is done in order to be sure that you and other people interested may have an opportunity to know, if you wish, just how your bank's affairs are being conducted.

conducted.

An omission of the item of bills payable, including certificates for money borrowed, from the published report of the condition of a large city bank once started an investigation that resulted in the bank's going into the hands of a receiver. The going into the hands of a receiver. The discrepancy caused the investigation, and not the fact itself. These reports show the condition as of record, but are no criterion of the financial possibilities—except when used for comparison with some previous reports of the same institution. All assets, as shown by the report, are considered good whether they are no corner. Their good, whether they are so or not. Their real worth is problematical. To illustrate this point, a report will be analyzed that was approved and published about two years ago:

### RESOURCES

ELEOUUD. III	
Leans and discounts Overdrafts, secured and unsecured United States bonds, to secure circula-	\$502,405.52 940.81
tion . United States bonds, to secure United	150,000.00
States deposits, \$10,000; to secure	
postal savings, \$5,000	15,000.00
United States bonds on hand	15,000.00
Premiums on United States bonds	2,000.00
Bonds and securities	475,421.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures .	40,000.00
Other real estate owned ,	36,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents	370,503.22
Checks and other cash items	1,339.14
Notes of other national banks	1,370.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and	
centa	1,225.00
Lawful money reserve in bank—namely, special, \$19,700; legal-tender notes,	
\$50,200	69,900.00
Redemption fund with United States	
Treasurer - 5 per cent of circulation	4,550.00
Total	1,685,654.69

### LIABILITIES

and stock paid in	\$ 150,000.00
- shad	50,000.00
model profits, less expenses and	
tages paid	880 15
National banknotes outstanding	147,050.00
Findends unpaid	772.00
tridual deposits, subject to check .	1,237,163.95
entire checks	656.84
Outer's checks outstanding	2,582.44
sed States deposits \$1,000.00	2,049.35
payable, including certificates of	namus e
epost for money borrowed	94,499.96
	\$1,685,654,60

superficially this would seem to be a god report, with the stock showing a book raise of one hundred and thirty dollars. The principal causes for criticism may be food in the apparently small undivided prits and the fact that the bank is borrower interprive thousand dollars—in round numbers—presumably paying five or six or cent interest thereon, and carrying with nerve agents the sum of three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, drawing only not per cent.

The item of undivided profits might be easy justified from many causes. Assuming that the bank paid dividends quarterly and made a distribution on January first, the books would have been closed at that ine. If the bank had an interest department, paying two per cent interest semi-amaily, and due January fifteenth, on a specific of five hundred thousand dollars, that would also have cut down the profits at the time. If other current expenses were see thousand dollars all these items—mounting to eleven thousand dollars—ming out of the earnings between January list and the date of the report, say, February twenty-second, would have caused the result. These earnings could be easily stained as follows:

next on Government I next on other bonds, went on loans, 3%				00,0		\$1,000.00 5,000.00 3,420.00
in sterest, and so on	4		4		1	2,460.15
Total		3			q.	\$11,880.15
les smount paid out .				a.	15	11,000.00
Individed profits, less in te	res	t	100		,	\$880.15

The same proportionate income will continue and should be sufficient to pay the suring dividends, amounting to six per serial year, and carry three per cent analyto the surplus fund. This is based on the supposition that the assets were invested on an average return basis of four this quarter per cent. Hence the above spot shows a book value of about one maded and thirty dollars, constantly invested, and should have had a market tipe of about one hundred and twenty plans. I say should have; but, in fact, he bank is now in process of liquidation of another bank. The report showed the mat to be sound; but an analysis of the seat now shows an entirely different state of afairs.

## Analyzing the Report

1-Lorns and Discounts. This item brid be worth its book value; but, in at a rarely is for liquidation. So long as innested, this bank would probably have utinterest in full and be considered good. The start than sound business reasons—an that should have been cleaned up at up, before the security was impaired. It is speculative account was accepted of the whose personal influence was substituted for the usual margin of safety that had exist on loans secured by collateral the remedied this fault or enlarged it, specifing on the market. For liquidating the time may be reduced about five per cent. The case of the bank in question this tree a value of, say, four hundred and wenty-five thousand dollars.

1- Inited States Bonds. For reasons the impossible to have been foreseen

I wited States Bonds. For reasons by impossible to have been foreseen a avoided by national banks, the bonds of by them for securing circulation have breated greatly—not on account of security behind them, but because low income derived from them—not low income derived from them—not low income derived from them—not about two per cent. Bonds bought premium not only have lost that the but have also depreciated in some as much as from five to ten per these assets in the above case show a liquidating purposes—of, say, five

thousand dollars, including the asset, Premium on United States Bonds.

3—Bonds and Securities. This account shows the value at which the different items comprising it are carried on the books—generally the price at which they were purchased. Owing to market conditions such securities have recently fallen off greatly in value in the case of almost all banks, not only on average but because purchased for speculative possibilities rather than investment. Time might have shown gains far in excess of present recessions; but for our purpose we shall consider a loss of only five per cent on this item, say, twenty-five thousand dollars—not excessive, but quite a sum if charged against earnings.

4—Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures. This item comprises the office building, vault, furniture, and so on. Good, sound, conservative banking policy charges off a certain percentage of the cost of these items every year. Facts show that, except in extreme cases, such property depreciates very rapidly, and for realization purposes a bank vault is practically worthless. Who fancies second-hand bank furniture? As a selling proposition this item would show a

value of only twenty-five thousand dollars. 5—Other Real Estate. National banks are forbidden by law to loan money for mortgages on real estate, or hold—except for office purposes—any real estate; though they can take the same to secure debts previously contracted. This was the case in this instance; and the property, instead of being worth the amount stated, was worth only, say, about six thousand dollars, being a sawmill site after the lumber had been sold from the neighborhood. The assets as above analyzed show a loss as follows:

Depreciation of United Sta	tes	bon	ıds	gg.	2	\$ 3,000
Premium on United States			1		- 93	2,000
Banking house and fixtures		-	-	89	0	15,000
Other real estate	-		9	33	3	30,000
Bonds and securities .			8	82		25,000
Loans and discounts	-				- 83	25,000
Total depreciation						\$100,000

Cash items are worth one hundred per cent cash and need not be considered, as the only fact affecting them would be the downright dishonesty of the officers. The above losses, if not adjusted by time and exertion, would eliminate the stockholders' equity. Those in touch with the above affair consider that, as a going proposition, under proper executives, the losses may be recovered; but stress is laid on the personal equation.

# Reports of Trust Companies

To emphasize that feature is the purpose of this article. The above conditions were developed under a régime where the directors were dominated by a strong personality and, for various reasons, temporized, condoned or abetted tendencies that cumulatively were disastrous.

For comparison I will illustrate how the same report would appear if published for a trust company, where the personality of the directors was different. In this case we will assume that the executive committee controls the majority of stock, both in fact and in name, and that any loss will be felt by them more than all others. Hence selfish reasons insure a continuation of a policy that is profitable, both to the community and the institution. The same report, if issued by them, would cut up about as follows—except the two items of Bonds to Secure Circulation and Banknotes Outstanding:

1—Loans and Discounts. Every borrower is given to understand that his loan has a definite maturity and that the promises made at the time of borrowing will be fulfilled. The loan must be paid or reduced as agreed on. This condition is satisfactory to coming men, but not to going ones. The result of this policy is that the loan account is very much alive, or amply secured by collateral capable of liquidating above the loaning value, the whole account being worth ninety-nine per cent on six months' time. The policy was outlined by the directors as follows: "Mr. B., when we have the money we have the say about it; but when you have borrowed it you have the say."

the say."

2—United States Bonds. As a trust company has no use for holding United States bonds, this feature may be eliminated. Though the trust company in question holds some state bonds that have depreciated, these, unlike some United States bonds, have a definite maturity; and the



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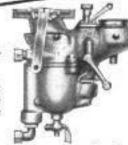
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Lamps J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof J-M Fire Extinguisher Write nearest Branch for booklets

# H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE

book loss will be recovered, as there is no question in regard to the security.

3-Bonds and Securities. In this item appears the value of personality. These directors, qualified by personal experience and observant students of the trend of things, buy bonds at intervals. If the report of condition of a year previous were available it would be seen that the item "with reserve agents" was far above legal requirements, and the stock and bond accounts would be correspondingly small, instead of being, as at present, far above apparent needs. The bond account, as it stands, represents values arrived at as follows:

There is a tide in the affairs of finance as well as of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. The investment board of this company maintains a Burke's Peerage of investments and buys only securities of good character and antecedent-and then only at certain times when prices are low, considering the law of action and reaction in accordance with deductions justified by broad experience. Purchases are made in blocks of five thousand to ten thousand dollars, at prices that are attrac-tive by comparison with prices over a term of years as an investment proposition.

# The Stock and Bond Accounts

Should these investments show an appre ciation, a portion of them will be sold; though, instead of carrying the profit to the profit account and paying out the same as dividends, the balance of the item is carried at the book value. In the reports of condition made by trust companies the market value is published as well as the book value. Consider this when you review the next published report. Should you, however, find that the stock and bond accounts show a shrinkage there is no cause for alarm, as probably every other banking institution is in the same class. Remember that fresh eggs are sixty cents a dozen in December and thirty-five cents in May, and the intrinsic value is no less at one time than at the other. When the bond account of a con-servative institution is low probably every other unit of value is correspondingly low. At that time show your confidence in your directors and sit tight.

To return and illustrate: The Company purchased on a sound investment basis in

1907:

\$15,000 American Telephone and Tele-graph Convertible 4% bonds, at 83 It had sold previous to January, 1912: \$12,450.00 \$12,000 of the bonds at the average price

of \$100 \$12,000.00 The remaining \$3,000 of bonds are now carried at .

The objection may be raised that this is a misleading entry; but as the entry is ap-parent to every auditor and examiner, and is a counterbalance offsetting future losses that are bound to occur, I claim that the entry is correct. Numerous instances like the above will explain why the bond account will read: Market Value, \$500,000; and Book Value, \$475,421.

4—Banking House Furniture and Fixtures. In this case the fixtures include a sefe density walls that is a profitable recon-

safe-deposit vault that is a profitable prop-osition and which has already been charged off fifty per cent; and, as a going proposi-tion, the item is well worth the book value.

5-Other Real Estate. As trust companies are allowed to loan on mortgages as well as hold real estate it is safe to assume that the properties are worth the prices as carried; for if the property was taken to satisfy a mortgage it may be presumed that the margin allowed for safety when the mort-gage was placed has been protected. When a national bank holds real estate it may be safe to assume that the property was taken as a last resort at a price above the owner's equity: for, if below, the owner would have taken it and paid the loan. So probably the national bank gets in on top, while the

trust company gets in at the bottom.

These citations show why the bank might be forced to liquidate and the trust company become a going proposition, with the stock having a market value of one hun-dred and fifty dollars bid and one hundred and fifty-five dollars asked; and both reports of conditions might be mathematically correct!

Hence whether the stock you are con-sidering is or is not a good investment prop-osition depends entirely on the personality of the management. Before buying, compare the available reports to ascertain the trend of progress, and whether assets that

are bound to depreciate are charged off or not. The bank going ahead is anxious to do so; the others cannot. Is the stock seeking a buyer or a seller? And in the last analysis consider the question: How do the directors size up as men?

My attention was recently called to the personal element very emphatically. An institution that had, under the impetus gained by the advent of new management, made a very substantial gain was commenc-ing to retrograde. The novelty wearing off, vigilance was relaxed and conditions de-veloped that had no business justification. A strong personality present took exception to the trend and prescribed drastic remedies. This being unpopular, the doctor was fired; but his prescription was taken and the

his prescription was taken and the institution prospered.

Already the corner is turned and a continuance of the present policy will result in the institution's becoming creditable and profitable; and those who shouldered the load will be rewarded. The stock, with a book value of one hundred and thirty dollars and a very limited market round one hunand a very limited market round one hundred dollars, will probably become scarce-except at higher prices.

As an investment proposition pure and simple I should advise letting banking institutions alone. If you are interested for sentimental reasons there is an opportunity to give good service to your community by supporting a local institution that, if rightly conducted, may be as beneficial as the church—or, on the other hand, if misconducted, an unmitigated evil.

If all these conditions are satisfactory, and the return is attractive, there exists no financial reason why the purchase should not average as well as any, always remem-bering that you will be financially as well as morally responsible for the delinquencies of the institution to the extent of one hundred per cent assessment. If not prepared to let your head and hand accompany your pocketbook, let the stock alone.

# A Bank's Main Asset

The men are the main asset. Because a bank has degenerated and the stock is low may mean an opportunity for profit when newblood takes hold. On the other hand, the stock may be high and the causes that made

for success may have been removed.

Note who the president of the bank is and whether he is a sound, substantial business man, standing for what is best in the community, or a politician living on his wits and the troubles of others. Note whether the officers of the bank have themselves made successes in life, transacting their own business as they should, living well within their means; or whether they are heavy borrowers of money—just scrub-bing along to make ends meet. The personnel of the management is the real asset of a bank, and on that the real value of your bank stock depends.

Now in this vale of tears-when man is here today and gone tomorrow—is not the personality of a board of directors rather a slim asset? Personally I think it is; and, though I hold stocks in banks of which I am a factor, yet I do not want any stock in banks with which I am not thoroughly acquainted.

This means that the young business man should purchase bank stock only of institutions with which he deposits and is thor-oughly acquainted, treating such stock not as an investment but as a side business interest. When the young business man dies, however, his wife and children should make haste to dispose of his bank stock.

Women should do this not only out of duty to themselves but for the sake of the community. The great trouble with many banks today is—as I have already sug-gested!—that their stockholders' meetings must be held at the local cemetery in order to get a real quorum! This is wrong. The majority of the stock of a bank should be owned by the directors. That is the only thing which makes directors careful and thoroughly interested in their work. Hence avoid stocks of banks where the owners are quietly resting in the local cemetery!

The greater the percentage of stock represented on the board of directors, the better the bank; but the greater the percentage represented in the cemetery, the worse off is the bank.

Hence, when widows and children come to me asking about the bank stock they have inherited, I say: "Sell it to some one on the board of directors, in order that the owner thereof may attend meetings in person and not in spirit only."

# THE WAGE-EARNER AS AN INVESTOR

(Continued from Page 12)

When you come to the ordinary savings and loan associations among employees in large concerns you find such a bewildering array that, with the limited space remaining, I can only point out those which are either striking in formation or unique in method of teaching the thrift habit.

In most of these organizations the method is the same. It involves systematic

In most of these organizations the method is the same. It involves systematic savings of sums from five cents a week up, fines for non-payment of dues, and the lending of money to members at minimum rates of interest and on character. In the main there are two procedures. One provides for a definite period of saving, with a distribution of deposits and profits once or twice a year; the other is like a savings bank, in which the accumulations continue from year to year. With few exceptions, the associations are conducted by and for the workers.

The Savings and Loan Department of the Celluloid Company of Newark will illustrate the series of deposits system. Members pay weekly installments in sums of twenty-five cents or multiples. A fine of five cents is imposed for failure to deposit. On June fifteenth and December fifteenth the deposits and profits are distributed. A small surplus is kept for a sinking fund. To encourage the men and women to keep deposits intact, a small penalty is attached for

all withdrawals.

One aid to saving by this system is well worth duplicating everywhere. Scattered throughout the factory are receptacles for the deposit of money. On payday, or any other day, an employee with a loose quarter jingling in his pocket can put it in an envelope provided for the purpose, and drop it into the nearest box, from which it will be taken out at night and deposited to his credit. If he had kept that quarter an hour longer it might have been wasted on some useless expense. The officers of the fund find that these boxes are a great incentive to small saving.

# Department-Store Savings Systems

The same plan is in operation at the Sears-Roebuck Company, in Chicago, where deposits may begin with five cents. On some days hundreds of nickels in as many enveloses are found in the deposit boxes.

lopes are found in the deposit boxes.

The H. B. Claffin Mutual Benefit Association, in New York, has a Poor Box, into which applications for loans are dropped. This enables the borrower to make his request without publicity. A loan committee, composed of employees, meets every day to consider the applications.

The yearly clean-up of thrift results—

The yearly clean-up of thrift results—
made in December—is shown in the work
of the Employees' Bank of the Rogers-Peet
Company, in New York. Here you have
five different banks—three in retail stores,
one in the factory and one in the wholesale
department—all under one central control.
Savings from fifty cents up to ten dollars a
week are received. In order to secure the
largest possible number of depositors the
earnings, which largely come from loans,
are divided share and share alike. Thus the
employee who has saved only fifty dollars
gets as much dividend as his colleague who
has piled up two hundred dollars. This
prevents a few from monopolizing all the
profits.

Still another type of annual distribution of savings is exemplified by the Strawbridge & Clothier Savings Fund, of Philadelphia, which has distributed \$1,757,228.23 since its organization thirty years ago. The special feature is that any depositor may reinvest a part of his savings in a special and permanent fund, which is put out to work. Thus he can have one savings deposit for emergencies and another for money that he does not want to touch.

The beginnings of some of these associations are picturesque. The Deposit and Loan Bureau of the Filene Coöperative Association, composed of employees in a large Boston department store, is a case in point, For years there was no organized agency for saving in the establishment.

saving in the establishment.

Then a man entered the employ who had notions about thrift. He started a little bank in his right rear trousers pocket; accepted small deposits; banked them, and turned them back when the saver needed funds. The deposits grew so heavy that the

pocket could not accommodate them; so the bureau was started, which now contains a membership of 1661 depositors out of a possible 2089.

The bank has an office in the store, receives deposits from five cents up, and pays interest at the rate of five per cent. Loans are made on character at the rate of one cent on a dollar a month.

cent on a dollar a month.

Last November it was decided to wage a campaign for five hundred members in five days. The store was canvassed and ten more than the required number were secured in the stipulated time. Nor does the bureau rest on its laurels—it wages a constant crusade to bring everybody within the conservation fold. On January third every clerk who was not a depositor received this notice:

"This is the first Saturday of the New Year and it is the time to begin a regular system of saving money. Resolve to deposit a certain fixed sum in the bank regularly every week and not to withdraw any part of it until your savings have reached a certain sum."

Another notice that went to every employee was:

"If you are in need of money don't go to outside moneylenders or loan sharks. The Deposit and Loan Bureau is ready to help you in all such cases. No reasonable request for a loan is ever refused. All loans are strictly confidential."

No less picturesque was the inaugural of the Penny Bank in the factory of the Joseph & Feiss Company, in Cleveland. Here the sex line is strongly drawn among the workers. One day during the recreation period a group of girls who sewed at the same table began to count their pennies.

"Let's save them for a certain purpose,"
spoke up a thrifty Hungarian maiden.
They took the forewoman into their con-

They took the forewoman into their confidence; and out of it grew a bank that now includes the majority of employees and pays six per cent interest. The firm lends worthy borrowers reasonable sums and charges no interest.

One particularly helpful feature of this thrift system is the definite effort made to teach employees—especially women—the value of money. If a girl comes to work wearing a flashy pair of white shoes her forewoman asks her what she paid for them. As usually happens, the girl has been overcharged for an inferior quality of footwear. Her chief then gives her a little lesson in economic and practical purchasing. Again, if a girl wears a lot of false hair and is generally overdressed she is cautioned about simplicity of attire and the wisdom of concentrating on work and not on apparel.

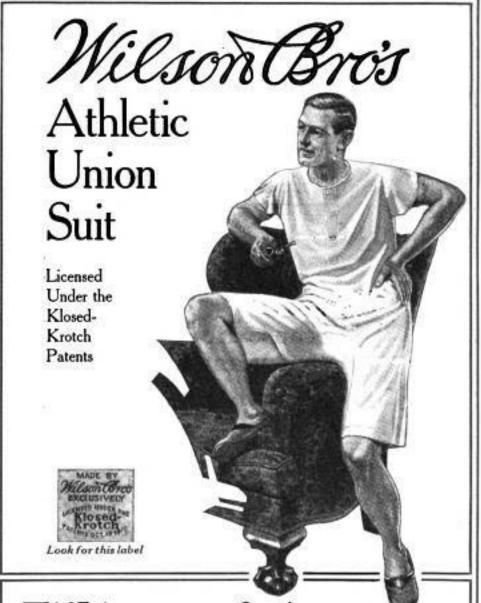
### The Diminishing Deposits Plan

Many savings and loan associations issue stock. The employees of the John Wanamaker Philadelphia Coöperative Association can buy both common and preferred. The preferred, for instance, has a par value of ten dollars, pays six per cent, and may be bought on weekly installments of twenty cents. Money is loaned to shareholders at six per cent a year.

Every possible aid to thrift is given in this store. There is even a John Wanamaker Junior Savings Fund, which receives deposits from five cents up. As in the Filene store, the employees are canvassed in order to make them save. A retired member of the staff makes it his business to advise his old co-workers about safe investments.

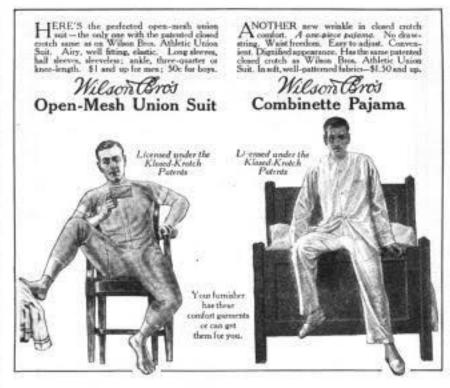
A unique plan of saving is in operation among the employees of the New York Life Insurance Company. Each person desiring to become a subscriber signifies this at the beginning of the year. He is then required to deposit one dollar on the first Monday in January; ninety-eight cents on the second Monday; ninety-six cents on the third Monday—and so on—the deposits decreasing by two cents a week until fifty deposits are made. By the middle of December the depositor has saved about twenty-five dollars. Any member who is more than three days late with his deposit is fined ten per cent of the amount due.

Any one withdrawing before the end of the series is taxed ten per cent of the sum he or she has on deposit. Loans are made

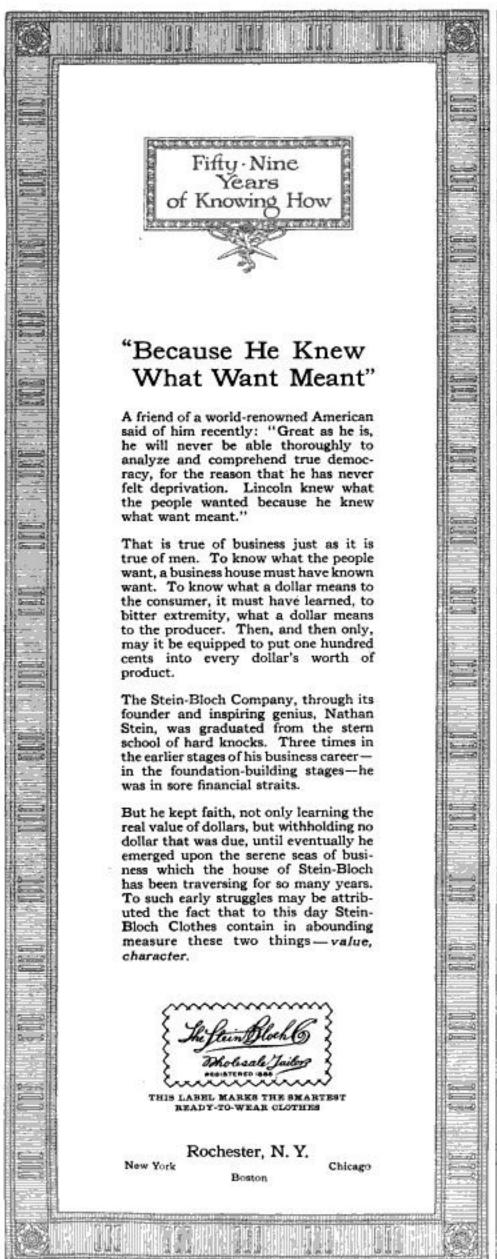


EASE in every pose. Smooth—convenient—comfortable. Permanently closed crotch gapless. No edges or buttons between the legs. Separate openings front and rear. Wilson Bros. have the exclusive right to use this patented closed crotch on this style of union suit—\$1.00 and up for men; 50 cents and up for boys.

> Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Great mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hesiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.



Wilson Bros - Chicago



on the unindorsed note of the employee if he is known to the treasurer of the fund. The most desirable feature of this fund is the excellent way it encourages continuous saving.
Sometimes the savings and loan associa-

tion is operated in conjunction with a regu-lar sayings bank. Chicago furnishes an illustration with the Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett Company Employees' Savings and Loan Association. The Northern Trust Company supplies the passbooks, deposit slips and loose-leaf ledger pages. Every Friday a bank representative comes to the store and receives the deposits. The ministore and receives the deposits. The mini-mum is twenty-five cents a week. Earnings are from three sources-from the bank, which pays three per cent; from loans made to members at six per cent; and from investments of the surplus in bonds. Last year the depositors got a total of 7.08 per

cent on their money.

The firm has encouraged the movement to the extent that on the first of this year it issued a letter to all employees cautioning them to be prudent, and stating, among

other things:

"A man or woman who is saving money is more valuable to an employer than one who is spending the last dollar.

More intimate is the system used by the National Cloak & Suit Company, in New York, which employs three thousand girls, most of whom are of foreign birth or extraction. Many have family burdens; so the plan has been to encourage them to start saving with a penny. As soon as the girl indicates her intention to become a regular saver she is given an envelope, which is

placed in the custody of the paymaster. When she has saved a dollar the company starts an account in her name at the Excel-sior Savings Bank. This enables the girls, who would shy at going to the bank them-selves, to become regular depositors. The envelope is used for the accumulation of the second dollar; and it goes, in turn, to the second dollar; and it goes, in turn, to the bank. The paymaster keeps the bank books. Thus the girls cannot withdraw money without giving an excellent reason. This firm lends money to its employees at a nominal rate of interest. Out of eleven thousand dollars loaned last year the loss was under one hundred dollars.

This leads us naturally to thrift among people who work in banks. You would naturally suppose that men and women who toil in the very atmosphere of money would be savers; but experience shows that they need incentive and encouragement.

### Thrift Among Young Bankers

One of the most striking of all these systems is employed by a great international banking house that has branches all over the world and a very large one in New York. It combines automatic saving and an old-age pension. In order to make the saving systematic the bank deducts five per cent of every employee's salary each month, and with it deposits to his credit a sum equal to twice the amount of his savings. This so-called Provident Fund receives interest

from the firm at five per cent a year.
Unlike the Metropolitan Fund it has no twenty-year clause. Any employee who re-tires after a reasonable service can take out all he has put in, together with the bank's generous contribution. One reason for this generosity is that these employees serve in every section of the globe. They are sub-ject to tropical fevers and the hazard of life

in strange regions.

Most of the big banks in New York have savings organizations among their employ-ees. In the Guaranty Trust Company, for instance, the Guaranty Club has a straight savings club that receives deposits from one dollar a week up. Under the auspices of a savings committee, and with the advice of the bank officials, it invests the proceeds in high class required. high-class securities. Last year the fund earned nearly eight per cent. An employee may buy stock in the company through this agency. The same system obtains in the Bankers' Trust Company.

The National City Bank accepts deposits of employees—who have a club—and pays them six per cent on sums up to five hun-dred dollars. The house of J. & W. Seligman & Company, in giving its employees their Christmas bonus—usually twentyfive per cent of their salaries—hands over only half in cash and deposits the remainder

in a savings fund.

And so it goes all over the country. Even the smaller towns have joined this thrift procession. The First National Bank, of

Joliet, Illinois, which wages a very intelligent campaign for savings deposits, including the collection of school children's deposits by automobile, has an Employees' Savings and Profit-sharing Fund that netted forty-five per cent on the investment last year. These employees save one-tenth of their salaries each month, which is used by the bank. At the end of the year the bank adds to the fund an amount equal to two and a half per cent of all dividends paid

during the year.

An imposing tribute to the scope of these organizations is found in the assets of the Pennsylvania Railroad Savings Fund, which has \$5,384,575 to its credit in such which has \$5,354,575 to his create in such ultra gilt-edged securities that the annual return is only three and a half per cent. The employees of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company—part of the Bell system in the South—have rolled up Bell system in the South—have rolled up nearly a million and a half dollars, on which

hearly a million and a half dollars, on which they receive five per cent.

Of course the regular purchase of stock in corporations is really a form of saving, espe-cially when it follows the plan put in opera-tion by the United States Steel Corporation. Any employee, from laborer up, can indi-cate the installment he wants to pay each month for stock and this sum is deduced from his new. The stock is offered at a rejecfrom his pay. The stock is offered at a price that is usually one point below the market at the time of the offer. That the employees sppreciate the opportunity is shown by the startling fact that last year 35,460 pur-chased 59,502 shares.

### Christmas Clubs

All systematic saving by workers is not done through their own organizations, bowever. Vastly differing agencies, with a multitude of purposes, carry the gospel of thrift to factory and fireside. Take the Vacation Savings Fund, which is under the wing of the National Civic Federation. Beginning as a modest medium to provide summer holidays for tired shopgirls in New York, it has grown into a nation-wide protest against

useless Christmas giving.
Then, too, there is the Christmas Club, which began, like so many of these movements, in a very unusual way. Some years ago a shrewd and live-minded young man worked as an accountant in a bank at Har-risburg, Pennsylvania. He noticed that a clerk employed in a local factory deposited about three hundred dollars every month on his own account. The observer was es-pecially interested when the clerk drew out the whole sum about the middle of December. The live-minded young man, whose name was Herbert F. Rawll, investigated and found that the large and persistent de-positor was the Santa Claus of the establishment where he worked. He collected the savings each month, deposited them to his own credit, and got the interest for his part in the transaction. He had persuaded his co-workers that the only way they could have a Christmas surplus was through him.

"If this scheme is so good for one man in one town it ought to be good enough for some other men in a great many towns,

said Mr. Rawll.

So he devised the Christmas Club scheme, by which regular weekly deposits, which may begin with two cents, create the holiday fund. It is now employed by more than a thousand banks throughout the United States. Last year these clubs had two million members, who saved forty

million dollars. What then is the lesson of this organized movement for thrift that extends from coast

to const?

It has a multitude of benefits. For one thing, it shows that the man who will save his money will also save time and material; and thus it is a good investment for the employer who encourages it.

It is making the employee more contented and therefore more efficient. More than this, it is proving to him that by his own efforts-and without altruistic aid or benevolent bonus—he can work out his economic salvation. Hence he becomes a selfmade, independent unit. As he develops materially he likewise strengthens the stability of the whole country; for a nation can prosper only to the degree that its people advance.

This campaign fits admirably into the machinery of a time when "Safety First!" is a much-heard slogan. Along with protection of life and limb must come that other and equally important safeguarding which concerns the pay envelope. Together these constructive agencies rear an impregnable bulwark for the worker and his wage.

# A Mere Veneer for a Union Suit



# Simplicity—The Secret of OLUS Superiority

The first layer of comfort is your UNDERWEAR. It's an unbroken, smooth-setting layer if it's an

OLUS is coat cut—opens all the way down. OLUS has closed erotch - no flaps, no bunching, only one thickness of material anywhere. OLUS has closed back - perfect fit from shoulder to crotch, no binding.



OLUS union suits are made in sixteen plain and fancy woven fabrics, including nainworks, madras, pongees, silks and silk mixtures, also plain and mesh knitted. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

COAT-CUT UNION SUIT (Loose Fitting)

The Coat-cut feature, found only in OLUS, makes possible a closed back and permanently closed crotch, protecting the body at every point, with only one thickness of cloth anywhere.

OLUS One Piece Pajamas for Lounging, Resting and Comfortable Sleep

are made on the same principle as the OLUS union suit, coat cut-closed crotch-closed back and only one layer of material anywhere. OLUS Pajama has no string around the waist, thus doing away with the most uncomfortable and unhealthful feature of the ordinary ajama which is always too tight or too loose.

OLUS Pajama has closed back and because it is any fiece cannot work up. The weater, protected all over all the time, presents an

appearance not afforded by and surpassing the old style pajama or night shirt.

OLUS Pajama cannot drag around the beels like an ordinary pajama or flap around the legs like a night shirt.

Price \$1.50 to \$8.50. Materials include madras, crepes, purgee, silk and silk mixtures. Plain or trimmed in handsome self-or contrasting colors.

When you buy UNDERWEAR or PAJAMAS think of OLUS. Insist on OLUS. Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he has not yet stocked OLUS, send us your size with price and we will see that you are supplied Write for important booklet, Free. To Dealers:-Your wholesaler carries OLUS.

THE GIRARD COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O, 346 Broadway, New York City





# The car twelve months ahead

From the Manchester, England, Dispatch:-

T is only after mature reflection that one is able to grasp the importance of the enormous improvements embodied in the Cadillac A chassis. We have been so long accustomed to believing and being told that the English car is indisputably ahead of any other construction in the world that it comes as something of a shock when we are faced with a car successfully embodying features which are as yet in the merely experimental stage in British car builders' workshops.

On the Cadillac car will be found an interesting example of a two-speed back axle, and we may here remark that the construction has been thor-oughly tested and found serviceable and reliable, both in the United States and in Europe. There is no element of experiment about the work; it has proved itself. The pressing of a button throws the low or the high-gear on the axle into operation as required, and that is all about it. They tell me that, as a test, the car was driven from London to Edinburgh with a full load without handling the gear-change lever at all. Pressing the button was all that was required.

Having admired the axles to our hearts' content, we are at liberty to examine the many other features of the Cadillac chassis, which calls for close examination. There is the self-starter, which will start the engine a thousand times without a miss. There is the neat little mechan-ical tyre pump. This is one of the finest chassis, taking all things into consideration, that ever left the United States just as an ordinary proposition. All her improvements are practically thrown in. I should term her the push-the-button car. So far as ordinary practice is concerned, she is equal to any. Her unique improvements have placed her twelve months ahead."

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

# THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

# The Forthcoming Fourth of July

EAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me D were haven sevrel orguments lately about hollydays and wether Christmas or the Forth of July was the gratest and we do not seme to be abul to get it settuld and so we thought of riten to you becaws the Forth of July is commen round agen in a littul wile and it will be Christmas soon after that and we would like to know about it.

We have ast a grate menny peepul round here about it but they do not seme to know how important it is and they are appto laff and say it all depenns on how you look at it witch is a poor ansur don't you think like a teecher sumtimes makes wenn she does not know and tells you to wurk it out for your-

self and not always be asten her.

Hennry said a teecher otto be like an ensicklepedia so you could open her ennywares and find out what you wanto know without enny bother but she is not and so I

supoas nobuddy is to blaim.

A teecher is a wunderful thing when you are yung and do not have so mutch expearence but when you get oalder you begin to see that she is mutch the saim as all of us an sumtimes a littul moar so. It is a deliteful thing to be a teecher though and maybee haffto spank sum boy who will be president of the Yoonited States sumday and be abul to look back with a grate deel of pride.

Hennry Begg says when a teecher asts you how long it takes a lion to eat a sheap

aftur a bare can est it in two hours and a wulf in three hours and a wild cat in fore hours and the bare has been eaten half an hours and the bare has been eaten half an hour and the wulf ten minnets and the wild cat forty minnets and the lion can eat it in half an hour in the furst place. And she expecks you to tell it out of your head in a minnet when you have just been thinken about a serkus or a bawl gaim.

And besides Hennry says a bare could not eat a sheap enny way becaws it mite be color a black have and out hunsey because

onley a black bare and eat hunney becaws

you cannot always tell.

I gess you otto eckscuse me for getten so far away frum the Forth of July and Christmas but sumtimes a boy's hart gets full of sumthing about school witch he hassto get out before he can talk about ennything

And Hennry and me know you are always full of simpathy for us becaws you are so luvly and know how to cumfurt a boy when he is full of pane like Hennry was the time he is full of pane like Hennry was the time he bloo off part of his thumm wile he was taken a catridge out of the shell by melten it in the fire with the best intenshuns.

And sumday when he is famus he will re-word you for it dedd or alive witch is the kind of a boy Hennry is.

The way we got started about the Forth of July and Christmas was Hennry said Collumbuss was a grater man than Wash-ington because he discussed it wile Wash-

ington becaws he discuvvered it wile Washington found it alreddy hear when he was born and if it was not for Collumbuss it would have been no chanst for Washington to be the father of it becaws it would not be

there to be the father of.

Hennry said Collumbuss was a verry poor boy who ponned his juels to the queen for three small shipps and was almost discurridged in the middul of the ocean when he hurd sumbuddy say Sail On! witch was a pome menny cenchuries afturwurds.

And so he went onto the Yoonited States and was met with grate pleshure by the Indyuns frum witch we afturwurds took it. After Collumbuss discuvvered it he dide

in sorro and dissgrace and is now berried in sevrel difrunt places menny of witch are not him but it may be there is a littul of him in each place but Hennry said he was not sure but it did not matter ennyway.

Hennry said after Collumbuss was berried he became a verry grate man witch is

offen the case.

Hennry said after Collumbuss discuv-vered it it was a simpul thing for Washington, who lived a grate menny yeers and dide full of honner and glorey beein bledd to deth by dockters witch they thought was the best thing to do but it turned out rong for Washington.

Washington called the thurtene collynies together after the tee was throne into Bostun harbor and they all charged up Bunker Hill as soon as they saw the wites of thar eyes.

As soon as it was over Patrick Henn made a speach and said give me libburt or give me deth witch was published in t Fiffth Reeder and was a grate shock to Ki

Gorge when he redd it.

Then they all sined the Decklarashun Independence followed by Jon Hance and menny uthers. Hennry said this was the Forth of Jo

witch happened to be a good time becau would be verry could for bands to play o dores if it was in the wintertime but Chri mas does not make so mutch difrunce caws you haffto stay inside all day and

Hennry said a boy is appto make a gr menny mistakes on the Forth of July 1 loden a big cann with mudd and sum per of brick and nales and other things and the putten a big charge of powder under it a liten the fews and after wile looken inside it close to see if it is goen off witch it of close.

Then your muther cums rushen out v a grate shreak and gethers you up in arms as mutch as she can get and takes in the house and the uther boys go s

home glad it is not them. But a boy is tuff and unless you get the lockjaw you out agen in a few days looken at the pware it happend.

Hennry said the reesen boys are at make a mudd cann and get hurt is bet they have no munney to buy reel firewing and so they haffte make a make at the page of the said of they have no munney to buy reel firewand so they haffto make sum cheep the and get blone up becaws they are further patriotism but if a boy has a littul munch is more appto buy a littul flagg and small firecrackers and a peace of reel grand a cupple of pinweels and a romundul with cullered balls of fire and a curockuts witch are purfeckly safe unless hit you witch they never do unless you in the rode of them.

Hennry said it is a grate felen to wat

Hennry said it is a grate felen to wat nite with maybee a dollur's wurth of wurks and shoote them off as soon as

dark enough and sumtimes before wher can hardly wate.

And in the daytime you can brake a menny firecrackers in too and make si out of them witch gives you twice as m existement but not as mutch noise u they go off backwurds sumtimes and your thumm witch is not a grate dunt but onley paneful and a littul lare

I supoas a cupple of boys could he grate time on the Forth of July for ma dollur and be purfeckly safe all the You mite ast Uncle William about caws he yousto be a boy and an olld so in the sivyle war and he otto know

about powder. Hennry said if we do not manned get enny munney to buy enny reel fires he thinks he could make sum mudd that would be purfeckly safe by liten with a long stick afire on one end thou would have to take our chances wit nales and peaces of brick when it ble but we could probily run out of harm though a blone up nale is appto travel

But a dollur's wurth of reel fire would be mutch safer and otto make a better sittizun when he grows up : dollur on the Forth of July would be a price to pay for two good sittizuns you think so?

You mite ast Uncle William wh thinks about it and if he knows enny to make a mudd cann that is purfeckly And let us know about it if you hap rite to us before the Forth of July wi two wekes frum Wensday but a boy u buys his firewurks on the day before has enny monney by that time. Hennry sends love and he never thi

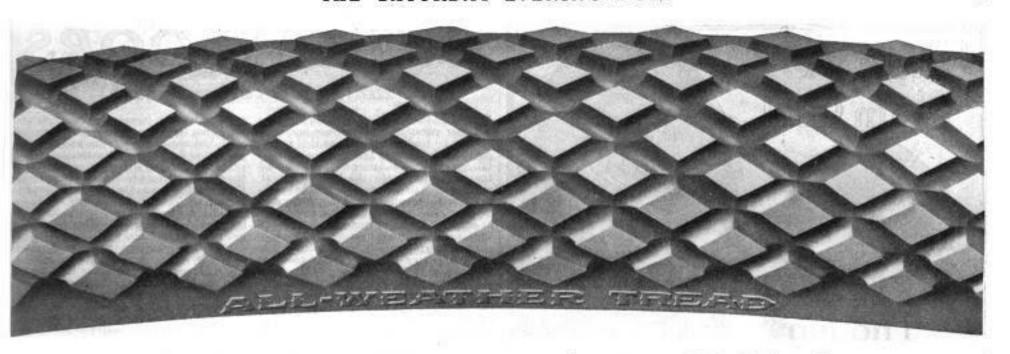
his thumm without thinken of you Uncle William.

Your afeckshunate nephew, WILLIAM GRE

PS-A blone-up boy frum a mude must be a turrible site but Hennry a never hope to see one.

2—We will probily rite to you about the mudd canns cum out.—W. G.

-J. W. F.



# In Goodyear Tires, with the Double-Thick All-Weather Tread, We Offer You

# The Utmost in a Tire

# How We Proved This

We have for years kept scores of experts at research and experiment—all to lower your cost per mile. Most of these men were technical graduates. Their efforts have cost us \$100,000 per year.

They have built in our laboratory 8 or 10 tires per day. They have tried out some 2,000 formulas, some 200 fabrics, countless methods and devices.

They have put these tires on testing machines to run under road conditions. They have worn them out in road use while meters recorded the mileage. This, remember, for years and years, with 8 or 10 new tires daily. Always seeking a lower cost per mile.

They have compared, in the same way, rival tires with our own. This to make sure that no other maker had found any way to excel us.

They have watched Goodyear tires which came back for adjustment—analyzed the faults. And they have found some way to correct each fault, regardless of cost.

They have strengthened the fabric, toughened the rubber, found out the best way to combat every tire trouble.

Now these men say that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the best they know. A thousand efforts have shown no way to improve them. And no rival tire reveals a single advantage. So far as men know at the present time, we offer you here the utmost in a tire. And we offer you so much more than others that these tires have become the largest-selling tires in the world.



# Four Exclusive Features in No-Rim-Cut Tires

Here are four ways in which No-Rim-Cut tires excel all other tires.

They prevent rim-cutting in a way which for many years has proved faultless.

Many other attempts to accomplish this have resulted in faulty tires. The Goodyear method has no shortcomings. And hundreds of thousands have proved it in [1] libbs.

This method—which we control has ended a trouble which ruins nearly one-third of all old-type tires, as per our last statistics.

# Blow-Outs

No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which are final-cured on air-filled fabric tubes—under actual road conditions, This "On-Air" cure means an extra cost of \$1,500 daily—all to save the countless blow-outs which are due to wrinkled fabric.

# Loose Treads

We alone use a patent method which lessens by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed at the point where this trouble occurs.

And Goodyears are the only tires with double-thick All-Weather treads. As smooth as a plain tread, flat and regular, but offering wet roads countless sharp-edged grips. This tread alone has completely solved all the problems of anti-skids.

# Yet 16 Makes Cost More

Despite all these costly exclusive features, Goodyear prices are below 16 other makes of tires. Some cost up to one-half more. Goodyear prices are due to enormous output. We are now making as high as 10,000 pneumatic motor tires daily. Our overhead cost has been reduced by efficiency 24 per cent. And our margin of profit last year was brought down to 6½ per cent.

No-Rim-Cut tires used to cost onefifth more than other standard tires. And they give you today all that any price can buy. On mileage records they have won the topmost place in Tiredom.

Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply these matchless tires.

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

# Hints on Vacation Houses

HOW and where shall one spend the summer vacation? The answer is not so easy to be read in the stars as it is in the pocketbook. Having arranged the elemental, general or fundamental principles of the proposition with the boss, the next thing to do is to consult the ultimate oracle that except the consult the started or the terriles the coin. that carries the coin. Sometimes that oracle says you must be content with a week or so at some farm not far from the city, where

the farmer has grown too tired to work and so runs a resort—mostly by his wife's labor, he himself doing little but tell how good the fishing used to be.

There are grades in the country farm and the country resort, all nicely adjusted to catch the vacation dollar; but, after all, a hammock is a hammock, and almost any place where you have leighted to catch the vacation dollar. place where you have leisure is good enough for larking and spooning if you are young, or for loafing and smoking if you are old. or for loafing and smoking if you are old. You can board in a resort for a dollar a day, or ascend the price scale until you pay four hundred a month for a cottage in the North Woods, where papa gets out almost every other Saturday night if he has luck and does not like it better in the city.

As to localities, there never was any country laid out better for vacation purposes than these same United States. All the way from Maine to Oregon there is a grand summer country ready and waiting

grand summer country ready and waiting

grand summer country ready and waiting for you; and in that country you can get almost any sort of game you want, from log cabin or tent to cottage or swell hotel. Summer-resorting has been brought to a science in every one of these Northern pine countries where lakes and streams are numerous. From Allegash to Glacier Park; from Manitowish to the Rogue River Valley; in upper Dakota or even in lower Saskatchewan and Alberta—you will find a summer country waiting for you, and in it some person or persons who have made ready for your coming, generally minded to transfer your coin from your pockets to their own. their own.

their own.

The ability to scent a round iron dollar in any weather is not confined to the East or the Middle West. Even in the remotest fastnesses of the Rockies you will find that your vacation has been all thought out and planned for you by some one on the ground. There has always been a fascination for Eastern folks in the ranch life of the West. This year there are many Western resorts advertised as ranches, which offer the attractions of horseback riding, fishing, and so on. One such circular comes from the so on. One such circular comes from the Big Horn Mountains, as an instance, and there are others from different parts of

There is no better exercise than horse-back riding; and there is no bluer sky or better air than that of the high plains, or the foothills, or the mountains. The guides out there will tell you how abundant the big game used to be and how large the trout once were. At least the mountains are as abundant and as large as they ever were—as restful and logical, consoling and rejuve-nating. It is hard to beat the mountains for a vacation if the oracle of your pocketbook allows the thought.

### Summer Holidays in the Woods

Most of us go North in the summertime rather than West, in part because of the change of climate, but more because of the proximity to the larger Eastern cities and of the attractive vacation countries of the North Woods. Perhaps you may pass your week or two weeks, your month or two months, in some Northern country where once there were pine forests, and where yet the remaining trees stand tall and the water runs clear and cold and you need a blanket at night. This is not to say that only Northern folks have summer vacations and that all Northern folks go North. There are many mountain districts in the Southern states that are delightful in the summer-time; and all through California the sum-mer seashore life equals that of the winter season, which is better known to the Northern tourists who go thither. Whatever be your choice of a vacation ground, you go there as a transient. Per-

haps you go to a large hotel more or less badly run, or to a small one that is worse. There is benefit even in that, though you will put up with inconveniences there you would not tolerate at home—bad beds, had food, bad water, bad service, and a certain

amount of danger from disease.

It is only the loyalty of vacation folks to
the vacation idea which sometimes makes them stoutly asseverate that they have had a perfectly "bully" time, when their time would have been just as bully had they stayed at home in a cool cellar or camped out near the bathtub.

Every one to his own taste and in accordance with his own means in these matters. To me, it seems an easy guess that a vacation will be better if it affords an absolute change of scene and manner of life. Moreover one will get more good out of a vacation not passed in a crowd. Your family, for instance, will rest better if you have a little cottage or a big tent all your own than if you divide two or three small rooms in a

Perhaps they will enjoy it yet more if you go farther into the woods and turn your hotel cottage into a log camp on some less frequented water. Or as you advance in vacation skill and as your wife becomes used to life in the woods—which the kids always like—you may shake off civilization altogether and take to the tent, where you do your own cooking and your own work. This latter proposition is more apt to appeal to bachelors or to young men who go in small parties, though it is entirely practi-cable for a family.

Again every one to his taste; but to me it seems that the tired business man can get

about as good a run for his vacation money in this way as in any other.

# In Case of Mosquitoes

If you go to a summer resort you do not need any hints, points or suggestions. Just take all the money you have, borrow some more, give it all to the hotel people—and then walk home and try to forget it. The main memory you will have of your vacation is the general feeling that other people have more diamonds than your family, and your wife's assurance that she cannot see why that Smith girl should be asked oftener to dance than your own daughter Elleen.

to dance than your own daughter Eileen.

If, however, you wish to take the plunge into camp life in your vacation season there are some things that perhaps you might well consider in advance. For instance, what is the best all-round tent? The answer is that there is no best all-round tent any more than there is a best all-round rifle or shot-gun. It all depends on where you go and hat you do.

The vacation en famille, more or less per-The vacation en famille, more or less permanent in location, is apt to indicate a wall tent as the vacation home. Indeed the wall tent is the typical tent of the white man. He built it as near like a house as he could, with upright sides and ends, and a sloping roof running down from a ridge-pole. You can get wall tents from six feet square up to forty feet long. Some of them have board floors and boarded sides, and sidewalks in front of them. In some of them sidewalks in front of them. In some of them you can stand up and in others you cannot. Some of them are heavy and some are light. In short, in this one model of tent you have a great range of choice.

The main virtue of the wall tent is its roominess. It will do as a sort of house when it rains. You can keep it warm if it grows cold; and by putting a fly over it you.

grows cold; and by putting a fly over it you can keep it fairly cool when the weather is warm outside. But, at the same time, most wall tents are close and stuffy. The air does not seep through canvas, especially when it is damp. You will have to use the wall tent as you do the hall bedroom at home open the windows and leave the door ajar. That means perhaps mosquitoes—a situation which, in turn, opens up a series of

Tentmakers have improved in their work steadily; but in one essential they seem not to have improved at all-that of ventilato have improved at all—that or ventua-tion. Some maker of every-day wall tents is going to make a big business success one of these days by building wall tents with good ventilating windows in them—win-dows covered with mosquito bars. At pres-ent it is only in the specially made tents that you can get good ventilation or good protestion against insect nexts. protection against insect pests.

The mosquito pest has spoiled many a vacation for a woman, or even a man. If you do not sleep perfectly at night your vacation is a failure. As a general rule, it is not enough to have head nets to wear at night. That is an uncomfortable way of putting in the night. Your whole tent should be mosquito-proof if you are in the mosquito country.

Most city folks think it is enough to

drape a mosquito bar carelessly across the front of the tent. Perhaps they close half of the open end of the tent. That means they swelter and suffocate if the weather is warm, because very likely the tent is not provided with mosquito-proof ventilating

windows.

You can buy a tent that has a bobbinet front. Again, you can buy an inside tent of mosquito netting or cheesecloth, which can be tied to the ridgepole inside and dropped down over the beds at night. All this shuts off a certain amount of air. In general, therefore, it is a good hint to study your therefore, it is a good hint to study your wall tent and its possibilities before you adopt it as your vacation home.

of the methods above suggested, that of the inside net is the best. The edges of this inner tent should be heavily shotted so that it will lie close to the floor. You can help this out by putting the rod cases or articles of camp furniture on the edges of the tent netting. Of course you have to lift the edge of this net when you come in at the tent door; and, of course, then some mosquitoes

of come in with you.

Of one general proposition you may rest pretty well assured—no tent is mosquito-proof that does not have a floor sewed into t. The best sod cloth and inside net ar-

it. The best sod cloth and inside net arrangement you can devise will let some mosquitoes in round the edges in spite of anything you can do unless the floor is sewed to the walls of the tent.

It is just as well to harken a bit about this mosquito business, for your comfort in camp in the average wilderness vacation is lessened much more by mosquitoes than it is by cold or rain. Now there are men who live in fly countries all the time and carry on work.

In far-off Alaska, all over the Rocky Mountains, in the timber or tundra country of the wet Pacific slope far to the north, where mosquitoes swarm in millions and constitute a pest such as is not comprehended by average Easterners, men live and work—do prospecting, mining, engineering, railroad building, packing, traveling—not as sport, but as a business. They are children to alone at night—and sleen are obliged to sleep at night—and sleep comfortably—or they could not carry on their work. Naturally it is to some of these professions that we might well turn to get

knowledge on the mosquito question.

The general principles of the ideal mosquito tent have long been accepted by Eastern manufacturers, but the most perfect mosquito tent I ever saw I ran across last summer for the first time. It was made in a Western city, after a design said to have been invented by a member of the Geodetic Survey in Alaska. If it will work in Alaska it will work anywhere.

## A Door With a Puckering-String

The material is not of heavy duck, but a light Egyptian cotton, sometimes called balloon silk. In size it is seven by seven, very high in the ridgepole and on the walls, the tent in its bag weighing only about

twelve pounds.

A light waterproof floor is sewed into it.
Both ends are sewed into it. On each side there are two large netted windows, affording abundant ventilation. There are flaps arranged for these windows that can be

buttoned down in case of rain.
In each end of this tent there is yet another large window for ventilation. The roof projects three or four inches all round over the walls, making eaves that keep the water out of the open windows in case of rain. The front door is not a door at all, but a hole, and it is round—not triangular. This hole is fitted with a sleeve, like the trap of a fyke-net-the sleeve or funnel being made of light drilling. You crawl through this hole and, so to speak, pull it in after you, and tie a knot in it; at least, there is a

puckering string by which you can close the bag that makes the entrance of the tent. Once inside you have a large, roomy house in which you can stand up with comfort, lie down on your beds in comfort, and let the weather rage. No mosquito can get at you unless you take it in on your clothes. In case you have done that you can put a wet sock into operation. At first you may think the tent a little close, but soon you will see that the ventilation is

There are variants of this mosquito tent used in Alaska, some of them A tents of heavy duck, provided with one little window heavy duck, provided with one little window high up—mankillers of the worst type; but the tent made as above is practical. It can be pitched rather quickly. Make your bed of boughs or leaves, or whatever you can get on the ground. Throw your tent on top of it. Peg the bottom out loosely at each corner. You do not put the ridgepole inside the tent at all.

The roof runs up into a four-inch comb, in which is a line of grommets, or big eyelets, let in the canvas. You can run a rope through these and lash the top to a ridge-pole above the tent. Use two crotches—at each end of your ridgepole—and roughly hoist your tent to its full height. Crawl inside throw your warher into one corner. hoist your tent to its full height. Crawl inside, throw your warbag into one corner, your bedroll into the other; and have your chum do the same on his side. This will hold the floor in shape well enough for the night, and it is all the work of only a few moments. If your camp is permanent you can take more pains with the pitching. You can buy a tent like this in one-man, twomen or four-men size; and the largest will not weigh more than the little A tent of heavy duck you once used for smothering

I am strong for this wall tent, much as I dislike wall tents in general, because it has abundant windowspace in it, and because it will afford a good night's sleep in any weather or any amount of mosquitoes. So if you plan tent life in the North Woods you might do very well to keep your eye on this sort of wall tent. It is professional, not amateur.

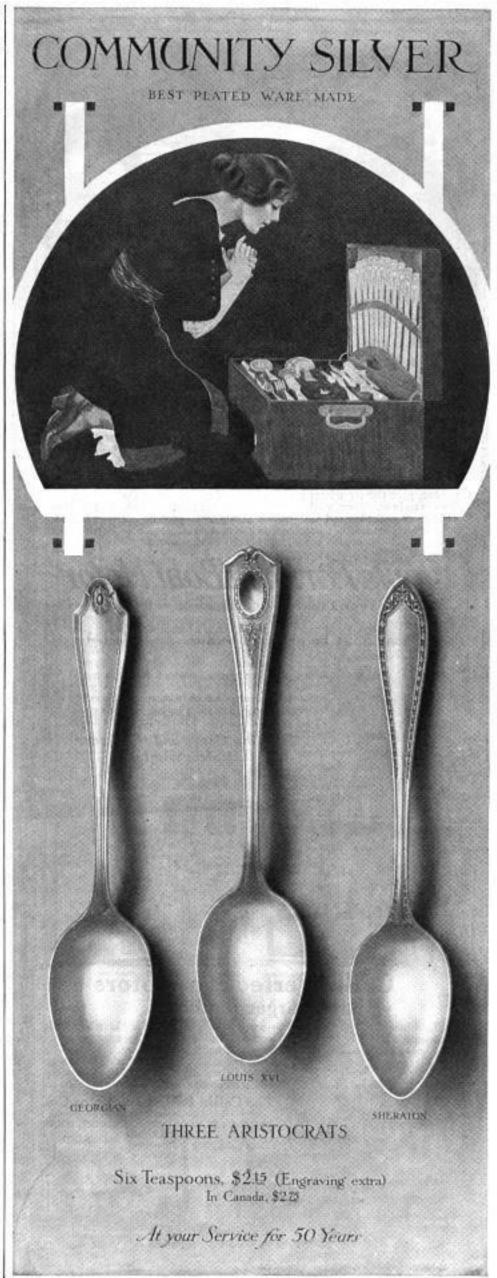
### Openfront Models

You should not forget your fly dope, of course, whether you be angler or camper; but in very bad fly country dope is no defense—you will have to use netting or a mosquito tent. In Africa the safari outmosquito tent. In Africa the safari outfitters give you bed nets, which are slung
from the roof of the tent, the sides dropping
down round your bed. Your tent boy tucks
in the edges when you go to sleep. That is
all right unless you get the netting loose
during the night. The beauty of the mosquito tent above outlined is that you cannot get the netting loose. Another great
advantage is that you do not hear the buzz
of the mosquitoes close about your ears,
as you are bound to do if you use a bed net.
You can get tents in all sorts and shapes,
embodying the best of the foregoing prin-

embodying the best of the foregoing principles, sometimes with the floor sewed in and sometimes with inside nets rigged to drop down all round. I tried one of the small shelter tents, triangular in shape, running down to a point behind, last fall on a hunt where mosquitoes were bad. I fitted the tent with an inner net of bobbinet. fitted the tent with an inner net of bobbinet. There was no floor sewed to the tent. Two of us occupied this tent and we did our best to keep out the mosquitoes. They got at us in spite of everything. Such a tent will do in good country and good weather where there are few mosquitoes, and where the transportation is so bad that you cannot get a better tent. The argument for it ends about there. It is better on paper than on the ground, and is amateur—not professional.

As much is true of many other patent inventions, ingenious as makeshifts but not accepted by the seasoned outdoor men as useful in every-day work. If you are walking and carrying your own outfit, and like to think you are pretty hardy, and are not apt to be much bothered by insects, you may take one of these little tents, which only weigh four or five pounds. In good weather conditions such a tent is comfort-able with a campfire in front of it. In bad weather conditions it is not comfortable at all: and as a summer home or a vacation rendezvous it, therefore, is not to be commended, and should not even be considered

Of course all these matters bring us to the two basic factors in any vacation—the pocketbook and the transportation. The sort of transport you have must determine to some extent the sort of vacation you are going to have if you are to live in camp. In a dry country almost any sort of tent will answer, and the one most open to the air is the best one for you. There are many forms of shelter tents in openfront models. One is called the baker tent, because its roof and walls are set at the angles of a reflector oven. It is a healthful and pleasant





tent even in cold weather, for you can have a good fire in front of it and so keep warm.

Your catalogue will also show you such tents made with porches and with floors sewed in. Perhaps you can leave the porch flap up and put in a door of your own, made of bobbinet or cheesecloth. The main thing is to get all the air at night you possibly can. The better your transportation facilican. The better your transportation achities, the better your tent may be. Men live
in tents all through the summer in New
Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Labrador, Alaska,
the subarctic country of the Yukon—
because they know how to live there. By
using a little judgment, therefore, you also will be able to live out-of-doors in comfort in your selected country, in almost any sort

of conditions that are apt to occur.

In some of the Far Northern countries mosquitoes come in assorted sizes—some so large that they will bite through a leather glove, and others so small that they will go directly through an ordinary mosquito bar. I think that even in our lower latitudes a good many mosquitoes will crawl through the ordinary mosquito bar. Bobbinet is better, and English cheesecloth is still better. A good bed net is made with a canvas top—say, three feet by six—with shotted sides six or eight feet deep, made of cheesecloth. It sounds a little stuffy, but

it keeps them out.

In Northwestern Canada travelers use what they call a mosquito tent. It is not very different from a very large bed net. It is pitched with a ridgepole and stands about three feet high. You erect this over your bed and crawl in under it. The walls are of cheesecloth or bobbinet. This gives you good air and protects you from dew as

well as from mosquitoes.

In the West I have always liked the
Indian lodge as the best of outdoor houses. That is the Indian's basic idea of a tent as against the wall tent the white man makes. One is conical and the other rectangular; but the teepee is by no means mosquitoproof, even though sometimes filled with smoke at night. Of course you could rig bed nets in a teepee as well as in any other kind of tent. Ventilation in a teepee is better than in the white man's tent, and it is roomy and comfortable. No teepee Indian ever had tuberculosis, but his people are dying like flies of it in cabins and wall tents. At the same time the teepee is bulky and heavy, and, in fact, is impossible for

the average vacation.

If I were going into the Rockies for a permanent camp I would use a teepee, because I think it is the most practical of the aboriginal homes; but some men do not like teepees. They are, of course, out of the question for the average camper in the East or North, and, indeed, are not much used

by vacation people anywhere.

### A Capital Offense

Your vacation home ought to allow com-fort in any sort of weather; and sometimes the weather gets wet and cold in summer. The worst thing about a wall tent then, next to its lack of ventilation, is the diffi-culty of keeping it dry and warm. For this reason an ingenious man has invented a wall tent in which one whole side lifts up into a porch, so that you can have a fire in front. Of course you can have a fire in a teepee right on the floor. You can have a stove in your wall tent; but to my mind a stove in any tent, except in extremely cold weather, ought to be considered a capital offense. It makes the tent still more stuffy and hot.

In the average campstove the fire goes out about as quickly as you build it, and it is practically impossible to keep a fire in one of them overnight. The average summer camp will not need a stove—unless it is used out in the open, clear away from the tent, which of itself is also more or less reiminal in view of the pleasure of eaching. criminal in view of the pleasure of cooking at the open fire. This criticism of the stove, however, must be given with qualification; for in some countries you cannot get wood for a campfire, and so perforce must have a stove, even though you carry it on your own back.

So, always considering transportation and the personnel of your party, and the experience of the weakest member in outdoor life, you will have to select your tent—closed or openface—with or without a permanent floor, in accordance with your guess as to what the weather and mosquitoes are going

to do to you.

The openface tent is, in fact, a sort of amateur fad. It is considered the correct thing by some men who have not thought much about it, and by others who have thought a great deal about it. A quarter of a century or more ago there was an old woodsman by the name of Sears, who wrote over the name Nessmuk-an ingenious old solitary woodsman who had ideas of his own, and who was the founder and forerunner of the modern school of camping light.

Mr. Nessmuk invented a hunting knife, Mr. Nessmuk invented a nunting knile, a hunting ax, a packsack, a manner of building a campfire and a way of pitching a tent. He made his tent open in front, with sides and roof converging to a low wall at the rear. He built a little frame of poles and tacked his light drilling on to this, the front opening being about four feet in heighthe tent itself being intended as a sleeping shelter. shelter.

Such a tent is not much good in case of rain, but the old woodsman managed to make it do by means of shelters of boughs at the sides. It took a little while to fix this tent, but the whole affair could be taken down and packed with little trouble. Such a tent can be made quite warm in cold weather if you know how to build a lasting campfire in front of it.

The baker tent, and indeed all the oper face tents, are only modified forms of the old Nessmuk bivouac shelter. You cer-tainly sleep well in such a shelter, for you are warm and you breathe good air.

### The Three-in-One Tent

Besides these square-front, openface models, there are many sorts of single-pole, conical or pyramid tents, which can be put up quickly. The miner's tent is the simplest of these—a broad-based pyramid, with a single upright centerpole inside. It is very quickly pitched, and is very com-pact when made of the light modern ma-terials and not of heavy duck. This is a modification of the round tent which was terials and not of heavy duck. This is a modification of the round tent, which was a modification of the teepee. The door is forned by a flap inside, the opening running not quite to the top of the tent. Such a tent will keep off rain, and it is all right for men who are accustomed to living simply in the open or who are traveling about from day to day.

An Eastern outfitter makes a big round tent, with a single centerpole and a bood

tent, with a single centerpole and a hood built round an iron ring-a modification of the old Indian teepee idea. A very decent permanent camp can be built with one of these tents, but they are hard to put up and require a large number of pins and ropes. No white man can build a teepee.

An ingenious mind undertook to make a tent that would be a cross between the wall

tent, the A tent and the single-pole or miner's tent. Moreover, he did it, and made a very effective tent, which has about as much room in the right place, weight for weight, as any pattern yet cut. This tent has a single upright pole, which is used in the front end. The roof runs down to a low wall at the rear. The sides slope from the peak like those of an A tent, merging into the wall behind

The floor of this tent is square; the front has two flaps that meet in the middle, and over it there may be used a triangular fly, which can be shifted in front and used as a

Such a tent can be easily made as mosquito-proof as any. It can be used as an openfront camp or as a closed tent. It ought to be called the three-in-one tent, for it has some of the advantages of each of the three types it embodies.

For eight years an old comrade and myself used this tent in our summer vacations, sen used this tent in our summer vacations, some weeks in extent, and we found it very practical. Of course there is not much room in such a tent for ladies who are particular regarding their costumes. Indeed nearly all tents except the wall tent are made for men and not for women.

You can make a good-enough bivouactent out of a tarpaulin or tent fly stretched leanto fashion, or in the fashion of a lean-to, with the roof or porch in front—all depending on the frame you use in stretching. Or you can buy such a tent already cut, with side walls let on to it, if you prefer. And, of course, if your transportation is bad, you can use, instead of heavy canvas, a sheet of the light balloon silk or Egyptian cotton of which more and more tents are made today

The A tent is very simple—indeed about as practical as anything for general travel under a compromise of average wilderness conditions. An A tent can be just as stuffy as a wall tent, though it does not weigh quite so much. Therefore look to the windows and the mosquito defenses if you are going into fly country.

The A tent, however, used to require a ridgepole and two end poles, and the excellence of the pitching depended on the fit of these poles. Of course you cannot always carry tentpoles along with you, and sometimes cannot cut them. Therefore the A tent is now largely made with the rope ridgepole. The rope ridgepole is not quite so good for shedding rain, but it is simple and handy. By its use you can quickly pitch the tent between a couple of trees. Or you can peg out the end ropes and lift the tent by using a couple of poles as sheers at each end, tightening it all you like—a simple and speedy process.

However, not even the simple A tent, or wedge tent, was left unmolested in its model. Along came a man who shortened the ridgepole of the seven-foot A tent to a The A tent, however, used to require a

the ridgepole of the seven-foot A tent to a couple of feet, sewed a short permanent ridgepole into the top, cut the sides sloping in every direction from this short ridgepole, and hung the whole thing up by a rope from the top—like a birdcage. This also was a simple canvas house, light, portable, and dispensing with considerable useless canvas. Some canoeists took to using this tent. I presume you could call it a trapeze tent, though I have never known it to have that

Now your canoeist, though the most sybaritic outer on earth, likes to consider sybardict outer on earth, likes to consider himself very hardy; so he makes his tent as small and low and inconvenient as he can. This trapeze-bar, short ridgepole did not leave much room inside the abbreviated tent, the door of which sometimes was so low that a fellow had to crawl in. So the ingenious outfitters who cater to the canoe trade built a big circular end or swell in the back of this sort of tent. It added immensely to the floor space. Such a tent in balloon silk may be seen in a good many canoe camps. I have never seen one arranged with windows for ventilation. And once more I speak loudly for windows in the tent—and plenty of them.

You will notice that the general tendency.

You will notice that the general tendency in modern tents seems to be toward light material and toward the abolishment of poles. Tentpoles are a nuisance. I knew a Chicago man not long ago who had been in the Rockies and who wanted a teepee in his city back yard for his children. He sent all the way to Japan to get a set of bamboo poles for his teepee, and when they came they were broken to pieces. Then he sent to Montana and imported a carload of teepee poles from an Indian village.

teepee poles from an Indian village.
We all remember the ridgepole of the old wall tent, which used to stick out behind the wagon when we went on a family picnic. That left the tail-gate of the wagon down and everything spilled out. We do things better now. We shorten our ridgepoles, lighten our tents, and run to ropes rather than to poles. And all the time, though we have not yet learned the virtue of windows, we trend toward openface tents, with plenty of air. For once the trend of fad or fashion is a good one.

### The Shelters of the Chippewas

In dry country like that of the eastern slope of the Rockies—the best man's country and the best out-of-door country to be found anywhere on the globe-outdoor workers do not always use a tent, but spread down their blankets with tarpaulins under and over. Your outfitter will sell you a tarpaulin arranged with rings and snaps, so you can make a very good bed right on the ground. This is hardly a good suggestion, however, for the tired business man who has his whole family along. It may do for you if you are alone on some tramping, riding or boating trip.

Get as far from home as your pocket.

Get as far from home as your pocketbook will let you, and then build as good a camp as you can in as good a place as you can find. Even two men in a canoe can outfit for camping in absolute comfort. If you can have a wagon to carry your duffel you can carry a whole village of modern tents today. If you have a packtrain you can take an Indian lodge, a wall tent, an A tent, a baker tent, a miner's tent, or any one of a dozen other combination models,

which will probably do you very well. Perhaps you may find some old shack or log cabin that you can use—for bad weather at least. It depends on your transportation usually, however, what your house is to be. Two persons in any tent are enough—more than enough if one of them snores. If there are several in the party two or three tents are far better than one. Your vacation will do you most good when you have a little time and space and solitude all to yourself.

Lastly if you have not yet got just the hints you want as to your summer home you can have a great deal of pleasure in designing a special tent model all your own; and you certainly will find some manufac-turer ready to make it and list it in his catalogue. One ardent canoeist, for instance, devised himself a little octagonal tent like a teepee, with a hole cut in the side, not run-This was a single-pole tent. The flap could be raised and used as a sort of porch. One could make a fire in front of this tent and get some good of it, or could easily defend it against mosquitoes provided it had a second in floor. sewed-in floor.

Another man devised a tent with steep roof and sides to shed snow. He pitched it root and sides to shed show. He pitched it usually in the trapeze or birdcage fashion, the ridgepole being short and permanent. Then there are little gipsy tents, pitched over bows like wagon-covers—a sort of thing not seen in this country, though sometimes used by the Romany folks in Europe. This is something like the dome-topped bark lodge of the Chippewas, but much smaller.

Speaking of the Chippewas, did you ever see a party of them go into camp on the trail? They have no skin covers for their lodge-not even canvas, let alone balloon silk—nothing but mats woven out of reeds; but in a few minutes the women will have some springy poles cut and the ends thrust into the ground. Then they bend the tops over and fasten them together with bark—three or four sets of these rafters—connected by a pole on top to stiffen them. Perhaps they lash a pole or so alongside. As this progresses another woman will throw mats across the top. In a few moments they will across the top. In a few moments they will have a house that looks as though it had always been there. There is a smokehole in the roof at the middle.

### Three Great Remedies

In fifteen minutes after they have thrown down their packs you can be sitting in a very smoky interior, with eight dirty children and nineteen dogs running over you, feeling quite hardy and sporty. You can add to the excitement if you happen to have a banana or some taffy along.

There are volumes—and very good ones, too, interesting and useful—written in the way of advice, hints and suggestions to the outdoor man going into camp. No doubt

outdoor man going into camp. No doubt you will get additional ideas from these. At first you will believe everything you read; but after a while you will get over that. I remember once hearing a girl in a musical comedy sing a little song. She must have been a peach, for I remember her yet—also the words of her song, which ran in the chorus about like this: "I read it in the book, in my little lesson book—I read it in the book, and it must be so!" it in the book, and it must be so!

You can read a great many things in your lesson book before you leave home for your vacation, and about the best part of the vacation out-of-doors is in preparing for it; but the great lesson book for you will be the out-of-doors itself. You will get your best fun out of meeting actual condi-tions of Nature with your own with such your best run out of meeting actual condi-tions of Nature with your own wits and your own energy. The best way is not to take any man's dictum as to what you want to do or how you want to do it. Figure it out for yourself.

The more primitive your summer resort, the better it is apt to be for you. What you need is a change. No man can live in the city—indeed, no man can undergo the high pressure of modern business in any community—and not get a case of nerves at east once a year.

Neurasthenia, nerve exhaustion and mental collapse are becoming more and more common in American business and social life. We work entirely too hard—speed up entirely too much. No amount of drugs and no amount of stimulants will ever cure

that sort of thing. For the nerve-broken man or woman se doctor now pre treatment-no drugs, no stimulants; just sunshine and sleep and oxygen and good food, and freedom from all care. If some of these generally tired chaps, some of these generally harassed women, would get out into a camp in the wilderness some-where for a few weeks, they would get a better run for their money than perhaps

they could in any other way.

At least this is the hint that of all these seems most worth while: As an antidote for the three R's of the city, take the three S's of the wilderness—Sleep, Sunshine and



For MEN



"First Choice" for Summer Underwear-Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed. coolness, "first choice." For lightness, comfort, durability, value-"first choice." But—buy by the label.

That you may know genuine Chalmers "Porosknit," we show

way. But observe our triangular piece in the back. See how this section of fabric is reversed. Thus its "stretch" runs opposite to the rest.

This means full elasticity to the seatup and down, as well as across. It givesat every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feel-ing — no "cutting in the crotch." The Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

For these reasons you get real unionsuit comfort in this underwear.

# The EXTRA Stitches

Now we'll turn the union suit inside out. Notice how every seam is reinforced throughout. All are double seamed by cover seaming. Extra stitches-for strength's sake.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the extra stitches (again) surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

# The EXTRA Quality

We have been told that the yarn in halmers "Porosknit" is better than it Chalmers "Porosknit" is better than it need be. That we could use less costly



Buy

combed yarn. That we cou thousands of extra dollars o That the yarn would still be goo That we could "get away with

True, We might. None mi the difference but ourselves.

The same careful workman be employed in finishing such yarn—and Chalmers "Poroski still look about the same.

Yet-the durability-the ave Something would be suner. ness and elasticity.

So we take no chances with d no risks with established quality

The yarn we use is the fine fibre, combed.

CHALMERS KNITTING





ice!"



# Label the Genuine

the hidden—the extra—quality ers "Porosknit" (Guaranteed).

# fillions Delighted

But in them rests the inability are Chalmers "Porosknit." They be unfailing satisfaction. They be the delight that millions—men have found in wearing the year after year.

by you understand now why this arean be backed by a No-Limit te. [An actual reproduction of the Bond—which accompany parament of genuine Chalmers in "—is shown to the left.]

Doubtless you see why one should judge by more than mere appearance.

# Soft, Cool, Dry

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles—for man, for boy.

Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. You are kept dry—even when the mercury soars skyward. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can see and feel.

# The Cleanly Making

The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to Amsterdam. There, in a modern mill, clean as a new pin, Chalmers "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful. Hygiene at the maximum. Even the dust eliminated.

Many costly, patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is acrated with hot, dry, pure air.

Other machines complete the finishing touches. Each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance of the garment in the box—at the dealer's.

ONE OF THE KNITTING

But—buy by the label.

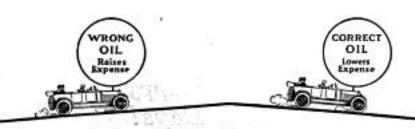
FOR MEN Any Style Shirts and Drawers POR BOYS 25c POR MEN Union Seits Any Style 50c

ONE OF THE FINISHING ROOMS

ONE OF THE KNIITING ROOMS

CHALMERS POROSKNITT MILLS

Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.



# Fuel and Repairs You can lower these expenses

IN three years' time supplies and I repairs occasionally cost as much as the original price of a car.

Careless Inbrication is responsible for most of this expense.

A canvass among New York repair shops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

There are two things that must always be considered in an oil. One is its quality. The other is its fitness for your motor.

Low-quality oil in time may bring practically every trouble a motor can face.

Oil of a body which is incorrect for your motor brings many penaltiesheating and seizing of bearings, worn wrist pins, poor compression, breaking of parts, excess carbon deposit, smoking or overheating of engine and many other troubles.

Aside from repair troubles you must face a plain fact:

The more power you waste the more fuel you must consume.

You cannot get perfect lubrication unless the quality is right, and the body of your oil suits-

- Your type of lubrication system.
- Your piston clearance. Your bearing design and adjustment. Your bore and stroke.
- Your engine speed. The size and location of valves.
- Your cooling system.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are sold by a Chart which specifies the correct grade for each car.

They are backed by almost 50 years' experience which has won for us the worldleadership in scientific lubrication.

If you do not at present use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car, you may feel almost certain that your bills for fuel and repairs are higher than they should be.

Consult the partial Chart printed at the right. Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make certain that you get it. If your car is not mentioned send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and scaled five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubri-cation of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobilolls, purified to remove free carbon, are: Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", Gargoyle Mobiloil "B", Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", Gargoyle Mobiloil "Aretie".

They can be secured from reliable garages, auto-mobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply labricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

# Correct Lubrication

Exploration: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Are," means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Are," means "Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF 1960 2911 1912 1969 2914

MODEL OF		19.00		4714		15/19		1915		1717	
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Pope Harriord	Arc.	Ast.	Arr.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Art.	LAN.	Arc.	
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A grade for each type of motor

# VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

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# CATS AND MICE IN *MERRIE ENGLAND*

(Continued from Page 20)

in American as well as English newspapers.
"The Suffragette movement," declared
Scotland Yard, "is dead—slain by the Cat
and Mouse Act." For proof Scotland Yard pointed to Holloway Gaol with only two Suffragettes incarcerated; whereas at Christmas time, 1912, the prison sheltered something like fifty Militanta.

The day the statement was given out a bomb was exploded under one of the outer walls of Holloway. The young person who did the job was a Mouse. Less than three weeks before she had stood in a dock and received a sentence of eighteen months in Holloway. She served a week and was now diligently at work again. Motives of deli-cacy forbid the publishing of her name. It goes as deliciously with bombplanting as Miss Jolly does with a hunger strike— but then Miss Lamb has charge of an important department at headquarters; Miss Pleasance Penread wrote a pamphlet defend-ing window-smashing; Mrs. Dove Wilcox got eight days' solitary confinement for kicking a wardress; Miss Rachel Peace has recently finished a stormy term at Hollo-way. What's in a name anyhow?

Scotland Vard does not understand the

Scotland Yard does not understand the Suffragettes; but then, who does? The bobby perhaps—but no one else. One occa-sionally hears the Suffragettes defended, but never explained. On a day when huge crowds were pouring out of London for some racing event the usual crowd of program sellers and hucksters were doing a more or less thriving business at the doors of the railroad station. Suddenly a bevy of Suffragette newsgirls appeared on the scene, much to the disgust of a vender of team

rosettes.

"Ah nah!" he grumbled: "blow the women anyhah! Nah they'll get all the show! W'y don't they stop at 'ome? Wot are their plyces like, I wonder?"

A woman huckster stopped work long enough to reduce the grumbler to moral roll.

pulp.
"Shut up and mahnd your business!" she shouted. "These women is the friends of us pore women. You don't know wot you're tarkin' abaht! 'Ave you got four children and a plyce to look awfter when you gets 'ome? Wull, I 'ave when I gets 'ome! Good luck to 'em, I s'y! Next time you open your marth, know wot you're s'yin' of!"

# Out With Their Hammers

"Ine't that just like a woman!" the discomfited one exclaimed. "Tark politics to 'em and all they s'y is: 'Dry hup!" Apparently many of the sweated women of England have it firmly fixed in their minds that the Suffragettes are going to make things better for them. I saw a ratio alether was drag a woman cut of a plain-clothes man drag a woman out of a Suffrage procession in the East End and take her to the station house. They were followed by a crowd of typical East End women who hurled abuse on the officer as

far as I could hear them.
"McKennar's pup!—that's wot I call
yuh!" was about the least offensive of the expressions used. However, that did not

explain the Suffragettes.
I asked an Englishman who sat at table with me on a steamer what he made out of He was one of those calm, slow Englishmen; but at the word Suffragette he became violently agitated, red in the face, almost hysterical. He poured out a rapid recital of experiences so incoherently that I could hardly follow him. I managed to gather, however, that he and his wife had just got back from the Continent; and after they were settled in their hotel rooms she him that he had no fresh evening shirt and that he had better go out and buy some before the shops closed. So he went forth into Bond Street and was standing before his favorite haberdasher's, admiring the window display.

It was a beautiful evening-everything quiet and benign. His soul was peaceful within him as he regarded the haberdashery. All of a sudden a woman stepped up to him and said: "Beg pardon!" and pushed him aside. Then before his very eyes she raised her hand, which held a bunch of nink roses and helping the right roses. of pink roses, and behind the pink roses a hammer, and smashed the window of his favorite haberdasher.

As though that was not enough and plenty, the sound of smash, smash, smashing



One teaspoonful per cup, there are 60 to a pound. The cost per cup, you see, is really less than ordinary coffee-And it's delicious.

ET us send you a trial pack-⊿age. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

# A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

# BarringtonHall The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

# Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY 116 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



Do you know that you can buy your olive oil just as you buy your flour, in large enough quantity to make a saving in the price?

Our business is exclusively olive oil. We have selected a brand of unquestioned quality

# "B&G"

Shipped by Messrs. Barton & Guestier, Bordeaux, France, to the United States, formore than 50 years in glass. They are now shipping it to us in half gallon and one gallon tins.

This makes it possible for you to buy a product of exclusive quality and to obtain the economy of large quantity.

# It carried the \* marking in "Good Housekeeping."

Perfect olive oil is particularly necessary when prescribed by a physician. It may be obtained from us, delivered, charges paid anywhere in the United States, upon receipt of theck or money order for amount of order.

Half Gallon Tins . . \$2.75 Each One Gallon Tins . . 5.25 Each

LA FRANCE OLIVE OIL COMPANY 36 South State Street



-that\$

10-

for

gallon time of "B & G"

began to be heard on every hand. Ladies with hammers were coolly walking the length of Bond Street and smashing window after window. The noise was simply frightful. The excitement was enough to give one heart failure. The destruction was horrible. The scene, on the whole, was like nothing but the beginning of the French Revolution. "And she said 'Beg pahdon!' and pushed me on one side; and raised her hand. It

was unspeakable, unspeakable! And I never got me shirts!"

Get the point—the only real point? "I never got me shirts!"
You would think an army man, a professional fighter, might understand. But no! A member of a fashionable Guards. Club was relating his experience: A Suffragette threw a stone through his club win-dow and then surrendered to the policeman

who came running at the familiar sound.
"I went out and asked the woman: 'Why
did you break our windows? We haven't
done anything!' And what do you suppose she said? 'It's because you haven't
done anything!' No sense to that, so far as
I can see. What could the woman mean?"

## Suffragette Logic

I think I know why the Suffragettes are not understood. There is nobody in England to understand them, nobody who can understand them. There never were; per-haps there never will be. The English mind is not constructed to understand. It is the east understanding mind in the world, as history proves.

Under one of the Georges-the previous one, if memory serves—a man by the name of Thomas Muir, of Hunter's Hill, came into brief fame by going up and down the country agitating for votes for men-not lords and owners of great estates, but common, ordinary lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, workingmen. Well, of course they could not have that; so they arrested Thomas Muir, tried him for sedition and transported him for fourteen years.

Lord Braxfield, who sentenced the man,

"The British Constitution is the best that ever was since the creation of the world,

and it is not possible to make it better."

The man Muir, the judge said, had gone about "telling folks that a reform was absolutely necessary for preserving their liberty, which, if it had not been for him, they would never have known was in danger! Mr. Muir might have known that no at-tention could be paid to such a rabble as he harangued. What right had they to representation?"

So it was Botany Bay for Mr. Muir, just as it is Holloway for the Suffragettes— when they can catch them.

One begins to feel sorry for the Militants. They have a hard job ahead of them, though it is beginning to be whispered that, be-tween the Irish and the women, the present government's sand is pretty well run out. But would any other government prove less obtuse? It is doubtful.

One Englishman is very like unto another, regardless of politics and regardless of class. They all argue somewhat after the fashion of a coalheaver whose wife had been listening to the talk in Hyde Park and had come

home a convert. As he tells it, the conver-sation ran something like this: "'There's abaht four million women in the country,' she says, 'as 'aven't got the

"'Go hon!' I says.
"'And abaht a million of 'em,' she says,

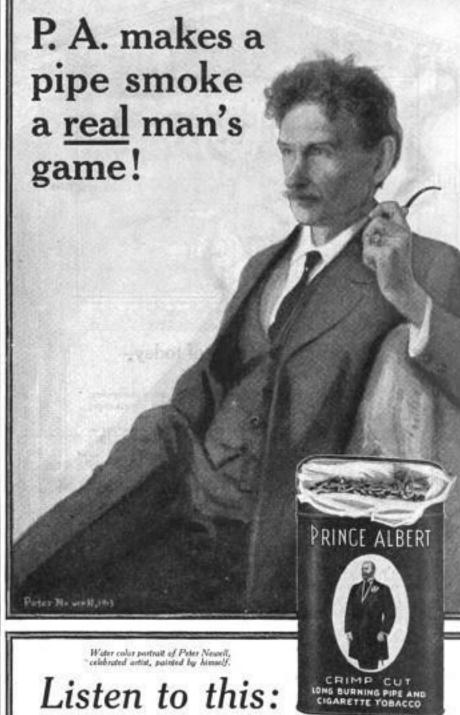
'p'ys separate taxes.'
"'Go hon!' I says.
"'And taxation without representation,'
she says, 'is tyranny!'
"'Go hon!' I says.
"And that done 'er! She could see that

she 'adn't got such a fool to talk to as wot she thought for!"

However, to revert once more to the case of Thomas Muir, of Hunter's Hill, it did not do much good to transport him. Votes for men happened just the same.

# Unahiming Your Suit

MACHINE has been constructed to A take the shine from well-worn suits of clothes. Its action is practically that of sandpapering the glossy elbows of the coat or the polished knees of the trousers. The cloth is passed between sets of rollers which are covered with sandpaper, or some other friction material, and the surface of the cloth is picked up, destroying the gloss.



P. A. spells "pa"—and that means Prince Albert is the daddy of 'em all!

Never hit you before? Sure will just about as quickoff-the-bat as you fire-up some national joy smokings, via a jimmy pipe or rolled into a makins cigarette.

Because Prince Albert has everything—flavor, aroma, quality. It's so ripping good for what ails your smokappetite that the sight of a tidy red tin just jams joy into your system.

You pin a quick-action tag on your sleeve, beat it biffbang around the corner, and lay in some

# NGE ALBER

the national joy smoke

Sooner you know for yourself that P. A. can't bite, the wiser and more cheerful-like you'll be early in the a.m. It's this way: Prince Albert is made by a patented process that removes the bite! Just leaves the tobacco-goodness all there, and brings out the rich flavor that makes men yearn for P. A., sunrise to sunset. You give Prince Albert the punch-test. That's trying it out any old way - just as mean as you can be to it. You'll find P. A. true-blue because you can smoke it red hot - and it just can't make your tongue tingle!

Say, you begame. Mate up P. A. with a jimmy pipe and get going-

You hay Prince Albert just like you know what you're on your way for. It's sold all over the nation, on the byways as well as the highways. Toppy red bags, Se; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidars.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.







# What Next?

WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH shows are the latest form of amusement, just as interesting to persons who know nothing about electricity and wireless as to operators themselves.

The principal feature is the use of a stereopticon screen on which are thrown actual messages from some distant wireless station, translated to the audience as the

messages proceed.

At such a show recently in London the audience actually saw a message on the screen sent especially to that room from the Eiffel Tower, in Paris; and then by the

the Effel Tower, in Paris; and then by the same method enjoyed eavesdropping on messages that were being exchanged between official stations.

Demonstrations of ordinary wireless instruments made up the remainder of the entertainment. To receive messages on the screen a siphon recorder was used, so that a shadow mark the average was used. that a shadow mark on the screen rose and fell as the signals came in; and a lecturer called out each letter as it was formed.

### Climbing Buckets

PASSING on the same track has long been a subject for humor, but it is being successfully accomplished on some over-head transportation lines. A cableway of one rope, carrying buckets of earth and ore, has been built to permit the buckets to pass each other safely.

The carrier, which runs along the cable and supports the bucket, has in each in-stance a short rail built over its top. This rail is bent so that it rests on the cable in

rail is bent so that it rests on the cable in front of the carrier. When two buckets meet the carrier of one promptly climbs the rail over the other one, passes over it com-pletely and slips down to the cable on the

A simple arrangement prevents any con-fusion as to which bucket should climb over the other one and prevents interference as they swing past each other.

### Suction Shampoos

VACUUM-CLEANER shampoos are now being given the horses of the New York park department. The suction cleaner takes the place of a curry comb occasionally, and the shampoo is as pleasing to the animals as it is successful. Its best the place of the shampoo is a special to the animals as it is successful. use is after a horse has been clipped, for in this way all the fine loose hairs left on the animal's coat are removed.

## Fungi in Cold Storage

AN ODD use of cold storage is now being practiced in Florida. A fungus that is plentiful in the orange groves in the fall is very fatal to the larvæ of the white fly, which, in its turn, is destructive to the

orange groves.

The fungi, however, are plentiful only in the fall and the larvæ of the white fly

appear in the spring.

Cold storage gives the opportunity to have the fungi at the most useful time. The fungi are collected in the fall and placed in cold storage, which keeps them safe and vigorous until spring, when the organisms are placed on the trees. There they attack the larvæ of the white fly.

### The Latest in Oils

NOT many new foods are invented. A new one which is now being perfected so that it will work is tomato-seed oil. Some Italian factories in recent years have been using the seeds to make oil for soap and oil cake for stock feeding, obtaining them from preserving factories which formerly wasted

These oil manufacturers are now developing a process of refining the oil so that it will be palatable and nutritious, to be used like olive oil.

### Glue Embroidery

GLUE embroidery aptly describes a new didea for giving at slight cost an em-broidered appearance to cloth. A solution of the chemicals from which artificial silk is made is prepared in a tank and used like the ink of a printing press for printing patterns on the cloth.

After it dries the cloth bears a raised pattern in artificial silk.

# the money, time and temper sav ing tire pump

S a rule, automobile tires never have t A proper amount of air in them. The is why some motorists have to buy a many new tires. Big tire bills are usually due to incorrect tire inflation. Too much air just as detrimental as too little.

In either case you cannot get your fu mileage nor keep your tire expenses down rock bottom. Improperly inflated tires me wear due to rim cutting —wear due to broken fabric

-wear due to drag of flat tire on road wear due to friction.

No one can, all the time, properly inflate tire by hand. Ask any tire company. The

# Stewart **TirePump**

cuts your tire bills down to an absolute minimum, will pay for itself in no time. Fills any tire in a lift for example: It will fill a 36 in. x 4½ in, tire in minutes. No more back-breaking work on a hand pay.

The Stewart Tire Pump is a beautifully finished it is built on the most modern engineering line. I piston is steel, hardened, ground and lapped. The bit of aluminum. The connecting rod is of harder steel. No cal can enter tire. This is the most modern up-to-date pump on the market. You should have the connection of t one on your car.

one on your car.

Price complete, with air pressure gauge and 13 f of high grade hose, only \$15.

The big automobile manufacturers are rapidly odding the Stewart Tire Pump as regular equipments of the property of the prope

For sale by dealers all over the world.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation Factories: Chicago and Beloit, Wisc.

Executive Offices: 1936 Diversey Blvd., Chic 17 Branches. Service Stations in all cities and large towns.



You can't beat Diamond Quality

Why pay more than Diamond prices?

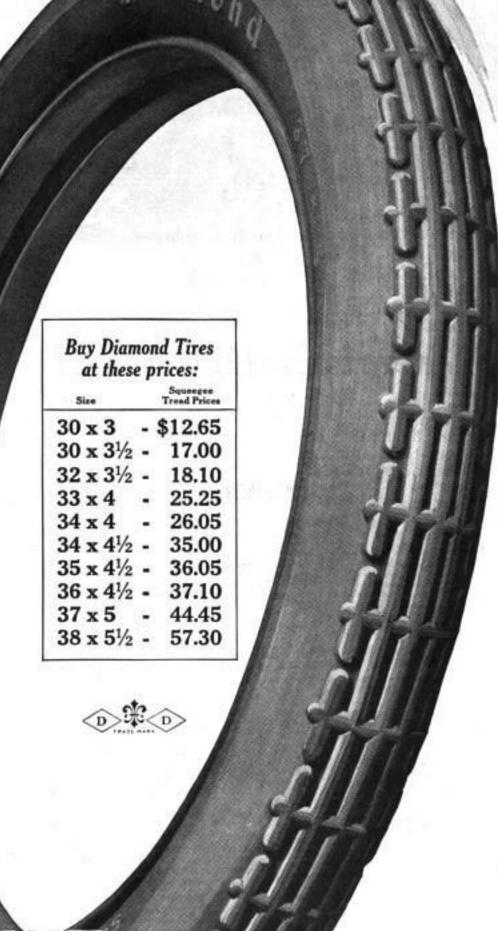
Your tire cost is going to be lower this year — your mileage per tire is going to be greater—

When you equip with Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires.

You are not simply buying tires—you are buying Diamond More-Mileage—Diamond Quality and Service—Diamond Squeegee Control—Diamond non-skid Certainty—that blocks the sidewise skid or forward slide.

The tough rubber Squeegees defend you against short mileage and long skids.

They wipe their way through muddy, slippery going to a firm, clean grip of the pavement.



DEMAND

Diamond squeegee Tires



# Where is the Difference?

Handsome streamline body; graceful, tapered bonnet; new style rounded radiator; modern fenders; left drive; electric lights; electric starter (if desired); light, powerful motor-these features of the new KRIT read like a list of specifications for a \$2,000 car.

And yet the KRIT sells for \$950 (\$1050 with electric starter). It is "the moderate priced car with the high priced car features." Glance over this partial list and compare the KRIT with cars costing \$1000 to \$2000 more:

Unit Power Plant Bosch Magneto Multiple Disc Clutch Electric Starter, Lights, Horn Stromberg Carburetoradjustment on steering column Underslung Rear Springs Stewart Speedometer Left Drive; Left Control— enter from either side Long Wheelbase Demountable Rima Tire Carrier at Rear Jiffy Curtains

Cork-linoleum, aluminumbound floor and running boards Deep Upholstery Clear Vision Windshield Gasoline Tank in Dash

# New Features; Proven Chassis

Though new in these features that produce style, comfort and convenience, there is nothing freakish or experi mental about the KRIT. It is a real, artistic achievement in motor car building. And mechanically it possesses the sterling qualities that have endeared KRIT cars to owners for five years; qualities that havemade possible records of 25,000, 50,000 and 100,000 miles in the service of these owners.

In the KRIT, at \$950 or \$1050, you find all you can demand in appearance, in comfort, in convenience-and more than you expect in the way of economy. Not only is it reasonable in initial cost, but because of its light weight, its sturdy construction, its well-balanced design, the KRIT keeps down the fuel and tire

# Why Pay for Useless Weight?

KRIT lightness comes from correct design-not from skimp-We save 120 pounds in weight by using aluminum for our crank case and transmission case.

The sturdy, powerful KRIT motor weighs only 283 pounds—as against 400 to 550 pounds for motors in tars of the same size and power as the KRIT. And so on throughout the car.

Engineers tell us that the KRIT is two years ahead of its field-for it possesses, at \$950, the quality features you find in cars at double the price. sensational sales record made by the new KRIT is an endorsement by critical motorists that proves these experts

So, we ask you, what more can you get in a higher priced car? More weight, perhaps, but weight only adds to the expense of upkeep. More rated horse-power, but much of the extra horsepower is used up in carrying around the extra weight-and the rest of the excess power you don't need. For the KRIT will take you anywhere you want to go; it will take you there speedily, safely and comfortably.

### Take a KRIT Ride

Let the new KRIT itself win you. Go to the nearest KRIT dealer-name on request. Ride in the car; drive it yourself; test it in any way you wish. We are sure the car itself will convince you; and the price will prove an ad-ditional reason for buying.

"TEXT BOOK OF MOTOR CAR ECONOMY" FREE.—This booklet gives some important facts for every motor car buyer or user. If you are interested in securing more satisfaction at lower cost for your motor car expenditure, send in the coupon today,

### KRIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Dept. A

Detroit, Mich.

# The Wireless confession

(Continued from Page 7)

"She was picked up by a schooner and landed at Gloucester. She will arrive to-morrow morning. Tell the others, Charles. They would like to know."

"Indeed they would, sir," blubbered Charles, and left the room hastily.

Paul Morton confronted the great crisis of his life. She was alive and coming back.

of his life. She was alive and coming back.
What would his life be now? He cursed
the message—her first—that had made it impossible for him ever again to be happy.

If he had been living in a fool's paradise he should know it. Of course! And yet—

He paced the room till the small hours, He paced the room till the small hours, a prey to doubt, the victim of a million surmises that settled nothing. She was coming back. He would see her. If he met her at the station he would have to go through the motions of happiness—a demeaning simulacrum of joy. The newspaper reporters probably would be there. She might so behave that he might wish willfully to blind himself to the personnial willfully to blind himself to the perennial menace of her unfinished message. He had loved her insanely, like a fool, like an old man! She could do as she wished with him; she was irresistible! He feared her—and

his weakness!

If he did not go to the station he would have an understanding with her here at home. Mrs. Fanning, the housekeeper, could go with the motor to the station.

To wait for her at home was to ask her to find the confession and give it to him to read. If he forced her to do this she could never again be to him what she had been! And suppose the confession were a trifle, indis-cretion rather than guilt, how would she take his unforgiving attitude? And if there had been an error of transmission, then his jealous doubts became deadly insults that she could never forgive.

Perhaps it was wiser to forgive and forget, to let his love win her love and his respect hers. Magnanimity works wonders with hearts.

But if she had deceived him once, as implied by her message, and he had never dis-covered it, what was to prevent her from deceiving him again? At forty-two a bitter awakening is ruthless, but at fifty-two it would be fatal! Why had he thought himself the one exception to the experience that says any man of forty-odd who marries a

girl of twenty is an ass?

The only solution that he could see was death! He would not live without her and he could not live with her. A bullet would end it all!

He sat down and wrote:

"Anne:
"I could not bear to see you after your
Torsive you. PAUL."

He thought a long while and then he inserted "cannot" between the "I" and the "forgive," for he could not and did not forgive her!

But die and not know why she had implored him to forgive her? It was an exasperating thought, but it made suicide an about dity

absurdity.

He did not once think that his death ould make her his sole heiress.

He threw the letter into the fire and went to bed, where he lay thinking, thinking, and never once deciding! At dawn he fell asleep, only to be awakened as usual at eight by his valet.

At breakfast he found that the newspapers had not published the news.

Had she kept it from the reporters?

Why? He could eat nothing, so he went upstairs to the library, sat down in the easychair and thought.

Would he wait for her at home or would he go to the station? Would he have his understanding before he kissed her, or kiss her before he knew? Those kisses! The flower-like cheeks he loved to fondle! Was it not wise to ignore the message, to forgive er without knowing; or was it wiser to listen and then decide whether or not to forgive? Again, while forgiveness now was difficult, suppose her confession made it

impossible to forgive?

How did she look? Had she suffered much? Fashioned of flower-petals, and a week in a boat! She had nobody but her husband, poor little -

What was it that she had to confess? Without his knowing, could he forgive? Could he love again?

Go? Never! He would stay at home. When she came he would demand that she tell him the truth. If she was not worthy to be loved he should know it. And time heals wounds.

But worthy or not, if she only permitted him to love her, what did anything else matter? What was life without her? If he were young he could love again. But for the few years he had to live, why let a foolish doubt torture him?

It was better not to know! But he could not forget! But he was a fool to remember!

A knock at the door.
"Come!" said Paul Morton, and rose to

his feet unsteadily, his face livid. Charles opened the door and said: "The motor is here, sir!" and waited for Morton to speak.

After all a man must be a man. He re-membered the father who had feared nothing except that his son might really become a millionaire.

Was this the revenge of money on his soul? He would go. He would see her. He would fight his battle. If it was ordained that he was not to know happiness on earth he might at least spare himself the reproach of cowardice.

He went downstairs firmly. It was the determined composure of a man on the way to the gallows who has made up his mind to die game for the benefit of the spectators. The butler and the housekeeper had agreed that there must be lavish floral displays, fragrant welcomes in every room. As it fragrant welcomes in every room. As it would be rather expensive the butler was going to protect himself by asking the master. But when he saw Paul Morton's face he turned away his own eyes. And the other servants also saw the grim, set jaws and the pallor and the haggard look, and dared not meet the eyes that always go with math a feet the eyes that always go with such a face.

She was the first one to alight from the Pullman. She looked thinner, less beautiful, but there was something war-worn, proved about her. She looked less like a doll, much more like a woman. The loss of that ethereal quality that always made him feel so keenly a sense of her aloofness from him unpleasantly shocked him. Here was no longer a doll to fondle and caress, but a woman to love. And yet he could not say that he saw the clay more plainly. It was not that exactly. It was different in some curious manner. Indeed he suddenly felt that his own suffering had given him different every to see with And northers her own. ent eyes to see with. And perhaps her own hardships had made her different. There

was a curious strangeness about her.

This girl was not the girl he had loved and he himself was not the man who had loved her!

He was so full of this constraint that he held himself firmly in leash, though he could not have told what would have happened

had he let himself go.

She stepped from the car platform and be noticed that she limped slightly. It filled

him with concern.
"Are you lame?" he asked quickly. "No! I—I wrenched the muscles a little."

She was at last on the station platform, surrounded by valises and by obsequious baggage porters. It was impossible to be affectionately demonstrative amid such surroundings.

She looked at him and there was about her glance a new scrutinizing quality that disturbed him and then vaguely irritated. She held out her hand, said, "Well?" and

smiled not at all guiltily.
"Well?" he echoed heavily. She was less exquisitely fragile, but infinitely more beautiful; less suggestive of flower-petals, more of flesh and blood. He realized now that he had before plunged, boylike, into a senti-mental orgy, born of inexperience. But this new and marvelous woman was one be could fight for and kill for! He had never loved her because she had not existed. He never had won her, but he could not lose her! He could not! If he could have this woman he would never again think of the other woman, who had gone away from him forever on the Atlantis!

He had forgotten everything else. That

what love is for! "Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked with the maddening coquettishness of women when they are sure of your love but ish to test your physical self-control.

He looked at her so strangely, there was such mighty love and longing in his blazing

eyes, his face was so pale and so full of deeply bitten lines, that she turned pale. Her eyes, that so lately had looked death in the face, stared fascinatedly into his. Then her own filled with tears and, oblivious of the people about her, she threw her arms

"Oh, Paul, darling! God was good to

us! God was good to us!"

Never before had she called him darling. Never before had she admitted her love. But even now it might be remorse, perhaps a second confession of guilt. Indeed, he told himself he had heard a prayer for absolution! He couldn't give her up! His soul and his body with ten thousand voices exhorted him to forgive and forget!

He did not know. He need never know. He loved her. He did not wish to know. More composed now, she looked at him with shamed eyes, in which shone subtle suggestions of defiance—as though she would do it again no matter who looked on! She took his arm in both hers, little-girl-wise, and as they walked toward the Concourse she asked in his ear:
"After you found the note I left in the

third drawer, could you forgive me?

His throat suddenly went dry and his vocal cords were paralyzed, so that he couldn't answer. He tried to speak, but it was impossible. He felt himself trying to swallow, in a desperate effort to restore fexibility to the vocal cords.

"Were you angry—or sad? When you thought of the two of us drowning together——"

"I—I—never ——" he said chokingly.
"I—n-never found—the paper!" He
pushed her away from him. He wanted to die-out of her sight, so he turned his

head away.

"Oh!" she exclaimed happily, "then you didn't suffer as much as I feared!" The face she turned to him was that of a naive child. She added regretfully: "I might have spared myself a lot of worry, thinking of what you might think of me."

Should he tell her what he had thought of

ber?

How could he and not kill?

"I shouldn't have done it, Paul. But in a way it was your fault. You spoiled me. You treated me like a doll. And all the time the dreadful suspense! When they were getting the lifeboats ready I kept on saying to myself: 'I must keep cool! I must keep cool! If I only had told Paul the truth!' So I went about it calmly and put on a life-preserver, and all the officers said I was the coolest person on the ship and told some frightened men to look at me and learn to be brave. But they didn't know! They didn't know!" "Didn't know what?" asked Paul Morton

huskily.
"I forgot you don't either. My con-science made me suffer tortures. But, Paul,

science made me suffer tortures. But, Paul, as long as you didn't know, what's the use of suffering—what is the word—retroactively? Forget all about it."

"I can't!" he said almost involuntarily.

"Well," she said resignedly, "I might as well face the music. But you won't scold me, Paul, dear?" Her lips trembled slightly.

slightly.
"Will you, dearest?" she persisted and shook his arm. "I've been punished enough.
I promise that I'll never again keep anything from you, good or bad. But if you insist we'll find the note together and ——"

"Certainly. And you couldn't find it! It was in the third drawer."
"Which third drawer?"

"Together?

"Don't you remember the old Gothic desk we picked up at the Sturtevant sale? Don't you remember the three secret drawers? The third is behind the second, and the second behind the first. That's the one we agreed I should use. Don't you

"I had forgotten!" he said. He would not tell her that he had looked in every drawer of every piece of furniture in every room in the house. He wished to be happy. He wished to disbelieve and he yearned to believe. So he maintained outward calmness by forcing himself not to look at her as they drove home. This was not difficult, because she chattered away like a magpie,

overwhelmed by the sights of New York.
"I never expected to see that or that!" she kept on saying, for every familiar build-ing became an old and welcoming friend and every trolley car greeted her affec-

tionately.

The reception of the servants at the house upset her. The men's eyes as they shook hands with her leaked quite as freely

as the sniveling maids'! The butler, with a red-faced majesty never before equaled even by himself and never surpassed by any emperor, told her: "It's a great day for the house, my lady!" as he had once heard, when a how his father tell the Month when a boy, his father tell the Marchioness of Cheeston on the birth of the heir-after fifteen years of prayers! But just as the butler looked round for applause, Bolton had to blubber!

After she had enjoyed a few tears herself, the mistress of the house led her husband to the luxurious little living room on the third floor.

She pulled out one secret drawer after another until she took from the third drawer

a sealed envelope addressed to him.
"I don't think I'd better give it to you now, because I can make you very happy and—if you don't know you'll never scold."

Something in her voice made his heart ump. It couldn't be a very serious confession after all!

"I've never scolded you, have I?" he

asked very gravely.

"That's the trouble! That's the trouble!"
she said vehemently. "That's why I did it!
I could see from the first that you were not in love with me. You didn't love me ——"
"Anne!" He was shocked by her vehe-

mence and by her utter blindness to his

worship.

"Not with me but with a toy, a silly little doll. What you loved was to love! You wanted me so that you could love me your way, but in your life I was nothing! I counted for no more than a particularly beautiful painting."
"Anne!" he said again. It was all he

could say because what she said was so true that he could not fight back. He was

hearing her reasons and they were good reasons. He had not known this woman! "What I have gone through makes me different and our life from now on must be different," she said determinedly. "I don't want to feel that I am a bought bibelot!
But, of course, it was my fault, because you
were so happy in your love and so anxious
to do what you thought I wished, that I
had not the heart to tell you that I was tired
of town. I wanted to go on some hunting of toys. I wanted to go on some hunting trip, to go to Central Africa with you, to be your woman! I made up my mind to have a serious talk with you. Then I—and then came sister Grace's cablegram and I knew if I told you you'd never let me go. And I was so afraid Grace——"
"She doesn't know," he interrupted.

"They've kept the news from her, but she is better. I'll cable at once." "Yes, do, and say I can't go because I'm

going to stay with you, unless you insist upon my being a toy. In which case I'll run away. There! Read it!"

He opened her confession. It said:

"Doctor Carr says there is no doubt, and I am glad; but I was afraid you would not let me go if I told you. I'll take very good care of myself and when I come back to you I know you will be so glad you will not scold me. And, besides, if you did scold it might be bad for me, and it is your duty to love me more than ever now that at last I am really and truly
"Your own wife who loves you very much,
"ANNE."

"Do you mean --- "His trembling voice

could not finish. "Of course," she said with a triumphant calmness that made her seem almost unreal to him. "Of course! And I serve notice on

you that I am your wife, not a ——"
"Hush, dearest!" he entreated shame-

facedly.

"Certainly I won't," she said determinedly. "I'm not going to be a doll any longer! Do you hear me?"

She went up to him and looked straight in his eyes. "I'll show you I am not what you thought. Damn! How do you like that from your little Dresslen sheeplers's?" that from your little Dresden shepherdess?'

"It—it isn't good for you to stand, darling," he pleaded. "Please sit down!" She looked at him in despair. Then she denched her fists and rushed toward him. He felt himself grow both cold and para-He felt himself grow both cold and paralyzed. But she merely jumped and, throwing both arms round his neck, pulled herself up as if she would climb on his shoulders.

"If you talk that way again I'll tango every day," she threatened.

"My de——" he began, but stopped because he felt her arms relax. Whereupon, inspired by love, he snarled at her: "I'll give you a crack on the jaw, do you hear?"

you a crack on the jaw, do you hear?"

The arms tightened about his neck again.
"I wish you would!" she murmured.

# For Rent This American Adder



# Ten Days Free Then 10c a Day

This offer is made to workers—to men who must buy their own Adders. To men who add figures in a slow, hard way, and who often make errors.

That all such men may have this help, we make this rental offer:

We will place this machine in your office for a ten-day test, without cost or obligation. Then, if you want it, you may pay the cash price. Or you may pay \$3 down and \$3 monthly until you pay \$37.50.

# What It Does

This American Adder adds, subtracts and multiplies. It does all you could do with \$150 machines.

It is rapid and competent. It easily computes a hundred figures a minute, and it never makes mistakes. It is so simple that a child can operate.

It makes play of addition. The longest columns are added quickly, and the totals are always correct.

It will do all this for you for ten cents a day. Then, after one year, the machine becomes yours.

# An Ideal Adder

Good Adding Machines have heretofore cost from \$150 to \$750. Now this competent Adder costs \$35, and all men who add figures can afford this help.

In less than nine months, over 17,000 offices have adopted this American Adder. Among them are hundreds of very large concerns,

general Railway offices and the U.S. Government.

But the greatest welcome has come from workers who heretofore went without Adders. It has come from Accountants, Railway Agents, City and County Officials and Employees, Storekeepers, etc. Our price and our rental plan place this new Adder within reach of all such users.

# Send This Coupon

If you deal with figures, we ask you to send this coupon. Let this machine do your work for ten days. Note the time it saves, the labor and mistakes. Judge for yourself if it earns its way. Do this in justice to yourself.

If you find it essential, pay as you wish-all cash or 10 cents a day. This offer will probably not be repeated, so send the coupon now.

AMERICAN CAN CO. 1246 Monroe Bldg., Chicago

You may send me, express prepaid, one American Adder for ten days' trial. will then either reject it, pay your cash price of \$35.00, or pay \$3.00 down and \$3.00 monthly until I pay you \$37.50, then the machine becomes mine.

Unless you are rated, kindly give refer-

The \$2.50 extra charge on the rental olan barely covers interest and the cost of twelve collections.

American Can Co. (Adding Machine) 1246 Monroe Bldg., Chicago Eastern Sales Dept., 476 West 14th St., New York

# Different Office Needs Call for Different Typewriters

# The Remington Line offers you 44 choices

PORTY years ago modern business was a youngster. The original Remington typewriter was its first companion.

They have grown up together.

They have branched out together.

Every year develops some new business need—which calls for an improved typewriter.

Every improved typewriter put on the market opens up new short cuts in business practice.

WE long ago outgrew the idea that any one model would answer every need.

Today's business needs are multitudinous. A great variety of typewriters is required to meet them.

The character of your work should determine your choice of typewriter.

This is why the line of typewriters now offered by the Remington Company has grown from one elementary model to 44 specialized machines.

Each is a fully equipped, easy running typewriter, designed for general use. Each has special qualities for special business purposes.

THE day is past for selling typewriters on the strength of this or that feature alone. We do not attempt to narrow your choice to any one type of machine—we offer you by far the widest range of typewriters on the market to choose from.

You know your business needs. Let us help you to select the machine which best fits those needs.

For example:

In the Remington Typewriter Line (including the Remington Standard, Monarch and Smith-Premier models) you will find the following qualities—and many others. Some are in all models others in only certain models.

# Do you require-

Twenty manifold copies?

The lightest possible touch?

Writing on extreme top and bottom edges of page?

Dependable shift from black to red printing?

Durability (therefore fewest repairs)?

Clean stencil cutting?

Instant tabulation — in any number of vertical columns?

Tabulation of dollars and cents in selected columns?

Conspicuously visible writing?

Accurate writing on ruled lines?

A key for every character?

Interchangeable carriages of various widths?

Retail billing and charging devices?

Special type characters for weights, measures, foreign currencies, etc.?

Typing in any foreign language?

Writing on paper as wide as 32½ inches?

Easy writing on stiff cards?

Guides for addressing envelopes?

Addition and subtraction? (See opposite page)

Adjustability of carriage tension for typists with different touch?

Carriage return for right-handed typists?

Carriage return for left-handed typists?

Ease in changing ribbons?

Ease in making corrections?

Ease of operation?

All the above features in various combinations are in the Remington Line of typewriters.

It goes without saying that Remingtons have all-sufficient speed. The typist has yet to be born who can go faster than Remington machines can print.

In each of the three Remington models shown on the opposite page totally different kinds of typewriting efficiency have been achieved. But in no case have the fundamental good qualities—ease of operation, durability and clean, clear results, been overlooked in the slightest degree.

The test of a typewriter is not on a few mechanical devices alone but the machine's complete adaptability to your work.

In the Remington Line you will find typewriters for every business requirement.

Get posted on the Remington Line of typewriters now. It will save time when you buy. Write to our New York office for descriptive booklets.

# REMINGTON LINE of TYPEWRITERS

# The New Remington Idea

# One Speedy Operation

Types your bills Adds the items Proves the totals

X/E have told you of our general line. Now for the newest achievement.

If your clerk first writes out a bill and then stops to foot it—this latest Remington time-saver is needed, for bills are now automatically added and proved while they are being typed.

Any clerk can be accurate eventually. This machine is accurate instantaneously.

The figures mechanically add as fast as your typist strikes the keys.

Your discounts automatically subtract with equal ease.

One quick operation begins and completes your bills and statements. No time is spent in addition or subtraction - no time wasted in looking for errors or making corrections.

The speed is limited only by the speed of your typist's fingers. Idle machines are costly. The

Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter need never be idle.

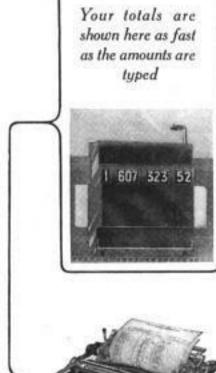
If your typist wishes to write letters, she simply touches a lever. She then has an up-to-date correspondence typewriter.

If a clerk wishes to list and add some items he has a complete accurate adding machine.

Said an office manager recently, "The uses to which we put this machine are so varied, that it is in operation constantly throughout the day."

Thousands of offices and retail stores, large and small, find that it saves a vast amount of time on billing alone.

A quick way to find out how much you need this epoch-making machine is to send today to our New York office for descriptive booklet, "The New Remington Idea."





Remington Standard





Monarch Model

REMINGTON Adding and Subtracting

THE Remington Adding and A Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown at the right.

Each is a member of the famous Remington Line.

Each is a complete easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature.

Each is designed and built so as to insure the maximum of durability.

Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual require-

Write today for booklet, "The New Remington Idea," which describes these machines in detail.

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City

(Branches Everywhere)

For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.



# Dollars Added to the Value of This New Outfit, and Not One Cent to the Price

It is inconceivable to experts how so remarkable a razor with 12 "Radio" Steel Blades can be put into your hands for just one dollar.

The new Safety Frame we guarantee for ten years—the handle fits the stoutest fist—the case is a beauty. Last and most are the twelve (12—mind you) "Radio" Steel Blades that complete the dollar's worth.

Each "Radio" Steel Blade is guaranteed to shave the tenderest skin with velvety ease, and to wipe away the wiriest stubble without resistance.

If you aren't pleased with the razor you will please ask for your dollar back. You will never know what a "Joy Shave" is until you shave with the EVER-READY. If you take a substitute it's your own fault. Your local dealer will sell you or order your outfit of

# Ever-Ready Safety Razor

"Radio" Steel Blades - 10 for 50c

The new "Ratho" Steel Blade is now onde. Every user of the EVER-READY should immediately secure a package. A more wonderful improvement in a shaving blade would be impossible to imagine.

> Say "EVER-READY" to your dealer and look for the trade mark face. 10 for 30c everywhere.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc. Brooklyn, New York



# Sense and Nonsense

The Gold Test

LIKE the weird remedies and tests of medicine in the Middle Ages are some I medicine in the Middle Ages are some of the very latest means science has devised to detect and classify forms of insanity and brain affections. Salts of gold in solution, drops of spinal fluid, bits of the tissue from the covering of a normal person's brain, and various other similar materials are the means employed.

The gold test, for instance, is now being used to prove definitely the existence of paresis, meningitis and several other forms of nervous disease, though in practice it is used mostly as corroborative proof rather than the only proof. Solutions of salt of

than the only proof. Solutions of salt of gold of carefully graduated strength are put into test tubes, with the weakest solu-tions at one end of the row grading up to the strongest at the other end.

Fluid from the spinal column of the person who is being examined is then dropped into the tubes. The presence of certain kinds of brain or nervous trouble is then indicated by the colors produced in some of the tubes. The particular color produced and the strength of the solution that shows the color strongest give the clew to the kind of disease.

Another peculiar test for certain other kinds of brain trouble is to take a drop of blood from the person examined and place in it a prepared solution from a tiny parti-cle of brain-covering of a normal person. Epilepsy causes an easily detected reaction on the combined solution, while other brain disturbances are detected by a similar process, using other materials in the same

### The Elusive Jeopard

AN APPLICANT for a place as teacher in one of the colored schools at Louisville was being examined touching his fitness for the position. He was a small, dapper, yellow person, wearing gold spec-tacles, a long black coat and an abiding air

tacles, a long black coat and an abiding air
of great dignity.

The examination was in part oral and
syntax had been reached.

"What is your definition of the word
'jeopardized'?" asked the examiner.

The candidate's brow wrinkled.

"Which?" he inquired.

"What do you understand the word
'jeopardized' to mean?"

For just one short half-minute he hesi-

For just one short half-minute he hesi-tated. Then he answered sonorously: "In reply to yo' question I would state that that would refer to any act committed by a jeopard."

### The President's Privilege

PRESIDENT WILSON has had his nails I manicured by a professional manicure just once in his life. That once was after he was elected President and before he was inaugurated.

He had some time in New York and decided to use it in a visit to a manicure. A fluffy blond person officiated with the

orange stick and pumice.

She took the hand of the future President, began operations and began conversa-

tion at the same time.
"Where do you live?" she asked archly.
"In Princeton, New Jersey," Mr. Wilson

replied.
"Oh," she said ecstatically, "what a privilege! Have you ever seen the house in which Mr. Cleveland lived?"

# Ready Wrapped

A SECRETARY for a Massachusetts congressman had never seen a cotton seed. A few days ago he happened to be in the office of a representative from the South and saw several small sacks on the floor.

"Cotton seed furnished by the Depart-ment of Agriculture for distribution down our way," the Southerner explained.

A sack was opened and the Yankee exthe Southerner explained.

amined the cotton seed with great interest. He picked up some and observed the lint that clings closely to the seed. He pulled at this, but was not successful in removing any of the lint.

My!" he said. "The Department certainly treats you fellows fine. Just think of wrapping up each seed so carefully in cotton! How do they do that?"

### The Latest in Lenses

A CAMERA that will take seven pic-directions—and then blend them into one photograph is being used for taking pic-tures from balloons in Germany.

The seven lenses are arranged in a circle, each pointing down at an angle of forty-five degrees; so that the face of the combination camera, seen from below as it swings under a balloon, looks like the inside of a

Pictures taken by this camera give a panoramic view of the ground; and by the new science of mapping from photographs they furnish the necessary data for a very reliable map of the section, with the distances all represented properly.

# New Fire Alarms

A FIRE ALARM which discriminates between ordinary heat and any fire that may start, and another which makes more racket the hotter the fire is, are two additions to the great number of recent automatic fire alarms. The discriminating alarm is based on the theory that a dangerous fire will cause a sudden rise in temperature in a room, but that ordinary temperature changes due to heating systems or to the weather are slow.

The new alarm pays attention only to the sudden change.

One thick glass tube and one thin glass tube contain liquids that will vaporize and make pressure in the tubes when they are heated, and the alarm will ring when the pressure in the thin tube is greater than in

the other.

With a slow increase of heat the liquid in both tubes vaporizes at about the same rate, but with a sudden heat the thin tube

acts more promptly.

The other fire alarm is based on the electric resistance of a metal. It can be dropped by a cord into a ship's hold, for instance, and if there is heat there it will time gently or view or the cord one. ring gently or vigorously—in accordance with the degree of the heat.

# A Clear Windshield

A DOCTOR living in a rainy climate, whose calls took him out often in wet weather, undertook the problem of maintaining clear vision through the windshield of his automobile regardless of rain; and he succeeded in making a prescription that would do the work.

The prescription calls for one ounce of water, two ounces of glycerine and one dram of salt. This is poured on a piece of gauze and then wiped over the glass, care being taken to have all the strokes downward. The effect of the treatment is to prevent raindrops from clinging to the

### Star Gazing

IT IS not often that Representative Mann, of Illinois, is stopped in debate; but Representative Fowler, from Mann's own state, sewed up the doughty leader of the Republicans the other day.

A bill relating to the importation of convict-made goods was under consideration and the discussion had taken a wide range and had reached the foreign childlabor phase. After a time Mann offered an amendment.

Fowler rose and told a story of a man who was peddling telescopes in the old days in Illinois. He stopped at a farmhouse. The farmer had never seen a telescope and was much interested. The peddler explained the workings of the telescope and told him to lead to the preservity. to look at the moon with it.

The farmer adjusted it and looked at the moon. He walked round the yard with ye, gr

sky, fell into a cistern and was drowned.

At the funeral the children were overcome with grief, but the widow retained her composure.

One of the girls said:

"Ma, don't you think that was an awful way for pa to die?"
"I don't see that it makes much differ-ence," the widow replied. "If your father had been looking at things closer to home he would be alive now.'

"That is very smart!" was all Mann could think of in retort.



# Young Men's Personality in Clothes

If you're a young man, or feel young, you probably want your clothes to suggest youth. You prefer garments that are sprightly and yet in good taste.

You will find that in

# Sincerity Clothes

They will meet your utmost requirements as to fabric, workmanship, and especially that difficult thing to findpersonality. They are distinctively thoroughbred garments.

See these clothes at your nearby Sincerity dealer. A post card brings his name and our new Style Book.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

# MY SON

(Continued from Page 22)

spend the whole evening in the kitchen. With the cook stove piled full of wood, a red tablecloth over the kitchen table, with the kerosene lamp throwing out its soft light, with the pans and kettles shining and the tea-kettle singing on the back of the stove, I don't want any better place. As a matter of fact we stayed on here this evening unconsciously. Ruth and Jane brought out their sewing and sat down by the table. Offhand Ruth appeared to do nothing but listen as she bent her head over her work. But every now and then she lifted her eyes and smiled in a way that clinched an argument, or put in just the word to keep the talk along the right track.

I watched young Moulton and I saw that nothing we said had half the effect that just Ruth's sweet presence had. The high

that nothing we said had half the effect that just Ruth's sweet presence had. The big, brave facts of life, the sweet, sane facts of life, always hovered about her. Sitting there by the lamp in our kitchen mending a tear in Billy Junior's rompers, she expressed things that even a young man could understand. Wealth in dollars, worldly ambition of the noisy sort, the gaudy show features of life, all faded into insignificance when compared with such sterling realities as Ruth expressed.

I didn't say any of the things I had intended to say. I watched this vigorous young college athlete, eager for life that was as yet meaningless to him, and saw him glimpse a meaning in it. I watched him puff his pipe and saw new hopes born within him. I don't believe the minister in his baccalaureate sermon did as much as this for him or the orator of the day with his phrases, his lofty thoughts and wide ges-

phrases, his lofty thoughts and wide ges-tures. It was late in the evening before the talk became very personal, and then Ruth said, as she rested her sewing in her lap for

a moment:

"I'm almost as glad as your father that you're back home again, Horace. There are so many things here waiting for the young men to do."

The boy took his pipe from his mouth and leaned forward with his elbows on his

knees.
"I never thought of there being anything to do here," he said.
"Oh, do you think we are all quite perfect?" she laughed.

perfect?" she laughed.
"I meant there didn't seem to be any big things," he said. "I've sort of felt I wanted to get into the city game. That's where most of the fellows are going."
"Yes," said Ruth, "that's where most of them are going. That makes it all the more important for some of them not to go, doesn't it?"
"But all the big chances are there," said Horace.

Horace.

"I wonder," said Ruth, as though thinking—"I wonder what you call the big chances, Horace."

"The big chances in business and politics," he said.

"Chances for doing good?"

"In a way," he said.

She raised her blue eyes to his and I saw the boy look into them and blush. If his answer was not written there it was written in another pair of eyes somewhere waiting in another pair of eyes somewhere waiting

for him.

"There are so many chances right here," said Ruth. "We farmers count for something in the world, don't we?"

"It's a good thing we have the farmers to offset some of the big business done in town," said Dick.

Then in some way the talk drifted to the

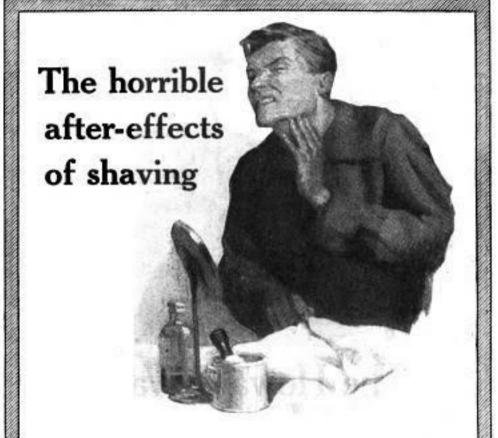
country store. It counts for a lot in the country town," I said; "and might be made to count for a lot more."

"Eh?" said Horace. "What about that,

"I've thought of it," said Moulton. "If was ten years younger I'd certainly try

"It's a job for a young man," I said. "It's a job for a man who won't wait for his

"It's a job for a man who won't wait for his customers but who'll make them."
"How make them?" said Horace.
"The way the railroads are doing; the way the mail-order houses are doing," I said. "The day has gone by when men accept existing conditions and make the best of them; the keynote of progress today is to make the conditions of the best. The railroads don't wait any more for business to come to them; they make business. If traffic falls off along their lines they go after immigrants, loan them money to buy their



EVERY man has felt them; many experience them every time they shave.

Don't have them - Hot, smarting skins, ingrowing hairs, unsightly face eruptions, belong back in the Dark Ages of shaving.

There is a Shaving Cream which will give you a quick, smooth, delightful shave, with no "horrible after-effects." It lathers up with the brush almost instantly, requiring none of the mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers, which irritates and makes the

Most important of all, it contains no free caustic nor other irritant, which are the chief causes of

the painful and distressing features of shaving. Hundreds of letters have been received from men who now know the real cause of their former shaving troubles. For years they blamed their razors-now they have no cause for complaint—the creamy, instant beard-softening lather of

# MENNEN'S Shaving Cream Solved their troubles

One of these converts to Mennen's says: "Prior One of these converts to Mennen's says: "Prior to the time I used your cream, shaving was a torture that had to be endured. My razor pulled while shaving and my face smarted afterwards. I used numerous kinds of soaps, powders, creams, etc., finally deciding it was the fault of my razor, so I bought different razors, all to no purpose. Now, in using your cream, I can use any of the razors with the same good effect—no pulling while shaving, and no smarting afterwards."

Another writers: "It seemed as if it were involved."

Another writes: "It seemed as if it were impossible to find a shaving soap or cream with entire

freedom from smarting, until I used your shaving cream. The aftereffects were both surprising and delightful, and I knew for the first time the joy of a perfect shave."

Another: "My skin is extremely tender and never before could I shave for several days in succession until using your cream, and now the trouble has been completely overcome. It has a soothing aftereffect on the skin I find to be marvelous, while its beard-softening simply gr

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary airtight tubes with handy, hex-agon screw tops. You will never know what it can do for your face until you

At all dealers-25 cents.

HEMICAL CO.

Send 10c for a demonstrator tube, good for 50 shaves. Gerbard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

The Mennen Way saves your face and your time.



Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream direct to the face.



Work up the lather with the brush (no mussy "rubbing in" with fingers necessary).



Shave your entire face (no re-stropping nor re-lath-ering). No after smarting.



# The Howard Watch

THE predominance of the Howard Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the HOWARD Watch-with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making

The wonderful character of the Howard Watch is that it meets men of so many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in commerce, in the technical industries, in the professions, in official life.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached —from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Crescent Extra or Boss Extra gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at \$170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at \$150. HOWARD model at \$350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it, Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

# E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

Sharpens every kind of old-style razor and every make of safety-razor blade



-perfect shaves from any razor-old-style or safety! There's only one right way to strop a razor—the diagonal, heel-to-toe stroke. Kasner's Style-Stroke Stropper uses that principle, It moves the razor up and down as the strop goes back and forth—a double-artion which gives a perfect heel-to-toe stroke and puts a keen, smooth edge on any razor, better and quicker than the best barber can do it by

Accept no rawhittale—if the Made-holder doesn't

parts a keen, smooth edge on any razor, better always?

and quicker than the best barber can do it by Accept no substitute—if the blade-holder doesn't more up and doesn it can't a Styde-Stroke.

3000 good storus sell Slyde-Stroke Stroppers. Or send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid and positively guaranteed to give you satisfaction. At good stores everywhere \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00) or postpaid by mail

(Dealers: Now is the time to write for our offer!)

SAMUEL KANNER, 554 Broadway, New York

land, put up their houses and barns, even furnish them with stock. They create traffic by creating prosperity."

"A railroad can do that sort of thing,"

They haven't done it until recently," I "They haven't done it until recently," I said. "It's a brand-new idea. It's modern business. The railroads aren't the only ones who are doing it. There's a mail-order house that recently appropriated one million dollars to be given to the farmers; one thousand dollars to a county to be used for promoting better farming. There's modern business for you."

"Jove!" said Horace, rising to his feet;
"there's a field big enough for any man!"
"It doesn't make much difference today
where your office is," I said. "You can get
into touch with as much of the world as you're big enough to handle wherever you

The boy of course did not make up his mind right there and then to remain in the village, but the evening started him to thinking. He came over several times after this and struck up a friendship with Dick that has steadily grown. that has steadily grown.

Horace, before making up his mind, spent the whole summer in his father's store. He went over his father's books for the last twenty years, studying the nature of the business done and the changes in the character of the business. The thing that impressed him most was the rapid decline in had debts which had taken place in the in bad debts which had taken place in the last few years. It began the first season of the Pioneer Club and the Pioneer Products Company and had become now almost a negligible item.

But in the end I don't think it was these business facts that so much decided Horace

to tackle life right at home as it was the talks he had with Ruth. She had done a lot of serious thinking during the last few years in connection with her own boys and had reached some pretty definite con-

"Do you know," she said to Horace, "I think what we need today is big men who will accept the little duties of life, if you call them little. We need big men who will tackle plain everyday business and not hunger after the presidencies of big corpora-tions; we need big men who will help lift up plain, everyday politics without using that as a stepping stone to get to Congress; we need big men in our villages as well as in we need big men in our villages as well as in our cities; we need big men on our farms. We need those big men to lead their big lives among ordinary folk, content with what they do rather than what they get. I suppose it's natural for every mother to want her son to be president of the United States, but I don't feel that way about Billy Junior. If he will be just good and brave and ordinary I won't care. If he will just settle down here and marry and rear good children I'll be satisfied."

"And you wouldn't care if he never got rich or famous?" said Horace.

"I wouldn't care if he never got rich or

"I wouldn't care if he never got rich or famous enough to be known to the daily papers," said Ruth. "I want him to have just money enough to do the good things he wants to do and not have to worry, and I want him to be famous just among his own. It seems to me, Horace, that it's more important to have people greatly of just important to have people speak of just Bill Carleton with pride than it is to find it necessary first to win a title before any pride is felt. It's even more important to the country. Bill Carleton, of Brewster, can

the country. Bill Carleton, of Brewster, can be just as important as Senator Carleton, of Massachusetts, or Maine, or Montana."

"And Horace Moulton, of Brewster, as important as the Honorable Horace Moul-ton, president of the Blank Trust Com-pany, vice-president of the And So Forth corporations?"

"Why not, Horace?"

"It's a queer way of looking at it, but I don't know but what you're right."

"It's the way it was done in the old days and it made this nation. When we needed a big man we found him tucked away in

a big man we found him tucked away in some small village. We found Washington there; we found Lincoln there; we found Grant there. We need to develop just such men and keep them in reserve. There's ambition enough for you. Be ready even if you're not called, and in the mean while use

you're not called, and in the mean while use your big strength doing the big little things that are getting neglected."

So it happened that in the fall the old sign over Moulton's grocery store was taken down and a new one put in its place. And the new sign read like this: "Horace Moulton & Son, Grocers."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

UFF makes more jacks than any other maker in the world.

DUFF builds jacks for every lifting and leverage purpose in the world.

DUFF represents at all times the most advanced and efficient development in ALL types of jacks.

BECAUSE of this pre-eminent position, Duff is the great clearing house for all new jack ideas, as well as the most active source of improvements in its own organization. Duff adoption of any jack device or improvement means that it becomes immediately and deservedly standard.

For great bridge building operations, for big engineering projects like the Panama Canal, the lifting and leverage problems are solved by Duff. Duff-built

# HIGH-SPEED JACKS

are standard equipment for railroads, locomotive and car works, street and auburban railway systems, and for automobile and motor truck service.

FOR 1914, many valuable jack im-provements are embodied in

Genuine Duff-built

Foremost of these is the new adjustable Footlift, which eliminates the roblem of varying front and rear axle heights by providing a toe that is in-stantly adjustable to suit these varying



The Footlift, here shown as regular equipment on a Barrett No. 068 Jack, can be permanently set at any height below the top lift to fit under the lower axle of any car.

Barrett Jacks are notable for ease and convenience of operation; for reliable and convenience of operation; for reliable efficiency and durability. Any car not Barrett-equipped is handicapped severely. Full information, advice and prices on any type of lifting jack will be promptly sent on request.

THE DUFF MFG. CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

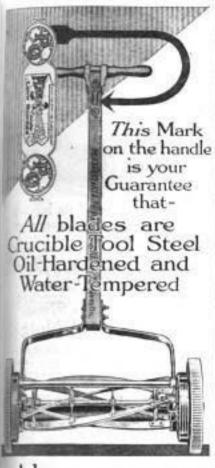
(Established 1843)

New York 50 Church Street

Chicago People's Gas Building

Barrett No. 08 Auto Jack: same as the Barrett No. 088 shown above, but without the Fontlift. A ton-capacity lack with a 6% inch raise, with malleable iron base and every part finished up to the Barrett standard of efficiency.

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Alawn mower can only as good as its lades. In the famous

# PENNSYLVANIA" Quality

Lawn Mowers

blades are crucible tool teel, oil-hardened and aler-tempered.

No other kind of steel takes nd holds an "edge" as well.

PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Mowers and, due to the high-sin blades, will not require re-grinding ales dozen years or more. And they musualy easy-running as well, even leguse. If you do want a good, demilibie mower-one that does away with espense and trouble of re-sharpening; that will be perfect-cutting and lightnot only the first season, but manyyour hardware dealer or seedsman "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality

They have been the standard for 35 years, and over a million-and-ahave been sold. Perhaps that is a better recommendation than a mere ment of advantages.

The following brands are all "PENN-YLVANIA" Quality:



# THE STREET of seven stars

(Continued from Page 25)

the evening of the following day, for Vienna. The strain of the confession was over, but he was a victim of sickening dread. To one thing only he dared to pin his hopes. Anita had said she cared, cared a great deal. And, after all, what else mattered? The story had been a jolt, he told himself. Girls were full of queer ideas of right and wrong, bless them! But she cared. She cared! He arrived in Vienna at nine o'clock that

night. The imminence of his interview with Marie hung over him like a cloud. He ate a hurried supper, and calling up the Doctors'
Club by telephone found Peter's address in
the Siebensternstrasse. He had no idea, of
course, that Marie was there. He wanted
to see Peter to learn where Marie had
taken refuge, and incidentally to get from
Peter a fresh supply of moral courses for Peter a fresh supply of moral courage for the interview. For he needed courage. In vain on the journey down had he clothed himself in armor of wrath against the girl; the very compartment in the train prothe very compartment in the train provoked softened memories of her. Here they had bought a luncheon, there Marie had first seen the Rax. Again at this station she had curled up and put her head on his shoulder for a nap. Ah, but again, at this part of the journey he had first seen Anita!

He took a car to the Siebensternstrasse. His idea of Peter's manner of living those days was exceedingly vague. He had respected Peter's reticence, after the manner of men with each other. Peter had once mentioned a boy he was looking after, in ex-cuse for leaving so soon after the accident. That was all.

The house on the Siebensternstrasse loomed large and unlighted. The street was dark, and it was only after a search that Stewart found the gate. Even then he lost the path, and found himself among a group of trees, to touch the lowest branches of any of which resulted in a shower of raindrops. To add to his discomfort some one was

To add to his discomfort some one was walking in the garden, coming toward him with light, almost stealthy steps.

Stewart by his tree stood still, waiting. The steps approached, were very close, were beside him. So intense was the darkness that even then all he saw was a blacker shadow, and that was visible only because it moved. Then a hand touched his arm, stopped as if paralyzed, drew back slowly, fearfully. slowly, fearfully.
"Good heavens!" said poor Harmony

faintly.

"Please don't be alarmed. I have lost the path." Stewart's voice was almost equally nervous. "Is it to the right or the

It was a moment before Harmony had

breath to speak. Then:

"To the right a dozen paces or so."

"Thank you. Perhaps I can help you to find it."

"I know it quite well. Please don't bother.'

The whole situation was so unexpected that only then did it dawn on Stewart that this blacker shadow was a countrywoman speaking God's own language. Together, Harmony a foot or so in advance, they

made the path.
"The house is there. Ring hard, the bell
is out of order."

Are you not coming in?"

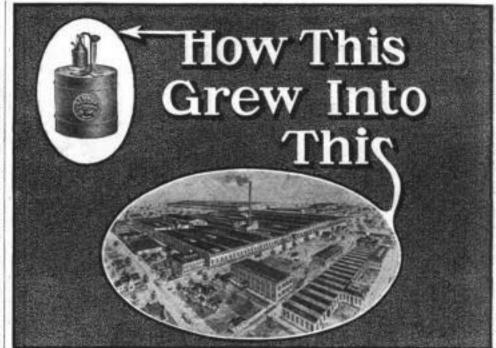
"No. I-I do not live here." She must have gone just after that. Stewart, glancing at the dark façade of the house, turned round to find her gone, and a moment later heard the closing of the gate. He was bewildered. What sort of curious place was this, a great looming house that concealed in its garden a fugitive American girl who came and went like a shadow, leaving only the memory of a sweet voice strained with fright?

Stewart was full of his encounter as he took the candle the portier gave him and followed the gentleman's gruff directions up the staircase. Peter admitted him, looking a trifle uneasy, as well he might with Marie in the salon.

Stewart was too preoccupied to notice Peter's expression. He shook the rain off

his hat, smiling.
"How are you?" asked Peter dutifully. "Pretty good, except for a headache when I'm tired. What sort of a place have you got here anyhow, Byrne?"
"Old hunting lodge of Maria Theresa."

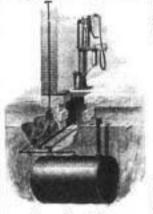
replied Peter, still preoccupied with Marie



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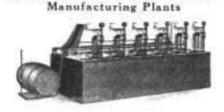
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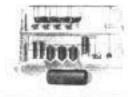
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and what was coming. "Rather interest-

ing old place.
"Rather," commented Stewart, "with goddesses in the garden and all the usual stunts."

"Goddesses?"

"Ran into one just now among the trees. 'A woman I foreswore, but thou being a goddess I foreswore not thee.' English-speaking goddess, by George!" Peter was staring at him incredulously; now he bent forward and grasped his arm

in fingers of steel.

"For heaven's sake, Stewart, tell me what you mean! Who was in the garden?" Stewart was amused and interested. It was not for him to belittle a situation of

his own making, an incident of his own

telling.
"I lost my way in your garden, wandered among the trees, broke through a hedgerow or two, struck a match and consulted the

Peter's fingers closed.
"Quick," he said. Stewart's manner

"Couldn't see her. She spoke English.
Said she didn't live here, and broke for the gate the minute I got to the path."
"You didn't see her?"
"You didn't see her?"

"No. Nice voice though. Young."

The next moment he was alone. Peter in his dressing gown was running down the staircase to the lower floor, was shouting to the portier to unlock the door, was a madman in everything but purpose. The portier let him out and returned to the bedroom.

"The boy above is worse," he said briefly. "A strange doctor has just come, and but now the Herr Doktor Byrne runs to the drugstore."

The portier's wife shrugged her shoulders even while tears filled her eyes.

"What can one expect?" she demanded.

"The good Herr Gott has forbidden theft and Rosa says the boy was stolen. Also the druggist has gone to visit his wife's

mother."
"Perhaps I may be of service; I shall

go up."

"And see for a moment that hussy of the streets! Remain here. I shall go."

Slowly and ponderously she climbed the

Stewart, left alone, wandered along the dim corridor. He found Peter's excitement rather amusing. So this was where Peter lived, an old house, isolated in a garden where rambled young women with soft voices. Hello, a youngster asleep! The boy, no doubt.

He wandered on toward the lighted door of the salon and Marie. The place was warm and comfortable, but over it all hung the indescribable odor of drugs that meant illness. He remembered that the boy was

frail. Marie turned as he stopped in the salon doorway, and then rose, white-faced. Across the wide spaces of the room they eyed each other. Marie's crisis had come. Like all crises it was bigger than speech. It

was after a distinct pause that she spoke.
"Walter, I am sorry. Do you hate me?"
She had dropped the familiar "thou."

She had dropped the familiar "thou."

Stewart crossed the room until only
Peter's table and lamp stood between them.

"I didn't mean to be brutal," he said
rather largely, entirely conscious of his own
magnanimity. "It was pretty bad up there
and I know it. I don't hate you, of course.
That's hardly possible after—everything."

That's hardly possible after—everything."
"You—would take me back?"
"No. It's over, Marie. I wanted to know where you were, that's all; to see that you were comfortable and not frightened."

Marie put a hand to her throat. "It is the American, of course." "Yes."

She staggered a trifle, recovered, threw up her head. "Then I wish I had killed her!" No man ever violently resents the passionate hate of one woman for her rival in his affections. Stewart, finding the situation in hand and Marie only feebly formidable, was rather amused and flattered by

the honest fury in her voice. The mouse was under his paw; he would play a bit. "You'll get over feeling that way, kid. You don't really love me."
"You were my God, that is all."

"Will you let me help you-money, I mean?"

Keep it for her." "Peter will be here in a minute." He bent

over the table and eyed her with his old, (Continued on Page 61)



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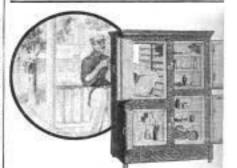
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Dunlap Pony Farms comp ronize merchants and theatres whose all tive gifts are famous DUNLAP SHETLAN Deal only at DUNLAP PONY STORES. Dunlap Pony Farms, Box 30, Greenfield, C (Continued from Page 58) half bullying, half playful manner. "Come

round here and kiss me for old times.
"No!"

"Come."

She stood stubbornly still, and Stewart, still smiling, took a step or two toward her. Then he stopped, ceased smiling, drew himself up.

"You are quite right and I'm a rotter."
Marie's English did not comprehend
"rotter," but she knew the tone. "Listen, Marie, I've told the other girl, and there's a chance for me anyhow. Some day she may marry me. She asked me to see you."
"I do not wish her pity."

"You are wasting your life here. You cannot marry, you say, without a dot. There is a chance in America for a clever girl. You are clever, little Marie. The first money I can spare I'll send you—if you'll take it. It's all I can do."

This was a new Stewart, a man she had never known. Marie recoiled from him, eyed him nervously, sought in her childish mind for an explanation. When at last she understood that he was sincere she broke down. Stewart, playing a new part and raw in it, found the situation irritating. But Marie's tears were not entirely bitter. Back of them her busy young mind was weaving a new warp of life, with all of America for its loom. Hope that had died lived again. Before her already lay that great country where women might labor and live by the fruit of their labor, where her tawdry past would be buried in the center of distant Europe. New life beck-oned to the little Marie that night in the old salon of Maria Theresa, beckoned to her as it called to Stewart, opportunity to one, love and work to the other. To

America:

"I will go," she said at last simply.

"And I will not trouble you there."

"Good!" Stewart held out his hand and
Marie took it. With a quick gesture she
held it to her cheek, dropped it.

Peter came back half an hour later, downcast but not hopeless. He had not found Harmony, but life was not all gray. She was well, still in Vienna, and—she had come back! She had cared then enough to come back. Tomorrow he would commence again, would comb the city fine, and when be had found her he would bring her back,

the wanderer, to a marvelous welcome.

He found Stewart gone, and Marie feverishly overhauling her few belongings by the salon lamp. She turned to him a face still stained with tesrs but radiant with hope.

"Peter," she said gravely, "I must prepare my outfit. I go to America."

"With Stewart?"

"Alone, Peter, to work, to be very good.

"Alone, Peter, to work, to be very good, to be something. I am very happy, although —— Peter, may I kiss you?"

"Certainly," said Peter, and took her caress gravely, patting her thin shoulder. His thoughts were in the garden with Harmony, who had cared enough to come

back.
"Life," said Peter soberly, "life is just one damned thing after another, isn't it?" But Marie was anxiously examining the hem of a skirt.

The letter from Anita reached Stewart the following morning. She said:

I have been thinking things over, Walter, and I am going to hurt you very much—but not, believe me, without hurting myself. Perhaps my uppermost thought just now is rerhaps my uppermost thought just now is
that I am disappointing you, that I am not
so big as you thought I would be. For now,
in this final letter, I can tell you how much
I cared. Oh, my dear, I did care!
But I will not marry you. And when this
reaches you I shall have gone very quietly
out of your life. I find that such philosophy

as I have does not support me tonight, that all my little rules of life are inadequate. Individual liberty was one—but there is no liberty of the individual. Life—other lives seemed best and easiest, and carrying down with you into shipwreck the little Marie and-myself!

For, face to face with the fact, I cannot accept it, Walter. It is not only a question of my past against yours. It is of steady revolt and loathing of the whole thing; not the flash of protest before one succumbs to the inevitable, but a deep-seated hatred that is a part of me and that would never forget.

You say that you are the same man I would have married, only more honest for concealing nothing. But—and forgive me this, it insists on coming up in my mind—were

you honest really? You told me, and it took courage, but wasn't it partly fear? What motive is unmixed? Honesty—and fear, Walter. You were preparing against a contingency although you may not admit this to yourself.

I am not passing judgment on you. God forbid that I should! I am only trying to show you what is in my mind, and that this break is final. The revolt is in myself, against something sordid and horrible which I will not take into my life. And for that reason time will make no difference.

I am not a child, and I am not unreasonable. But I ask a great deal of this life of mine that stretches ahead, Walter—home and children, the love of a good man, the fulfillment of my ideals. And you ask me to start with a handicap. I cannot do it. I know you are resentful, but—I know that you understand.

ANITA.

THE little Georgiev was in trouble those days. The Balkan engine was threatening to explode, but continued to gather steam, with Bulgaria sitting on the safety valve. Austria was mobilizing troops, and there were long conferences in the Burg between the emperor and various bearded gentlemen, while the military prayed in the churches for war.

The little Georgiev hardly ate or slept. Much hammering went on all day in the small room below Harmony's on the Woll-badgasse. At night, when the man in the green velours hat took a little sleep, mysterious packages were carried down the whitewashed staircase and loaded into wagons waiting below. Once on her window-sill Harmony found among the pigeons a carrier pigeon with a brass tube fastened

on the morning after Harmony's flight from the garden in the Street of Seven Stars, she received a visit from Georgiev. She had put in a sleepless night, full of heart-searching. She charged herself with cowardice in running away from Peter and Jimmy when they needed her, and in going back like a thief the night before. The conviction that the boy was not so well brought with it additional introspection her sacrifice seemed useless, almost childish. She had fled because two men thought it necessary, in order to save her reputation, to marry her; and she did not wish to marry. Marriage was fatal to the career she had promised herself, had been promised. But this career, for which she had given up everything else—would she find it in the workpresser? it in the workroom of a dressmaker?

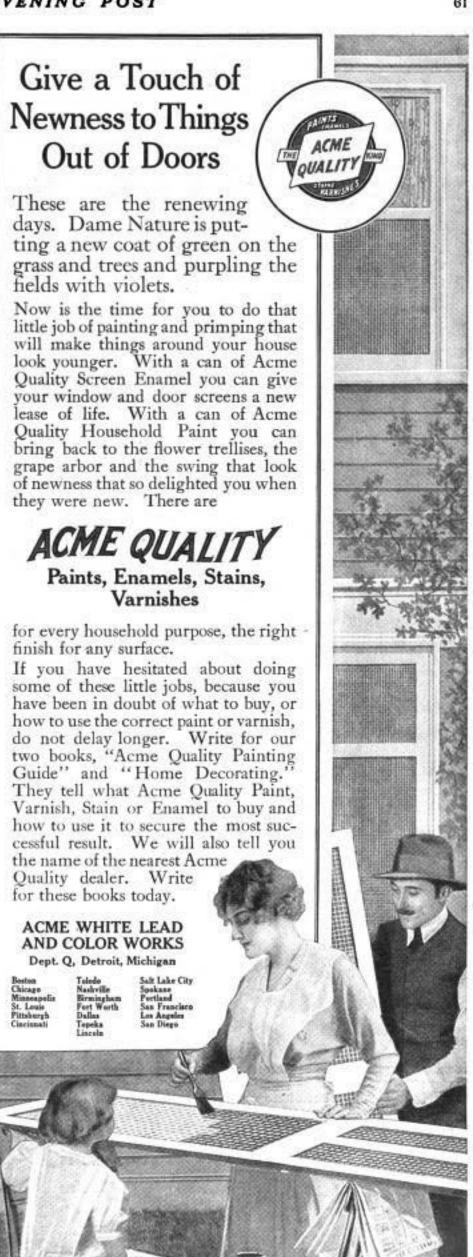
Ah, but there was more to it than that. Suppose—how her cheeks burned when she Suppose—how her cheeks burned when she thought of it!—Suppose she had taken Peter at his word and married him? What about Peter's career? Was there any way by which Peter's poverty for one would be comfort for two? Was there any reason why Peter, with his splendid ability, should settle down to the hack work of general reaction the very slough out of which practice, the very slough out of which he had so painfully climbed?

Either of two things-go back to Peter, but not to marry him, or stay where she was. How she longed to go back only Harmony knew. There in the little room, with only the

pigeons to see, she held out her arms long-ingly. "Peter!" she said. "Peter, dear!" She decided, of course, to stay where she was, a burden to no one. The instinct of the young girl to preserve her good name at any cost outweighed the vision of Peter at the window, haggard and tired, looking out. It was Harmony's chance, perhaps, to do a big thing; to prove herself bigger than her fears, stronger than convention. But she was young, bewildered, afraid. And there was this element, stronger than any of the others—Peter had never told her he loved her. To go back, throwing herself again on his mercy, was unthinkable. On his love—that was different. But what if he did not love her? He had been good to her. did not love her? He had been good to her;

There was something else. If the boy was worse what about his mother? Whatever she was or had been, she was his mother. Suppose he were to die and his mother not see him? Harmony's sense of fairness rebelled. In the small community at home mother was sacred, her claims

It was very early, hardly more than dawn. The pigeons cooed on the sill; over the ridge of the church roof, across, a luminous strip foretold the sun. An oxcart, laden with vegetables for the market, lumbered along the streets. Puzzled and unhappy.



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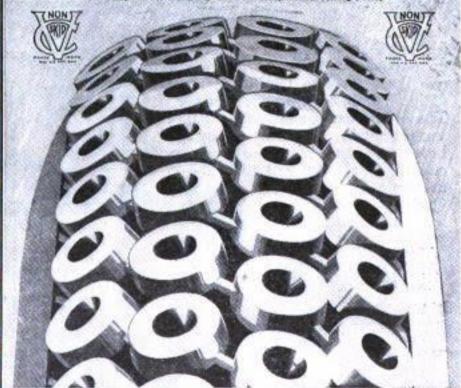
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Harmony rose and lighted her fire, drew on her slippers and the faded silk kimono with the pink butterflies.

In the next room the dressmaker still slept, dreaming early morning dreams of lazy apprentices, overdue bills, complaining customers.

Harmony moved lightly not to disturb her. She set her room in order, fed the pigeons-it was then she saw the carrier with its message—made her morning coffee by setting the tiny pot inside the stove. And all the time, moving quietly through her morning routine, she was there in that upper room in body only.

In soul she was again in the courtyard back of the old lodge, in the Street of Seven Stars, with the rabbits stirring in the hutch, and Peter, with rapt eyes, gazing out over the city. Bed, toilet table, coffee pot, Peter; pigeons, rolls, Peter; sunrise over the church roof and Peter again. Always Peter!

Monia Reiff was stirring in the next room. Harmony could hear her, muttering and putting coal on the stove and calling to the Hungarian maid for breakfast. Har-mony dressed hastily. It was one of her new duties to prepare the workroom for the day. The luminous streak above the church was rose now, time for the day to begin.

She was not certain at once that some one had knocked at the door, so faint was

the sound.
She hesitated, listened. The knob turned slightly. Harmony, expecting Monia, called "Come in."

It was the little Georgiev, very apologetic, rather gray of face. He stood in the doorway with his finger on his lips, one ear

doorway with his finger on his lips, one ear toward the stairway. It was very silent. Monia was drinking her coffee in bed, whither she had retired for warmth.

"Pardon!" said the Bulgarian in a whisper. "I listened until I heard you moving about. Ah, Fräulein, that I must disturb you!"

"Something has happened!" exclaimed Harmony, thinking of Peter of course.

"Not yet. I fear it is about to happen. Fräulein, do me the honor to open your window. My pigeon comes now to you to be fed, and I fear—on the sill, Fräulein."

Harmony opened the window. The wild

Harmony opened the window. The wild pigeons scattered at once, but the carrier, flying out a foot or two, came back promptly and set about its breakfast. "Will be let me catch him?" "Pardon, Fräulein. If I may enter ——"

"Come in, of course."

Evidently the defection of the carrier had been serious. A handful of grain on a wrong window-sill, and kingdoms overthrown! Georgiev caught the pigeon and drew the message from the tube. Even Harmony grasped the seriousness of the situation. The little Bulgarian's face, from gray became livid: tiny beads of cold sweat came out on

his forehead.
"What have I done?" cried Harmony.
"Oh, what have I done? If I had known

about the pigeon — "
Georgiev recovered himself.
"The Praulein can do nothing wrong,"
he said. "It is a matter of an hour's delay,
that is all. It may not be too late."

Monin Beiff from the next room called

Monia Reiff, from the next room, called loudly for more coffee. The sulky Hun-garian brought it without a glance in their

direction.
"Too late for what?"
"Fräulein, if I may trouble you—but glance from the window to the street below. It is of an urgency, or I -Fraulein!" Please,

Harmony glanced down into the half light of the street. Georgiev behind her watched her, breathless, expectant. Harmony drew in her head.

Only a man in a green hat," she said. "And down the street a group of soldiers."

The situation dawned on the girl then, at least partially.
"They are coming for you?"

"It is possible. But there are many soldiers in Vienna." "And I with the pigeon-Oh, it's too horrible! Herr Georgiev, stay here in this

room. Lock the door. Monia will say that it is mine \_\_\_"
"Ah no, Fräulein! It is quite hopeless.
Nor is it a matter of the pigeon. It is war,

Fraulein. Do not distress yourself. It is but a matter of—imprisonment."

"There must be something I can do," desperately. "I hear them below. Is there no way to the roof, no escape?" "None, Fraulcin. It was an oversight. War is not my game; I am a man of peace.

You have been very kind to me, Front I thank you.

"You are not going down!"
"Pardon, but it is better so. Sold
they are of the provinces mostly, and for a lady to confront."

"They are coming up!"

He listened. The clank of scabbi against the stone stairs was unmistaka The little Georgiev straightened, threw his chest, turned to descend, faltered, c

back a step or two. His small black eyes were fixed on I

mony's face.
"Fräulein," he said huskily, "you very lovely. I carry always in my h your image. Always so long as I Adieu.

He drew his heels together, gave a little bow and was gone down the stain Harmony was frightened, stricken. collapsed in a heap on the floor of her re her fingers in her ears. But she need have feared. The little Georgiev mad protest, submitted to the inevitable li-gentleman and a soldier, went out of life, indeed, as unobtrusively as he entered it.

The carrier pigeon preened itself of fortably on the edge of the washst Harmony ceased her hysterical cryin last and pondered what was best to Monia was still breakfasting, so increa brief are great moments. After a thought Harmony wrote a tiny mess English, German and French, and inci it in the brass tube.

The Herr Georgiev has been arrest she wrote. An hour later the carrier lazily from the window-sill, flapped way over the church roof and disapper like Georgiev, out of her life. Grim-vis war had touched her and passed on.

The incident was not entirely cl however. A search of the building lowed the capture of the little spy. testing tenants were turned out, beds dismantled, closets searched, walls sou for hidden hollows. In one room on mony's floor was found stored a qua of ammunition.

It was when the three men who had ducted the search had finished, when boxes of ammunition had been gather the hall and the chattering sewing had gone back to work, that Harmon her way to her dismantled room, p through the upper passage. She glanced down the staircase v little Georgiev had so manfully descen-

"I carry always in my heart your ir Always so long as I live." The clatter of soldiers on their way

to the street came to her ears; the cooing of the pigeons, the whirr of a machines from the workroom. The dent was closed, except for the he ammunition boxes on the landing, gu by an impassive soldier.

Harmony glanced at him. He wa ing her steadily, thumbs in, heels in out, chest out. Harmony put her ha

her heart. "You!" she said.

The conversation of a sentry, save holiday, is "Yea, yea," and "Nay, "Yes, Fraulein."

Harmony put her hands together, a gesture of appeal, infinitely touching
"You will not say that you have f
have seen me?"
"No, Fräulein."

It was in Harmony's mind to ask hungry heart craved to learn-of Pet Jimmy, of the portier, of anything belonged to the old life in the Sieben strasse. But there was no time. The selimpassive face became rigid; he bethrough her, not at her. Harmony to

The man in the green hat was or up the staircase. There was no fi chance to question. The sentry w to carrying the boxes down the stai

Full morning now, with the winter shining on the beggars in the marlo the crowds in the parks, on the flower in the Stephansplatz; shining on Harn golden head as she bent over a bit of cl on the old milkwoman carrying u whitewashed staircase her heavy ca milk; on the carrier pigeon winging it to the south: beating in through be the exalted face of Herr Georgiev; r on Peter's drooping shoulders, or neglected mice and the wooden se on the closed eyes of a sick child worshiped sun, peering forth the g window of the East.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





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Ebony-finished Black Russia; toe looks narrow, but is high and roomy; tip and vamp perforated and finished with a 'saw tooth' edge; low, square heel; outside extension sole with 'file stitch' on edge; invisible eyelets and round cords for trim lacing.

> Exclusive Custom Styles \$4 and up

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Stores and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Write for our Spring Style Book—it's free.

# REGAL SHOE COMPANY

277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.



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Success and profit await him who chooses the right trail, blazed by business common-sense.

ARE you a non-advertiser, afraid to enter this forest of mystery, ignorant of where to blaze a trail?

Or are you gaily setting forth on some woodland path, screne and confident, unaware that you may be headed the wrong way?

Or are you already deep in the maze of tree-trunk and thicket, well aware that you are lost and looking for a way out?

Whatever your attitude or relation to advertising you can profit by filling out the coupon at the right,

You will receive a sensational disclos ure of advertising fallacies, which will put you on your guard against mistakes. You will get a clear statement of the

true principles of advertising efficiency,

which will give you the clue to success.

If you check "A", you'll receive "Blaging the Trail." a book for non-advertisers; "B" will bring you "Building the Roadway," a book for men who spend \$25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open." a book for those who spend over \$25,000.

One book - whichever fits your needs - will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for each additional copy.

plained in your advertisement in The San Store, Pert, April 25.

Town and State Attach this couper to your business letterhead, signing your name and official position, and mail to above address.

# Michaels-Stern Clothes



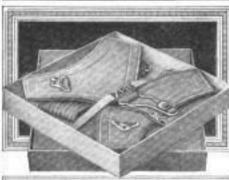
AIN or shine, whether business-bent or pleasurebound; whether entering the company of friends or rivals, a man feels ready in a MICHAELS-STERN suit.

The commanding character of MICHAELS-STERN clothes appeals to dressers who aspire to more than just holding their own.

> We'd like to send you our portfolio, illustrating Michaels-Stern Clothes by means of color photography from life. Ask for it.

# Michaels, Stern & To.,

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing ROCHESTER, N.Y.





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Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the store.

You will find that not one of them has the distinctive features of the Indestructothat not one of them gives you the same solid assurance of real worth and service not one of them is so well able to care for itself in the crash and crush of hard baggage

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading merchants—the best and wisest merchants have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beauty and lasting value, and the special Five Years Insurance and Registry features that are all yours with the Indestructo Trunk. It is worth your while to buy right and be satisfied.

Say to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—then make good on that promise.

Our booklet explains that fully-ask for it.

National Veneer Products Company Mishawaka, Indiana 1 Beiger Street

# his own stuff

(Continued from Page 15)

annual passes from me. Captain Murray at the Montmorency Street Station is my pal. He can see a joke without plans and specifications. I promise you that the whole thing will go off like clockwork. We'll sup-pose that you have attracted the young man's attention during the performance. You would attract any man's attention, my

dear."

"I would stand up and bow for that compliment," said Miss Harrington, "but the waiter is looking. Go on."

"We will suppose that you have received a note from him," said Uncle Billy. "He is to meet you at the stage door. . . One time little scream—just one. . . . Would tiny little scream—just one. . . . Would you do that—for the sake of the ball club?"

Miss Harrington giggled.

"If you're sure that you can keep me out of it," said she, "I'll do it for the sake of the joke!"

UNCLE BILLY was a busy man for a few days, but he found time to state that he didn't believe that Tom O'Connor had anything to do with the Algonquin Club thing. He said it was so clever that Tom couldn't have thought of it, and he said it in the dressing room so loud that everybody heard him. Maybe that was the reason why Tom didn't suspect anything when he was asked to fill out a box party.

Pat Dunphy, Peachy Parsons and some of the rest of us were in on the box party, playing thinking parts mostly. Uncle Billy and Tom O'Connor had the front seats right up against the stage.

seats right up against the stage.

Miss Harrington was immense. If she'd had forty rehearsals she couldn't have done it any better. Before she'd been on the stage three minutes Tom was fumbling round for his program trying to find her name. Pretty soon he began to squirm in

his chair.

"By golly, that girl is looking at me all the time!" says he.

"Don't kid yourself!" said Uncle Billy.

"But I tell you she is! There—did you

"But I tell you she is! There—did you see that?"

"Maybe she wants to meet you," says Uncle Billy. "I've seen her at the ball park a lot of times."

"You think she knows who I am?" asks

Tom.

"Shouldn't wonder. You're right, Tom.
She's after you, that's a fact."

"Oh, rats!" says O'Connor. "Maybe I just think so. No, there it is again! Do you suppose, if I sent my card back \_\_\_"

"I'm a married man," says Uncle Billy.

"I don't suppose anything. But if a girl as prestiv as that \_\_\_"

pretty as that -

Tom went out at the end of the first act.

I saw him write something on a card and slip it to an usher along with a dollar bill.

When the second act opened Tom was sonervous he couldn't sit still. It was easy to see that he hadn't received any answer to his note and was worrying about it. Pretty soon Miss Harrington came on to sing her song about the moon—they've always got to have a moon song in musical comedy or it doesn't go—and just as the lights went down she looked over toward our box and smiled, the least little bit of a smile, and then she nodded her head. The breath went out of Tom O'Connor in a long sigh. "Somebody lend me twenty dollars,"

says he.
"What for?" says Uncle Billy, reachifig. for the bankroll.

"I'm going to meet her at the stage door after the show," says Tom, "and she won't think I'm a sport unless I open wine."

Well, he met her all right enough. The whole bunch of us can swear to that be-cause we were across the street, hiding in a doorway. When she came out Tom stepped up, chipper as a canary bird, with his hat in his hand. We couldn't hear what he said, but there was no trouble in hearing Miss Harrington.

"How dare you, sir!" she screams.
"Help! Police! Help!"
Two men, who had been loafing round

on the edge of the sidewalk, jumped over and grabbed Tom by the arms. He started in to explain matters to 'em, but the men dragged him away down the street and Miss Harrington went in the other direction.
"So far, so good," says Uncle Billy.
"Gentlemen, the rest of the comedy will be

played out at the Montmorency Street Police Station. Reserved seats are waiting for us. Follow me."



A tempting relish having the true tomato tasts

# BLUE LABE

Keeps After Opening

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles-this is Blue Label Ketchup.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

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The Celebrated Roof Pain. Will add years to the of any roof, old or new tin, shingle or felt.

Sure relief for roof trouble

Roof Leak stops leaks, pres rust, decay or warping. Is not affe by heat, brine, cold or acid. Does crack in winter or soften in sums Highly fireproof.

Roof Seak is a rubberliquid cement that affords the uti protection, can be easily applied to roof and is the best investment the of of any new or old roof can make.

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"The Sign of Correct Styles"



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Here's a little device that affixes stamps to any size or form of mail—instantly and se-curely. Simply insert coiled stamps (obtain-able at any P. O.) in stamp case, fill water chamber, and it is ready for 500 stampings. Then simply press the plunger. The

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has been on the market three years and now is in daily use in 15,000 offices. Begins

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A Stamp Cash Register You can't get a stamp out of the Multipost without it being recorded. The Multipost protects your stumps like a bank protects your money. Keeps a constant check on your postage and mailing. Save yourself

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Tells why you should watch your stamp box. Shows the big stamp loss in every office. Full of facts that are "eye-open-ers." Explains our Free Trial offer. Every business man should read this book. Send for it at once -it's free.

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You can say anything you like, but it's a pretty fine thing to be in right with the police. You never know when you may need 'em, and Uncle Billy certainly was an ace at the Montmorency Street Station. We went in by the side door and were shown into a little parrow your with a lot of into a little narrow room with a lot of chairs in it, just like a moving-picture theater, except that instead of a curtain at the far end there was a tall Japanese screen. What was more, most of the chairs were

What was more, most of the chairs were occupied. Every member of the Old Guard ball club was there, and so was Al Jorgenson and Lije, the rubber.

"Boys," says Uncle Billy, "we are about to have the last act of the thrilling drama entitled The Kidder Kidded, or The Old Guard's Revenge. The first and second acts went off fine. Be as quiet as you can and don't laugh until the blow-off. Not a whisper—not a sound—s-s-sh! They're bringing him in now!" bringing him in now!"

There was a scuffling of feet and a scrap-ing of chair-legs on the other side of the screen. We couldn't see O'Connor and he couldn't see us, but we could hear every word he said. He was still trying to explain matters.

"But I tell you," says Tom, "I had a

date with her."
"Yeh," says a gruff voice, "she acted like
it! Don't tell us your troubles. Tell'em to Captain Murray. Here he comes now."

A door opened and closed and another

voice cut in:
"Well, boys, what luck?"
"We got one, cap," says the gruff party.
"Caught him with the goods on \_\_\_\_"
"Tom

"It's all a mistake, sir—captain!" Tom breaks in. "I give you my word of honor

breaks in. "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman —"
"Shut up!" says Captain Murray.
"Your word of honor as a gentleman!
That's rich, that is! You keep your trap closed for the present—understand? Now, boys, where did you get him?"
"At the stage door of the Royal Theater," says the plain-clothes man, who did the talking for the two who made the pinch. "Duffy and me, we saw this bird kind of slinking round, and we remembered that order about bringing in all mashers, that order about bringing in all mashers, so we watched him. A girl came out of the stage door and he braced her. She hollered for help and we grabbed him. Oh, there ain't any question about it, cap; we've got him dead to rights. We don't even need the woman's testimony."

"Good work, boys!" says the captain.
"We'll make an example of this guy!"

"Captain," says Tom, "listen to reason!
I tell you this girl was flirting with me all

through the show

through the show ——"

"That's what they all say! If she was flirting with you, why did she make a holler when you braced her?"

"I—I don't know," says Tom. "Maybe she didn't recognize me."

"No, I'll bet she didn't!"

"But, captain, I sent her my card and she sent back word ——"

"Oh, shut up! What's your name?"

Murray shot that one at him quick and Tom took a good long time to answer it.

Tom took a good long time to answer it.
"Smith," says he at last. "John Smith."

That raised a laugh on the other side of the

screen.
"Well," says the captain, "unless we can
get him identified he can do his bit on the
rock pile under the name of Smith as well as any other, eh, boys?"
"Sure thing!" said the plain-clothes men.

"The rock pile!" says Tom.

"That's what I said - rock pile! Kind of scares you, don't it? There won't be any scares you, don't it? There won't be any bail for you to jump or any fine for you to pay. We've had a lot of complaints about mashers lately and some squeals in the newspapers. You'll be made an example of. Chickens are protected by the game laws of this state, and it's time some of the lady-killers found it out."

Tom began to plead, but he might just as well have kept quiet. They whirled in and gave him the third degree—asked him for the las and a whole lot of stuff. We expected he'd tell his name and send for Uncle Billy to get him out, but for some reason or other he fought shy of that. We couldn't under-stand his play at first, but we knew why soon enough. The door back of the screen opened again.

"Cap'n," says a strange voice, "there's

some newspaper men here.

Well, that was all a stall, of course. We didn't let the newspaper men in on it because we wanted them for a whip to hold

over Tom's head in the future.
"What do they want?" asks Murray.



# On the Alleged Slowness of Philadelphia

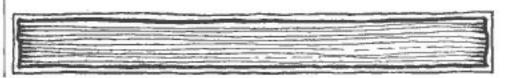
Some jokes gain currency because they are so picturesquely libelous; exempli gratia, the unreliability of gas meters; the undesirability of mothers-in-law; the Hobokenness of Hoboken. Call Philadelphia slow and raise a laugh.

Let us analyze that a little. Philadelphia is slow, but only in the sense that it is not fast. It has few lobster palaces and white waywardnesses. It is not a city selected by Pittsburgers to "blow in" large rolls between sunset and daybreak.

Philadelphia devotes itself to living not to seeing life. Its specialty is homes — not hotels.

A population of home makers and home livers interests the manufacturer seeking a permanent market more than any spot on earth. Into the best Philadelphia homes first thing in the morning goes the

# PUBLIC LEDGER







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Your free copy of our 1914 catalog of accessories for Ford cars is ready.

Send for it to-day. It will show you how to save money on everything you may need for your Ford car—parts, supplies, tires, etc.

THE POST & LESTER COMPANY
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"They're after this masher story," says
the stranger. "I don't know who tipped it
off to 'em, but they've seen the woman and
got a statement from her. She says she
thinks this fellow is a baseball player."

"I wouldn't care if he was the president
of the League!" says the captain. "You
know the orders we got to break up mashing
and bring 'em in, no matter who they are.

and bring 'em in, no matter who they are. Here we've got one of 'em dead to rights; and it's the rock pile for him, you can bet your life on it!"

"And serve him right," says the stranger.
"But, cap'n, wouldn't it be a good thing to
identify him? These newspapermen say
they know all the ballplayers. Shall we have 'em in to give him the once-over?"
"I'll send for 'em in a minute," says

Murray.

That was the shot that brought Tom off

That was the shot that brought Tom off his perch with a yell.

"Captain," he begs, "anything but that! I'd rather you sent me up for six months—yes, or shot me! If this gets into the papers it'll ——! Oh, say, if you have any heart at all—please—please—— Oh, you don't understand!"

We didn't understand either but "continue of the papers."

We didn't understand either, but Tom We didn't understand either, but Tom made it plain. I'm not going to write all be said: it made my face burn to sit there and listen to it. It took all the fun out of the joke for me. It seems that this rough kidder—this practical joker who never cared a rap how much he hurt anybody else's feelings—had some pretty tender feelings of his own. He opened up his heart and told that police captain something that he never had told us—told him about the little girl back in the home town who was waiting for him, and how she who was waiting for him, and how she wouldn't ever be able to hold up her head again if the story got into the papers and he

was disgraced. was disgraced.

"It ain't for me, captain," he begs; "it's
for her. You wouldn't want her shamed
just because I've acted like a fool, would
you? Think what it means to the girl,
captain! Oh, if there's anything you can

Uncle Billy beat me to it. I was already on

Oncie Billy beat me to it. I was already on my feet when he took two jumps and knocked the screen flat on the floor.

"That's enough!" says Uncle Billy. We had planned to give Tom the horse-laugh when the screen came down, but somehow none of us could laugh just then. If I live to be as old as Hans Wagner I'll never forget the expression on Tom O'Connor's face as he blinked across the room and say. face as he blinked across the room and saw us all sitting there, like an audience in a

theater.

"Tom," says Uncle Billy, "I'm sorry, but this is what always happens with a practical joke. It starts out to be funny, but it gets away from you and then the first thing you have somebody is hort. first thing you know somebody is hurt. You've had a lot of fun with this ball club, my boy, and some of it was pretty rough fun, but—I guess we'll all agree to call it square."

Tom got on his feet, shaking a little and white to the lips. He couldn't seem to find his voice for a minute and he ran his fingers

across his mouth before he spoke.
"Is—is this a joke?" says he.
"It started out to be," says Uncle Billy.

"I'm sorry."

Tom didn't say another word and he didn't look at any of us. He went out of the room alone and left us there. I wanted to go after him and tell him not to take it so hard; but I thought of the way he had shamed Al Jorgenson, I thought of the girl who wouldn't ever speak to Holliday again, I thought of the four kids who went home broken-hearted, all on Tom's account—and I changed my mind. It was a bitter dose, but I decided not to sweeten it any for him. any for him.

Tom O'Connor isn't funny any more, and I think he is slowly making up his mind that we're not such a bad outfit after all. To this day the mention of the name of Smith makes him blush, so I guess that in spite of the fact that he's never opened his mouth about it since, he hasn't for gotten what his own stuff feels like.



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BUFFALO SPECIALTY BUFFALO, N. Y.

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There are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell more than one million copies of The Saturday Evening Past each week.

a big opportunity for any boy who wants to earn a lot of money. There is a big opportunity for any parent who wants his boy to develop the sort of character and to get the sort of training which will be of incalculable value to him in later life.

We should like to hear from any boy who wants to do what so many thousands of other boys are successfully doing each week outside of school hours or from any parent interested in his boy's future.

SALES DIVISION, BOX 280

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

# *Heart of Gold*

(Continued from Page 18)

However, she has understudied the starit is safest to make it a waning star—and then, one night, the star falls ill and the little heroine takes her place, giving, of course, a far more brilliant performance than that of the star herself. Among all the models of ready-made styles in plots this is

one of the most popular sellers.

In unreal life, though—that is to say, the In unreal life, though—that is to say, the life of the theater—the understudy is not a very important institution. The reason is that, broadly speaking, actors and actresses are never ill. They may be what other people would call ill if they felt that way themselves. They may get up giddily in the morning, declining anything for breakfast but a cup of black coffee; their heads may feel as though they meant to burst. may feel as though they meant to burst, their voices be nothing but raucous whis-pers, their hands and feet nonsentient lumps of ice; but they obviously are not ill because at eight-thirty-seven—or whatever the precise moment is—they are waiting in the wings for the cue; the voice comes back miraculously for the first line, nobody in front knows that anything is the matter,

and the understudy in a mixture of rage and relief says: "Isn't it a lovely night? Let's go out on the terrace!" just as usual.

And so when, on the night that followed the first appearance of the rube, Hazel, about halfway through the first act, began walking crooked and saying things that were not in her lines at all—and finally, with an instinct not wholly submerged by with an instinct not wholly submerged by her delirium, started for the wings, where she tumbled in a heap just out of view of the audience—the members of the company

were taken as completely by surprise as though they had been a group of children. They got a doctor round from the front of the house who, after an examination, quieted what was almost a panic among the chorus by assuring them that she was not going to die then and there; but who said that her temperature was one hundred and four, that she ought to have spent the last week in bed, and who seemed inclined to hold Freddy Boldt criminally responsible for having allowed her to go on in such a condition. He and Keziah took her home in a taxi, where she was put to bed and dosed and coddled just as though she were a regular sick person.

Meantime at the theater an utterly

panic-stricken understudy—who was, it appeared, the only one in the company who did not know all Hazel's lines—was giving the worst performance of The Girl From Proctor's that ever had been seen on any

As Hazel's own doctor, who came the next morning, predicted, she recovered from the attack—the fever subsided and the terrible racking ache—and at the end of three or four days she was able to oxygenate what little blood she had with twenty

respirations or so a minute.

The girl herself noted these symptoms of convalescence rather apathetically. It seemed almost stupid to get well—as well as she could get. The one inducement she was conscious of was the desire to get rid of the trained nurse, whom she and Keziah detested about equally.

They did get rid of her within a week,

by which time the Swedish maid-of-all-work was adequate to supply Hazel's wants dur-ing the hours when Keziah was at the theater. Hazel did not want much, except to be let alone.

Every day during Keziah's absence Hazel made up her mind to ask her the question—the one great question that mattered-when she came home that night; but every night, in a panic of terror, she put the question off until the next morning, and every morning kept postponing it until it was time for Keziah to set out and it was too late for her to give the answer. The question was, of course, When was Keziah going to follow her son back West? Was it to be next week or next month? Or by any miracle of good fortune was Keziah going to wait until he had built for her the house he had talked about?

The old lady gave her no hint—said nothing to indicate in any way that anything had happened to change their old régime. They chatted a little every night and again in the morning, Keziah bringing her the Globe's daily budget of news and friendly messages from everybody. They were all anxious to come out and see her, Keziah said-everybody, from Willy Lord down to the members of the chorus-and

were only waiting to hear that she was strong enough to see a little company in order to begin making regular visits.

There were flowers nearly every day, too, which Keziah kept in the kitchen sink—or, on mild days, out on the fire-escape. Hazel could not bear them in the room. She said the smell of them made her think she was

The doctor came one morning before old Keziah had left for the theater, scowled over his patient in a ferocious manner, told her she was ever so much better than she thought she was, and ordered her to buck

spoke to Keziah.

"Have some of her friends come to see her," he said, "whether she wants them or not."

That afternoon, when the doorbell rang, as it frequently did, the maid, instead of bringing in a long pasteboard box from the florist's, stepped aside and admitted to the sitting room—well, just about the last person in the world Hazel had expected to ee—the big bronzed rube—no less—whom

she supposed to have been back in Arizona for the last fortnight.

Her first thought was that here was the answer to the question she had never yet dared ask old Keziah.

"You've come back to get her!" she said with a gasp. "Don't! Don't take her away from me—yet." He did not seem to understand at first;

and then he smiled.
"I didn't go back at all," he said. "I've
just been waiting for another chance to see

She gazed at him fixedly for the better part of a minute, though the look in his honest face had been plain to read in a glance. Then her head dropped back on the pillow and she turned her face away from

pillow and she turned her face away from him.

"Oh, please," she said with a weak little shiver. "Please go away!"

You see, his being there at all—to say nothing of the way he was looking at her—showed her the way out again, the way that was so easy for the taking. And what she meant was that she was not strong enough to make a fight against it, hold him off, show herself up to him, send him on his way properly disgusted with her.

off, show herself up to him, send him on his way properly disgusted with her.

He could not interpret it, of course; but he was not at all tragic about it—just smiled at her, with a touch of old Keziah's good-humored obstinacy, and told her that the doctor had prescribed visitors. It was just as well, he thought, that the first one should not be too interesting; so would she not let him sit down for a while and tell her about Arizons? about Arizona?

There was no resisting the way he pulled up a chair, and discovered where the light that shone into her eyes came from, and that she wanted a drink of water, and that that she wanted a drink of water, and that
the pillows were bunched uncomfortably
under the back of her neck. The touch of
his hands as he lifted her to settle the
pillows was curiously pleasant.

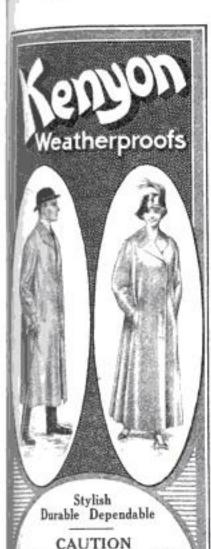
"I didn't mean to be so rotten," she said
with a washed-out smile—"just a grouch.
Where is Arizona?"

Well that was the way it begans and

Well, that was the way it began; and having let it begin the girl found it hard to first day—at least, it did not seem long, and the hour after he had gone did; but, like the camel that got his head into the tent, Newton rapidly made himself an inevitable part of the establishment.

Other visitors took to coming on succeeding days—people from the company on afternoons when there were no matinées: fat George Featherstonhaugh, and Zora. and Josephine Foster, and sometimes a bunch of the ponies—funny, bold, fright-ened little people with a cooperative bunch of violets or a box of candy. Willy Lord came too; and he used to cheer her up by telling her how rotten the show was with her out of it, and how much money she was losing him by not getting well quicker.

Then there was a desiccated young man with powerfully ground noseglasses and a way of saying things that did not begin to bite in until about a minute after he had said them; and a friend of his, with a disrespectful manner and a vast knowledge of unclassified subjects. Hazel explained to Newton after they had gone that one of them was a dramatic critic and the other wrote dope for a sure-enough magazinebecause, you see, Newton was always there



no double traiture material and can be ad if most Dealers for \$15. Show the store; and remember the collar can bissastly converted into a standing alway collar when necessary. Watch Kenreign Label-it's a quality sign

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The coats pictured are made of dark

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

whether the others were or not; and he always stayed after they had gone awaylong enough at least to make sure she was not too tired and that she wanted nothing. He never got in the way—always dropped

cheerfully into the background, answered the bell, fetched things and carried them away, and-when there was nothing else for him to do-sat back in his corner and listened to the rapid-fire talk in a language he did not understand at all. She shot a look round at him every now

and then, as if to see what he was making of it or whether he was shocked; and the smile he gave her when he caught any of those looks almost brought a lump into her throat—it was so like old Keziah's.

There was no denying it was a relief, after the noise and the fuss and the sentimental farewells of the others had died away, to have him pull his chair up close, so that she should not have to speak loud, and talk to her about Arizona or East Weston, or the theater—which latter place, it appeared, he frequented during the odd hours when he was not taking care of Hazel.

This fact disturbed the girl more or less when she heard of it. It would be all right, of course, if she were there herself to keep an eye on people—guard his precious inno-cence as she had guarded old Keziah's. In her absence were they not likely to give him some horrible shocks—disillusion and disgust him completely? Well, was that not just what she wanted?

That question pulled her up with a jump. Would it not save her the trouble of doing just that very thing herself? Let her off the big fight with him that she kept telling her-self she was not strong enough for—yet? She dismissed the question from her mind in a rage, but she was too honest to avoid the answer; and she described herself to herself in terms that Newton, had he heard them, would have attributed only to de-

Things went on after that much as they had before-on the surface; but the girl was conscious of a difference underneath. She could not be sure whether Newton was conscious of it or not. And then one day the explosion happened.

Newton was out in the kitchen making her an eggnog when Hazel, who had been sitting up in the Morris chair, decided she wanted to look at the morning paper and got up rather too suddenly to get it. They were encouraging her to walk a few steps now and then, but this time the thing did not work. Everything went black and, after turning and trying to grope her way back to her chair, she fainted. The next

thing she knew, she was being kissed.

I will not pretend that it was a new experience to Hazel, but I do aver positively that it was a new sensation. The strength of it kept her from opening her eyes quite as soon as she might otherwise have done. When she did she found herself lying on her couch. Newton had been sitting on the edge of it beside her, holding her hands; but he let them go and rose rather precipi-

tately when she opened her eyes.
"I can't stand it!" she heard him say as
he turned away from her. "I can't stand

She steadied herself with a long breath or two, stolen while his back was turned to her in his patrol of the room. When he turned back he met her familiar, ironical smile. "I don't wonder!" she said. "Cooped up all day with a sick cat like me! Why

don't you go back to Arizona?"

He came all the way back to the couch and towered over her almost threateningly

before he answered.
"That's what I'm going to do," he said; "and I'm going to take you back with me."
"Get me a job as—what do you call 'em?
biscuit-shooter at the camp?" she inquired

He sat down suddenly beside her, and it sapped pretty near all the courage away from her to feel that he was trembling

uncontrollably.
"I know how you feel about me," he said, taking pains with every word, "how you must feel about anybody—any—rube like me after the people you're used to; but that doesn't matter a bit, because I'm not asking for a thing—just that you come up with mother as her—guest, and get well and strong again, so that you can come back here to your work and your-success,

and all that means such a lot to you here.

"It's spring out there now and I know
we can make you comfortable. You can
be outdoors all day. In a few weeks you'll
be strong enough to ride. In six months
you'll be well again and we'll shake hands

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and say good-by—and you'll come back here. It'll all be understood from the start. I'm not asking a thing. Can't you do it

that way?"

"Not in a thousand years!" said Hazel. "I may not be much good but I'm not that kind of grafter." He sprang up at that and echoed the word grafter indignantly. "Well," she persisted, "isn't that what it comes to? Taking your charity——" He fairly dashed that word back in her

"Charity!" he said. "When all I want in the world is just to take care of you and

see that nothing gets a chance to hurt you and see that nothing gets a chance to hurt you again or frighten you!"

With that she sprang her trap.

"And you'd have me take all that," she interrupted, "everything you've got to give a woman, use it to get well on, and then hand you out a happy ta-ta and come back to work?"

He stared at her incredulously.

He stared at her incredulously.

"You know"—he said after a silence,
and hardly able to command his voice at
all—"You know what it is I want."

Her green eyes met his with their oldtime

straight stare.
"What is it that you want?" she de-

manded.

manded.

"I want you to marry me!" Under her stare a deep burning blush came up into his face. "You—you didn't think——"

"Oh," she said, "you make me laugh!"
The very last ounce of her control and resolution had gone into the contemptuous inflection of those words however. She could not help what happened afterward.

"I'm not making you laugh," he said quite simply. "I'm making you cry."
And with that observation he sat down beside her again and caught both her hands in his—and pretty nearly crushed them, he

beside her again and caught both her hands in his—and pretty nearly crushed them, he held them so tight. She turned her face away with a shudder.

"You couldn't marry me!" she said.

"I'm not what you thought I was that first night you saw me with the make-up on; but I'm more, a lot more like that than I am like the little innocent who didn't know what the things meant she said. what the things meant she said on the stage. Do you suppose a girl could live the life we do and not know? No—let go of me and listen! Let me tell you just a few

things."
"Not now—nor ever!" he said. "There's
"not now—nor ever!" he said. "There's just one thing you can tell me that'll get you rid of me for good in a minute. If you don't tell me that I shan't want to hear anything else."

She went almost as white as when she fainted and she felt her lips stiffening, but

she managed the question.
"What is that thing?" she asked.
"That you don't love me!" he said. "That you don't like to have me near you! That it hurts you to have me hold you like this! That you're happier when I'm away from you than when I'm with you! Can you tell me that?"

But Hazel could not. Presently, though, when he gave her another chance to speak,

when he gave her another chance to speak, she ventured a last protest.

"It's a rotten trick to play on—on your mother," she said.

"Letting me marry you?" he asked; and then he grinned. "I told her I meant to do it—that very first morning after you went downtown. She's been keeping me from setting discouraged ever since."

getting discouraged ever since."

"Can you beat that?" said Hazel; and she lay there in his arms so quietly and so long that he began to wonder what she was

thinking about.

"I've known some pretty good sports in my day," she said at last; "but, you can take it from me, the best sport I know who's got all the rest of them faded to a fare-you-well—is old Keziah!"

(THE END)

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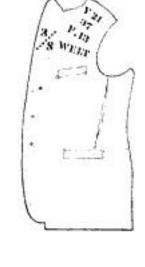
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#### *A KING AMONG KING*S

(Continued from Page 9)

when John Hogaboom got him. Johnny had always been averse to changes. As he hitched these bony veterans to the plow he suffered another attack of that irritating dizziness and leaned for a moment against the side of the old white mare. He shivered when the spell had passed, and blamed it all on the chilly air, for the tule mists still

clung to the ground.

With an effort at cheerful shouting he guided the horses to the spreading live-oak, where the furrows were always started on the Waterloo Ranch. Once he had made this rather a ceremony, but now it was an empty form. The horses were stiff and awkward in the chill air. Old Dolly was not responding to his call, though the Colt betrayed a sort of willingness to begin the

betrayed a sort of willingness to begin the year's work.

"Now then, old girl!" urged Johnny as he set the point of his plow. "Come on there, children! Off you go! Hay-yup!"

The Colt shambled and forged a step ahead; but Dolly strained at the traces, fell back, strained gallantly again, then stumbled weakly and went down in her tracks. Johnny was quickly at her side. The old mare tried feebly to lift her head and nawed the earth bravely with a foreand pawed the earth bravely with a fore-foot. Johnny knelt beside her and lifted

her head.
"What is it, old girl? Tell me what's the matter!" he called gently.

Dolly seemed to make the effort; but after a few seconds her owner rose to his feet and shook trembling fists at the empty

sky.

The mare was dead. A long moment the old man surveyed her. Then he mumbled old man surveyed her, bis luck, endearincoherently—curses for his luck, endear-ments for the horse.

He went back a step and looked away, idly studying the defaced gray front of the ranch house. A queer change marked his face; the iron of his resolution had strangely gone; every trace of expression but that of senile despair had been erased. Then he tried to raise his hands in what should have been a gesture of defiance; but queerly enough only the left hand came up. His right arm hung nerveless, immovable. In a dull stupor of alarm he glared down at

the inert member.

He strained to lift it, but it seemed to be no longer his own arm.

Panting now, he strained again, his fright-tortured face purpling with the effort. A moment he towered thus, then he swayed, stumbled, and went flabbily down beside the fallen mare. The Colt looked down on him with dumb surprise, but did not move.

Feebly he writhed there, trying to rise; but he was again in the swirl of that terrifying divisions.

out ne was again in the swirl of that terri-fying dizziness.

"I got a stroke!" he mumbled. "Of all the rotten luck! Three dry years, the mare dead, and me knocked out just at plowing-time. Oh, this is bad for the Waterloo Ranch!"

"O sole mio!" warbled a voice in the

distance.

The old man shuddered. It was his fate—that song; but he was too weak now for resentment. He closed his eyes and suffered the vision that through all the years had greeted him in darkness and in quiet—a vision of the San Joaquin billowing to its last acre with ripe wheat. He wondered whether he were dying and hoped—if he must go—that this golden panorama would float before him to the last.

Tony Jusi, proprietor of ten small acres, looking curiously from his two-acre vine-yard over into the Waterloo place, noted an unwonted thing there. His song gurgled to a sudden break and, parting the barbed wire of the fence, he hurried to the scene of the catastrophe.

Old Johnny's head reclined against the shoulder of the dead mare. He eyed Tony resentfully—Tony, glowing, ruddy with health, smelling of all the fruits of earth, with a tang of sweat! Tony ran lively eyes over the scene — eyes that betrayed a

"Maybe you can help me to the house," grumbled old Johnny weakly. "I was taken with a spell and the mare's dead; but I'm going to get another horse and plow

to plant wheat. You understand?"
"Oh, sure, I understand," replied Tony with a humoring, placating briskness. "Sure! Sure, I understand. Now I tell you—I carry you this way." He drew one of the old man's arms round his neck. "Now you lift the other arm."

"I—I can't," muttered the old man, painfully ashamed of his weakness. "But I'm all right—I'll be all right in a minute— and I'll plant wheat—nothing but wheat! Mind that!

"Sure! Sure to Mike-you plant plenty wheat! Pretty soon you plant a lot of wheat; but now you come with me. I think that better." And he lifted old Johnny as he would have lifted a child.

Old Johnny scowled and tried to cover his embarrassment by pretending more pain than he felt. The fact that this par-ticular despised dago was playing him the Good Samaritan distressed him more than the loss of his mare and his curious seizure. On ten of the old Waterloo acres this singing nuisance grew twenty different crops almost simultaneously—he and his buxon wife and his seven children. To him the San Josquin, which had yielded the Water-San Joaquin, which had yielded the Waterloo only wheat in diminishing quantities,
had given the fullness of the earth. And he
was only a singing, macaroni-eating dago!
As Tony, with his burden, trudged
stoutly across the yard to the house old
Johnny mumbled his creed:
"But I'll plant wheat—nothing but
wheat!"
"Sure! You plant all the wheat you
want," agreed Tony soothingly as he laid
the champion of that cereal on a disordered

the champion of that cereal on a disordered hed. "Now I run get the old woman. No doctor, padrone! All doctors are fools and banditti. My brother Luigi he had one, looking so wise with es-spectacles! And he say: 'I can do nothing; he too damn sick!' So Luigi he die pretty soon — and that doctor bring a bill just the same. No doctor for you, padrone! What to hell-a

Tony had learned his English where he best could, but he seldom left one in doubt as to his meaning. Now he darted cheerily out and old Johnny could hear him warbling O sole mio! as he crossed the field; but the tone was subdued and sympathy-bearing. It died away and for as many as five min-utes old Johnny heard no singing. Then the gurgling tenor came again to him. It was rather welcome now. It reassured him with its vitality, its suggestion of warm, willing kindness.

Tony entered, followed by his sympa-thetic wife, several pounds more substan-tial than himself, and a small boy, dark of eye and restless with life. And the woman, of course, carried her customary baby in

her arms.
"Now I think you take rest," advised
Tony. "My old woman she gona make something to eat, and pretty quick I come eat too—because she is not at home to cook—if you please, padrone. And little Tony here, he help to amuse you, mebbe. And we be all O. K."

He finished with a profusion of graceful flourishes and was out of the house again, his nourisnes and was out of the house again, his inevitable song floating back. Old Johnny looked helplessly at the woman. "Sorry to put you to all this trouble, ma'am."

"No troub'," said Mrs. Tony, smiling broadly. "My man he like you very much. You sell him big, fine land. We all very nice."

A twinge of conscience was here added to old Johnny's other discomforts. He had known when he sold the bit of land that there was a bad gravelly place in it; but he had thought it good enough for a dago. And literally it had been.

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am."

I'm obliged to you, ma'am." And the woman, seeing he was ill at ease, withdrew to the kitchen when she had drawn off his heavy boots and pulled the worn quilts about him.

"Now I'm up against it good!" muttered old Johnny. "I had a stroke—that's what I had. Now what am I going to do?"

He sank bewildered into this abyss of frustration. There was nothing to do apparently—just lie there forever, a useless

hulk.

Then presently he was sensible of a new influx of life; it was stirring in his old body, calling him to fresh, new effort. It was some time before he actually connected this invigoration with the novel odors that issued from the kitchen. To a weakened man who had long done his own cooking, and done it miserably, they were highly exciting odors—a blended chorus of them: and, high above them all, was one predominating odor—one deliciously appetizing scent, sharp, pricking, provocative. To old Johnny it was sweeter than the first

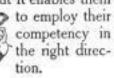


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breath of spring to a winter-starved poet. He knew now that he was hungry—that he had been hungry a long time. He sniffed again and again, as if he would draw to him the succulent body of that drifting soul. Even in the days of the best of Chinese cooks there had come no such moddening cooks there had come no such maddening scent from his kitchen. It engrossed him so that, for the time, he forgot the morning's tragedy. Surely that subtle emanation was from a magic herb plucked in some far-distract valles. distant valley!

After an age of impatient waiting he heard again the music-cue for Tony's en-trance. Somehow he had ceased to resent the song and he no longer loathed the singer. That aroma from the kitchen had filled him with curiosity, anticipation and vast friendliness. The Italian bent solicit-

vast friendliness. The Italian bent solicitously over the bed.

"How you feel now, padrone?" he asked.

"Hungry!" replied old Johnny, with
eager brevity. Tony beamed.

"That is mighty damn well!" he said.

"When a man can eat I think he is pretty
O. K. When he is hungry he is well. And
there is plenty. Oh, Maria! The padrone
will eat!"

Maria hustled from the bitches.

Maria bustled from the kitchen, a maddening increase of the odors in her wake, and placed a small table by the bed. Then she brought in steaming dishes. They did not contain ranch food. There was a bowl of savory soup; a plate of macaroni en-riched with tender fresh mushrooms; an immature fowl in a casserole, bathed in a thick brown sauce. There was the inviting

verdure of a salad and a pitcher of red wine.

"Everything she grow on my own place," said Tony, beaming with pride—"even the wine. And it is good wine. I make myself. Sure to Mike!"

Old Johnny lifted the bowl of soup to his lips and drank a hearty draft. There was the subtle taste of which he had been inhaling the scent for half an hour; the same taste was in the macaroni-it permeated the tender chicken, which Tony neatly cut for him—and he caught whiffs of it from the salad; but the wonderful substance itself eluded him. He puzzled over this as he ate greedily. It seemed to him that never, even in San Francisco, had he tasted such food.

"It puts new life in a man," said old Johnny graciously after his second glass of the mellow red wine. "If I was better fixed I wish your wife could cook for me a while."

Tony shrugged his volatile shoulders.
"I would also wish that, padrone—but too many bambini. And my big daughter, my Terecine, she go to school now to learn all education like the smarts.
"Already she make native English writ-

"Already she make native English writing and counting in strange ways with figures, and geography of the lands; and but yesterday she say she learned that the principal products of California are gold, wine and fruit."

"That ain't right—she didn't remember right," objected old Johnny, revived by the food to some faint heat of resentment. "The principal products of California are gold."

wheat, wine and wood."

"My Terecine say nothing of wheat that is taught her," insisted Tony; "and she is very smart for her little size—that teacher of the school she tell my old woman so." Old Johnny frowned and a twinge of pain

showed in his face. The sympathetic Tony caught the train of his thought. "I guess mebbe Terecine she forget about wheat," he conceded. "Sometimes she for-get a lot—you think she forget her own head! They say wheat and she lose it from the brains."

Old Johnny frowned again, however.

"I guess she remembered it right," he said dejectedly. "They've been telling me for thirty years the times have changed. Maybe they have, and maybe the school-books have changed too. I'm the only one planting wheat. The rest are all gone—all except Jim Pierson and me; and Jim, he went into the drygoods husiness and got went into the drygoods business and got rich again-only Jim never was a ranch man. Wheat kings they used to call us, and that's all I got out of wheat!"

Tony gave way to excitement—a voluble. friendly excitement.

"But, padrone, you have still the best land in this whole valley of the San Joaquin. O Dio mio! If I have him I be a regular O. K. rich—I leave so many million dollars for the bambini, and the bambini of them. Oh, sure to Mike!"

Old Johnny smiled wanly.
"And what would you plant now if you had the land?" he asked, but without





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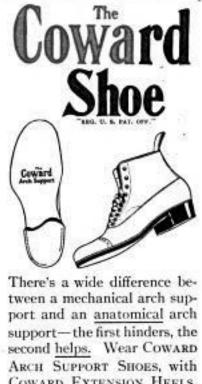
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Tony's animation enlarged. His facile arms waved to all points of the compass, "Here the almonds; here the peaches; there the vines; over there the onions; down here those other vege-tabbles; below there the alfalfa!" With rapid gestures and quicker words he summarized all the groups that could be grown in California. crops that could be grown in California. His eyes widened as the vision grew. "And

old Tony and very much old Maria—all happy! That is the best crop of all for nappy: I hat is the best crop of all for California, padrone—so much room and so good to be children here. It is heaven for the Italian—some day I think the Italian have it all, for he know how to grow little things in little gardens, that you Americans say: 'Oh, what to hell! Such too little garden for any use!' Pardon, padrone! I talk too damn much!"

Silently old Johnny motioned for his pipe. The Italian filled it with cheap tobacco, gave it to him and held the lighted match. Both were silent, each seeing his vision— Tony his future of plenty; old Johnny his

misty, dwindling past.

Over acres and miles of waving grain, now glistening green, now ripened gold, old Johnny looked with his closed eyes. League after league the wheat stretched, from the tules of the San Joaquin River to the Sierra foothills. He heard the rumbling of the harvesters and in the distance the faint whistle of a river steamer; but it must be that wheat had had its day! They must truly have been wise and right who told him that times had changed. Now Webber's Landing at the end of the Mormon Slough was a city of skyscrapers—

six stories high, some of them. A stone city hall of ambitious architecture had replaced the wooden courthouse, and in the court about it there were few hitching posts, for the clumsy ranch wagons had all but dis-appeared, giving way to the motor car and the auto truck.

And the town hall, where formerly Lotta had sung and danced—actress-idol of California's fifties—was now an imposing theater, gorgeous with plush and polished woods. The Chamber of Commerce building, also made of impressive stone, was reared on the very spot where Captain Webber had apportioned Johnny Hogaboom his share of the San Joaquin for the drudgery of wheat.

And Johnny, of all the landholders, had remained true to the purpose for which the conqueror of the valley had intended it.

Had he been true too long? Would he be

driven out?
"No; by the Eternal -

He strained valiantly to move the be-numbed arm. There he was—helpless! He who had turned the first furrow for the wheat of the San Joaquin would never guide another plow. Must he become the partner of an Italian truck farmer in his squalid old age—he who had been a wheat king? He thought intently during a long silence, the Italian watching him with an understanding

Suddenly old Johnny turned his head and sniffed. That baffling scent from the kitchen had again assailed his nostrils.

"Say, Tony," he began, "you told me you grew all the stuff you gave me to eat. There was one thing I never have eaten before—something I don't know—that stuff that smells so good. It makes me hungry that smells so good. It makes me hungry again.'

Tony was puzzled. He reflected.
"The padrone would mean those little
mushrooms?"

"No, not the mushrooms—I know them well enough. It was something everything smelled of—soup and salad and chicken." Tony brightened.

"Ah, the padrone will mean the garlic— our garlic from the little garden."
"Was that stuff garlic? I always thought garlic wasn't good for any one but"—dagos he had been going to say. "I always thought it wasn't so good as that," he ended lamely.

"Certain thing it's good for all of us!" said Tony blithely. "Surest thing of whatever you know! Maria she put just a little bit in everything—not too much, but thy like the most tiny. It is a great help. See! I have one piece here. He drew a cluster of the second state of the second seco of the pungent vegetable from a pocket of his overalls. Old Johnny fingered it

respectfully.

"So that's it, is it? Well, now, you can grow that stuff here, can't you?"

"Sure! On your life!" assented Tony.

"Sure! Dio mio!—yes!"

"All you want—Dio mio!—yes!"

"Would it grow all over my place?"

feverishly demanded old Johnny.

Tony gasped. The sudden vision of a
hundred acres all in garlic was awe-inspiring

hundred acres all in garlic was awe-inspiring even to him.

"Padrone," he answered in slow, hushed tones, "you could grow here enough for many big cities."

Old Johnny clenched his unimpaired fist and banged it vigorously on the table.

"Then my mind's made up," he declared, the fire returning to his old eyes. "Not another grain of wheat will I plant! From now on I'm planting garlic and you're going to be my full partner, do you understand that?"

"But, padrone," pleaded Tony, "such vines; such peaches; such melons —"

"Not another word!" shouted old Johnny.
"I've always been a one-crop man. When

"I've always been a one-crop man. When I go for anything I go for it with both barrels. Garlic and nothing else! I'll show them I can be a king of something!"

"Dio mio!" whispered Tony with all reverence. "One hundred acres!"

Two years later John Hogaboom, one-time wheat king of the San Joaquin Valley, beamed over this paragraph in the Stockton

Gazette:

"John Hogaboom, Garlic King of the San Joaquin, leaves for San Francisco today for a conference with Peter Lucchetti, the Cabbage Baron. Mr. Antone Jusi, Mr. Hogaboom's partner, will look after his interests while he is absent. Mr. Hogaboom was formerly one of the wheat kings of the San Joaquin and is still in rugged health for his years."

#### The New Route

Oh, we have known the gales that blow About the Polar Sea, And battled racing tides that flow And combers rolling free. We're fought the winds that roar so raw We'll round the Horn no more!

We'll round the Horn no more!

We'll round the Horn no more! And bones of good men shall not bleach Upon that cruel shore.

The storms came shricking from the Pole, The ice floes clogged our course, And on our beam-ends we would roll Beneath the tempest's force. That was a voyage meant for Men—
Stout-hearted men of yore;
But we'll not brave that course again—
We'll round the Horn no more!

Past Colon town we shape our course. We'll round the Horn no more!

No more! We'll round the Horn no more, But loiter through the calm Canal That cuts from shore to shore, And rob the breakers of their prey.

We'll round the Horn no more!

Oh, you who follow after us Shall take the better way, Nor try the passage perilous We sentured in our day. Yet we are glad that we have known
The perils that we bore,
And thank our stars that day has flown—
We'll round the Horn no more!
No more!

We'll round the Horn no more, nd bones of good men shall not Upon that iron shore; For now we go by Panama.

We'll round the Horn no more! -Berton Braley.







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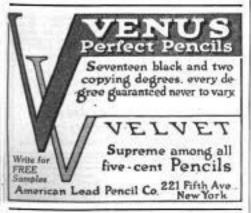
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#### THE FIRST YEAR

(Continued from Page 4)

Court in the oil and tobacco cases has made it impossible for the honest business man to know what is permitted and what is for-bidden. The reasonableness of the restraint of trade attempted has been made a matter of individual opinion, and until the highest judge has made his last guess the citizen is in a state of uncertainty. A clear and ex-plicit definition of the things prohibited is therefore necessary for the protection of the innocent and for the punishment of the guilty.

The establishment of an Interstate Trade Commission is the fourth remedy recom-mended. It will be the business of this commission to gather information for the Government, to impart information to the industrial world, and to prescribe the details of regulations that cannot be embodied in statutes. The growth of the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission suggests the possibilities that open before a trade commission that shall have for its object the establishment of equitable relations between corporate producers and the producing public, as the Interstate Commerce Commission endeavors to establish equitable relations between railroads and their

Fifth, the President recommends that in case of violation of the anti-trust law the punishment shall be visited upon the guilty individuals rather than upon the corporation. This has two advantages. In the first place, the stockholder does not consciously participate in the act complained of, and therefore does not stand in the same attitude toward the law as the managing director or official who deliberately violates the law. In the second place, a fine imposed upon a corporation carries no disgrace with it, whereas individual punishment does. This distinction alone is sufficient to account for the indifference now felt toward the anti-trust law by those who manage our great corporations. An ounce of imprisonment inflicted upon an individual is worth more than a pound of fines collected from corporations.

#### Latin-American Policies

These are the principal proposals made by the President for the elimination of the principle of private monopoly. How far he will succeed in securing the necessary legis-lation to carry out these principles remains to be seen, but his success thus far encour-ages us to believe that he will have the sup-

port of Congress in the enactment of all the remedial measures he has outlined. The foregoing enumeration of work ac-complished and tasks begun would seem like an abundant record for a single year. But the story is not yet finished. The Presi-dent has asked for legislation enabling the farmer to utilize his credits to a greater ex-tent than he has been able to heretofore, and a measure is being prepared embodying this relief. Congress has authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska for the development of that territory, and a plan has already been prepared for the regulation of the use of water power.

And then to make sure that the Government, once freed from the control of favor-seeking corporations, shall not again become their spoil and prey, the President has recommended the enactment of a law that will provide for the nomination of presi-dential candidates at party primaries. A number of interesting questions have been raised in the consideration of this subject, but where there is an evil to be remedied and a genuine desire to remedy it, differences

can always be harmonized.

While the President has been busy with domestic questions he has been developing a foreign policy that has so far won the ap-proval of the country. In Latin America his aim has been to encourage, as far as this nation can do so, the establishment and maintenance of constitutional government. One of his first official utterances was directed against revolutions through which ambitious men seek to seize and use the government for the advancement of per-

sonal ambition or interest. He said:
"We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government every-where hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public con-science and approval. We shall look to make these principles the basis of mutual

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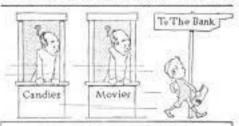
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intercourse, respect and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves.
We shall lend our influence of every kind
to the realization of these principles in fact
and practice, knowing that disorder, personal intrigues and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government, and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed. We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such cir-cumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provision. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship between states, as between individuals. 
President Wilson has aided legitimate enterprises, and has sought to assure our investors a welcome in Central and South

America, by compelling an adherence to the highest business ideals. In refusing to indorse the so-called Chinese loan, he announced his opposition to methods that involve the principles either of monopoly or of interference with the rights of the country whose development is being undertaken. In the Japanese question, which arose out of the anti-alien land laws of California, he has endeavored to secure equitable treatment for the Japanese and to prevent any discrimination based upon

race or nationality.

#### Provisions of the Peace Plan

The Peace Plan, which by authority of the President was offered to all the world, has made extraordinary headway. In less than a year the principle embodied in the plan has received indorsement from thirtyplan has received indorsement from thirtyone nations, representing more than threefourths of the population of the globe.
Treaties have been concluded with thirteen,
and agreement is near with several other
nations. The plan provides for an investigation in all cases of international differences without any exception whatever,
each nation reserving the right to act independently after the investigation. The
advantages of the plan are threefold.

advantages of the plan are threefold: First, time will be allowed for investigation—the time agreed upon in the treaties already made is one year—and time itself is an important element in diplomacy. The war spirit is the spirit of anger and of passion. When men are angry they talk about what they can do; when they are calm they talk about what they ought to do. With nations, as with individuals, an interim between the offense and the time for retaliation is quite sure to result in an adjustment. tion is quite sure to result in an adjustment of differences. It would be well-nigh im-possible to declare war after twelve months' reflection.

Second, the period of investigation gives an opportunity for the separation of ques-tions of fact from questions of honor, and when the separation is made it is usually found that the facts can be reconciled and explanations exchanged in case an offense against honor has really been committed.

Third, efforts to promote peace have an educational value. They cultivate the spirit of peace, which, after all, is the con-trolling force. Men used to regard war as a necessity and to think in terms of blood; now they regard war as unnecessary and seek the means by which it can be prevented. As education increases men are able to take a more intelligent view of the subject, and intelligence is a champion of peace. An awakening conscience pleads even more strongly against force as a means of deter-mining issues. Right is becoming more powerful and mere might less respected.

The spread of the democratic idea of government is also contributing the weight of its influence toward the cultivation of a public opinion favorable to peaceful methods. The masses bear the burdens of war, while a few win its glories and prosper through the expenditures that it compels. All the great forces of society are at work on the side of peace, and the President not only is in sympathy with them, but gives to them

enthusiastic support.

Thus endeth the first year of the administration of Woodrow Wilson. If we can judge the remainder of his administration by that which has already become history, it will be marked by a large contribution to the public welfare, a contribution that will

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## Credit Paper

WE MAY speak truthfully of the strength of paper; yet how like a paradox it sounds! From childhood we have been accustomed to take frequent liberties with the filmsy material, to fold and rend it according to our lightest whim, and now to speak of it as strong! But strong it is, and the business world of America is bound into a cohesive whole by the fibres of millions of notes, checks and drafts, which pledge the honor and credit of its citizens.

of its citizens.

In this paragraph we shall attempt to define three kinds of commercial paper—bills of exchange, promissory notes and bank checks—that are all business contracts. They are contracts, however, as to which business convenience decrees that the form shall be just as important as the substance. If I am hiring Regan, the contractor, to build my house and we fall out over our agreement, the court will consider every possible point connected with the transaction, in order to determine what our mutual intentions really were. But if I employ Regan to do the work and give him a promissory note in payment of his services, our rights, so far as that note is concerned, are largely determined by the exact form in which I issued it, taken in connection, of course, with the subsequent indorsements—that is, whatever written additions were afterward made to it in the course of business.

The vital feature of bills of exchange, or drafts as they are generally called, promissory notes and bank checks is their negotiability. That is to say, they are a special class of contracts, which are so framed and so favored by the law that, if certain rules are adhered to, they can be passed from man to man quite as freely and far more conveniently than actual cash.

An ordinary contract may be assigned or

An ordinary contract may be assigned or transferred from one to another. Thus, if I have agreed to furnish a large factory with knitting machines I may assign my right to be paid for doing so to Bogardus for a valuable consideration. Suppose, though, that I misrepresented some important feature of my knitting machines to the Success Textile Company, which ordered them, and after I have transferred my rights in the contract to Bogardus they find it out. Under such circumstances the Textile Company can employ the defense of misrepresentation against Bogardus just as readily as they could against me, for he has simply stepped into my shoes and is in no better position than I would be had I remained a party to the contract.

Now this is just where drafts, notes and bills, or, as they are often called collectively, negotiable instruments or commercial paper, differ radically from other contracts. While still in the hands of the original parties who gave them birth, they are subject to any defenses which one may have against the other, so that, if Curzon gives a promissory note for one hundred dollars, due in sixty days, to Plaisted, and then finds that through mutual dealings Plaisted really owes him five hundred dollars, he may, at the end of the sixty days, refuse to pay Plaisted the note and demand instead four hundred dollars from him. Suppose, however, that Plaisted has, meanwhile, sold the note to Rangely, who knows nothing of his debt to Curzon, can Curzon still set off Plaisted's debt and refuse to pay Rangely the note? Undoubtedly he cannot do so.

Such a case illustrates the distinguishing characteristic of commercial paper. Like a bird which has flown from the parent nest it is freed from any defenses which the original parties to it may have, just as soon as it has been purchased, in good faith and for a valuable consideration, by some third person. In every other form of contract the rule is otherwise: land bears its burdens from owner to owner, the assigned mortgage conveys no better title to the purchaser than the assignor had to give; but for the purely practical reason that, in trade, there must be some convenient representative of specie, which may pass from hand to hand as readily as actual coin, a general agreement and strength of custom among merchants bred the three forms of credit paper: the bill of exchange, the promissory note and the bank check, all of which travel, in the words of a great jurist, as couriers without luggage, and to all of which an innocent purchaser, for value, gets an absolutely clear title.





| Corgin State Savings Association, 175 Yerk St., Sarsand, Ga.



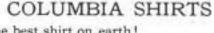
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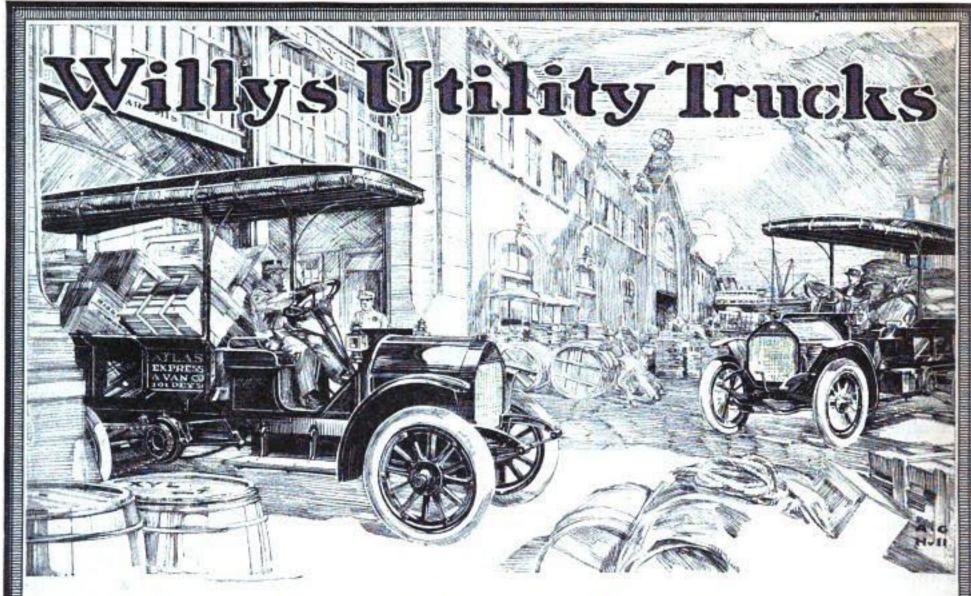
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Longwell's Transfer Company of El Paso, Texas, states:

Two Willys - Utility Trucks are doing the work formerly per-formed by twelve horses, and they are covering from thirty to sixty miles a day. I am amazed at the low cost of upkeep, and before long expect to have five Utility trucks in service.

Jacob Piper, (Grocery and Meat Business) of Lima, Ohio,

The Willys-Utility Truck has proven a profitable investment in every sense of the word. Busi-ness has increased during this lime 25% owing principally to the extended delivery radius and the prompt service our old and new customers now enjoy.

Our truck makes from five to six trips a day, averaging 200 stops, the total daily mileage be-ing from 45 to 50 milea.

The Cleveland News of Cleveland, Ohio, states:

The Willya-Utility Truck makes a run every morning to Akroti loaded with from twelve to seventeen hundred pounds of Cleveland Leaders and returns empty. This is a round trip of eighty miles, ten miles of which are over very bed roads. Besides this the truck makes a run in the city of Cleveland, in the afternoon on our baschall edition, which I should say was in the neighborhood of twenty-five miles. The Willys - Utility Truck

John F. Harting of Webster, N. Y., states:

N. Y., states:

Yours of the twenty-fourth in-stant, requesting me to write you as to whether the Willys Uniting Tracks purchased of you prosed good and all about it, at hand.

I can say that I am well pleased to lar, having run the car about five months without herdly any trouble, and no great expense ex-cept the price of lubricant and the grandine, making as high as four trips to Rochester daily, a distance of about elevers miles, and it has never reduced to go in cold as marm weather.

I have had no ponctures in fract

I have had no gonetures in frost tires so far.

It is a mensy maker for me as a trucker, and can do double the business that can be done with form of horses with a great deal more doublost.

Theo. Becker of Geneseo. III., states:

Illes, netter in Grinesco, Illes states:

Replying to your favor of the twenty-first inst.—We beg to say that we are thoroughly satisfied with our Willys-Utility Truck. It has helped us expedite our bounces materially, as we are doing heating and plumbing in twenty-three small towns adjacent to Genesico. Before having the truck we see obliged to here teamsters to do see hauling, and in most theistone if would take a man and a learn an entire day to make one true. Since having the truck we are making three rings a day seer the same ground in the same length at time that it coquired a reanned steam of the same length at time that it coquired a reanned steam of the truck we are making three rings and learn incomely road as \$1.50 per title tagether with the expenses for house lend and board, making each true set mine dellars. The track is now making there there tups a day as \$27.00 per force dellars.

VERY one is daily confronted with any number of commercial obstad cles, snarls or questions that are difficult to overcome, smooth or straighten out. It is either "how" can we cut selling expenses—or "how" is Jones doing—or "how" is so and so's credit—or "how" were yesterday's orders, and so on until it just seems as though business is one continual "how" after another. Yet all these are secondary to the biggest and most burning "how" of all, namely—"how can we get more business?"

Broadly speaking the only way you can get more business is to utilize your working time to better advantage.

You cannot lengthen your days. But you can accomplish more work in the same time by adopting modern methods. Modernize your business, and your bank balance has got to increase in proportion. It never fails.

Willys-Utility Trucks conserve time. If you haul things, no matter what, they make it possible for you to do in 15 minutes, work that heretofore took 60 minutes. They permit two men to do the work of six. They make forty deliveries where horses make but fourteen-and often less. They make it possible for you to reach out for new and undeveloped business because they give you and yours the time and the means to do it with. They create new business-increase old business and get more business.

Read the letters on this page. These concerns thought, as you probably do, that they could not use these trucks to advantage. But please note what they say. And we have letters from merchants in every line of business.

In face of these logical facts - what easier way can you see to make more money?

Willys-Utility Trucks are helping merchants all over the world to develop new business.

They are cutting down expenses and increasing the volume of business.

They can do the same for you.

And we can give you all the bona-fide evidence you want from merchants right in your line of business.

Also remember the Willys-Utility Truck costs 30% less than any other similar truck made.

Our representative will be glad to call and go into all details, plans, specifications, prices, costs, etc. He will call whenever you say. Literature and special body book on request.

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30 horsepower motor 120-inch, wheelbase Looding space 48 x 96 inches Front tires 34 x 41/2 inches, pneumatic Rear tires 36 x 3½ inches, solid

Price Includes Chassis and Driver's Seat Three-Quarter Ton Body as shown \$150 extra, f. o. b. factory

Double expanding and contract-ing brakes Complete equipment

# THE LAME DUCK

#### Views of an Immocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Were you a truckler or an antitruckler? Did it outrage your sense of political honor to violate a section of the Baltimore platform, or didn't you give a hoot?

I ask you these questions because by the time you read this you will have had an opportunity to look over recent proceedings in the once perturbed but now placid cap-ital of the nation; because you will have viewed those eruptions and disruptions in the cold gray dawns of several mornings after. How about it, now that the tumult and the shouting have died, as R. Kipling was wont to inquire? Is all lost, including American supremacy on this continent?

And don't you think the reverse-English forensic honors, and all of them, may justly be handed to Champ Clark for his unrivaled performance of increasing a favorable vote of thirty to a favorable vote of eighty-six by the simple expedient of opposing such

iavorable action? You see, Jim, we go along stodgily for a time, and then it becomes absolutely necessary to put on a show. Talk about your tired business man who needs musical comedy to make him forget!—or make him remember, as it may happen. The tired business man isn't a marker in general lassitude and weariness to the tired congressman. He gets so tired his bones ache and his head aches, which, of course, is the same thing; and he howls for relaxation. So we take a rice little tearest stirm a temporal take a nice little teapot, stir up a tempest in it, keep stirring until the stirrers fall ex-

hausted, and then go on about our business of passing supply bills. Congress is a good deal like a periodical drinker—it has to have a spree once in a while. We've just had one, and the number of burning brows and furred tongues that are being endured as I write this passes belief. We had our spree, all right; but, wow!

how tough we felt the next day.

#### Blood on the Face of the Moon

While a combat like this one over the repeal of the free-tolls provision is going on it is all tragedy. There isn't a gleam of light athwart the murky skies. The newspaper boys go to it; and wreck of party, severing of lifelong alliances, disaster to the majority, closing of the career of the President, complicated political plots, surrender to England, sacrifice of our national honor, wounds that cannot be healed and breaches that cannot be repaired, are scattered profusely through the dispatches. The people read with amazement and shudder while they read about this frightful interparty strife. The dome of the Capitol rocks. The earth shakes beneath the tread of the opposing warriors. There is blood by the bucketful

on the face of the moon!

They clash. The cheers of the victors mingle with the groans of the vanquished. Then everybody takes a bromide and comedy comes romping in. What was it all about? Well, sure enough, what was it all about?

Listen, Jim, and I'll tell you. It was all about one Woodrow Wilson, who happens at the present time to be the President of the United States; and though I confess that a certain amount of serious consideration should be given to episodes which, as the veracious chroniclers say, "have not been equaled since the stirring days of the Civil War," I call your attention to the fact that most of the chroniclers and many of the chronicled had not been born at the time of the Civil War; and a lot of them got into the game considerably after the Spanish

Our legislative history is speckled with episodes that, at the time, were said to resemble in intensity those of the Civil War; but nothing happened, Jim, and nothing vill happen in the present instance save the coluntary and personal marking down to argain-sale prices of a number of so-called

It was all about Mr. Wilson. You see, hat able and alert President of ours, realizand that he must run his party if the party was not to stand still, early began running t. When Mr. Wilson, so remarkable is his fixity of purpose and his tenacity of mind,

begins running anything, party or what not, he invariably runs that thing. Having de-termined that it was his duty in the premises to bring about certain legislative processes, he began to bring those legislative processes about. He found himself in conjunction with a House of Representatives that was largely Democratic and largely inexperienced. He concluded that this Democratic House of Representatives should be amenable to reason, and he reasoned with it.

reason, and he reasoned with it.

However, he did not put all his faith in reason. If so be a club, say, or an ax, or any other impelling power of similar nature, was needed, he used it. In short, he ran his party and his party's Congress. He secured in ten months three big pieces of constructive legislation. He started several more, which in due time he will also secure. which in due time he will also secure.

Naturally there was resentment—not so much as you might think, but some. Inas-much as it seemed to the resenters that Mr. Wilson intended to keep on in charge of the control, of the gears and of everything else, they determined to put one over on him just to show him that, though he may be an excellent chauffeur, he isn't the owner

#### Wailing Over the Platform

Circumstances were fortuitous, as circumstances sometimes are. Somebody—identity not yet disclosed—came along and told Mr. Wilson that it was a violation of treaty rights and a deep dent in national honor to allow the free-tolls provision to stand as law. Just who that somebody was is an interesting problem. There are rumors that it might have been Ambassador Page, and those rumors may be true.

Mr. Wilson, having his attention called

to this alleged violation of a treaty, insisted that the free-tolls provision should be re-pealed. Whereupon the opposition con-centrated and decided that this was the time to show him he was not the entire works. It was a fine oratorical opportunity. works. It was a fine oratorical opportunity. There were reams of newspaper copy—of advertising—in it. National pride, aggression by England, truckling to foreign Powers, sacrifice of the Monroe Doctrine, we-built-the-canal-and-it's-ours, spirit of '76, and many other good talking and publicity elements, were there.

Furthermore, the Democratic platform, adopted at Baltimore, had a plank favoring free tells for American coastwise ships.

free tolls for American coastwise ships. Mr. Wilson was elected on that platform. How could be desert the platform-that sacrosanct compendium of Democratic principles-to abandon a single phrase of which were political treachery of deepest dye? They grabbed the platform. They wailed about it. They held up their hands in horror over its sacrifice. Treason? Why, Jim, to hear them talk, it was more than treason-it was assassination, foul murder, a crime unparalleled in atrocity. Would the President be privy to such an odious pro-ceeding? they asked in shocked surprise. He would, he told them. Also he told them briefly but with sufficient emphasis to pass

the repeal measure at once.

Well, that started it. All the anti-Wilson forces concentrated—and some not partic-ularly anti-Wilson, but with leanings. As an opposition feature it had great possi-bilities. There was a chance for an appeal to party loyalty and party sincerity by holding up the platform declaration. There was a chance to appeal to patriotism by calling the proceeding truckling to Eng-land. There was a chance to go deeper than that and use the argument of owner-ship of the canal and payment therefor, and to exploit the outrage on the American genius that built it, only to turn it over to England! As a spellbinding, oratorical proposition it was a wonder.

Every tragic performance has its comic relief, and the comic relief in this was the wailing and caterwauling about the viola-tion of the Baltimore platform. That, it seemed, was the crime of the ages. After it was all over I fancy most of the men who put such stress on the platform went and had laughs by themselves.

Well, they joined hands and decided they could whip the President. The move-ment seemed formidable, for Champ Clark, the Speaker, was in it; and Oscar Underwood,



finely made with reinforced seams and lock-stitch eyelets that only a scissors will open. Besides.



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#### THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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the leader of the Democrats in the House and Claude Kitchin, who is to be leader if Underwood gets to the Senate; and John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropria-tions Committee; and Frank Doremus, the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. They were all there, lined up vociferously against Wilson. Like-wise they had active and able newspaper

The Wilson plan was to pass the bill as soon as possible, for none knows better than the President that delays are dangerous, and that the proper time to strike is when the leaders are hot, and while the rank and file are still cold to outside influences. A rule was brought in, limiting debate on the repeal measure to twenty hours, and forbidding amendment—as neat a bit of cloture as Uncle Joe Cannon ever perpe-

trated; an artistic gag.

In reality it didn't make any difference whether the debate was to run for twenty hours or twenty minutes. The status of the case was determined before the rule was brought in. The Wilson people were possessed of two chunks of information: The first was that the recent bill was stronger. first was that the repeal bill was stronger than the rule; and the second was that the

rule was strong enough to get by. The yammering and yowling on the floor made no difference. It never does.

I have seen numerous similar forays against presidents in my time, and cannot remember many that won. The situation is this: The President of the United States gets what he wants. Otherwise the memis this: The President of the United States gets what he wants. Otherwise the members of his party in Congress do not get what they want. And as our statesmen are chiefly concerned in perpetuating themselves they ordinarily fall in with what a president desires. The little ethical question of violating a platform cuts no figure with them beside the greater question of standing well at the White House, in order to help themselves to remain in a position where themselves to remain in a position where they can have any standing at all thereat.

#### The President Stronger Than Ever

They passed the rule, despite the opposi-tion of Clark and Underwood, and Kitchin and Fitzgerald, and Doremus and Mann and Murdock. They limited debate to twenty hours; but that was purely per-functory. As soon as the rule was passed the fight was over; for after it was made certain that the repeal measure would be put before the House, as it was by a majority of thirty, there was nothing more to fear. If they couldn't beat a gag rule they couldn't beat anything. The rest of it was entirely theatrical. It was a show.

The calm, benignant, but somewhat in-sistent spirit of Woodrow Wilson was brooding over it all, and as a brooder in such circumstances Mr. Wilson challenges the admiration of the world.

It wasn't a question of betraying the party or violating a pledge or truckling to England, or anything else of that nature, with most of those Democrats. It was the purely personal question of standing by a Democratic President who had proved him-self greater than his party, and expecting that he, in return, would stand by them. That was all there was to it! With the That was all there was to it! With the heroics and the flubdub and the grand-standing and the humbug cut out of it, the questions of platform, or England, or right or wrong of tolls, had no more to do with the result than the question of rainfall in the Sahara.

Mr. Wilson, convinced he was in the right, demanded the repeal. He is President of the United States. Also, he is a Democratic President of the United States. Wherefore, out of a total of two hundred and ninety Democrats, only fifty-two voted with the leaders and against the President.

The percentage in our politics, my dear Jim, is always with the White House. So that is all there was to it. The defeat of the leaders merely emphasized the strength

of the President.

There is no cloture in the Senate. The deliberate gentlemen will growl and groan over the repeal for many weary days; but when the test comes, Jim, the chances are strongly in favor of a similar performance over there—the chances, Jim, are that the President will win after the dignified but highly oratorical senators have exuded hot air for a few days; for the Democrats have a majority in the Senate and will have some Republican help. And, as I have remarked, in cases of this kind, even as influencing the ungaggable Senate, the percentage is always with the house—that is, the White House. Yours, perfectly calm,



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Number 44

# CHEAP AT A MILLION

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

OM MERRIWETHER, only son and heir of E. H. Merriwether, finished the grapefruit and took up the last of that morning's mail. He had acquired the feminine habit

of reading letters at the table from his father, who had the wasteful American vice of timesaving.

He read the card, frowned, glanced at his father and seemed to be on the point of speaking; but he changed his mind. isughed and tore the card into bits.

The day was Monday, and this was what the card

If Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether will go to 777 Blank Avenue any forenoon this week and answer just one little question about his past life he will hear something to his advantage.

Idle men who live in New York are always busy. Tom had many things to think about; but all of them were about the present or the future. His past caused him neither uneasiness nor remorse. On the following Monday Mr. Merriwether received, among other invitations, this:

If Tom Merriwether will call at 777 Blank Avenue any forenoon this week and answer one ques-tion he will do that which is both kindly-and wise!

It was in the same handwriting, on the same

kind of card and in the same kind of ink as the first. Now Tom had the Merriwether imagination. His father exercised it in building railroads into waterless deserts whereon he clearly saw a myriad men labor, love and multiply, thereby insuring freight and passengers to the same railroads. The son had to invent his romances in New York.

Ordinarily the second invitation would have given him something to busy himself with; but it happened that he was at that moment planning to do a heart-breaking thing without breaking any heart. Billy Larremore, the veteran whose devotion to polo was responsible for so many of the team's victories in the past, was not aware that age had bidden him cease playing. It would break his loyal heart not to play in the forthcoming international match. Tom Merriwether had been delegated to break the news.

Thinking about it made him forget all about the letter until the following Monday, when he received the third invitation:

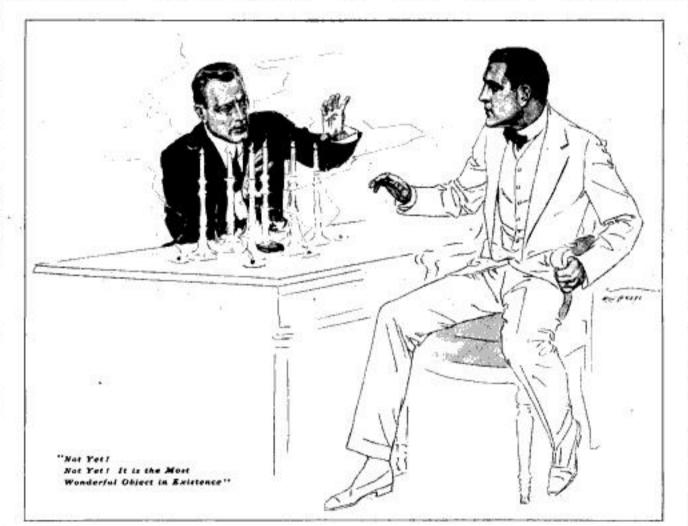
Merriwether:

Come to 777 Blank Avenue Tuesday morning at ten-thirty without fail and answer the question.

He crumpled the card and was about to throw it away when he changed his mindperhaps it would be wise to give it to a detective agency. But what could he say he feared? Then he decided it was probably a joke. Somebody wished to put him in the ridiculous position of ringing the bell of 777, showing the card-and being told to get out. It was to be regretted that this would seem funny to some of his perennially juvenile latimates at the Rivulet Club.

An hour later, as he waiked down the Avenue, he looked curiously at 777. It was one of those newcomer houses erected by speculative builders to sell furnished to out-of-town would-be climbers or to local stock-market bankers who, being Hebrews, were too sensible to wish to climb, but were not sensible enough not to wish to live on

Tom resolved to ask Raymond Silliman, who played at being in the real-estate business, to find out who lived at 777. Meantime he did a little shopping-wedding presents—and went to luncheon at his club. He had not quite finished his coffee when he was summoned to the telephone.



"Hello! Mr. Merriwether?" said a woman's voice-clear, sweet and vibrant, but unknown. "This is Miss Hervey-the nurse-Doctor Leighton's trained nurse. They asked me to tell you

about your father. Don't be alarmed!"

"Go on!" commanded young Merriwether sharply.

"It is nothing seriousreally! But if you could come home it probably - Yes, doctor! I am coming!" And the conversation ceased abruptly.

Tom instantly left the club. He took the solitary taxicab that stood in front of the club. He afterward recalled the fact that there was only one where usually there were half a dozen.

"Eight-sixty-nine Blank Avenue. Go up Madison to Sixtieth and then turn into the avenue. Hurry!"

"Very good, sir," said the chauffeur.

The taxicab dashed madly off, turned into Blank Avenue, and finally stopped-not before the Merriwether home but in front of Number 777. Before he could ask the chauffeur what he meant by it both doors of the cab opened at once and two men sandwiched between them Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether. The one on the west side threateningly held in his hand a businesslike javelin—not at all

the kind that silly people hang on the walls in their childish attempts at decorative barbarity. The man who half-entered the taxicab from the east or sidewalk side held in his left hand a goblet full of a colorless liquid that smoked, and in his right something

completely but loosely covered by a white linen handkerchief.
"Please listen, Mr. Merriwether!" said the man with the glass. "Do nothing! Don't even move! Hear me first."

"Is my father -

"I am glad to say he is well and happy, and working in his office downtown. The message that brought you here was a subterfuge. Your father is as usual. We arranged it so you had to take this particular taxicab. Don't stir, please!"
"What does all this mean?" asked Tom impatiently.

"I am about to have the honor of telling you," answered the man.

He had no hat and wore black garments. His clean-shaved face was pale—almost sallow—and young Merriwether noticed that his forebead was very high. His dark brown eyes were full of the earnestness of all zealots, which makes you dislike to enter into an argument-first, because of the futility of arguing with a zealot; and second, because said zealot probably knows a million times more about the subject than you and can out-argue you without trouble. So Tom simply listened with an alertness that would not overlook any chance to strike back.

"This glass contains fuming sulphuric acid. It will sear the face and destroy the eyesight with much rapidity and completeness. Also "-here he shook off the handkerchief from his right hand and showed a revolver-"this is the very latest in automatics; marvelously efficient; stop an elephant! I am about to solicit a great favor."

Tom Merriwether looked into the earnest, pleading eyes. Then he glanced on the other side, at the bull-necked husky with the businesslike spear. Then be turned to the

"I see I am in the hands of my friends!" said Tom pleasantly.

"The doctor was right," said the man with the glass, as if to himself.

"Come! Come!" said young Mr. Merriwether. "How much am I to give? You know, I never carry much cash with me."

"We, dear Mr. Merriwether," said the palefaced man in an amazingly deferential voice, "propose to be the donors. If you will kindly permit us weshall give you what is more costly than rubies."

"Yes?" Tom's voice was perhaps less skeptical than sarcastic.

"Yes, sir. Would you be kind enough to accept our invitation-the fourth, dear Mr. Merriwether-to join us at 777 Blank Avenue-right here, sir-and answer one question? Please listen carefully to what I am saying: You don't have to go. Moreover, if you should go you don't have to answer any question. We would not, for worlds, compel you. But, for your own sake; for the sake of your father's peace of mind and of the



He Could Descry the Staircase

Merriwether fortune; for the sake of your happiness in this world and in the next; for all that all the Merriwethers hold most dear-come with me and, if you are very wise, answer the question that will be asked you by the wisest man in all the world."

"He must be a regular Solomon --" began Tom; but the man held up the glass and went on, very earnestly:

'Listen, please! If you decide to accept our invitation to meet us in that house, and you will promise not to make an attempt on any one unless you consider that either your life or your honor is threatened, I shall spill this acid in the street and I shall give you this revolver. Also, I repeat, you do not have to answer the question! You will not be harmed or molested. I pledge you my word. Will you, in return, give me yours to follow me at once into 777, and that you will not shoot unless you sincerely think you are in danger?"

Tom Merriwether looked at the palefaced man a moment. He was willing to take his chances with that face. Also, he could not otherwise find the solution of this puzzling affair. Therefore he said:

"Yes. I give you my word."

Instantly the palefaced man with the high forehead laid the revolver on the seat beside young Mr. Merriwether

Tom saw him spill the furning acid into the gutter. The burly javelin-man took himself off. The temptation to use the butt of the revolver on the clerical-garbed man with the earnest eyes came to Tom, but he saw in a flash that if he should do such a thing he would be compelled in self-defense to tell a story utterly unbelievable.

Moreover, the palefaced man was a slender little chap of middle age and no match for big Tom Merriwether. So, assuring himself that the revolver was in truth loaded and that it worked, he put it in his pocket, kept his grasp on it there and got out of the taxicab. His one impelling motive now was curiosity. Afraid? With the pistol and his muscles and his youth, on Blank Avenue, at two-thirty in the afternoon?

The palefaced man, the empty glass in one hand, walked toward the door of 777 without so much as turning his Tom followed.

The door was opened by a man in livery who took Mr. Merriwether's hat and cane. Tom saw in the furnishings of the house-complete with that curious unhuman completeness of a modern hotel—the kind of furnishings that interior decorators usually sell to first-generation rich on their arrival at Blank Avenue residenceship. The furniture l ad every qualification possessed by furniture in order not home to live in. Wherefore Tom, wh always worked quickly, reasoned to himself:

"Rented for the occasion to the man who has made me come to him."

Also Tom noticed four men-servants, all of them well built and all of them owning faces that somehow were not servant faces. The revolver, which had seemed amply sufficient outside, seemed less so within the house. Supposing he killed one—or even two; the other two would down him in an affray. He tightened his grip on the revolver and planned and rehearsed a shooting affair in which four men in livery were disabled with four shots. A great pity E. H. Merriwether was such a very rich man- a great rity for his son Tom!

At a door, on the center panel of which was a monogram in black, red and gold, the last of the footmen knocked gently. The door was thereupon opened from within.

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, 7-7-77!" announced the intelligent-looking footman with a very pronounced English accent.

Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether entered. It was a nouveau-riche library. The Circassianwalnut bookcases and center table were overelaborately carved, and the hangings of rich red velvet were over-elaborately embroidered. The bronzes on the over-elaborate mantel looked as though they had been placed there by somebody who was coming back in a minute to take them away again.

Altogether the apartment suggested a salesroom, and there was a note of incongruity in a colden-oak filing cabinet such as one would find in a business office.

At one end of the room in an armchair, with his back to a terrible stained-glass window, sat a man of about forty. He had a calm, remarkably steady gaze, with a sort of leisureliness about it that made you think of a drawling voice. Also, an assurance—a self-consciousness of knowledge that was compelling. His chin was firm and there was a suggestion of power and of control over power that reminded Tom of a very competent engineer in charge of a fifty-thousand-horsepower machine.

"Kindly be seated, sir," said the man in a tone that subtly suggested weariness.

Tom sat down and looked curiously at the man, who went on:

"Sir, I have a question to ask you. If you see fit to answer, be good enough to answer it spontaneously and in good faith. Do not, I beg you, in turn, ask me questions-such as, for example, why I wish to know what I ask. If you decide not to answer you will leave this house unharmed, accompanied by our profound regret that you should be so unintelligent at your life's crisis." The man looked at Tom with a meditative expression, then nodded to himself almost sorrowfully.

Tom, though young, was a Merriwether. He said politely:

"Let me hear the question, sir."

He himself was thinking in questions: What can the question be? Who is this man? What is the game? What will be the end of it all?

"One question, sir," repeated the stranger.
"I am listening, sir," Tom assured him with a quiet but quite impressive earnestness.

"Where did you spend your vacation at the end of your Freshman year?'

Tom was so surprised, and in a delicate way even disappointed, that he hesitated. Then he answered:

"In Oleander Point, Long Island, in the cottage of Dr. Charles W. Bonner, who was tutoring me. I had a couple of conditions and I stayed until the third of September."

"Thank you! Thank you! That is all-unless, Mr. Merriwether, you wish to do me and yourself three very great favors. Three!"

He looked at Tom with a sort of intelligent curiosity, as of a chemist conducting an experiment.

"Let's hear what they are," said young Mr. Merriwether

It was at times like these that he showed whose son he was—alert, his imagination active, his nerves under control, and his courage steady and at par. He had, moreover, made up his mind that he would do some questioning later on.

"First favor: Concentrate your mind on how you used to spend your bright, sunshiny days in Oleander Point and your beautiful moonlight nights. Recall the pleasant

people you were friendly with during those happy weeks. Visualize that summer! Make an effort! Think!"

It was a command, and Tom Merriwether found himself thinking of that summer. He closed his eyes. His grip on the revolver in his pocket relaxed. . . . He aw his friends. Some had not seen in years. Others he saw almost daily. And somehow it seemed to him that all the girls were pretty and kindly; and in particular-well, there were in particular three. But the affairs had come to nothing and were almost forgotten.

He could not have told how long his reverie lasted—the mind traverses long stretches of time,

as of space, in seconds.
"Well?" said Tom at length.

"Thank you," said the man with the matter-of-fact gratitude a man feels toward a servant for some attention.

He took from his pocket a small black velvet bag, opened it and spread on the table before Tom Merriwether a dozen pearls, ranging in size from a pea to a filbert. They were all of a beautiful orient.

"I beg you to select one of these. You need not use it. You may give it to your valet if you wish, or throw it out of the window. Only accept it as a souvenir of our meeting. That, Mr. Merriwether, would be favor Number two."

He pointed toward the pearls. Tom picked one-pearshaped, white, beautiful - and put it in his waistcoat pocket. The man swept the rest into one of the drawers of the long library table.

"I thank you very much," said Tom. He was not sure the pearls were not genuine.

"No; please don't," said the man. There was a pause. Presently he asked: "Do you know anything about pearls,

"I am no expert," answered Tom.

"Characteristic. You Merriwethers are brave enough to be truthful and wise enough to be cautious. Have you any opinions?"
"I think they are beautiful," said Tom.
"They are more than that. They represent, Mr. Merri-

wether, the hope of the Kingdom of Heaven. The pearl is the symbol of purity, humility and innocence. Do you know the legend of the mild maid of God-Saint Margaret of Antioch?

"No."

"Margaret is from margarites-Greek for pearl. And the reason why faith -But I beg your pardon. Men who live alone talk too much when they are no longer alone. I beg you to forgive me. Tell me, Mr. Merriwether, did you ever hear of Apollonius of Tyana?"

"Not until this minute," answered Tom.

He felt almost tempted to ask whether the poor man was dead, but refrained because he was honest enough to admit to himself that the question would savor of bravado. Tom was consumed by curiosity as to what would be the end of it all. To think of it: on Blank Avenue, New York, in broad daylight—all this!

How money was to be made of him he could not yet see. "I will show his talisman to you-the Dispeller of Darkness!" The man clapped his hands twice. At the summons a negro walked in. He was dressed in plain black and wore a fez. The man spoke some guttural words and the negro salaamed and left the room. Presently he returned with a silver tray on which were seven gold or gilt candlesticks and candles, and seven gold or gilt small trays or plates, on each of which was a pastil.

He arranged the seven candlesticks in some deliberate design, carefully measuring the distance of each from the other, and of all from a point in the center. He arranged the plates and pastils about the candlesticks. Then he left the room, to return with a lighted taper, with which he lit the seven candles and the seven pastils. Tiny spirals of fragrant smoke rose languidly in the still air.

Again the negro left the room and returned with a small parcel wrapped in a piece of raw silk which he gave to his

fully carved ivory box. He opened the gold-hinged lid

master. He then went away for good. The man began to mutter something to himself and very carefully took off the silk cover, revealing a wonder-



"Mr. Merriwether, This Has Been Stolen From the British Museum !"

ad took out a silver case. He opened that and from it took a gold box elaborately though crudely chased. He pened the gold box and within it, on a little white velvet ad, was a cross of dull gold curiously engraved. He put he pad, with the cross on it, in the middle of the seven ghts. On the arms of the cross and at the intersection on saw seven wonderful emeralds, remarkable as to size, sentiful as to color.

"Look at it, Mr. Merriwether. It is priceless. The ms alone are worth a king's ransom. If you consider it erely as a piece of ancient art there is no telling what a an like Mr. W. H. Garrettson would not give for it. And a talisman, with its tried wonder-working powers, there not enough money in all the world to pay for it."

Tom stretched his hand toward it.

"Please! Do not touch it, I beg," said the man in a ice in which the alarm was so evident that Tom drew shand back as though he had seen a cobra on the table. fot yet! Not yet!" said the man. "It is the most wonrful object in existence. It is a cross that antedates wist!"

"Really?"

"It is obviously of a much earlier period than the Messiah. est scholars have thought it a legend, but here it is

lore you. It belonged Apollonius of Tyana, wonder-worker. Phitratus, who wrote the of that great man, does mention this talisman: fared not! Apollonius, o to this day is not we were to have died, wit to a disciple, who wit to a friend.

'We know who has ned it. It was worn by adius in the fifth ceny. The Goths took it Alaric gave it to the ighter of his most sted captain, who comnded his citadel of cassonne. Clovis, a dred years later, seeditat the sack of Toue. We have records of aving been praised by jus, the famous jewof Dagobert, in the enth century. It was uded in the famous sures of Charlemagne. ent to Palestine durthe first and third ades-the first time ied by a maid who d a knight who did love her. She went as quire, he not suspectersex until they were ly back in France, a he married her.

It is a wonderful talan. The emeralds afrom Mount Zabara. It have the power to away the evil spirits also to preserve the tity of the wearer.

sover, they give the power to foretell events. Apols did—time and again. This is historically true. But he, of all the men who have owned it, never had affair; hence his clairvoyance. I have bored you, ive me!"

Come With Me and

Will be Asked You"

Answer the

Question That

vot at all. I was interested. It is all so—er—so——" ncredible—yes! There is no reason why you should we it. It is of no consequence whether you think me atic or a charlatan."

stic or a chariatan."
said this with a cold indifference that made Tom incuriously at the man, whose obvious desire was to e curiosity. Then the man said, with an earnestness impressed the heir of the Merriwether railroads:

fr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, classified in our s as 7-7-77, you are the man I need for this job!"

ndeed?" said Tom politely.

(es, you are." Tom bowed his head and looked

ned. He deliberately intended to look that way. The

went on: "The reason I am so sure is because I know

who and what you are."

th, you know me pretty well then." Tom could not the mild sarcasm.

have known you, young man, for eighty-five years; and longer." The man spoke calmly.

aps longer." The man spoke calmly, indeed!" said Tom. He was twenty-eight.

Yes. On top of that cabinet is a book. After the name mas Thorne Merriwether you will find 7-7-77. In the net—seventh section, seventh drawer, card Number

77-you will find clinical data, physiological and psychological details, anecdotes, and so on, about you and your father, E. H. Merriwether, and your mother, Josephine Thorne; your grandfathers, Lyman Grant Merriwether and Thomas Conkling Thorne, and of your grandmothers, Malvina Sykes Thorne and Lydia Weston Merriwether. Indeed I know about your great-grandfathers and three of your great-great-grandparents; but the data in their case are of little value save as to Ephraim Merriwether, who in 1763 killed in one duel three army officers who laughed at his twisted nose, bitten and disfigured for life by a wolfcub he had tried to tame. Facts not generally known, but, for all that, facts, young Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, which enable me to say that I have known you these hundred and fifty years—if there is anything in heredity, environment and education! And now, shall I tell you what favor Number three is?"

"If you please," said Tom.

For the first time he felt that the usual suspicions as to a merry-making game could not be justified in this particular instance. It was much too elaborate for a practical joke. He did not know how the matter would end; but he did not care. In New York, on Blank Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, he was having what, indeed, was an experience!

It a legend, but here it is afternoon, he was having what, indeed, was an experience! that size in existence. Two

"I beg that you will listen attentively. You will take the Dispeller of Darkness with you. Do not open the gold box under any circumstances. Tonight go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street so as to be there at eight o'clock sharp. The door will not be locked. Don't ring. Walk in. Go up one flight of stairs to the front room—there is only one. You will stand in the middle of the room, with the talisman resting on the palm of your hand—thus! Do nothing! Say nothing! Wait there! The talisman will be taken from you by a person. Do not try to detain her—this person. After the talisman is taken from you count a hundred—not too fast! At the end of your count leave the room and come back here and tell me whether you have carried out my instructions.

"Now, young sir, let me say to you that you don't have to do what I am asking you to do. There is no compulsion whatever. There is no crime in contemplation—no attempt is to be made against your life, your fortune or your morals. I pledge you my word, sir!"

The man looked straight into Tom's eyes. Tom bowed gravely. This man must be crazy—and yet he certainly

. This interested Tom by perplexing him as he had never been perplexed in his eight-and-twenty years.

"Mr. Merriwether, this will be the most important step of your life. Its bearing on your happiness is vital—also, on the success of your great father's vast plans. I give you my personal word that this is so." There was a pause. Tom had nothing to say. The man went on: "If you care to take reasonable precautions against attack do so. Thus, keep the revolver you now have in your pocket—it is excellent. Try it and make certain. You may write a detailed account of what has happened and leave it with your valet; but mark on it that it is not to be opened unless you fail to return by ten P. M. Also, you may, if you wish, station ten private detectives across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street, and instruct them to go into the house at a single shout from you or at the sound of a shot. Believe me, it is not your life that is in danger, sir!"

"I believe you," said Tom reassuringly.

"Will you do me favor Number three?" The man looked at Tom with a steady, unblinking, earnest—one might even say honest—stare.

Tom considered. His mind worked not only quickly but Merriwether-fashion. He saw all the possibilities of danger, but he saw the unknown—and the lust of adventure won. He looked the man in the eyes and said quietly:

"I will!"

"Thank you. There is the talisman. Each of the seven emeralds is flawless—the only seven flawless emeralds of that size in existence. Two of them have been in great

kings' crowns, and the center stone was in the tiara of seven popes; after which, the Great Green Prophecy having been fulfilled, it came back to its place on the cross. Apollonius raised people from the dead, according to eye-witnesses. The pagans tried to confute the believers in Christian miracles by bringing forward the miracles of the sage of Tyana-and they did not know that Apollonius wrought marvels by the Sign of the Son of Man-the Cross! This cross! I pray that you will be careful with it. Show it to nobody. You have understood your instructions?"

Tom repeated them.

"Precisely! I did not
make a mistake, you see.
In spite of your father's
millions you will be what
your destiny wills. Young
man, good luck to you!"

The man rose and walked toward the door. Tom Merriwether followed him and was politely bowed out of the room. From there to the street entrance the four athletic footmen, with the over-intelligent faces, took him in tow, one at a time. And it was not until he was out on the avenue, headed north, walking toward his own house, that Thomas

Thorne Merriwether, clean-living multimillionaire idler, shook himself, as if to scatter the remnants of a dream, felt the butt of the revolver, hefted the silk-wrapped parcel in which was the talisman, and said aloud, so that a couple of pedestrians turned and smiled sympathetically at the young man, who must be in love, since he talked to himself:

"What in blazes is it all about?"

11

HIS perplexing experience developed so insistent a curiosity in Tom that he grew irritable even as he walked. That some sort of a game was being worked he had no doubt; but the fact that he could see no object or motive increased his wrath. He discarded all suggestion of violence, though he was bound to admit now that anybody could be kidnaped in New York in broad daylight.

He decided to begin by verifying those allusions and references that he remembered. He walked down Fifth Avenue to the Public Library and there he read what he could of Apollonius and of Eligius, the marvelous goldsmith who afterward became Saint Eloi. The helpful and polite library assistant at length suggested a visit to Doctor Lentz, the gem expert of Goffony & Company, a man of vast erudition as well as a practical jeweler. Tom promptly betook himself to the famous jewel-shop.

They knew the heir of the seventy-five Merriwether millions and impressively ushered him into Doctor Lentz' office.

(Continued on Page 49)

# ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

#### WHERE TWO HEADS ARE WORSE THAN NONE

THE government of an American state involves the settlement of business, political and social problems vastly broader, more complex and more difficult than those which confronted the men who framed our political institutions on eighteenth-century models. The demand for a reconstruction of these institutions along the lines of definite individual responsibility and business efficiency, especially in the legislative branch, has been growing rapidly during the past ten years.

That conservatism, which takes no account of the new realities and the fresh and growing facts of society, would lift its voice in protest against the proposal to abolish the two-house state legislature, and to replace it with a one-house legislative body of small membership, was to have been expected:

For of the wholly common is man made, And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them Who lay irreserent hands upon his old house furniture.

furniture, The dear inheritance from his forefathers! For time consecrates;

And what is gray with age becomes religion.

Quite in the spirit of this quotation, one hears it asserted that the bicameral legislature has become "an axiom of political science," and reads lengthy extracts from the writings of Adams, Hamilton, Kent and Story, cited in defense of the system—as though in this day of changed conditions some high-sounding phrase were sufficient to sanctify a system that practical men of today have found to be antiquated and inefficient.

However, the great names are not all on one side of the controversy. The practical Franklin, writing in 1789, compared the two-house legislative system to a cart with a horse hitched to each end, pulling in opposite directions. He called attention to the fact that one chamber may and is just as liable to obstruct the passage of good laws as to prevent the passage of bad ones; and he cited the mischiefs of a second branch, the delays and great expense in carrying on the public business—even to the preventing of the defense of the provinces during several years and also the unfortunate experience with the second chamber in connection with the iniquitous demand that proprietary property be exempted from taxation.

John Stuart Mill in his famous essay, Considerations on Representative Government, recognized the fact that laws can be intelligently framed only by a small and experienced body of a very few experienced men with an accurate and long-sighted perception of their effect; and he explicitly said: "I attach little weight to the argument often urged for having a second chamber—to prevent precipitance and compel a second deliberation; for it must be a very ill-constituted house in which the established forms of business do not require more than two deliberations."

#### The Trend Toward One-House Legislatures

NEITHER has the bicameral legislature become "an axiom of political science," for there are said to be fifty-three governments which now have one-house legislatures, and historically the drift has been away from multiple legislative bodies. In many European countries there were originally a three and in some instances four chamber legislative system. Now none have more than two. In England, so says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "the double chamber was originally more a fortuitous product of the English political revolution than the application of any reasoned principle of parliamentary machinery"; and in the United States we have the bicameral system solely because of English and colonial precedent. Thus it came about that for more than a hundred years we have been putting new wine in old bottles and spoiling the wine.

Curiously enough, the tendency in England and her later colonies has been away from the bicameral system, until now its existence is merely nominal. For all practical purposes the House of Commons is today the British Parliament. The House of Lords has been shorn of all its power as a coordinate branch of the British legislature, and in the colonies one-chambered legislatures have gradually won out. The English county council, which to some extent corresponds to our state legislature, has only one house, and the council of every English city is unicameral.

Even in the United States, dissatisfaction with the bicameral system began almost with its adoption. Constitutional conventions have exhausted their ingenuity in devising new restrictions on the power of our legislatures,

## By George H. Hodges

Governor of Kaneae



It Requires Much More Than Honesty to Make Laws for a State

and it may be noted that every state constitution has been drafted by a single-chamber body.

The popular demand for the initiative and referendum, already adopted in twenty-two states, is striking evidence that the bicameral system has been found wanting as an instrument of really representative government.

Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, in his address before the Governors' Conference, at Colorado Springs last summer, said:

"Candor compels the impartial observer to admit that the efficiency and character of state legislatures has been lowered and that general distrust has succeeded what was at one time universal and unreserved confidence. This distrust has in many states grown into open contempt for our lawmaking bodies. Not only is the convening of the legislature looked forward to with dread, but while it is in session a spirit of unrest prevails and an adjournment is always hailed with a genuine sense of relief."

The writer heard no dissent from this statement of the case by any of the twenty-six governors present.

Last year a disastrous fire at the Kansas State Penitentiary and the conditions growing out of the severe drought seemed to demand an extra session of the Kansas legislature. The mere suggestion of it developed an almost universal opposition to an extra session, even among the members themselves; and so we got on very nicely without one. Such a state of the public mind is surely begotten of the reasonable conviction that state legislatures, as at present constituted, have utterly failed to realize in actual practice the high ideal claimed for the system by its defenders.

In view of the confusions, contradictions and absurdities that make American statute law, both as to substance and form, the subject of common reproach by judges, lawyers, people, and even by legislatures themselves, can it be fairly asserted that the two-house system has realized in practice the main thing postulated in its favor? Has the second house served as a check on bad legislation by providing a jealous and critical revision of all proposed laws by a rival body of men? And why should there be rival bodies of men whose sole functions are to revise jealously all enactments originating in the other house and put

stumbling-blc ks in the way each of the other!

Members of a legislature are chosen for a common purpose—to enact laws for the public good. Instead of revision by rival houses, to accomplish the best revalts there should be only unity and cooperation by the members of both houses.

There are in America alone over six thousand volumes of decisions of fifty or sixty different courts, and this number is being added to every year at the rate of nearly two hundred volumes. I venture to assert that the decisions construing the output of American bicameral legislature constitute at least one-third of this vast library of judicial ingenuity. Take down at random a volume of the West Reporter System—say, Volume 90 of the Pacific Reporter, containing the appellate decisions of thirteen Western and Pacific states, and about one thousand decisions rendered within the two months from June 10 to August 12, 1907. For hundred and sixteen of these decisions are concerns with the construction of statutes or constitutions.

Take the last volume of the same Reporter, containing about the same number of decisions an covering the period from October 20 to December 1913, a period of six weeks, and one finds for hundred and sixty-one sections of various statute construed. Other volumes of the Reporter Syster show about a similar proportion of statutor cases—which is to say that at the present time nearly one-half of the cases in our appellate cour involve the construction of statutes.

#### Bungling Law-Makers

MOST of this results from legislative bunglir and unskillful draftsmanship. In good particular results from the incidental effect on other and apparently unrelated statutes, which mannew statutes are found to have when it is a tempted to administer them, but which are new suspected during the process of enactment, chief because little or no attention or consideration ever given to this phase of legislation by the awage legislator. The flood of decisions given over explaining to litigants what the legislature fails to put in plain, simple and direct language of its spells the condemnation of the system.

The system has not provided rival bodies that critical and scientifically revise the hasty and crude efforts, ea of the other, but practically two divisions of one hou. The two houses no longer represent different classes society; and the original purpose of the upper house, as trepresentative of aristocracy—to limit popular power legislative matters—is voiced only at rare intervals by so one bold enough to say: "The people be damned!"

By dividing responsibility and making it impossible locate blame, the two-house system provides an admira machine for grinding out crude and ill-digested legislati. And this end is admirably furthered by the short sessitive expense of the system compels and the enormnumber of bills that must be considered in the forty to hundred and twenty days to which the sessions are usual limited, and by the want of legislative experience or fitte on the part of the overwhelming majority of the members.

The efficiency of American industries is the result of fixed individual responsibility. The success of the Pana Canal venture was in doubt for years. A commission nine, after serving for some time, was dissolved with results. A second commission of seven met practically same fate; but from this commission of seven an execut committee of three, which had distinct duties, became sort of factor. Nothing definite was accomplished, he ever, until a committee of one man—charged with respicibility and accountability—accomplished the great industrial achievement of the age in the practical comtion of this gigantic enterprise.

It requires something more than honesty and g intentions to make good laws. Mr. Austin, the well-km jurist, has well said: "What is commonly called technical part of legislation is incomparably more diffithan what may be called the ethical. In other words, far easier to conceive justly what would be useful law t so to construct that same law that it may accomplish design of the lawgiver."

Take the case of the member of the last Kansas leg ture who introduced a bill to regulate the passage of tr at points where one railroad crosses another. His in tions were good, but his bill was worded like this: "W two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall

come to a full stop and neither shall start up until the other has passed over." A member of the legislature of another state is quoted as saying: "When I came to the legislature I introduced a bill to prevent the manufacture of filled cheese, but it would have prevented the manufacture of all other kinds of cheese too."

Here is a bill that actually passed the last Kansas legislature. The law governing the inspection of hotels and lodging houses contains this provision: "All carpets and equipment used in office and sleeping rooms, including walls and ceilings, must be well plastered, and be kept in a clean and sanitary condition at all times." In this act there are three distinct, different and diametrically opposite sections fixing the time when the act should go into effect.

For six years there stood on our statute book, as a part of the law regulating automobile traffic on the public highways, the following paragraph, which was doubtless added by some hilarious politician, who was impressed by the bandwagon idea of party management:

Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing, or is any other manner or form infringing on the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious bandwagon at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less than ten or more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death; and, provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "Throw out the lifeline!"

#### Here is another:

If any stallion or jack escape from his owner by accident he shall be liable for all damages, but shall not be liable to he fined as above provided.

By being somewhat heedless to the ordinary rules of grammar some court might decide that it was the owner and not the stallion or jack that is made liable for damages under this act.

An act which particularly shows the inefficiency of legislatures is the bill that had for its purpose the raising of convicts' wages, to be paid to a dependent wife and the children of men and women confined in the Kansas Penitentiary. The bill was drawn by its friends and had for its purpose the increasing of the wages of convicts from three cents a day to thirteen cents a day; but so clumsily was it drawn and so ambiguous was its phraseology that only by a decided stretch of the imagination and sympathy for the convicts by our attorney-general were we permitted to continue to pay the convicts three cents a day, their former wages-much less give them the additional ten cents a day the enactment contemplated. This evidences another reason why we should have men in our lawmaking department who understand the how of things.

#### Blunders of Careless Lawmakers

THE enactment that created the non-partisan body I known as the Irrigation Board provided that the board should be appointed by the governor for the first two years. Some ambitious legislator tacked an amendment on the bill, which provided that thereafter they should be elected, but that no more than two of the three members should belong to the same political party. He neglected, however, to provide any means whereby the bipartisan provision could be carried into effect, either at the primary or at the

the practice of Chiropractic-whatever that is. I allowed

this bill to become a law without my signature; but, on examination, I found that it required me to appoint, as members of a board, three chiropractors who had practiced their art in Kansas for two years. In order to comply with this provision of the law I should have been compelled to appoint men or women who had been openly violating the medical registration laws of our state for two years-a thing which, as governor, I refused to do; but my right to refuse was only settled at the end of a mandamus suit in the Supreme Court.

Another law sent to my office for signature was found, on examination, to contain a negative that made the act exactly contrary to what it was intended to be. This bill was only one of fifteen others returned to the legislature by me for correction in particulars more or less important. Two bills that were exact duplicates passed both houses and came to my desk before the duplication was discovered. I am informed that exactly the same thing happened in Pennsylvania. In one instance a bill was passed amending another that had been passed some days previous, and both the original act and the amendment were enrolled and reached my office about the same time.

A number of bills passed both houses without any enacting clauses—a matter absolutely requisite to their validity as laws; and in the session laws will be found a large number of resolutions authorizing corrections in a number of acts. Not many years ago an act was passed establishing a county court in Douglas County. The act contained contradictory provisions-one requiring that the judge should be appointed and the other requiring that he be elected. The Supreme Court declared it void.

An old act, providing for the destruction of grasshoppers in the western part of the state, driving them from the cultivated fields on to the prairies and firing the grass, required ten days' notice by publication, without making it clear whether the notice was for the benefit of the farmers or was a legislative recognition of the constitutional right of grasshoppers to due process of law.

In 1873 the New York legislature passed a charter for the city of New York, and the repealing clause threatened a general jail delivery. The defect was discovered in the governor's office before the bill was signed. Conditions do not appear to have improved in New York since, for in 1910 one hundred and thirty bills were recalled from the governor's office by the New York legislature for further consideration after having once passed both houses.

Through a legislative blunder the Supreme Court of Ohio was deprived of a large portion of its jurisdiction in 1902 and an act of a special session was required to undo the mistake.

The recently enacted Illinois law providing commission government for cities is said to be so badly drafted as to defeat the purpose intended; while the Wisconsin Eugenic Marriage law was so radical that the Supreme Court of that state recently declared it unconstitutional.

Nor does the Congress of the United States make any better showing than state legislatures in the matter of crude legislation. Take the Hepburn Act, which is the amended interstate commerce law, and the mass of judicial decisions interpreting it. It has been described by Professor Stimson, of Harvard, as a mass of contradictions and overlying amendments, and fills twenty-seven closely printed pages. Mr. Stimson asserts: "Any competent lawyer who is also a good parliamentary draftsman could put those twenty-seven pages of obscurity into four pages-at mostof lucidity with two

days' honest work."

circuit courts, contained so many errors that it had to be reënacted for the sole purpose of correcting the errors—and, at that, left it still in doubt whether the two-thousanddollar limit qualified all cases provided for or only a part of them. Section eleven of the act of Congress of July 1, 1882. imposing certain duties on the Capitol police, led to the discovery that there was no such body.

The specific instances of blundering and crudity cited are not sporadic and occasional. The statute books of every state are full of them. And how could it well be otherwise? In the large membership of our state legislatures there are usually a scant dozen men of superior ability and experience; the rest are for the most part firsttermers, without special experience or special fitness as legislators.

And yet legislatures so composed add something like twenty-five thousand pages to our statute books every year. Last year-1913-the session laws of California made a book of 1746 printed pages, exclusive of indexes; the session laws of Colorado, 696 pages; Delaware, 846 pages; Indiana, 967 pages; Minnesota, 918 pages; Missouri, 788 pages; New Hampshire, 572 pages; Nebraska, 810 pages; North Carolina, 746 pages; Massachusetts, 1200; New Jersey, 846.

#### The Horseplay of Legislators

THE session laws of Kansas for 1913 made a book of 594 pages containing 336 laws, of which 67 were appropriation bills and 147 amendments and repeals of existing statutes and 122 new laws, many of them local or trivial.

These conditions were not unusual. The amendments and repeals in 1911 and 1909 were practically the same as in 1913. About half the time of each succeeding legislature is taken up in undoing what former legislatures have done. The Kansas legislature sat exactly forty-nine days or parts of days; consequently an average of seven laws passed both houses each day. Now it is hardly possible for a member to study conscientiously and intelligently seven bills each day. It must be remembered, however, that something like seventeen hundred bills were introduced and more than half of these were reported for passage by committees, and that a great deal of time was occupied in considering bills which were ultimately killed in one house or the other.

Often a good deal of valuable time is wasted in horseplay over bills like one introduced at a recent session of the Kansas legislature requiring that women should wear skirts which should extend at least four inches below the patella; or the one introduced into the Nebraska legislature to prohibit the wearing of corsets and bloomers; or the one in Michigan to prohibit the wearing of tights at circuses and theaters; or to prohibit the use of any language except English on the menu at hotels.

An amusing bill prepared and introduced by a Kansas senator had for its purpose the dissolution of the marriage ties after ten years of wedded life. The act contemplated an absolute legal separation of man and wife on presentation of the marriage certificate to the judge of the District Court ten years after the date of its issue. As soon as the senator heard from his wife he dropped the matter. Bills of this sort, introduced by rural statesmen with perfect seriousness, afford opportunity to waste public time that should be devoted to matters of real public concern. (Continued on Page 44)



## THE ME

BY ALL the loaded canons of art that title should be The Two Bad Men, the Doctor, the Swede, a Little of Kerrigan, and Something of Steve the Night Bartender. But that would be too long-also misleading; for the Doctor was only Kerrigan's goat, using only in a large, wordy sense, and not to belittle the sprightly rogue.
"He's called Doctor," says Kerrigan,

"because he has the whishkers an' is akeilly destructive to human life"which is nicely enough phrased and important if true, especially to the Swede, who was last heard yelling sagas, or something just as good, to the petulant Doctor, with Kerrigan left saying the Doctor helped out a whole lot in a town like that; while the two bad men, one of them limping painfully—but perhaps the shorter title is better after all. And Steve, the night bartender, not even mentioned! We shall have to start again and come to Steve by way of the first bad man.

He was Bogie O'Leary-a very bad man indeed. He not only announced this, often on less than no provocation

at all, but he looked it so alarmingly that only the blind could have doubted. That he was a killer was widely believed, the notches in the stock of his blue-barreled revolver imparting poetic significance to this opinion. And he was as quick on the draw as any moving-picture bad man that ever lent vivacity to a film. Though past sixty he was light on his feet; and his red-rimmed little eyes saw true. Commonly he contorted his puffy old face into a scowl that was a very thundercloud of

Because of his peculiar talents and the piquancy of his past, Bogie served as major domo of Finnegan's Cave, though Finnegan designated him by the rather more abrupt term of bouncer.

Whether or not San Francisco's Barbary Coast was ever entitled to its repute for extreme wickedness is no longer of consequence, for that city now avers that the Coast has gone; but in those halcyon years when the city's boast was frankly quite otherwise Finnegan's Cave was to be entered from that block on Pacific Street which was the throbbing heart of the dance-hall district.

From our army and navy Finnegan drew the heft of his income. Soldiers and sailors found in the Cave, in one fashion or another, a speedy relief from the emoluments with which our Government thoughtlessly ladens them; but supplementing this largess-often to be had for the mere trouble of removing it from the uniforms of its slumbering trustees-there were opulent tourists to scatter gold along the Coast for the privilege of gazing wonder-eyed at its sinful life. And Finnegan, outshining the vested interests about him with the added attraction of a genuine bad man, drew heavily of this slumming revenue.

And Bogie O'Leary knew his value to the Cave. He wore his dignity consciously. Soldiers and sailors were beneath this dignity. Finnegan's deft waiters, with the assistance of a lethal squirt or two from the peter bottle back of the bar, usually effected what fiscal readjustments these seemed to invite; but the moneyed tourists from east of the Rockies-for these Bogie posed, and his heart was in his work. When a group of them, at a table beside the polished area of dancing floor, had been, by the waiter who served them, apprised of Bogie's dreadful prowess, Bogie would condescend to approach and allow himself to be wheedled into telling epics from his lurid past.

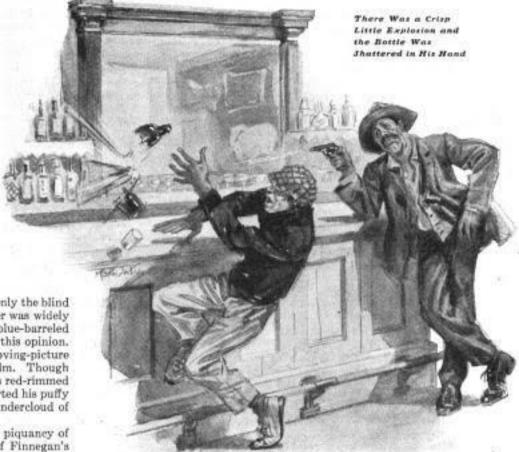
Also, at the proper moment, he extended empty handsand there in a twinkling was a gun in each! Bogie smiled villainously, while the slummers shuddered. Frequently, then, by some enthusiast in the party, he would be persuaded to part with the very weapon that had slain the two Mexicans. He purchased this memento in case lots and had relinquished dozens of them at a profit which handsomely assuaged the sentimental regret he seemed to suffer at parting with them.

Finnegan's brother divekeepers stoutly yearned to maintain bad men of their own, but they were discouraged by the police. The badness of Bogie was rather a mellow tradition and therefore something to be tolerated; also, he was not without influence. When, at intervals, it seemed essential to the gilding of his ill repute that he shoot out the lights in some neighboring resort, the police invariably arrived after he was gone. Bogie was bad as he listed and Finnegan throve.

The lights of the Barbary Coast had just begun to wink their invitation on a certain Saturday evening in June.



By HARRY LEON WILSON



To the syncopated product of the Cave's three-piece orchestra a few sailors glided decorously over the dancing oval with painted and thirsty partners. At the bar Bogie O'Leary began the consumption of his nightly quart of whisky. It was bad whisky, even for a bad man, and it was served by Steve, the night bartender, resplendent in white jacket, with his red hair plastered in a crescent above his not-too-lofty

"Heard the news over at the San Susy?" inquired Steve as Bogie poured his drink.

"Heard nothing! The burg's on the blink," replied

Well, they got a new bouncer over there yesterday and they say he's a bear."

Bogie scanned his informant suspiciously. It had more than once occurred to him that Steve was not above a certain veiled jocularity, which he would have described as kidding. Steve tenderly wiped the bar in front of Bogie, hummed a strain of Love Me and the World is Mine! and appeared to reflect on world matters at large. He threw a carelessly confident glance at himself in the mirror, fastidiously adjusted a vagrant strand of that scarlet splendor above his brow, and murmured, as though to himself:

"I only hope the bulls nail him before he starts anything rough in here."

Who's he?" demanded Bogie.

"The Pell Street Kid," announced Steve impressively. "That's all-just the Pell Street Kid. He says his other name is Ruin."

"Aw, him!" observed Bogie in scornful huskiness; but there was a jealous gleam in his little eyes, for word of the newcomer's rugged virtues had already reached him.

"They tell me," continued the glib Steve, "that last night he knocks out four sailors with just four punches and then piles a couple o' soldiers on top of 'em. Of course I don't know, but he's certainly drawin' the crowds over there. One of his ears is half bit away."

Bogie was instantly piqued by the last item. He found himself envying this disfigurement. He wished earnestly that one of his own ears had been thus mutilated.

"Aw, I bet he's on'y a yellow-livered four-flusher at that!" growled the Cave's bad man. "Me? I'd give him a hard slap and break his wrist-watch if he ever showed up here. I'd have him hard to ketch-don't you worry! But he'll never come on my ground."

"Which reminds me," continued Steve. "He's been giving it out pretty raw that he'll be in here tonight to look you over. He tells certain parties he wants to find out have you got the goods or not."

Bogie heroically gulped his full glass of whisky and immediately poured another. This he studiously regarded for a moment, then pushed it across the bar.

"Use that stuff to clean the sink with," he directed. "I got to keep a clear head.

"Might be just as well," agreed Steve. "Yes, sir; I got to have my wits about me and that red booze is the wrong dope. Gimme some ale with a dash of mulligan.'

Steve drew a mug of ale and set the cruet of peppersauce beside it. Bogie stung his drink freely with the confiment and drained the mug.

"They say he's an awful hungy maneater," suggested Steve. "Of course I don't know, myself -

"If that guy shows up here look out for a tidal wave on the Coast-that's warned Bogie. "I'll do him in jig time. I just smell the blood and I want to swim in it."

"They say he's some swimmer himself," said Steve casually; "in fact a regular high diver. But of course-"
"You're some handy lad with the

gossip, ain't you, now?" demanded Bogie bitterly; but he was deaf to Steve's deprecating retort, for now a slumming party entered and he was presently making his gunplay for them. He also hurled his long knife to the floor, where it quivered on its point. "The undertaking business is dead in this town," he loudly announced, "and I'm goin' to stimmylate it. Their fam'his has got to live an' Bogie O'Leary is guin' to see that they live high. On with the dance of death!

He rushed to the dancing floor, gliding in and out among the swaying couples, stamping his feet viciously and chanting his battlecry. The slumming party cautiously withdrew, despite Steve's assurance that Bogie never made any real trouble before a lady.

"He's a bad man; but he's got a good heart—I never knew him to kill any one in here," declared Steve warmly to the backs of the retreating group.

Bogie continued his sinister dance until thirst diverted him. As he stood, somewhat breathless, at the bar, spicing his ale with the peppersauce, even the cynical Steve was puzzled. He had never taken Bogie quite at his own valuation; and yet

"Say," warned Steve almost respectfully, "you ain't going to pull off anything in here? Remember, Pete's cense is worth something

"If that guy comes in," responded Bogie, "I'll start him on a cross-country Marat'on that ends back in New York Watch me—that's all—just keep lookin'!"

He had raised his voice for the benefit of sundry Coas familiars who were now dropping in. The word had appar ently gone out that more than the usual entertainment might be expected at the Cave that evening. The new comers mostly drank in watchful silence. Only among the feminine patrons was there a hushed murmur of prophecy and foreboding.

"He's the meanest proposition in Californy tonight—ba none!" whispered Cowboy Mag to Danish Kate.

And the latter, in blissful anticipation, agreed whole heartedly:

"The hardest nut that ever hit the Coast!"

At the bar Bogie toyed with his drink and muttere grimly. He knew that he must make good. Otherwise h foresaw a gaunt future in which he would have to beg hi drinks. He might even be "vagged." "Any guy say I was old?" he demanded ferociously a

"Old? Why, you're just a bear cub!" Steve hastened t

The crowd was nervous with expectancy; the dance wi abandoned; the musicians forgot to play, or perhaps waite

as the vaudeville orchestra waits for the acrobat to achiev his most perilous feat. The stage was set. "If on'y I don't lose my temper," murmured Bogic

"that's all I'm afraid of; when I get mad I'm unsafe!" The swinging doors flew wide on the Pell Street Kie

He flitted into the Cave with the sure footing of a cat. H brushed past Bogie O'Leary, affecting not to see him, after the manner of fighters in the ring who loftily pretend t ignore the existence of their opponents.

He was short of stature, but his shoulders were those of a gorilla. His features would have been considered advanced, even for a gargoyle. A cap pulled low and a sweater pulled high happily alleviated something of his facial effect. Bogie O'Leary glanced furtively at his rudi-ments of a profile. The lobeless ear was flaunted at him.

"Brandy!" commanded the Pell Street Kid in husky but confident tones. The lookers-on in Venice sat tensely quivering. How far would Bogie let this invader go? And Bogie was merely staring-staring, fascinated, at the partial ear of his rival.

"This here left sail of mine," remarked the Kid to Steve with seeming irrelevance, "was man-chewed back in Pell Street, N'York." He permitted himself a dramatic pause. "But the guy never saw nothin' again out of his right

lamp!"

He wriggled a thumb gruesomely and a delighted shudder swept the audience. He reached for the brandy bottle. There was a crisp little explosion and the bottle was shattered in his hand. With an unstudied yell of terror the Pell Street Kid whirled about and leaped through the swinging doors.

"He'll win a fight or a footrace!" shouted Bogie, speeding in pursuit, a blue-barreled revolver in each hand.

Pursued and pursuer dashed round the corner of Pacific Street into Kearny. The pursued held his hands high above his head and loudly invoked the law. The pursuer at discreet intervals fired shots at an unruffled sky. Two patrolmen on Kearny Street stepped dispassionately into dorways to afford the procession an unimpeded progress.

The Pell Street Kid fled toward the Hall of Justice, where burned the blue beacon of the central police station. At almost any other time he would have shunned this light as a plague warning-now it was a refuge. He flung open the door on two inoffensive policemen engaged in a checker game. It was some moments before he could regain the breath to explain why he had felt obliged to interrupt the game at a crucial point.

Bogie O'Leary, panting under the battle stress, made his way back to Finnegan's. An admirer had bought drinks for the house, and Bogie, over brimming glasses, was hailed

as the Cave's hero-

"If anybody else thinks I ain't got the punch let him speak now and I'll eat him alive!" announced Bogie.

As no one seemed eager to perish in this spectacular fashion the hero permitted himself to be mollifled and mellowed by more whisky. At his second drink a quietly carbed youth of stealthy manner and shifting eyes stole in and made his way to the hero's side.

"Duck," whispered the youth; "two fly bulls'll be up in

half an hour. They want you to beat it.'

Bogie had expected this message - a tribute to his recent victory and a delicate admission of the regard in which he was held by a discriminating constabulary. He paused only to quaff another beaker; then, with a gallant flourish to the applauding throng, he went out into the night.

it, he stalked majestically down Pacific Street; and as he reflected on the fine little details of his accomplishment its merit became enlarged in his mind. He was in that perilous state which has preceded the downfall of many an artist. Drunken with the glory of his masterpiece he burned to paint another while yet the fever endured. Let us not blame him! With sufficient mulligan in our ales which of us would

spire less daringly? Finding himself at the ferryhouse it occurred to his chivalrous soul that a brief journey beyond the city confines might save his

There Had Been

But a Gray Flash

Across the Arena

good friends, the police, what chagrin they would feel at actually finding him while merely pretending to hunt for him. He promptly bought a ticket and boarded a boat that proved to be bound for the Marin County side of the Bay.

Half an hour later he landed in the sedate and already sleepy town of Tiburon. As the needle to the magnetic pole, albeit more sinuously, he wove a course to the only saloon.

He hungered for the sweets of applause, and his artistic temperament decreed that he should once again that night inspire fear in the hearts of men.

"Hey! Spill me out some booze!" growled Bogie in his best bad-man voice, and glanced about the dingy barroom to note what of terror he inspired. There were but a few loungers present and these regarded the newcomer with a rather listless indifference. One of them-a yellowwhiskered mammoth-did not even look up. He sat at a table in a far corner, engrossed in the solution of a small wire puzzle. Moreover the bartender served the desired drink with a quite perfunctory oblivion, continuing to one of the loungers his masterly analysis of the baseball prospects.

So spiritless a reception could not but affront Bogie. Had he not accomplished a wondrous, a historic feat? And in this contemptible suburb, was he to be denied the reward of popular acclaim? It was monstrous! It was unbearable!

The bartender absently reached for the bottle when Bogie had poured his drink.

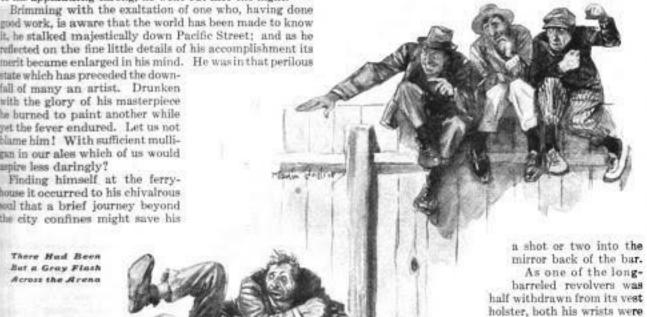
'Leave it!" exploded the indignant hero. "I want more! I want bucketfuls!

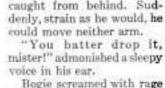
Two or three of the loungers now eyed the newcomer furtively; but the blond mammoth in the corner still sat intent on his wire puzzle. This man especially annoyed Bogie. He had a grinning, foolish face and the empty, bulging blue eyes of a Christmas doll.

"Don't rile me!" snarled Bogie, chiefly for the impressment of the puzzleworker. "I'll let you know I'm a bad man! I'm the worst man in California and I eat boobs raw-'specially Swedes. I smell one now and I'm goin' to chew both his ears off. Wait till I get my appetite.'

The bulky blond appeared to be deaf. He bent lower over his puzzle. Bogie had drawn his long knife and hurled it into the floor. It quivered on its buried point a few feet from the chair of the puzzleworker; but the chair's occupant gave no sign.

The bartender edged casually toward the end of the bar. Two of the loungers glided out with little ceremony. The others shifted awkwardly toward the rear of the room. Bogie, pleasantly aware of these belated tributes to his badness, was now on his best mettle. He would make history in Tiburon. First be would shoot the lights out—with





and pulled the trigger. The bullet narrowly missed one of his own feet; then his wrist was twisted so painfully that the revolver fell to the floor. "I'll eat your heart out!"

yelled Bogie. "Let me go! I'm Bogie O'Leary!'

The announcement made much less than the sensation he had expected. That fell



"I'm the Worst Man in California and I Eat Boobs Raw"

grasp on his wrists tightened. He thrust back his head and his teeth snapped as he tried for a primitive hold on the face of his antagonist—tried unsuccessfully; for at that moment he was skillfully tripped and fell face downward under a ponderous weight. Magically his wrists were caught together by handcuffs and he felt his pockets being

When he was at length jerked to his feet he saw through the haze that his cherished weapons had been laid on the bar-his long knife; two revolvers; the brass knuckles; the billy. Gazing at him with mild reproof in his pale blue eyes was the man of the puzzle.

"You ban nice faller!" remarked his conqueror with pained sarcasm.

Bogie thereupon made the place vocal with his most sulphurous language. Back on the Coast his profanity was highly considered, but his captor only surveyed him with renewed disesteem.

"You batter behave," he warned; "cursing and swearing like a loafer!"

He turned away and picked up the wire puzzle to lay it tenderly on the bar.

"I got to lock this faller oop," he remarked wearily to the bartender; "but when I come back I bat two dollar I do that puzzle before you have to shut.'

"Take these things off and I'll kill you!" shricked Bogie. "I'm a bad man! I'll come back and burn this town down and every squarehead Swede in it!"

"You ban make too much noise, Mr. O'Leary. Maybe you ban bad, but I ban constable and poundman, and I goin' lock you oop. Monday morning you tall the yustice -how you ban bad. Now you come along!"

Kicking and emitting a weirdly frilled profanity the bad man was propelled by an irresistible force down the deserted main street of Tiburon and halted before a small brick building.

"This here ban the pound," announced his captor. "We not have a yail, so I use the pound for a yail also. Maybe the trustees make a yail for me if you come again sometime, Mr. O'Leary. You ban a good faller, maybe I put you some place batter; but you ban a bad fool man-so in you go!"

"I'll cut your heart out for this!" screamed the bad

"Now I bat two dollar I do my puzzle!" remarked his captor, as with a firm but gentle push Bogie O'Leary was projected into the black of the doorway. Faintly a padlock snapped outside the closed door.

Bogie essayed a step forward and stumbled over a dog, which rose with a yelp and seized him by an ankle. As he sought to regain his feet a bitter blow impinged on his back-a goat had butted him.

And darkness was over all.

At noon the next day Steve, the night bartender, was oused from his sleep by the pound on the door of his modest bachelor apartment in the Gents' Bon-Ton Lodging House. Groping a sleep-blinded way to the door Steve was brought fully awake by a telegram thrust in on him. He signed for this, closed the door and fearsomely laid the yellow envelope on his bed. He stared at it there a moment, then gingerly lifted it and propped it against his mirror, where the handwriting of the address could be studied.

Presently it occurred to his quickening mind that this writing would probably be without the least personal significance. Thereupon he rapidly catalogued such members of his family as might have passed away during the night. There were several of these whose going he could have

read of with only a mellow regret. Still, it was a momentous business and he glowed with a pleased importance-for this was his first telegram.

Curiously enough, of all the myriad telegrams that have been sent over and about this busy world, not one had ever before come to Steve. That this first one told of death he was now certain. His imagination was powerless to conceive a slighter provocation. But whose death?

Casting reflective glances at intervals on the sinister missive he proceeded to the making of his simple toilet. Midway of this he paused, brightened suddenly and exclaimed:

"Uncle Roderick! Poor Uncle Roderick!"

That explained it. His Uncle Roderick had dropped dead up in Napa County-his uncle Roderick, who had more than once flatly declared an intention of making Steve the sole heir to his eighty-acre vineyard.

He rapidly finished dressing and was out in the modified Sabbath calm of Pacific Street, the unopened telegram clutched tightly in one hand. He was no longer apprehensive—in truth, a very definite elation filled his mind. Nevertheless he felt the need of a stimulant before he read the actual words. The Sans Souci was the first house of call on his way and Steve turned in. Momentarily he was made almost oblivious to his telegram, for the Pell Street Kid stood in lonely grandeur at the bar.

"Where's the quick guy?" demanded the Kid, not

ungraciously.

'Search me!" responded Steve. "But look here! I just got a telegram saying my Uncle Roderick's dropped dead and left me his eighty-acre vineyard."

"Say, pal, that old geezer's some nervous wit' his trigger finger," wheezed the Kid, who was not easily to be diverted with tales of legacies, "but I dunno's I want any hard feelin's as between man and man. I'm willin' t' let bygones be bygones, if it comes down to that."

"Have something?" invited Steve. "He was over ninety and he said he'd leave the whole eighty to me. I'm goin' to start a roadhouse up there-elegant location for the auto trade; right on the main road.

'Good!" said the Kid. "I'll take brandy."

"Same!" said Steve; and, with a last cautious survey of the envelope, he delicately tore open his telegram. The contents seemed to amaze him. He read at varying angles and from varying distances.

"Uncle left you a farm, did he?" inquired the Kid

"It-it don't seem to say anything about that," replied the dazed Steve. His feeling was that the telegraph com-pany had played him false. "It don't even mention a word about Uncle Roderick. It says something else. Here-you

The Pell Street Kid snapped the sheet with a masterful finger and read the simple message:

Being killed in jail here! Help, for God's sake!

"That's the old guy last night, ain't it?" asked the Kid. "Sure-that's his name," admitted Steve; "but I don't understand it. I thought it was Uncle Roderick dead-

 and the finest eighty acres of growing grapes you ever set eyes on-say, I better go see the head man at that telegraph office."

'Drink up!" urged the Kid. "And how do you get to this here place? I don't just make it."

"Oh, there?" said Steve. "You take the ferry and get off on the other side.'

"Sure!" agreed the Kid. "I know that much about ferryboats myself. C'mon, then!"

"Can't make it out!" insisted Steve. "He's ninety if he's a day; and only last March when I was up there he told me this here eighty was as good as mine-and yet, look at that telegram!"

The Kid was rushing ahead, however, and Steve followed, still muttering his perplexity. Even by his fondest admirers Steve had never been thought an intellectual giant.

On the boat they bought a Sunday per and scanned its crime news for light on Bogie's misfortune. They reasoned that Bogie had made a killing and was being tortured by the

"The bulls is givin' him the third degree," said the Kid knowingly; "but mebbe we can get in to him. I'll take him this noozepaper and get him a bag of grapes or somethin'.

"Grapes!" muttered Steve. "Eighty acres gone like that!" And he waved loose fingers in illustration.

The Pell Street Kid had made his way to the boat's lunch counter and was buying expensive grapes, suitable for one in distress. Steve hopefully scanned the paper anew for an item concerning his uncle Roderick.

They disembarked at Tiburon and were stared at curiously by a citizen of whom they sought information.

"Police station? What do you mean-police station?" demanded the citizen. "There ain't any. There's a pound and a Swede city marshal. The pound's down to the end of this street and the Swede's likely over to the Lutheran Sunday school."

"Was they a murder here last night?" ventured the Kid. "No," said the citizen frankly. "There wasn't ever anything here."

"C'mon!" directed the Kid to Steve, and they swiftly traversed the main street of closed shops

'Maybe he's dead a'ready!" suggested Steve, reluctant to believe that any telegram could mean less than death.

"Die myself," declared the Kid, "'f I had to stay overnight here! Say, think of a civilized burg without a jail! What's a pound look like, anyway? Would that be it?"

At a point where the town's commercial life waned into vacant lots stood a compact brick building, without windows and with but one door, stoutly secured by a bar and padlock. This sinister edifice was set at the corner of a high-walled inclosure, also of durable construction. They rattled the padlock without result.

"Walk round!" directed the Kid, who was a born leader, and they followed the line of the high wall. At the first corner they paused. From within came staccato hoofbeats, followed by a muffled thump and a howl of anguish.

"It's Bogie's voice!" exclaimed Steve. "I'd know it in a million."

"Hurry round!" ordered the Kid. They turned the corner, only to find another mute expanse of board wall, a dozen feet high at least. Passing this hastily they turned the second corner of the mysterious inclosure.

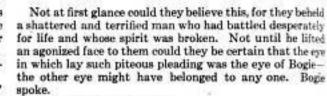
Here, midway of the third wall, a ladder was erected; and at the top of this a man leaned far over, apparently engrossed with whatever of action was occurring inside the walls. At the moment he was calling cheerily to some one below him:

"What'd I tell ye? Ain't he th' pet now! An'-would ye believe it?-he's just turned three year-not a day older! What's that? Come now! Come now! Shame on ye! Such is no talk f'r a Sunday!"
"Hey, pal!" called the Kid.

The man on the ladder turned a genial face to the pair below him. He was a plain, simple man-a workingman of the people, one would say-and enjoying his Sabbath leisure to the full. He beamed on them and beckoned

"Ye'll have th' fine seats t' enj'y it," he called, and forthwith edged himself cautiously from the ladder along the top of the wall. "Hurry, or ye'll miss th' next come-togither!"

The Kid mounted the ladder, followed by Steve. They perched precariously atop the wall beside their attentive host. Against a side of the inclosure below them was a dog kennel with a peaked roof; and astride this roof was the devastated remnant of Bogie O'Leary.



"Help!" he called feebly.

"What's it all mean anyway?" demanded Steve petu-lantly. "I made sure it was my Uncle Roderick up in Napa County had dropped dead—and here it's only you." 'Look!" hissed the Kid, pointing.

They both surveyed a creature in the far corner, until this moment undetected. It was a goat of heroic stature, superbly behorned and set with arrogance. He spurged the earth with a murderous forefoot and shook a contemptuous beard at the craven beyond his reach on the kennel.

"'Tis him!" shouted the joyous host of the ladder. "'Tis the good old Docther. I raised him meself fr'm a kid; an' will ye look at th' whishkers of 'm f'r three yearsan' th' hor-runs-an' him with th' stren'th of a lion! Hey there!" he called to the victim below. "Tell these gintlemin-ain't he got th' stren'th of a lion, now? Gwan! Tell thim! Has be not?"

'Get me out of this if you're men," pleaded the victim. "Kick his slats in," directed the Pell Street Kid.

Bogie glared at him from the one eye still in commission. "He's killin' me, I tell you!"

"Sure he manes little har-rum," put in the goat's proud owner. "Haven't I told 'm that often enough? He has th' spirit of adventure, 'tis true; but anny one'll tell ye that Kerrigan's Docther hasn't a wicked hair in his hide. Tis the play in him. Ye must 'a' done somethin' to vex him. I admit he's a divvil whin vexed, but that gintle at momints-manny's th' time I've knowed him show affection to wor-rse lookers than you, me boy. "Call him off, then," pleaded Bogie, "just till I can

get back inta that little house again."
"Wha'd you come out for?" demanded Steve, still

coldly critical. "And look at the state your clothes is in! Why couldn't you be a little more careful?'

"He was buttin' me in there shameful! That Swede let me out when he come this morning and I got him to send you a telegram; and then that he-devil got out tooand he butts me every chance he gets; and along comes that hyena up on the fence there and laughs his head of

"Come now! Come now!" broke in the slightly annoyed

Kerrigan. "A joke's a joke; but ye should mind what ye're sayin'." He turned to the newcomers in amiable He turned to the newcomers in amiable explanation. "Me house is just over a block there; an', the Docther bein' took up yistaday f'r resistin' an off'eer, I come over with this ladder f'r to cheer him a bit in his captivity, niver dreamin' he'd be havin' such ilegant sky-larks with yer frind here!" He glanced indignantly at Bogie once more. "To be sure I laughed, in measurebut 'twas imperrytive. Git down fr'm there wanst an' see if yer frinds don't laugh akeilly. Gwan now! Be a spoort! Make as if ye was goin' t' dash f'r th' door of th' little house agin—an' see if they don't laugh heartily whin it happens."
"You—you——" began Bogie;

but his need for words was too terribly great. His voice broke with something that, in any but a bad man, would have been called a sob. "Help!" he concluded piteously.

"I can't see what you got me all stirred up with that telegram for," put in Steve. "I can't do nothing for you. I ain't no wild-animal tamer, and you knew it well enough!"

"He ain't lookin' now," called the watchful Kid. "Quick! Make a break for the house!"

"It's just his trick," quavered the victim.

"Yer frind's right-I have t' grant him that," admitted Kerrigan gener-ously. "Th' Docther's deep; he's on'y pertindin' not t' notice.'

The monster had turned an unseeing back on his prey. His head drooped: his eyes apparently closed. He seemed to doze meditatively.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! But ain't he th' cunnin' skeezics!' said the delighted Kerrigan. "Tryin' t' loor 'm onta th' ground agin, where he can have another game with 'm! Ain't be th' pet now!"

"Try, anyway!" urged the Kid in cautious tones. "Mebbe you can The Doctor remained sneak by." immobile.

"I love th' beaucheous lines of 'm." murmured the fatuous Kerrigan-"'Tis like a gazelle he is!"

(Continued on Page 40)



And Darkness Was Over Att

# Geraldine Farrar Tells Some Truths

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

GERALDINE FARRAR'S chief charm lies in her candor. A muchtraveled young woman, she has

gone through this vale of tears with her eyes-and they are very large, dark, expressive eyes-quite wide open; so she has seen much, both in the way of things and of people. Then, too, she has talked to the worth-while men and women in this many-languaged world, for she is an accomplished linguist. She has read much; and so, plus the views of those with whom she comes in personal contact, she absorbs from the printed page. It has been her rare good fortune to have reached the topmost rung of the operatic ladder, and-rarer good fortune-to have done this as a native-born American. So, having traveled and seen much, met many people, read, sung, been applauded in every civilized country and today acclaimed among the world's greatest on the lyric stage, she has, at thirty-two, learned much more than is given to most of us to know.

From her great store of knowledge two big facts have crystallized and become Geraldine Farrar's creed of conduct:

First-Sincerity.

Second—Live! Live every minute!

And Geraldine Farrar's chief charm lies in

She sat in the study of her wonderful New York home on West Seventy-fourth Street one day last March—that is, she sat at intervals. She would begin a sentence on the divan, carry it on while she rose to go to the piano, bring it down to its finishing touch as she restlessly glanced out the window, and put on the period as she sank into a chair at her flat-top desk. Energy, intensity, nerves, with a magnetic personality that, via wireless, sends its message to you, the Farrar temperament fills a room and surcharges it as easily as it helps to fill an opera house. You cannot escape it if you want to—and you do not want to.

#### As to American Girls

OF COURSE I'll wear out," she said; "I'll burn out! Since I've been a child it has been dinned into me again and again and again—'Save yourself as much as you can!' But I can't—it isn't in me to save. When I sing a rôle I throw body and soul into it. I give all that is in me, every tiny particle of it, whether it be of singing or acting. And, having given, I want to give more—I keep nothing in reserve, for I have nothing left. I know that I'm going to give out young; but I'd rather do that than save. I'd rather be a spendthrift than a miser, and I'm a spendthrift in everything—nerves, strength, vitality. The day after a performance

I am limp, useless, worn-out, and must lie abed; but I don't regret. I've given my all, and nothing less than that satisfies me; for even if I did know how to save myself in this, that or the other scene, I wouldn't do it. I don't want to save—I want to give!"

The American girl is one of our time-honored institutions—a home-bred and home-cultivated product. We are a bit proud of her, and rightly; but listen to the candor of the Farrar as she pays her respects on passant:

"Of late the fad of repression would seem to have crept into our life. It finds its unhappiest expression on the faces of our American girls. I think, mind you, that the Amercan girl is the best-dressed, best-booted, best-gloved, besttatted girl on the globe; but watch her any sunny afternoon on the principal streets of our big cities. From her face would seem to have been massaged any damaging mobilty of expression. There is no rapturous joy in her looks, ittle of the God-given delight at being alive and young. she is repressed: it has been drilled into her that to show motion is to be unfashionable-bad form. She permits terself to be cast in a conventional mold that admits nerely of an occasional smile, and that of a cold, brittle sort, like a white winter sun trying to warm an icefield. And she maybe will go through life missing all the warm, sessiful touches, or else come a cropper one way or mother. Why doesn't she be alive and let her face show t? Good form, bad form—what does it matter when one's face can be made not only to show joy but to communirate it? Why be passive and allow to be ironed out and rubbed out of the face the beautiful things it can show?

HOTO BY SERLACH, BEILD

Geraldine Farrar as Tosca

The advancing years come all too quickly," concludes the Farrar grimly; "and these girls should remember that looks, unlike wine, won't improve with age!"

From the American girl to American music was but a step; and the nerve-taking, nerve-using Farrar had some original ideas on that subject also, ditto candor. "What art we have here," said she, "we import; for at

present art in America is a luxury and you must educate people up to it, whether it be a painting, a bit of sculpture, or an opera. But then, consider how young we are as a people. American music may come eventually-but when, is rather a matter of guesswork. Just think, though, how woefully, pitifully young we are—not out of our swaddling clothes as a nation. When Greece was at the height of its glory the Teuton was little more than a caveman. Today look where Germany stands in the art of the world! Yetand stop and think of this for a moment-fourteen hundred years after Christ was born this country didn't exist, even in the imaginations of men, much less on the map of the world. And a little over a hundred years ago the greater part of the United States was but a wilderness. We haven't had time yet to think of art; we're trying to clear up our material problems and at the same time make a living, leaving to the future generations, who will have more leisure, the task of developing artistic traits. We of the present are merely blazing the way; making the paths easier for those who follow us and will arrive quicker by reason of our pioneer work. It takes time and commingling of different bloods to make for art. When our art comes, the real American Art, it will be found that a mixed race produced it, with American soil as a background.

"I have heard it said," she mused,
"that the American voice is a resultant

of our climate; that it is a hard voice, unmusical, metallic. But is that true? Take our Southern women, for example. Few voices are more wondrously soft, more vibrantly musical, than those of our women of the South. Our climate does play a part, but it is a temperamental and not a vocal part, to my mind. I think the American climate gets on our nerves first, and not on our voices, except as a resultant from our nerves. It gives us a peculiarly electrical tenseness, a sort of nervous autointoxication. That makes us pitch our voices higher than is the way with most people of the world. The proof of this is often shown in the second generation of the immigrants who land here. The children born in this country of immigrants invariably have harder and higherpitched voices than their fathers and mothers. Many a time I have noted it; and the softspoken elders are in marked vocal difference from their offspring. So it must be in the air. Don't you think so?"

#### Two Wonderful Voices

"AND while we're on the subject of voices, one woman I know, and one man, have the most wonderful speaking voices in the world. The woman is Ada Rehan; and her voice is like a rippling song, or a shaft of warm sunlight, or a shimmering spun gold. And the man? Forbes-Robertson. His voice is different from Ada Rehan's in its color and virile timbre, but wondrous in its beauty and flexibility. And these two magnificent speaking voices belong not to Americans—for Forbes-Robertson was born in England and Ada Rehan in Ireland."

A refractory slipper claimed attention at the same time that a bow of ribbon at her waist must be untangled from a knot and two hairpins shoved back into place. The three operations, calling for individual effort at feet, waist and head, were accomplished almost in one motion by the never-resting Farrar. Then the clasped hands were looped over the crossed knees and the Farrar was off again, this time concerning the slim chance the American girl with a voice gets in her own country. And again the candor:

"At present the best way the American girl can obtain her ultimate American engagement is by going abroad and profiting by a routine which we cannot give her here—make her success there so substantial as to give her a name and claim in all musical centers."

A picture above the fireplace leaned the tenth of a degree too much to port. The Farrar's quick eye had spied it, and she was up and at it in a jiffy, had altered its course south by southeast, and

was back on the divan again, stabbing another hairpin.

There is a knock at the door, and the echo of it has not ceased before the bunch of nerves on the divan has hurled

ceased before the bunch of nerves on the divan has hurled itself to the door, taken the special-delivery letter, opened it, read it, thrown it on the desk and herself back to her old position.

"Rehearsal tomorrow!" she says by way of explanation to the interruption. Then:

"The audiences on the other side differ from ours. The American audience is more polite. If you're not liked here they simply stay away from the opera; they may come to one performance, but politely absent themselves in the future. In that way they tell you that you bore them. But in Europe if you are not liked they tell you so plainly and unequivocally, and make no bones about it.

"Oh, it's wonderful, that touch between the artist and the audience! You feel it the very instant your foot touches the stage and you come into view of each other. There's something personal and physical in the contact, like a handshake—no; it's more like a hug. And the audience seems to say to you: 'We love you, and we hope you have something real and fine to show us. We're here to help you.' That is why one should give the public always of the very best, and also one reason why I cannot help doing so.

"Then heart, soul and brain of you go out to them. You want to shout back as loud as you can: 'All of me—all of me—all of me—all of me you're going to have tonight! And with that help of yours I'll show you something worth while.'

(Continued on Page 61)

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

## Modes of the Moment—a European Fashion Article

MONG the furbearing races the adult male of the French species easily excels. Some fine peltries are to be seen in Italy, and there is a type of farming Englishman who wears a stiff set of burnishers projecting out round his face in a circular effect suggestive of a halo that has slipped down.

In connection with whiskers I have heard the Russians highly commended. They tell me that, from a distance, it is very hard to distinguish a muzhik from a bosky dell, whereas a grand duke nearly always reminds one of something tasty and luxuriant in the line of ornamental arborwork.

The German military man specializes in mustaches, preference being given to the Texas longhorn mustache, and the walrus and kitty-cat styles. A dehorned German officer is rarely found and a muley one is practically unknown. But the French lead all the world in whiskers-both the wildwood variety and the domesticated kind trained on a trellis. I mention this here at the outset because no Frenchman is properly dressed unless he is whiskered also; such details properly appertain to an article on European dress.

Probably every freeborn American citizen has at some time in his life cherished the dream of going to England and buying himself an outfit of English clothes-just as every woman has had hopes of visiting Paris and stocking up with Parisian gowns on the spot where they were created, and where—so she assumes—they will naturally be cheaper than elsewhere. Those among us who no longer harbor these fancies are the men and women who have tried these experiments.

After she has paid the tariff on them a woman is pained to note that her Paris gowns have cost her as much as they would cost her in the United States-so I have been told by women who have invested extensively in that direction. And though a man, by the passion of the moment, may be carried away to the extent of buying

English clothes, he usually discovers on returning to his native land that they are not adapted to withstand the trying climatic conditions and the critical comments of press and public in this country. What was contemplated as a triumphal reëntrance becomes a footrace to the nearest ready-made clothing store.

English clothes are not meant for Americans, but for Englishmen to wear: that is a great cardinal truth which Americans would do well to ponder. Possibly you have heard that an Englishman's clothes fit him with an air. They do so; they fit him with a lot of air round the collar and a great deal of air through the slack of the trousers; frequently they fit him with such an air he is entirely surrounded by space, as in the case of a vacuum bottle.

Once there was a Briton whose overcoat collar hugged the back of his neck; so they knew by that he was no true

Briton, but an impostor—and they put him out of the union. In brief, the kind of English clothes best suited for an American to wear is the kind Americans make.

#### Shopping in London

I KNEW these things in advance-or, anyway, I should have known them; nevertheless I felt our trip abroad would not be complete unless I brought back some London clothes. I took a look at the shopwindows and decided to pass up the readymade things. The coat shirt; the shaped sock; the collar that will fit the neckband of a shirt, and other common American commodities, seemed to be practically unknown in London.

The English dress shirt has such a dinky little bosom on it that by rights you can-

not call it a bosom at all; it comes nearer to being what women used to call a guimpe. Every show-window where I halted was jammed to the gunwales with thick, fuzzy, woolen articles and inflammatory plaid waistcoats, and articles in crash for tropical wear-even through the glass you could hear each individual crash with distinctness. The London shopkeeper adheres steadfastly to this arrangement. Into his window he puts everything he has in his shop-except the customer. The customer is in the rear, with all avenues of escape expertly fenced off from him by the proprietor and the clerks; but the stock itself is in the

## By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



English Clothes are Not Meant for Americans

There are just two department stores in London where, according to the American viewpoint, the windows are attractively dressed. One of these stores is owned by an American, and the other, I believe, is managed by an American. In Paris there are many shops that are veritable jewel-boxes for beauty and taste; but these are the small specialty shops, very expensive and highly perfumed.

The Paris department stores are worse jumbles even than the English department stores. When there is a special sale under way the bargain counters are rigged up on the sidewalks. There, in the open air, buyer and seller will chaffer and bicker, and wrangle and quarrel, and kiss and make up again-for all the world to see. One of the free sights of Paris is a frugal Frenchman, with his face extensively haired over, pawing like a Skye terrier through a heap of marked-down lingerie; picking out things for the female members of his household to wear-now testing some material with his tongue; now holding a most personal article up in the sunlight to examine the fabric-while the wife stands hunbly, dumbly by, waiting for him to complete his selections.

So, as far as London was concerned, I decided to deny myself any extensive orgy in haberdashery. From similar motives I did not invest in the lounge suit to which an Englishman is addicted. I doubted whether it would fit the lourge we have at home-though, with stretching it might at that. My choice finally fell on an English raincoat and a pair of those baggy knee breechs such as an Englishman wears when he goes to Scotland for the moor shooting, or to the National Gallery-or any other damp, misty, rheumatic place.

I got the raincoat first. It was built to my measure; at least that was the understanding: but you give an English tailor an inch and he will take an ell. This particular tailor seemed to labor under the impression that I was going to use my raincoat for holding large public assemblies or social gatherings in-nothing that I could say convinced him that I desired it for individual use so he modeled it on a generous spreading design, big at the bottom and sloping up toward the top like a pagoda. Equipped with guy ropes and a centerpole it would make a first-rate marquee for a garden party-in case of bad weather the refreshments could be served under it; but as a mincoat I did not particularly fancy it. When I put it on I sort of reminded myself of a covered wagen.

#### At the Sporting Tailor's

NOTHING daunted by this I looked up the address of a sporting tailor in a side street off Regent Street, whose genius was reputed to find an artistic outlet in knee breeches. Before

visiting his shop I disclosed my purpose to my traveling companion, an individual in whose judgment and good taste I have ordinarily every confidence, and who has: way of coming directly to the meat of a subject.
"What do you want with a pair of knee breeches!"

inquired this person crisply.

"Why-er-for general sporting occasions," I replied

"For instance, what occasions?"
"For golfing," I said, "and for riding, you know. Am
if I should go West next fall they would come in ver

handy for the shooting." "To begin with," said my companion, "you do not get The only extensive riding I have ever heard of your doin was on railroad trains. And if these knee breeches yo contemplate buying are anything like the riding breech I have seen here in London, and if you should wear the

out West among the impulsive Wester people, there would undoubtedly be a goo deal of shooting; but I doubt whether yo would enjoy it—they might hit you!"
"Look here!" I said. "Every man!

America who wears duck pants doesn't ru a poultry farm. And the presence of assilt hat in the summertime does not necessar! imply that the man under it owns a yach I cannot go back home to New York at face other and older members of the Whe I-Was-in-London Club without some sart rial credentials to show for my trip. I a firmly committed to this undertaking. I not seek to dissuade me, I beg of you. M mind is set on riding breeches and I shat be happy until I get them."

So saying I betook myself to the estal lishment of this sporting tailor in the sis street off Regent Street; and there, withou much difficulty, I formed the acquaintan of a salesman of suave and urbane manner With his assistance I picked out a distintive, not to say striking, pattern in an effe of plaids. The goods, he said, were may

of the wool of a Scotch sheep in the natural colors. Th must have some pretty fancy-looking sheep in Scotlan

This done, the salesman turned me over to a cutter, w took me to a small room where incompleted garments we hanging all about like the quartered carcasses of animi in a butcher shop. The cutter was a person who droppy his h's and then, catching himself, gathered them all t



Jome Weird

and Wonder-

ful Costumes

again and put them back in his speech-in the wrong places. He surveyed me extensively with a square and a measuring line, meantime taking many notes, and told me

to come back on the next day but one.

On the day named and at the hour appointed I was back. He had the garments ready for me. As, with an air of pride, he elevated them for my inspection, they seemed commodious-indeed, voluminous. I had told him, when making them, to take all the latitude he needed; but it looked now as though he had got it confused in his mind with longitude. Those breeches appeared to be constructed for cargo rather than speed.

With some internal misgivings I lowered myself into them while he held them in position, and when I had descended as far as I could go without entirely immuring myself, he buttoned the dewdabs at the knees; then he went round behind me and cinched them in abruptly, so that of a sudden they became quite snug at the waistline; the only trouble was that the waistline had moved close up under my armpits, practically eliminating about a foot and a half of me that I had always theretofore regarded as indispensable to the general effect.

Also, right in the middle of my back, up between my shoulderblades, there was a stiff, hard clump of something that bored into my spine uncomfortably. I could feel it

quite plainly—lumpy and rough,
"'Ow's that, sir?" he cheerily asked me, over my shoulder; but it seemed to me there was a strained, nervous note in his voice. "A bit of all right-eh, sir?"

"Well," I said, standing on tiptoe in an effort to see over the top, "you've certainly behaved very generously toward me-I'll say that much. Midships there appears to be

about four or five yards of material I do not actually need in my business, being, as it happens, neither a harem favorite nor a professional sackracer. And they come up so high I'm afraid people will think the gallant coastguards have got me in their lifesaving device and are bringing me ashore through the surf."

"You'll be wanting them a bit loose, sir, you know," he interjected, still snuggling close behind me. "All our "All our gentlemen like them loose."

#### **Futile Surgery**

"OH, VERY well," I said; "perhaps these things are mere details. However I would be under deep obligations to you if you'd change 'em from barkentine to schooner rig, and lower away this gaff-topsail which now sticks up under my chin, so that I can luff and come up in the wind without capsizing. And say, what is that hard lump between my shoulders?"

'Nothing at all, sir," he said hastily; and now I knew he was flurried. can fix that, sir-in a jiffy, sir."

"Anyhow, please come round here in front where I can converse more freely with you on the subject," I said. I was becoming suspicious that all was not well with me back there where he was lingering. He came reluctantly, still half-embracing me with one arm.

Petulantly I wrested my form free, and instantly those breeches seemed to leap outward in all directions away from me. I grabbed for them, and barely in time I got agrip on the yawning top hem. Peering down the cavelike orifice that now confronted me I saw two spectral white columns, and recognized them as my own legs. In the same instant, also, I realized what that hard clump against my spine was, because when he took his hand away the clump was gone. He had been standing back there with some eight or nine inches of superfluous waistband bunched up in his fist.

The situation was embarrassing, and it would have been still more embarrassing had I elected to go forth wearing my breeches in their then state, because, to avoid talk, he would have had to go along too, walking immediately behind me and holding up the slack. And such a spectacle, with me filling the tonneau and he back behind on

the rumble, would have caused comment undoubtedly. That pantsmaker was up a stump! He looked reproachfully at me, chidingly at the breeches and sternly at the tapemeasure-which he wore draped round his neck like a pet snake—as though he felt convinced one of us was at fault, but could not be sure which one.

'I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that your figure is changing." "I guess you're right," I replied with gentle irony. well as I can judge I'm not as tall as I was day before

Pheasant Shooting is the Last Word in the English Sporting Calendar

He called his cutter into consultation and they went over me carefully, meantime uttering those commiserating clucking sounds one tailor always utters when examining another tailor's handiwork.

After this my tailor took a lump of chalk and charted out a kind of Queen Rosamond's maze of crossmarks on my breeches and said I might leave them, and that if surgery could save them he would operate. At any rate he guaranteed to cut them away sufficiently to admit of my

breastbone coming out into the open once more.

In a week-about-he called me on the telephone and broke the sad news to me. My English riding pants would never ride me again. In using the shears he had made a fatal slip and had irreparably damaged them in an essential locality. However, he said I need not worry, because it might have been worse; from what he had already cut out of them he had garnered enough material to make me a neat outing coat, and by scrimping he thought he might get a waistcoat to match.

#### Pike's Peak or Bust

HAVE my English raincoat; it is still in a virgin state so far as wearing it is concerned. I may yet wear it and I may not. If I wear it and you meet me on the street-and we are strangers-you should experience no great difficulty in recognizing me. Just start in at almost any spot on the outer orbit and walk round and round as though you were circling a sideshow tent looking for a chance to crawl under

the canvas and see the curiosities for nothing; and after a while, if you keep on walking as directed, you will come to a person with a plain but substantial face, and that will be me in my new English raincoat.

Then again I may wear it to a fancy-dress ball sometime. In that case I shall stencil Pike's Peak or Bust! on the sidebreadth and go as a prairie schooner. If I can succeed in training a Missouri hound-dog to trail along immediately behind me the illusion will be perfect.

After these two experiences with the English tailor I gave up. Instead of trying to wear the apparel of the foreigner I set myself to the study of it. I would avoid falling into the habit of making comparisons between European institutions and American institutions that are forever favorable to the American side of the argument.

To my way of thinking there is only one class of tourist-Americans to be encountered abroad worse than the class who go into hysterical rapture over everything they see merely because it is European, and that is the class who condemn offhand everything they see and find fault with everything merely because it is not American. But I must say that in the matter of outer habiliments the American man wins the decision on points nearly every whack.

In his evening garb, which generally fits him, but which generally is not pressed as to trouserlegs and coatsleeves, the Englishman makes an exceedingly good appearance. The swallow-tailed coat was created for the Englishman and he for it; but on all other occasions the well-dressed American leads him-leads the world, for that matter.

When a Frenchman attires himself in his fanciest regalia he succeeds in merely looking effeminate; whereas a German, under similar circumstances, bears a wadded-in, bulged-out, stuffed-up appearance.

I never saw a German in Germany whose hat was not too small for him—just as I never saw a Japanese in Occidental garb whose hat was not too large for him-if it was a derby hat. If a German has on a pair of trousers that



The French Lead All the World in Whiskers

yesterday by at least eighteen inches. And I've mislaid

my diaphragm somewhere, haven't I?"
"'Ave them off, please, sir," he said resignedly. "I'll 'ave to alter them to conform, sir. Come back tomorrow."

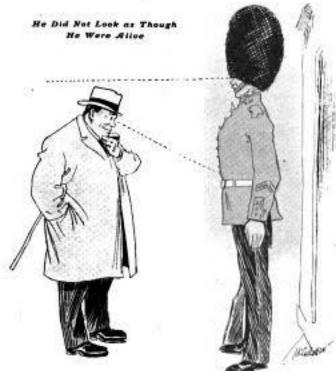
I had them off and he altered them to conform, and I went back on the morrow; in fact I went back so often that after a while I became really quite attached to the place. I felt almost like a member of the firm. Between calls from me he worked on those breeches. He cut them

up and he cut them down; he sheared the back away and shingled the front, and shifted the buttons to and fro.

Still, even after all this, they were not what I should term an unqualified success. When I sat down in them they seemed to climb up on me so high, fore and aft, that I felt as shortwaisted as a crush hat in a state of repose. And the only way I could get my hands into the hip pockets of those breeches was to take the breeches off first. Finally I told him to send them, just as they were, to my hotel address-and I paid the bill.

I brought them home with me. On the day after my arrival I took them to my regular tailor and laid the case before him. I tried them on for him and asked him to tell me, as man to man, whether anything could be done to make those garments habitable.





flare out at the bottom and a coat with angel sleeves—I think that is the correct technical term—and if the front of his coat is spangled over with the largest-sized horn buttons obtainable he regards himself as being dressed to the minute.

As for the women, I believe even the supercritical mantuamakers of Paris have begun to concede that, as a nation, the American women are the best-dressed women on earth. The French women have a way of arranging their hair and of wearing their hats and of draping their furs about their throats that is artistic beyond comparison. There may be a word in some folks' dictionaries fitly to describe it—there is no such word in mine; but when you have said that much you have said all there is to say. A French woman's feet are not shod well. French shoes, like all European shoes, are clumsy and awkward looking.

English children are well dressed because they are simply dressed; and the children themselves, in contrast to the overdressed, overly aggressive youngsters so frequently encountered in America, are mannerly and self-effacing, and have sane, simple, childish tastes. Young English girls are fresh and natural, but frequently frumpy; and the English married woman is generally dressed in poor taste and appears to have a most limited wardrobe. Apparently the husband buys all he wants, and then, if there is any money left over, the wife gets it to spend on herself.

Venturing one morning into a London chapel I saw a dowdy little woman of this type kneeling in a pew, chanting the responses to the service. Her blouse gaped open all the way down her back and she was saying with much fervor, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." She had too, but she didn't know it, as she knelt there unconsciously supplying a personal illustration for the spoken line.

The typical highborn English woman has pale blue eyes, a fine complexion and a clear-cut, rather expressionless face with a profile suggestive of the portraits seen on English postage stamps of the early Victorian period; but in the arranging of the hair any French shopgirl could give her lessons, and any smart American woman could teach her a lot about the knack of wearing clothes with distinction. Without setting up as an authority on dress I would like to add that the men and women of the other European countries we visited did not dress at all. They merely wore garments to cover themselves.

#### Foreign Clothes on Soldiers and Others

In England, that land of caste which is rigid enough to be cast iron, all men, with the exception of petty tradespeople, dress to match the vocations they follow. In America no man stays put—he either goes forward to a circle above the one into which he was born or he slips back into a lower one; and so he dresses to suit himself or his wife or his tailor. But in England the professional man advertises his calling by his clothes.

Extreme stage types are ordinary types in London. No Southern silver-tongued orator of the old-time, string-tied, slouch-hatted, long-haired variety ever clung more closely to his official makeup than the English barrister clings to his spats, his shad-bellied coat and his eyeglass dangling on a cord. At a glance one knows the medical man or the journalist, the military man in undress or the gentleman farmer; also, by the same easy method, one may know the workingman and the penny postman. The workingman has a cap on his head and a neckerchief about his throat, and the legs of his corduroy trousers are tied up below the knees with strings—else he is no workingman.

When we were in London the postmen were threatening to go on strike. From the papers I gathered that the points in dispute had to do with better hours and better pay; but if they had been striking against having to wear the kind of cap the British Government makes a postman wear, their cause would have had the cordial support and intense sympathy of every American in town.

It remains for the English clerk to be the only Englishman who seeks, by the clothes he wears in his hours of ease, to appear as something more than what he really is. Off duty he fairly dotes on the high hat of commerce. Frequently he sports it in connection with an exceedingly short and bobby sackcoat, and trousers that are four or five inches too short in the legs for him.

The Parisian shopman harbors similar ambitions—only he expresses them with more attention to detail. The noon hour arriving, the French shophand doffs his apron and his air of deference. He puts on a high hat and a frock coat that have been on a peg behind the door all the morning, gathers up his cane and his gloves; and, becoming on the instant a swagger and a swaggering boulevardier, he saunters to his favorite sidewalk café for a cordial glassful of a pink or green or purple drink. When his little hour of glory is over and done with he returns to his counter, sheds his grandeur and is once more your humble and ingratiating servitor.

In residential London on a Sunday afternoon one beholds some weird and wonderful costumes. On a Sunday afternoon in a sub-suburb of a Kensington suburb I saw, passing through a drab, sad side street, a little Cockney man with the sketchy nose and unfinished features of his breed. He was presumably going to church, for he carried a large Testament under his arm. He wore, among other things, a pair of white spats, a long-tailed coat and a high hat. It was not a regular high hat, either, but one of those trick-performing hats which, on signal, will play dead and lie doggo or else sit up and beg. And he was riding a bicycle of an ancient vintage!

The most impressively got-up civilians in England—or in the world, either, for that matter—are the assistant managers and the deputy cashiers of the big London hotels. Compared with them the lilies of the field are as lilies in the bulb. Their collars are higher, their ties are more resplendent, their frock coats more floppy as to the tail and more flappy as to the lapel, than it is possible to imagine until you have seen it all with your own wondering eyes.

They are haughty creatures, too, austere and full of a starchy dignity; but when you come to pay your bill you find at least one of them lined up with the valet and the waiter, the manservant and the maidservant, the ox and the ass, hand out and palm open to get his tip. Having tipped him you depart feeling ennobled and uplifted—as though you had conferred a purse of gold on a marquis.

With us it is the dress of the women that gives life and color to the shifting show of street life. In Europe it is the soldier—and in England the private soldier particularly. The German private soldier is too stiff, the French private soldier is too limber, and the Italian private soldier has been away from the dry-cleaner's too long; but the British Tommy Atkins is a perfect piece of work—what with his dinky cap tilted over one eye, and his red tunic that fits him

without blemish or wrinkle, and his snappy little swagger stick flirting the air. As a picture of a first-class fighting man I know of but one to match him, and he is a khaki-clad, service-hatted Yankee regular. Long may he wave!

There may be something finer in the way of a military spectacle than the change of horseguards at Whitehall or the march of the footguards across the green in St. James' Park on a fine, bright morning—but I do not know what it is. One day, passing Buckingham Palace, I came on a footguard on duty in one of the little sentry boxes just outside the walls. He did not look as though he were alive. He looked as though he had been stuffed and mounted by a most expert taxidermist. From under his bearskin shako and from

over his brazen chin-strap his face stared out unwinking and solemn and barren of thought. I said to myself: "It is tak-

ing a long chance, but I shall ascertain whether this party has any human emotions." So I halted directly in front of him and began staring fixedly at his midriff as though I saw a button unfastened there or a buckle disarranged. For a space of minutes I kept my gaze on him without consecution.

Finally the situation grew painful; but it was not that British grenadier who grew embarrassed and fidgety—it was the other party to the transaction. His gaze never shifted, his eyes never wavered—but I came away feeling all wriggly.

In no outward regard whatsoever do the soldiers on the Continent compare with the soldiers of the British archipelago. When he is not on actual duty the German private is always going somewhere in a great hurry with something belonging to his superior officer—usually a riding horse or a specially heavy valise. On duty and off he wears that woodenness of expression—or, rather, that wooden lack of expression—which is found nowhere in such flower of perfection as on the faces of German soldiers and German toys.

The Germans prove they have a sense of humor by requiring their soldiers to march on parade with the goose step; and the French prove they have none at all by incasing the defenseless legs of their soldiers in those foolish red-flannel pants that are manufactured in such profusion up at the Panthéon.

#### Fashion Notes for Soldiers

IN THE event of another war between the two nations I anticipate a frightful mortality among pants—especially if the French forces should be retreating. The German soldier is not a particularly good marksman as marksmen go, but he would have to be the worst shot in the world to miss a pair of French pants that were going away from him.

Still, when all is said and done, there is something essentially Frenchy about those red pants. There is something in their length that instinctively suggests Toulon, something in their breadth that makes you think of Toulouse. I realize that this joke, as it stands, is weak and imperfect. If there were only another French seaport called Toubage I could round it out and improve it structurally.

If the English private soldier is the trimmest, the Austrian officer is the most beautiful to look on. An Austrian officer is gaudier than the door-opener of a London café or the porter of a Paris hotel. He achieves effects in gaudiness that even the Italian officer cannot equal.

The Italian officer is addicted to cock feathers and horsetails on his helmet—to bits of yellow and blue let into his clothes—to tufts of red and green hung on him in unexpected and unaccountable spots. Either the design of bottled Italian chianti is modeled after the Italian officer or the Italian officer is modeled after the bottled chianti which, though, I am not prepared to say without further study of the subject.

The Austrian officer is the walking sunset effect of creation. For color schemes I know of nothing in Nature to equal him except the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Circus parades are unknown in Austria—they are not missed either; after an Austrian officer a street parade would seem a colorless and commonplace thing. In his uniform he runs to striking contrasts—canary yellow, with light blue facings; silvers and grays; bright greens with scarlet slashings—and so on.

His collar is the very highest of all high collars and the heaviest with embroidery; his cloak is the longest and the widest; his boots the most varnished; his sword-helt the broadest and the shiniest; and the medals on his bosom are the most numerous and the most glittering. All Ringling and John Philip Sousa would take one look at

(Continued on Page 56)



# By Mary Stewart Cutting

ENSON CLARK, hat in hand, sat in the gilded lobby of the hotel, with its pictorial pink-and-green frescoed walls, just outside the gayly musical tearoom, where dancers tangoed carefully between its tables. His lean face—still young in spite of those deep lines in it, as though he had been pulling upstream for a long time-was bent eagerly forward, and his keen eyes, under their straight brows, watched the revolving entrance doors for the first glimpse of Cecelie's light figure lilting in, in that graceful way she had, with her golden head held high. It was a girl's privilege to be late, of course, though he had traveled for two days to see her and should leave the following night.

He had been waiting a long time, but so had

It began to seem like a mysterious game, in which the people who were seated watched for those who did not appear, while the newcomers eagerly scanned the lines for those who were not there—only at far intervals two figures scored by matching, in joyful, subdued surprise, before hurrying off together.

Benson was not a dweller in the big cityonly coming here on rare trips, like the present, from the mining town he happened to be in. All the sights and sounds—the environment, the people - had for the moment an agreeable foreignness that produced a vague exhilaration in addition to that absorbing prospect of meeting Cecelie, but with some vaguely depressing undercurrent, because as yet she had not come.

He had forborne to scan too closely the faces of the throng near him for fear of finding some hampering acquaintance—he had

traveled enough to be apt to meet people he knew in any scene—but now a large-busted, bare-throated lady, rising from the chair beside him, revealed just beyond a slender, prettily dressed young woman with a delicate profile about which there seemed to grow something pleasingly familiar. As his eyes rested on her she dropped her muff and, reaching for it, let fall a pair of gloves and a pocketbook. The next instant he was before her, stooping for them.

"Allow me, Mrs. Varley! Perhaps you don't remember

me, Benson Clark."
"Oh, I do! I do!" cried Mrs. Varley. A pretty flush overspread her face as she reached out her hand impulsively to him. "To think that it is eight years since we met, when Ferd and I were on our wedding trip! And you were so good! How did you happen to recognize me?'

"I didn't quite-until you began dropping things!" he answered with a smile, seating himself beside her, still conscious, as he talked, of every person who passed or entered the revolving doors, with that dual perception that was one of his characteristics. "That brought everything

back!"

"Wasn't itsilly!" said Mrs. Varley. Her eyes shone with delighted reminiscence as she began talking faster and faster. "And wasn't Ferd cross! I think people on their wedding trip are too funny for anything-neither one knows what the other is going to get deeply injured at. I can see his face now as he was introducing you to me on the hotel steps, and all my letters blew away, and the comb fell out of my hair, and the cologne bottle dropped from my bag and smashed!"

"You laughed," said Benson admonishingly.

"Yes; and that only made things worse. I think Ferd was morbidly afraid that people would think me childish and awkward—and he wanted me to seem perfect!" Her eyes brimmed happily. "You were so lovely that day taking us to dinner and for the drive, and never forgetting me for a moment; and showing all the time that you knew Ferd was really fine, when he was so miserable and grumpy, and couldn't say a word-not a bit like a honeymooner! Real things turn out so different from the way you dream them, don't they? We've often laughed over that day since—but we've always loved to talk of you. I nearly called my youngest child Clark! Are you married?"

"Why not? You ought to be-a man like you!"

He offered the official masculine answer:

"I can't get anybody to have me. It's true! You have more than one child?'

"Four!" She flashed a proud glance at him. "The youngest is two-so grown up! I haven't any baby any more." Her tone seemed to have a divine half-regret in it. She broke off: "What have you been doing all this time?"

"Working-mostly." He hesitated slightly before going on; something in her clear eyes seemed to draw him



to further speech. "You spoke of real things being different from one's dreams of them-don't you think we ever 'dream' true?"

She shook her head.

"No! Dreams turn out better, often; but, so far as the details go, always different. It's strange how clever they are in eluding us! I always thought my husband would have a tenor voice-and he's Ferd! Oh, here he is now! Ferd, who do you think this is?"

"I guess I won't have to go very far to find out," said

Mr. Varley heartily.

He had none of the graces of his wife; but in his large and slightly shabby aspect as a family man his kind smile, shining as through a dusty haze of business preoccupation, showed him to be the good fellow he was. Wealth was evidently one of the dreams that had not materialized.

They all stood talking together, both men with a little tender, chivalrous attitude toward pretty Mrs. Varley in the midst of the more jovial manner. When the couple parted from Benson, after an eager invitation for a future meeting, he sat down once more and watched them as they went off together, with a sort of God-bless-you-my-children feeling, though Varley ranked him by half a dozen years.

It made him somehow feel lonely. Just this big, simple, commonplace happiness of theirs was what he had grown to long for more than anything else in the world, though the chances seemed less and less that he would ever have it; the mere idea of linking Cecelie with it was like tethering a will-o'-the-wisp to one's hearthstone. All through the pleasant conversation he had been conscious of a gradual sinking of the heart.

The lobby was thinning out; people had drifted off. He realized now-what he had known from the first, with a foreboding to which he had refused to give heed—that she would not-after all her promises-come to meet him. The fact struck him hard.

It was over four years since they had first met; they had spent a month in the same summer camp together. He had not really known that he had fallen in love until he had gone home-perhaps because the mere fact of being

with her had absorbed all power of thought. She was a veritable gleam of a girl-when you left her everything else seemed dark and you could not tell in just what her charm lay. She had that magnetic drawing power which is often independent of the will of its possessor, and which, once felt by the victim, refuses to release its hold.

She was slender and not so tall as she looked; her hair was golden; her eyes varied in color with her mood; she had a pearly skin, and a red mouth that was as lovely when it drooped as when it smiled.

They swam and fished, and had played tennis, danced and driven together. She was what is called a good sport. They had tramped in the rain, and they had read lying out under the trees in the sun; she broke her engagements with every one else for him. She had the courage of her delightfully audacious moods-you never could tell what she might say or do!-and she had also the most irrational timidities, out of which she could not be argued. She had a physical elusiveness that partook of her quality of light.

As soon as Benson reached home he had written to her, asking her to marry him. She had replied very sweetly, pleading for time to decide. He had kissed the letter rapturously, with a fatuous vision of the happiness to be his.

It had been a stern chase ever since. She had never come to any decision—except that he had better give up caring for her, though she would miss him terribly if he did. They

had corresponded voluminously. Heavens! What hours he had spent writing to her from his bare room in the hotel in the Far Western town! What anguished days when her replies were delayed!

He had been on once or twice a year to see her, flying visits looked forward to passionately for months-only to fail of all satisfaction but that of letting his hungry eyes rest on her in the intervals of her many engagements, and leaving her surrounded by a host of men, with the anguished thought that if he could only stay he might win her. She wrote him candidly of all she was doing-scant comfort

There was the letter in which she thought it right to tell him that she had fallen in love with a young officer, home on leave. Benson would always remember the night after he received that letter-he had walked and walked, out of the town and along the railroad track that stretched lonesomely across the prairie-walked until the gray dawn drove him back, his face drawn and his eyes burnt out as if from the heat of the fires of hell. It was two weeks before he heard from her again; then she said, thank goodness, the officer was gone: and she hated every man but Benson.

Then there was that time he would always remember by what he had missed—it was just after his last visit—when she had been too unkind, and in one of her audacious flights she had journeyed thirty-six hours by train to the town where he then lived to tell him how dreadfully sorry she was, and take the return train that left in an hour. And then, in a panic of maiden timidity when she alighted at the station, she had taken that return train without seeing him! She had written and confessed it all. And she had been so near!

After that had come the period when she not only hated men but Benson among them, and had left the world to work among the little children in a settlement for two or three months—and was quite happy because, for once, she was some good in the world-or would have been happy if it were not for a strange feeling at times that there was something wrong about her; she could not seem to really love any one—not even him!—and so would have to miss what luckier women had. Then she had come back to society gayer than ever.

And once-he reddened now as he remembered thathe had captured her masterfully in his arms and kissed her. She had stood quite still, with an icy disdain that took all the fire from his blood.

"Well, I never! If here isn't my little Bennie again!"

A clear voice, with a strong English accent, brought him instantly to his feet as a tall lady, passing with a largely mustached gentleman, held out her hand. She had brilliant auburn hair, eyes of intense blue, with artificial shadows below them, and a high color so natural that it flooded her face as she spoke. Her clinging green silk gown, adorned with dabs of fur, revealed an angular yet graceful thinness; she wore a small straw hat, trimmed with pink rosebuds, gold braid and a mauve feather, on her vivid hair.

"Mrs. Batsford-Wring!"

"Well, we do meet, don't we? It was the Rawkies last. I haven't a moment now; but come and see us-we're visitin' friends at the Ayreslea. Do now!"

"I'd like to; but I leave tomorrow night," Benson called after her as she hurried on. Everybody was kind but Cecelie!

Benson had hurried, on his arrival the evening before, to the big house where she lived with her father. After her last letter he had telegraphed her that he was coming. Heaven only knows with what dreams he always came! She was lovelier than ever as she lilted across the floor to greet him, with her golden head thrown back and her laughing eyes raised to his. She seemed very glad to see him.

The room was filled with a family party. He had talked to her iron-visaged banker father, to large and smiling Aunt Ida, thin and joking Uncle Henry, and fragile old Cousin Bella, who seemed held together with such difficulty that she might dissolve at any minute.

After his first blank dismay he had been patiently sure of a reward. It came as he was leaving-Cecelie had asked him to meet her at the Venetia at half past four the next day, and they would have their afternoon uninterrupted. And, after all, she had not come! Oh, she never kept her promises-she fooled you every time! What would have alienated in another was only a deeper allure in her; she drew like a magnet, whatever she did. Why must she always fly from him when he was near?

He had an incredibly insistent vision of following after her down a long, dark street of years, when, as fast as she fled, he gradually gained and gained until his arms closed tight round her; and instead of standing icily still in that embrace she leaned to him, with her warm lips upraised to his. Different, indeed, from the reality!

In the intense bitterness that surged over him now existence seemed nauseating; this state of things was sapping at the very roots of life. What a spineless thing he had become! He swore to himself in an access of cold fury that, one way or another, this time the thing should end.

There she was now-coming down the corridor, with a slight, pale girl and two men, one dark, supercilious and foreign, the other a tall boy, leaning over her entranced. As Benson jumped up she detached herself from the group and ran forward to meet him, her light figure, under its long fur stole, arrayed in something blue and shimmery that puffed out above and narrowed down close round her slender ankles, the blue feather in her little hat tilting as

she stepped.
"Ah, Cecelie!"

As she stretched out both hands sheer delight filled him; her lovely face broke into an irresistible smile when her eye met his, as one who owns herself caught, and confesses and defies and pleads all at once. When she looked like that you could not help smiling too.

"You don't know how awfully attractive and gloomy you looked sitting there, with your head on your hand— I actually didn't recognize you!" She stopped short and stared at him blankly. "You don't mean to say you've been waiting for me here all the afternoon?"

"Oh, I've been strolling round part of the time," he replied with a startled glance at the clock. "I'd no idea it was so late; but everything's all right, now you've come."

"Oh, but I haven't!" she mourned. "I'm with a party. It was an old engagement. When I found I couldn't meet you I telephoned you. I felt dreadfully about it."

"All right; we'll let it go at that," said Benson gayly. "Leave your friends now and come with me!"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Very well-I will! Oh, no-I can't!" She looked genuinely distressed. There's a girl I can't leave—what a shame! I'll tell you-you come with us; it was one of the things I tried to telephone you about. We are to dine and go to the theater!" Her lips took on their coaxing smile; her eyes plunged into his. "Do! You shall sit by me all the time-I promise you."

His face changed. "No."

"Oh, dear! You make me so unhappy!" She gazed at him in tender concern, with that provocative effect of sweetly giving that meant—as he knew so well-instant withdrawal if one presumed on it. "Why do you take everything so seriously?" Her voice dropped to a pleading tone. "Why won't you be good and come with us?

"Because I'm tired of only seeing you with a ruck of other people. Will you be home tomorrow morning?

Her eyes grew suddenly misty.

"Why, yes!" She added hastily: "I have to go out at eleven."

Benson smiled, a peculiar smile that gave an oddly sweet expression to his worn face and a keener glance to his eyes. "This time I'll be there before you go out," he said significantly.

T WAS, in fact, hardly half past ten when Cecelie came slowly lilting down

the brownstone steps of the house, dressed in sober gray, with big gray furs, and a little gray hat pulled down closely over her lovely golden head. She looked thoughtfully up and down the street-the air was cold, the pale blue sky full of white and wandering clouds that had come over from the countryside across the river. Down the block some little children were roller-skating with gay cries, and no one else in sight, as she casually assured herself. As she gazed a limousine waiting opposite whirled round, stopped, and Benson jumped out, lifting his hat as he came toward her.

"Good morning! I told you you couldn't escape me this time.

"Oh, but I was coming back-honestly! I was, indeed. was only going up to the sewing school," she protested hastily. "I left word for you to wait for me. I

She stopped short suddenly and began to laugh, her eye resting on him with involuntary approval. He looked extremely well groomed and was dressed with particular nicety. His lavender tie harmonized with his brown suit and big overcoat, and the soft hat was brown of a slightly lighter shade; his gloves were of the freshest. His face, usually pale, had a color in it, and his laughing eyes seemed peculiarly bright. A new exhilaration breathed from him.

"But I'll go back to the house now. Come on in!"

"No; that's not necessary. I'll take you on to your sewing school—or whatever it is. Let me help you in."





He gave the directions to the chauffeur, stepping in after her hastily and closing the door. As he sat down beside her a certain tenseness in him seemed to relax; he gave a quick sigh of relief.

Where did you get the limousine?" she questioned.

"Hired it. Oh, I nearly forgot!" He reached down under the sent and brought up a great busch of violets. "Please put them on at once. Here's the pin."

"I thought I smelled something very sweet," she said gratefully, burying her flowerlike face in them. "Confess! Didn't you regret not coming with me last night?"

"Infinitely!" His bright gaze rested on her. "I went to see some nice people I'd met in the afternoon-they're very happy and have four children; you wouldn't le interested to hear of them. But I couldn't stay. Then a man I knew found me and I didn't get rid of him until he became intoxicated. I was wild for you! But I shouldn't have

fitted in with your party. I'd have knifed your dark friend and just naturally choked that slobbering youth. The young girl wouldn't have enjoyed herself. What's the matter?

"Oh, Benson, I wish you wouldn't care for me so much!" said Cecelie. Her eyes were full of tears. She put out be slim, gray-gloved hand and laid it on his coatsleeve lightly for an instant. "If you knew how I'd thought about you! I -

"Haven't you cared sometimes too—a little?"

"Yes-oh, yes-lots! When you're away you seem so near to me; I fancy each time before I see you that it's going to be - And then it isn't! I only want to get away! I've tried and tried to make myself love you, but there's some dreadful twist in me. I cry sometimes because you're so good to me—honest I do! I couldn't bear you not to care for me any more!" Her golden eyelashes drooped; her breath caught. "I've thought sometimes I'd get married and trust to the love coming afterwardbut I know I'd go crazy if I felt that I couldn't get free! There was something left out of my composition when the Lord made me—I just can't care for any one.'

She buried her tearful face against the violets, as if he comfort from their soft and fragrant depths.

"I wouldn't feel that way about it," said Benson. Something in his voice made her look up suddenly; her gaze took in the outer scene and her voice changed.

"Why, Benson! We've gone ever so far beyond Fiftyfirst Street! This is One Hundred and Fourth.' "Yes; I believe it is," he answered, his eyes following

her. "That's all right, though." "'All right!' What do you mean?"

"Why"-he fumbled for words under her direct and indignant gaze-"why, it's this way, Cecelieheaven's sake, don't look at me like that! Don't get any foolishness into your head! I'm not running away with you. But you never will give me a chance to see you alone and speak for myself; so this time I've taken it. You're going to spend this day with me." He put up his band detainingly as she made a movement forward. "There's no use in your talking to the chauffeur-he's fixed. I'w got it all planned out-I'm going to take you up into the country to Paley's. I telegraphed Mrs. Paley from the hotel this morning. I hear there's almost nobody therethis time in the week. We'll have a walk in the woods afterward and there'll be the long ride home. It's my last You'll either consent to marry me this dear-oh, in your father's house!-and go back with man tomorrow morning, or I drop out, so far as you are concerned. There'll be no more of me ever."

"You want me to marry you tonight?"
"That's what I said!"

She laughed.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it?" he answered with a responsive smile. "Hello!"

The car had slightly slackened its pace in avoiding a construction wagon that took up all the road. Swift as lightning Cecelie's hand was on the catch of the door - in another instant Benson's arms were round her, dragging her back shile she fought him wildly. Then there was a moment's herce and silent struggle until he held both her hands in his apable grip, and gently forced her down on the seat.

"Don't do that again!" he ordered sternly. "You little vildcat! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"You're not behaving like a gentleman!" she flared at

"All right; let it go at that."

"You're making me hate you—really!"

"Very well, only don't try jumping out again. It won't vork! You can't catch me off my guard." His voice hanged irritably. "For-heaven's-sake! Can't I for nce have what I want-when it's so little-without all

his fuss about it? You know you'd go off for motor ride with any one else without turning

Her face contracted, she moved herself dishinfully as far away from him as possible into he blue-cushioned corner, her gray furs half ound her. Her hair looked very golden, her kin very pearly, her lips very red-but there ras a stony look in the gray eyes that gazed ast him. Benson's eyes were fixed on her. They were whirling along now over the post-

oad under the wintry sky, away beyond the onfines of the city, with woods or fields or scatered houses on each side, and an occasional ateway leading into one of the big country laces. They rode on and on and on-in silence. Never had her magnetic charm been greater; et, with the quick perception of a lover, lenson was conscious that in this apparent uccess of his temporary capture of her he had st something-a slight instinctive leaning oward him, which he had always felt unerintly under all her caprices, had changed, with he merest hint of compulsion, into a steely sistance that might turn at any moment to downright dislike.

He grimly foresaw only failure at the end of is day; yet his exhilaration remained. Who tat says he has no hope really has none? We stahend in life by counting the milestones to te hopes we never reach! He wondered how such her pretty shoes cost, with a tender sense f possession; for the time being she was his

Suddenly Cecelie hid her face in her armse shook from head to foot.

"What's the matter?" he asked, bending or in quick distress. "Cecelie—you're not eling so badly as that, dear? Cecelie!"

"Don't!" she said in a strangled voice, and iddenly raised her face. She was shaking with aghter. "Oh, dear!" she gasped. "It's all perfectly ridiculous! You sit looking at me, ith your eyes getting bigger and bigger, like lowl's. It's anything but se-se-ductive! Oh, ser!" Her voice rose piercingly in peal after al, with a caught breath in between.

"Stop!" said Benson peremptorily as her tice became a hysterical shriek. "Stop! up! Stop! The people in the two cars that st passed us are looking back—one is turning and! We'll have the police after us. Stop, ecelie! Stop, I say!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"Yes, you can. You hear me? You must!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"You must!" The contagion of a smile read to his own face, but the control in his size reached her. "There, there! You're tting up a little. Lie back in the cushions id rest. Heavens! What a care you are to

"Yes; I hope you realize that!" she said fiantly. "I don't see what you brought me it for if you're only going to sit and stare at

"Oh, we've got plenty of time to talk. For e thing, I was wondering how much your othes cost—I see you'll be an awful bill of pense to me! But I fancy I can stand it— re been saving up for four years." His voice

r that Last Ride, by Browning, you used to read to me in aine? I'm not much on poetry, you know, but I liked at. I was imagining now how we might go on like this rever-in a limousine! That's modernizing it with a ngeance, isn't it? I'm counting a lot on that ride back

is evening. Suppose the world did end tonight?"
"Benson, don't!" she said plaintively. "I'm beginning feel queer." She put out her hand with an appealing tle gesture. Her red lips quivered; her lovely eyes ught his.

"Benson! Benson, I'm tired! If you love me take me ome. You don't know how nice I'll be to you; honest, I ill! Please do."

He looked at her searchingly-her eyes shifted; her eyelids fell. He smiled and slowly shook his head.

"Sorry; but I can't."

She flushed hotly and drew quickly over into her corner. "Then take the consequences!" she said, and turned her face from him.

III

DALEY'S was ninety miles from town. In summer it was a charming place—all a green latticework of dining balconies overlooking the woodland and the inlet; but in the frozen winter it had a somewhat chilly and meretricious air—like a lady in low-necked muslin standing on the ice. The small room, however-empty as Benson had hoped

"Oh! Oh, You Must Belleve Me Now!"

anged. "Another thing I was thinking of: You remem- it would be-was warm with crimson rugs and a leaping time. Now fire; the cloth on the little table set for two seemed dazzlingly white, the silver and glass on the oaken shelves unusually glittering. There was an atmosphere of warmth and hominess about the place; Mrs. Paley herself, rosycheeked and white-aproned, came forward to welcome them, and led Cecelie away to take off her wraps.

The little meal, when it was served, was charming, the waiter assiduous—his eyes popping out intermittently like rabbits from behind a bush. The only drawback was that Cecelie, lovelier than ever in the glow of the fire, sat with one elbow on the table, her head turned away, looking out the window at the frozen inlet and the tall lightningscarred tree in the distance-in the far top of which dangled something that the waiter explained was a fish-hawk's deserted nest-and refused, in spite of Benson's consternation, to even taste anything.

"But don't let that make any difference to you," she

urged amiably. "Eat all you want."
"Oh, I will!" he replied coolly, yet with a chagrin it was impossible not to feel.

He had looked forward to that little meal alone with her, had been boyishly desirous that everything should be of the best, and that it should please her. He was a hungry man; but it is hard to eat enjoyingly through a bill-of-fare with a speechless vis-à-vis who will not so much as drink a glass of water with you. The waiter's assiduity became

more and more agitated; he bent lower and lower with each dish, until he seemed almost to be proffering it on bended knee to the beautiful lady, who always refused.

There were voluble, half-heard conversations in the kitchen. Mrs. Paley herself appeared again, deeply solicitous. Was there anything the young lady would like? It could be cooked in a moment. Cecelie's golden lashes lifted; her eyes responded sweetly as well as

"Thank you so much; but I really don't

want anything."

Benson could hardly help fondly smiling at the effect she produced; but he pushed his dessert away from him untasted at last.

"I would like to shake you!" he stated soberly.

"Well, I never!" said a clear voice, with an English accent, "Well, we do meet, don't we?" Benson turned and sprang to his feet. From

the side door the auburn-haired Mrs. Batsford-Wring was approaching. She wore the furry green silk and yellow straw hat, with a motoring coat over her arm, and was followed by the gentleman of the night before, tall and robustly bony, with a big mustache slightly streaked with gray, well-cut features, and a military bearing.

"What a surprise!" said Benson, shaking

"This is my brother, Captain Hawkly, just back from Inja," announced Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Oh, I've told him about me little Bennie! The motor broke down with us; we left it in the road with the chauffeur, and came over here for some tea before taking the train to town.'

"Miss Sherwood, this is my friend, Mrs. Batsford-Wring, who nearly saved my life once-when I was ill at Baden-and earned my undying gratitude—and her brother, Captain Hawkly," said Benson formally. "Miss Sherwood is the daughter of Mr. Nevitt Sherwood, of whom you may have heard."

"How d'ye do? Some people are so particular about whom they meet when they're travelin'—but I'm nawt," said Mrs. Batsford-Wring pleasantly, with a stare at Cecelie, who was deeply observing in her turn, while the captain's glance fell on her, with the instantly resulting gleam. "Bennie's not tellin', though, of the time he pulled me out of the snowbank by my leg-in the Dakotah blizzard. That was a night!"

"I should say so! And how is Mr. Batsford-Wring?" asked Benson, smiling.

"He came a cropper in the huntin' field a twelvemonth ago—and the best thing for every one too!" said his widow calmly. "Poor Batty! He always was a filthy brute-I never liked him. And you? Are you not married your-self?"

"No, indeed," said Benson, with an involuntary look at Cecelie, who, slim and graceful as a willow wand, was talking to the admiring

"Shall we have some tea together?" pursued Mrs. Batsford-Wring hospitably. "You were very late finishin' your luncheon, weren't you?—but a cup of tea is refreshin' at any

don't look at your watch, Bennie; you can' hurry off when we've so much to talk over. You'll have tea with us, Miss Sherwood?"

"Indeed I will!" said Cecelie gayly.

In the slight bustle that ensued in getting another table set and the preparation of the tea things, Benson found a furtive chance to press the hand by his side—a yearning, clinging touch, light as it was, that seemed to say: "Ah, understand how much I want to get off to walk with you!"

There was no response, however. Her eyes when they met his had an elfish, mocking light in them. His face reddened for an instant and then turned pale, set enigmatically in its lines of habitual patience.

(Continued on Page 33)

# Government Ownership à la Française—By Will Payne

As SOON as I was fairly settled in Paris," said my friend from Chicago, "I decided to have a telephone put in my apartment, and of course I was in a foolish American hurry about it.

"I knew, of course, I should have to buy the instrument, for the French Government does not furnish that. I went to the manufacturer who had been recommended to me, picked out an instrument that seemed suitable for residence use, and paid one hundred and fifty-five francs for it. Then I went back to my office, called up Central and expressed a desire to have the instrument installed. It took Central some time to find out that I must call up a certain bureau for that purpose. I called up the certain bureau and was presently informed that I must call up another certain bureau. The second certain bureau told me it would be necessary to make a written

application on a form prescribed by the government, and the required blanks were to be had only at No. 24 Rue Bertrand.

"Rue Bertrand, I found, was on the other side of the river, some three miles from my office. I took a taxi over there and in due time was handed an official blank, which I carefully filled out; but the bureau could not receive the application until a twenty-five-centime stamp was affixed to it.

"'Very well,' said I, 'there is twenty-five centimes. Stick on the stamp.'

"Then I learned that this was a government bureau for the receipt of telephone applications, not a government bureau for the sale of stamps. The nearest bureau where a stamp could be procured was the better part of a mile away. Another taxi carried me there. I climbed the stairs to a dark office that looked more like a fence for stolen goods than a government bureau and bought my stamp. I felt I had the thing as good as done then and hurried back to Rue Bertrand; but there I was informed that my application could not be accepted until I brought a written authorization, also on a prescribed form, from my landlord to have the telephone installed on his premises."

#### Difficulties in Getting Telephone Service

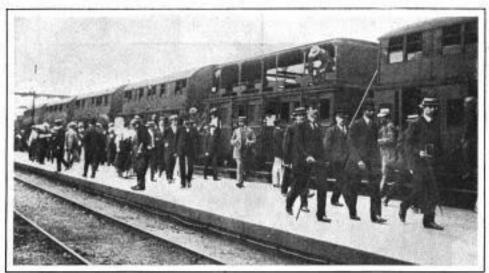
"IT IS true I need not have been in such a hurry, for after the application was completed in due form six days elapsed before the instrument was installed. I had paid a hundred and fifty-five francs for it. I had also paid one hundred francs cash in advance for the first three months' service. But then I could not use my telephone to talk outside of Paris until I deposited with the government

sufficient cash in advance to cover all probable toll charges for a month; nor could I transmit a telegram over the telephone without making a deposit to cover telegraph charges. I expected to use my 'phone both for long-distance talks and for transmitting telegrams to the telegraph office; so I made a deposit, explaining that I wished it to cover both telephone tolls and telegrams.

"A little later I tried to call up London. Central, after the usual investigation, said I could not talk to London over that telephone because I had made no deposit to cover toll charges. I insisted that I had made a deposit to cover both toll charges and telegrams. There was another investigation and Central replied that my deposit was entered on the record as applying only to telegrams; so I must have it changed before telephone tolls could be charged against it."

I repeated this experience to a Parisian acquaintance who assured me that my Chicago friend exaggerated the difficulties of getting and using a telephone in France; so I stepped into the telegraph and telephone bureau in the basement of the Bourse and asked what was necessary to be done in order to have a telephone installed. I was handed a sheet of instructions.

The sheet begins by stating that the object of telephones is: 1. To furnish direct communication between persons who are subscribers to



COPINIONT BY M. BRANCES, PAR

Passengers Leaving a Suburban Train

the telephone system; 2. To furnish communication between a person who is a subscriber and one who is not by notifying the latter to be at a certain telephone at a certain hour, when a message will be given to him.

Under conditions for Paris it says the charge for a telephone connected by direct wire is four hundred francs, or eighty dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance: that the administration will furnish the batteries, but the subscriber must furnish the instrument; that if it is necessary to run a special wire to your instrument the charge will be sixty centimes a meter—twelve cents for a little over a yard—if the line is underground, and half that if it is aërial; that the proper blanks may be had by applying at No. 24 Rue Bertrand. At Rue Bertrand I was handed three blanks—first, the application for the telephone service; second, an authorization by the landlord to have the telephone installed; third, an application to have the subscriber's name entered in the telephone directory.

To begin with, then, the person who wishes a telephone in Paris must buy his own instrument from a manufacturer whose output has been approved by the government. There are a number of such manufacturers; but a German newspaper correspondent who thought highly of the telephones of the Fatherland brought a German instrument to Paris, only to find that the government would not install it; and an American had the same experience with an American instrument. The approved instruments cost all the way from twenty to fifty dollars, but the cheaper ones are not recommended for more than local use by anybody except the manufacturers, and not very heartily by them.

The subscriber who wishes direct service in Paris must pay twenty dollars for the first quarter's rental on filing any one in any place where there is 1 to charge he must make a deposit with the government. There is no fixed limit is this deposit, but it is supposed to contabout one month's charges. If a madeposits ten dollars and uses a long distance 'phone frequently, so that seems his month's bill will run to twent dollars, he is notified to double his deposit, if the charges come near exhausting it he will be notified to increase his margin.

To one who knows how a greedy present the second of the charges of the charges his margin.

his application and a like sum each thre months thereafter. If he wishes to sen

a telegram over his 'phone or to talk t

To one who knows how a greedy provate corporation in the United States with install a nickel-in-the-slot telephone is anybody anywhere, and let the subscriber telephone and telegraph all on the country before it sees a penny of homoney, it is odd to find that the Frence Government will not under any circum

stances trust a telephone subscriber for a solitary so You must pay for everything you want some time belo you get it. What with the cost of the instrument, the quater's rental paid in advance, and the deposit for tolls at telegrams, the ordinary residential telephone user must pup from fifty to sixty dollars cash in advance before he at begin telephoning—and two hundred and fifty france quite a bit of money to the average Parisian.

#### **Hotel Rooms Without Telephones**

IT IS hardly necessary to add that, though telephones:
France have been in the hands of the government is more than twenty years, they are less used in that count than in any other with which it can fairly be compare. In proportion to population, there are ten times as much instruments in the United States as in France. Chicag has just short of twelve telephones for each hundrinhabitants; Paris has just short of three.

It is not necessary to look up statistics, however, to gethe fact. You see it everywhere. My Paris hotel contained five hundred bedrooms. One person manned it telephone switchboard and was by no means busy, either I discovered that he had a neat little ledger in which kept an entry of every call to a guest in the house, at all phone call being an event worthy of record. Of courthere were no 'phones in the bedrooms. One was court ously conducted down a long corridor, round the corrand down another corridor to the booth if one wished telephone, or if one's rash American friends trusted the communications to that medium.

The normal charge in Paris is eighty dollars a yes whether for office or residence use. Incidentally the su

scriber must agree to take and pay for the serice for at least one year. Outside of Paris a that vicinity the charge is twenty dollars I the first year, sixteen dollars for the secoyear, twelve dollars for the third year, and eig dollars thereafter, which is certainly cheo though the government runs the wires graonly within a radius of a little over a mile fro the exchange. But, however cheap it is, t telephone, comparatively speaking, is not use

As to service in Paris, there is universal agreement that it has been notably improved with a year, until it is now probably about as go as the London service. Some years ago en perated subscribers got up a league of telephousers, for offensive and defensive purposes. I league patriotically harried the government every occasion, but without producing must impression until—about two years ago—t principal exchange burned down, to the patriotical exchange burned down, to the patriotic patriotic publication of the telephoning publication of the telephoning publication that fair opportunity the government began measurably modernizing the system.

One very new improvement is the introduction of exchange names. With their passion is being logical, the French designated their to phones entirely by numbers. For example, given telephone, instead of being Main & would be 321.33. It was very logical—and the numbers grew big, very awkward.



Local Travel in Warm We ther

As to long-distance service, every one I inquired of said it was had southward—say, to Rome—but pretty good to Berlin. Above all other institutions, no doubt, stock exchanges demand fast communication, for two or three minutes' difference in time may mean a very large difference in money. The booths in the basement of the Bourse are, therefore, fitted up with instruments which are especially efficacious for long-distance conversations, and there the best service is to be had; in fact, it is quite common all round that neighborhood for telephone users who are really in a hurry for a long-distance talk to run over to the Bourse booths instead of trusting to their office instruments. I asked the courteous official in charge of these booths how long it would take me to get Berlin.

"Impossible to say," he replied with the utmost good nature. "It might be ten minutes or it might be two hours!"

To be sure, this was in the middle of the day; but one may sometimes want a prompt telephone connection even at a busy period, and I found that, in fact, it might be three hours before one got Berlin. It is true, also, that by paying a triple rate you can get a much more dependable service, and the brokerage business usually goes at the triple rate. The ordinary rate is a dollar and a quarter for three minutes; the triple rate is three dollars. The ordinary rate is fairly cheap; the triple rate is fairly dear.

There is little use, however, in considering telephone rates apart from the service. To a person who really wants to telephone, a bad service is dear at any price. I may as well take this occasion to say that I have a bushel of statistics on telephone and telegraph rates the world over. Some of them were prepared by advocates of government ownership; others were prepared by opponents. Consequently

each set of statistics absolutely proves the case of its sponsors.

To take one simple illustration: I could discover no recent authoritative statement as to whether government ownership of telephones in France produced a surplus or deficit, and so set out to learn what the fiscal results were. No. 24 Rue Bertrand referred me to another bureau of the ministry half a mile away; and, after due inquiry and explanation there, I met the official having that matter particularly in charge-a very obliging and pleasant person, with the insignia of the Legion of Honor on the lipel of his black frock coat. I may add that courtesy, frock coats and badges of the Legion of Honor seem to be universal in higher French officialdom.

#### Figures Unavailable

HE WAS very sorry he could not satisfy my curiosity. Telephones, telegraphs and mail, he explained, were all hadded by one organization. Many employees of the Postal Department were engaged with work touching all three handless of the service and there were a great many charges that had not been

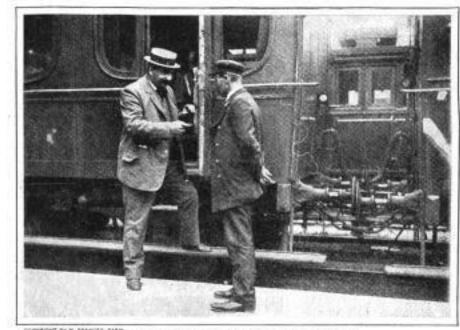
scientifically allotted among the three branches. The government was even then casting up the accounts with an approximately proper allotment of these joint expenses. Until that work was completed it would be impossible to say just what the fiscal results of telephone operation were; but he could assure me that if there was any deficit on

the telephones it was small. He thought, in fact, the service was self-supporting.

In all state-owned systems the same situation obtains, and often there is no exact allotment of expenses as between telephones and telegraphs, and both together and mail proper; so if you wish to prove that in a given country state-owned telephones are more efficient than those of the United States, all you need do is to leave out the joint telephone-telegraph employees, thereby demonstrating that each telephone employee handles a great many messages. On the other hand, if you wish to prove that state ownership is very wasteful you must include the joint telephone-telegraph employees.

In this country especially there are all kinds of telephone rates. I personally happen to pay fifteen dollars a year for a

telephone with unlimited service and no toll charges for messages within the county, which roughly means thirty miles east and west by twenty north and south. The instrument and wiring are good enough to talk with satisfaction to Chicago and Detroit—say, a hundred and fifty miles in each direction. How much farther they will work satisfactorily



Passenger Asking Information of Train Guard

even a grave statistical attempt to prove that the telephone is less useful to the people of the United States than to the people of France and of other countries where the telephone is publicly owned, in spite of the undisputed fact that there are several times as many telephones to a hundred inhabitants in the United States as in France, and of the indis-

putable evidence that anybody can gather by simply using his eyes and ears for a fortnight in both countries.

Therefore I shall not deal much with statistics—not because I lack them, but because I have so many that I know how misleading they may be. And I earnestly advise the reader to be careful in accepting statistics on this whole subject of government ownership.

#### Government Monopoly

ONE historical fact may be mentioned here: Though state ownership of telegraphs was common in Europe when the telephone began to be commercially developed, only two governments on the continent—Germany and Switzerland undertook to develop the new method of electrical communication.

In France, for example, telegraphing was a state monopoly; and the law governing the monopoly was so broad that it would have been impossible to introduce the telephone except by express permission of the government. Concessions or licenses running only five years were accordingly given to several private concerns, which proceeded to develop

telephoning, taking only the fattest territory and charging all the traffic would bear, as might be expected in view of the short term of the licenses; for they had to get back their investment within five years.

It then appeared that telephoning would become a rival of the telegraph, and the government built two or three exchanges on its own account, independent of the private concerns. Thus competition developed between the state and the private owners. In 1889 an act was passed providing for the purchase of the private lines by the state. The private owners refused to accept the terms offered; whereupon the government took possession of their plant by force. So telephoning has been a state monopoly in France for a quarter of a century. And today there are less than three hundred thousand telephones in France—or not so many as in the city of Chicago.

Telegraphing has been a state monopoly there practically ever since the invention of the art. The French telegraph service is good and cheap. The charge for inland messages is a cent a word, with a minimum of ten words that is, you pay ten cents for anything less than eleven words and a cent for each word more than ten. Both the address and signature are counted as part of the message; yet the cost of telegraphing is lower than with us and the service as good. The latest authoritative information I find, for 1905, indicates that the telegraph business was done at a loss of about a million dollars and three-quarters. What the situation now is I do not know, for reasons stated above.

It is a common charge against our amiable trusts that they retard or suppress new inventions which, if vigorously developed, would disturb their extensive capital investments in older methods. It seems a fair inference that France and other telegraphic-owning states have

(Continued on Page 72)



Passenger Helping Ladies With Their Baggage

I do not know, never having tried it. That is about as cheap as rural telephones in France, especially as I do not have to buy the instrument or pay for wiring.

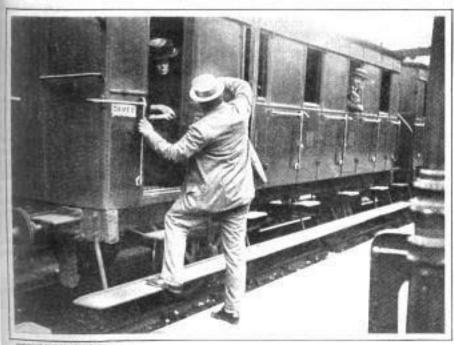
On the other hand, in the city of New York you pay two hundred and twenty-eight dollars a year for unlimited service and business use, and have immediate connection

> with three hundred and eighty thousand other telephones in Manhattan and the Bronx.

> Now a telephone, broadly speaking, is both more useful and more costly in proportion as it connects with other instruments. It would be impossible to give me my country telephone at fifteen dollars a year if there were three hundred thousand other telephones in the county with any one of which I might wish a connection at any time. Comparison of rates means nothing without comparison of conditions.

By statistically comparing the one and not the other you can get any sort of result you like

You can take American flat rates—unlimited service—and compare them with foreign measured rates, or vice versa, and get statistics that look important until they are analyzed. I have recently seen



Man Trying to Enter a Compartment Reserved for Women

# By WILLIAM CARLETON

THE year that Horace Moulton went into part-- nership with his father was the year Dick started his dairy. During the following months each man was too intent upon his own particular enterprise to take more than a general interest in anything else. Horace didn't find any spare time on his hands. He discovered that by applying the same thought and energy to this country grocery store that, as an ambitious young man, he would have applied to maintaining a position as an underling in some more pretentious city business he had all he could do. And here he was able to see results. He told me he doubled his business that first

Horace went out after new business and got it. Furthermore he saw there was just as much more to be had, and after that still more. At the end of the first six months he was no longer worrying that he would not be able to get as much business as he was big enough to handle.

The way Horace and Dick happened to get together on the new proposition grew out of the fact that Moulton's store had come to be a sort of

village clearing house. When any of the women folk had a surplus of pickles or jelly or what not they brought it to the store and traded it off. Horace was willing enough to take their produce, because he disposed of it quickly enough. Generally the woman who had too many pickles didn't have enough jelly, and so on. Now though the boy made a fair profit on the deal, he realized that he wasn't by any means getting by selling at home what such country-made products would bring in town. The prestige attached to such goods went for nothing; it was like selling Paris gowns in Paris with a New York market next door. Then, too, Horace had a notion that if this country grocery store idea had made such a success in the country it ought to make even a bigger success in the city where pennies count for even more.

About this time the Pioneer Products Company was feeling the need of a city distributing center. Finally along came Dick, who was getting all worked up over the cost of distributing his milk. The result of cooperation along these individual lines led to the next step, which was general cooperation. Our common market was the city. We had coöperated to sell our garden produce; we had coöperated to sell our milk; we had cooperated with Horace to sell our jellies and what not-why not combine to sell everything at once to this common market? No one of us could afford the undertaking by himself, but together it ought to be simple. It would furnish an outlet for the whole town and, as I've said before, though we don't as a town make much of a showing on the map, you take us all together as one plant and we loom up as a pretty big business. So does every country town. To realize this, just figure out how much money it would take to buy our plant at its assessed valuation. Not many business men, even in this day of millionaires, could get together enough money to do it. Only a few of the big trusts have as much money invested in their business as we have.

Horace needed a city store and wanted one more than he needed it; the Pioneer Products Company wanted a store and needed it more than they wanted it; Dick wanted a city store and needed it as much as he wanted it. It was inevitable that the three should get together. The suggese first from Dick. The problem of distribution and the big factor it plays in the final cost to the consumer.

"It looks to me dead wrong that people should pay almost as much to get their stuff to the door as they pay to have it raised. It's an injustice to the consumer and to the producer," said Dick.

"Isn't it partly the fault of the consumer?" said Horace. "Dad tells me that in the early days he didn't deliver anything-people came to the store.

That's it exactly—people came after their goods. They did part of the work. Now they're coddled to a point where they not only require you to deliver everything, but



The Women of Brewster Had Long Been After Him

demand that most things shall be all cooked for them. That's all right if they don't kick about the cost. They are welcome to any service they are willing to pay for. But when they aren't willing or aren't able to pay, then they ought to do part of the work. They haven't any right to shift that extra burden on the producer.'

"You're talking about what ought to be. As a matter of fact, the very ones who do the most talking about high prices are the ones who demand the most service."

"I guess you're right," said Dick; "but I'd like to put this up to them once. If they want to save money I'll help them, provided they'll do some of the work. If they don't want to save money then they'll have to keep quiet and pay the bill. I object to spending my time and money getting cost down to bedrock, and then allowing the customer to take what I save and turn it back to the deliveryman for the luxury of having his milk delivered at the door. I accept a profit of half a cent a quart in order to keep cost down to four cents; I allow a cent and a half for bottling and delivery to town, which is necessary. That leaves two and a half cents. The half cent I'm willing to give to the customer, but the two cents, twenty-five per cent of the total, he hasn't as much right to as I have. If he wants to save it and help cut down the cost, that's one proposition. If he wants to spend it, then he isn't as hard up as he pretends to be and will have to pay me better for my efforts."

Horace laughed.

"You have all the best of the argument, Dick," he said; 'but the public is always both judge and jury.'

"It isn't in this case.

"How?"

"Because it can't get my milk anywhere else. If I charged nine cents a quart it would still be better milk than can be bought anywhere else for fifteen."

'Jove, you're right! You can make the public come to

"It ought to come part way. I'm willing to cooperate with the customer, but hanged if he hasn't got to do some of the cooperating himself!"

The difficulty with Dick's proposition had been to find a station within reasonable access of his two classes of customers-the Little Italy customers and the uptown customers. Burlington, business manager of the Pioneer Products Company, had a market stall that would do for one station, but that still left the uptown milk to be delivered.

As I've said, Horace was eager for a city store. The sort of store he proposed to run must necessarily be fairly well uptown. It must not be in a section where folks couldn't afford to pay a fair price for superior country products, nor in a section where people could afford to pay for all the trappings and service that go with the highest-priced

goods. It was on just those things that Horace proposed to save. He wanted to reach the fairly prosperous class, who appreciate wholesome food and yet are forced to consider prices. It was just this uptown class willing togo a long way to get Carleton milk that Horace was after.

To Burlington, as another outlet for the company, an uptown store also appealed strongly. The women of Brewster had long been after him. They, too, wanted a chance to earn a little money and felt there ought to be a market for genuine homemade products - genuine home-made products, you understand, made of resi butter, eggs and milk, not the stuff that bakers put out under that name.

So you see that as we talked about the proposition the store began to look more and more as though it must be a cooperative enterprise. It couldn't be Dick's store or Horace's store, but it must be Brewster's store. It must represent the whole town. It was a new experiment in cooperative stores. Instead of being organized to furnish us with an inlet, it was organized to furnish us an outlet.

Holt and Burlington representing the Pioneer Company, Horace and Dick representing their own interests, and myself, appointed to represent the women of the town, worked on the proposition several weeks. As a result we decided upon a stock company with fifteen hundred shares, par value ten dollars each. This was to be divided as follows: Horace, five hundred shares; the Pioneer Products Company, two hundred and fifty shares; Dick, two hundred and fifty shares; five hundred shares for general subscription, limited to residents of Brewster. This was taken up within ten days. It shows that we had some spare cash in town and, what is more, that we had people who were willing to use it in backing any cooperative enterprises the Pioneers might suggest. It wasn't like that ten years ago.

We gave over to Burlington and Horace full authority to work out the details, subject, however, to the final indorsement of a board of five which besides those two included Dick, Holt and myself. This was in October. Within two weeks a store had been leased, and within another two weeks it had been fitted and stocked. Then in the daily papers the following announcement was made:

THE BREWSTER STORE

Country produce direct from Brewster. We shall carry every good thing to be found in a good country town. No frills, no credit, no deliveries. Every cent you spend here will be invested in produce and nothing else.

XVII

In the mean while Dick had sent out to his customers this announcement:

After November first no Carleton milk will be delivered at the door. It may be secured only at the following two places: The Pioneer Products Company stall, located

at —; and the Brewster store, at —.

This is done with the sole object of reducing cost both to the consumer and to the producer. If the experiment proves satisfactory the price of the milk will be reduced: if it does not prove satisfactory the price of the milk will be increased. We hope in this way to reach the people who really desire cheap, clean milk.

only tomers. Any milk unclaimed will be charged for. Any customer who fails to call for his milk three consecutive days will be omitted from our list.

Now that sounded pretty arbitrary. When the boy showed it to me I shook my head in some doubt. As for Barney, he looked perplexed for a moment.

Then he said: "Hang it all, it's a fair and aboveboard challenge anyhow."

"Do you know of any one deserving the milk who can't call for it?" said Dick.

"No," said Barney, "I don't. At the same time there might be such cases."

"If you find any let me know. If the scheme works I propose to cut the price of my milk to seven cents. Do you realize what that will save customers?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five cents a year."

"Which will be the price of fifty-two quarts of milk. What I say is that if there's any one who doesn't need that extra milk it ought to go to some one who does. I myself don't want any more money out of the enterprise than I'm getting."

And to do the boy justice that statement must be understood. The boy meant it. He was sincere. The expedient had no other object than to cut down cost for the benefit of the consumer.

As a result of that circular the boy received a batch of complaints; but mark this—not one from Little Italy. Of course one explanation is that those people don't do much complaining anyway. They are apt to accept 'most everything except when stirred up from the outside. But a better explanation is also that they were quick to appreciate the possible future saving and also the value of the milk they were getting. The complaints were all from uptown, and some of them were violent.

"It's an outrage," they wrote. "It's an imposition."
"Please cancel our order at once." Dick didn't hesitate two minutes about those cancellation orders. There were people right in Brewster who were willing enough to come to the barn for that milk, and he made more on every such customer than he did on any city customer even under the new arrangement. It saved him delivery to the stations and storage. There wasn't a day, moreover, from the time the new store opened when there wasn't an inquiry for Carleton milk. The fact that it couldn't be secured and that customers had to go on a waiting list had the usual effect of making the public more eager than ever for it. It was surprising how rapidly the milk advertised itself. Barney talked it all the time in Little Italy, while uptown every family that took it advertised it to the whole neighborhood. Then, too, the family physicians discovered its worth. Many of them came down to the farm to see for themselves how it was produced. To a man they went away urging Dick as a matter of public duty to increase his

Within two months of the time the store opened Dick kept his promise and reduced the price to seven cents. He figured that the non-delivery scheme saved over one cent and a half per quart, after deducting the storage cost which took its place. It was then that the newspapers began to look into the proposition. Seven-cent milk, if it had been nothing but ordinary milk, was news and good news. But when the papers had the milk analyzed and found that by every test it averaged as high as certified milk, which sold from twelve to fifteen cents a quart, they started a campaign that almost brought on a milk war. The regular dealers replied that this Carleton milk was purely a philanthropic enterprise and not a business. The papers came to Dick for an explanation, but acting on my advice he refused to be drawn into a controversy. The only reply he made was this: "It isn't fair to criticize dealers for their prices, but it is fair to criticize the standard of their milk. That's the important thing. I'm producing clean milk, and it isn't costing me but a trifle more than it costs to produce impure milk. That much the public has a right to know."

"Then you aren't losing money?" they asked.

"No," said Dick. "However, I'm willing to admit that I'm satisfied with a smaller profit than would content a pure business enterprise. But that added profit ought to go to the farmer and not to the dealer. That it doesn't is partly the fault of the public."

The papers wanted Dick to open up his books and go into details, but to neither of us did that seem quite fair to the other producers just at present.

"The scheme is young yet," said Dick, "Give it another year or two and I'll talk with you."

Of course Barney was eager to give the papers all they asked.

"Both the farmers and the dealers ought to be shown up," he insisted. "You've proved that clean milk can be produced and delivered at a profit by any dealer for less than is being done today. The public ought to know this."

"It's up to the farmer and he can't be changed in a minute," I said. "Give him a chance to learn."

"It's an earthquake and not a chance he needs," said Barney. But on his own responsibility Barney did publish some of his own observations on milk, and the articles did a lot of good. As usual, however, he was violent in them and stepped on a lot of toes. It didn't add any to his popularity in his own profession either.

#### XVIII

I HAVE told how the boy started, and the start is the important thing. Any level-headed man can follow up a success. The most interesting feature of it to me is the fact that Dick, an ordinary business man without experience, was able, with the help of free, expert government advice, to master the details of dairying in so short a time. In months he made himself a more genuine expert than many a farmer who has kept cows for thirty years.

To me the explanation is perfectly simple—he started without any theories or bad dairy habits of his own. He used horse sense, and horse sense is the most valuable capital a man can start with on a farm. He used his head in a business where generally speaking there is less head used than in any business of its size in the world. He used his head as much in handling the experts as he did in seeking them. Many experts go as much to extremes as Barney. Money can be wasted and wasted fast in over-emphasis of purity. If Dick had put in some of the sterilizing plants that were recommended his milk would have been no better and would have cost him ten cents a quart. It was as necessary for him to remain sane on the question of purity as on the question of impurity.

The basis of Dick's business at the start and the basis of it today is the efficient herd. Dick has increased the average production per cow from 2848 quarts the first year to over 3500 at present. The boy has some three-year-olds who are producing over 3000 quarts, and some two-yearolds running to over 2600. These are grade cows too.





Moulton's Store Had Come to be a Sort of Village Clearing House

Every such increase represents almost net profit, for the cost of upkeep is almost the same.

Dick now has his own registered bull which he selected on his record. He waited a long time before he made his choice and the result promises to justify this. The animal pays for himself outside his own stable.

The business has increased and increased rapidly, with no end in sight yet. There is no end. Every baby born is a new customer. As soon as people awake to the real food value of milk, its consumption will increase among adults. It's just as good man food as baby food. I don't believe within reason it is possible to over-produce milk. A man has in cream and butter a way of utilizing all surplus.

Dick has nearly doubled his herd. As far as the business is going he could increase his plant ten times over, and may before he is done. Up to now, however, he has preferred to see the business grow among the other farmers of the town. He is his own milk commission, and stands ready to accept milk and sell it as Carleton milk so long as any farmer keeps up to Carleton standards. Barney looks after that end of it. At least two hundred cows outside Dick's herd are now producing Carleton milk. It has come to be a big addition to the industry of the town.

This has led to another coöperative enterprise. Dick found that it was decidedly unprofitable to make any attempt to raise his own grain. This was because the market for garden produce offered by the Pioneer Products Company made the land too valuable to be put to this use. What was true for him was true for the others, of course. Not only was the land too valuable, but the dressing was too valuable. It could be converted much more profitably into the higher-priced vegetables. We were producing now a goodly quantity of manure. Where Dick first reckoned it to his dairy credit as worth \$1.50 a ton, it could under the new system be fairly said to be worth at least two dollars a ton, if not more.

But if grain had to be bought Dick didn't propose to buy it at retail. He made a canvass of the town, and found every man who kept a Carleton cow eager to cooperate with him in buying by the carload. In this way a saving of ten per cent was effected. The grain was not stored, but as fast as a shipment came in each man went to the car and took away his allotment. In this way no storage losses were suffered and the grain was ordered only as needed.

Dick built a new dairy house, larger and with better facilities and with one big improvement. It was connected with the barn by a covered passageway and contained a milking room. By this arrangement the cows, instead of being milked in the barn, were led to this milking room after being groomed and cleaned, and were milked there. This simplified matters a great deal and allowed more freedom in the stable. The milking floor didn't take up much space and could be washed out with a hose after each cow, if necessary. It seems to me this system could be easily used in any barn where the farmer can't afford to remodel. It doesn't cost much to erect a small shed, and if used for this purpose alone is certainly the next best thing to a clean barn. But the shed must be kept clean, and the cows must be cleaned before being admitted.

The cost is negligible when compared with the results attained. The farmer who says he can't afford so simple an outlay as this, and who says he can't afford to keep his

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# SEEING IS BELIEVING

## The Showman's Craft Helps Business Explanations

A BROOKLYN dock and a dull winter afternoon; knots of roustabouts tug like ants at piles of boxes, barrels and crates consigned to a steam-ship bound for South American ports. Ton after ton of variegated freight is disappearing in her roomy hold.

Presently the slings are fastened round a long, narrow, heavy box. A whistle blows shrilly; a donkey engine up on the ship's deck puffs and clanks, and the box rises slowly in the air, thirty feet above the dock. All goes well until it hangs over the wide hatch and is being lowered.

Then, quick as a wink—so quickly that men working below have barely time to get out of the way—the wooden end bursts out and a long steel bolt drops like a projectile, leaving the box intact in the slings. It crashes through the cargo and pierces the ship's bottom, for it is a thirty-foot steel shaft, made for heavy mining machinery.

Was it improperly packed? Was it carelessly handled? Probably the courts will have a chance to decide those points.

Meantime water comes into the ship so fast that before she can be taken to a drydock for repairs it is necessary to beach her on a mudflat; and there she lies, with nine feet of water in her hold, with delay and loss to her owners, and many thousands of dollars' damage to her cargo of flour and apples.

About a month before this accident a large party of business men might have been seen traveling round the New York waterfront. Now a fleet of motorbusses takes them along the North River piers, where miscellaneous freight passes in and out of ocean liners. They see tropical fruit unloaded and American automobiles taken through the sides of ships. They inspect refrigerating plants for preserving perishable products; walk about docks piled with everything under the sun; go down into holds to see cargoes stowed away.

Again, a railroad tug takes them over to the Jersey terminals to see cement, flour, heavy machinery and other bulky freight put on lighters; and they follow the lighters over to the vast, obscure dock system of Brooklyn, to see the stuff put aboard ships and watch import goods being unloaded.

Whenever they are hungry there seems to be a hospitable liner right at hand to entertain them at lunch; and, while they eat, steamship and railroad officials talk to them about export methods.

#### Lessons in Packing and Shipping

THESE sightseers are all connected with the export business of American concerns, and this is the first time that many of them have actually seen export-shipments in transit. From time to time their goods have been delayed or damaged and they have blamed the railroad or the steamship people. Traffic men have pointed out deficient methods too light packing; wrong routing; carelessness in making out export papers—but there have still

been hitches and mishaps, based chiefly on misunderstanding of technicalities. The shipper has suspected that the transportation man was unreasonable in his regulations, and the transportation man has felt that the shipper lacked sense.

Finally, on the principle that seeing is believing, and a much easier way of explaining technicalities than telling, an export trade-journal editor has arranged this tour of the docks. Railroad and steamship men fall in with the idea eagerly; New York's waterfront is organized with little trouble into a two-day exposition of export methods, because it is going three hundred days in the year; and export men from half a hundred inland manufacturing centers come down to the seaboard to watch what happens to goods when they are sent abroad.

At least one man in the party will thoroughly understand that accident to the ship sunk by the steel shaft when he reads about it next month. He is the man who has always visualized freight as something rolled from his shipping room on to a truck, and from the truck into a car, and rolled out again at its destination. For the first time in his life he sees freight swung fifty feet into the air in a sling, swaying drunkenly, and lowered into the hold of a ship. It gives him new conceptions of the strains that his export packing cases must stand.

## By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Another man, whose export boxes containing machinery have been damaged by slipping out of the slings at half-equipped ports, discovers a way to bid for the favor of the third mate unloading a cargo and secure better handling. Instead of trusting to the mate's sling he provides a sling of his own on every export box by reënforcing it with wire rope or steel bands, which are brought together in a loop convenient for a crane hook.

Other men note better ways to pack goods; see devices to prevent loss and theft; understand the practical value of properly drawn export documents; and learn through their eyes in five minutes things that might never have impressed them through reasoning. Seeing is believing, and the business world nowadays finds more and more use for the showman's art in making things plain.

Demonstration apparatus is devised for selling purposes; educational exhibits are arranged for fairs and expositions of all sorts; factories are built or arranged with a definite view to entertaining sightseers. In a thousand ways business seeks to set before people—through the eye, vividly and succinctly—something that people should know.

Sometimes the public to be reached is large—no less than the population of a city. It is a busy, heedless public not likely to be much interested in technicalities. Business used to argue with that sort of public, lay special pleas before it, remonstrate with it, resist it—and be either ignored or outvoted. Now it is learning to go before people with technical arguments that even a street crowd can be interested in and understand.

A street-car company takes space at a city exposition. Its general manager has long had secret technical sorrows brooding in his soul—sorrows like the increasing cost of track and complexity of equipment; increasing difficulty in getting the public to work with the company for better service. Figures and curves showing track and equipment costs are dry stuff; but these things themselves, laid out in a sequence showing growth, are highly interesting.

So samples of actual roadbed are placed side by side, beginning with the oldtime horse-car track with its strap-rails and cobblestones, at about eight thousand dollars a mile, and winding up with the best modern trolley track with its welded rail-joints and granite-block paving, at ninety thousand dollars a mile—a little increase of over one thousand per cent in twenty-five years! Fifteen street-car motors are shown in another sequence, showing only about half the changes in twenty-five years—fourteen other obsolete types have disappeared altogether.

A moving-picture theater is set up beside these exhibits, and on special films, made for the company, little street-car dramas are given—one piece, for instance, is entitled A Two-Minute Delay, and shows a woman holding a car that long while she opens a grip, from which she takes a hand-bag, from which she takes a purse, from which she takes a ten-dollar bill—a line of passengers

standing impatiently behind her until her fare is finally paid.

Again, the public to be reached may be very small, very select, very wise in all the technicalities—yet not a bit less susceptible to a skillful eye-appeal.

About ten years ago the engineers of a big electrical manufacturing concern went to the manager of a big electric-light company. They had designs for an electric generator of five-thousand-kilowatt capacity—the largest ever proposed up to that time, but promising great economies in power production. The manager had it built and installed, and it proved to be as economical as had been expected.

Seven years later, while this generator still had years of mechanical life ahead of it, the same engineers came to the same manager with designs for a generator four times as big, showing so much greater economy that the first one could be scrapped and paid for out of a year or two of savings effected by this new giant.

The manager ordered that also; and it was so satisfactory that the engineers then took the earlier generator back to the factory and set it up at the entrance gate with a commemorative tablet—a sight for visiting electrical experts and a monument to the remote electrical past, seven years ago!

#### How the Business Showman Works

BUSINESS is rich in show material and is waking up to the fact that a little apparatus in connection with a humanly interesting idea has great possibilities in creating good will, good understanding on the part of the public, and good customers.

One of the underlying ideas that has humanized hundreds of business exhibitions is that of growth. People seem never to tire of comparing today with yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that.

Some months ago, for example, there was a parade of street cars in the city of New York, arranged by one of the companies to illustrate the developments of thirty years. Old equipment was brought to light and put on the street just as it had been used in the past. First came a genuine bobtail horse car, with seating capacity for only twelve passengers. Other types of the horse car followed: single horse cars, double horse cars, then cable cars, then electric cars of different sizes and types—winding up with the modern pay-as-you-enter, the stepless, the double-deck stepless and the storage-battery cars.

This odd exhibit traveled through the streets over the cartracks in chronological order and was arranged to empha-

size one of the chief tendencies of the street-car business, which is, development of new types of cars to meet new traffic conditions

Another striking way of depicting growth is that of a public-service corporation which has put up a big illuminated roof sign that shows how much electric light a dollar will buy today compared with the past. First, a small incandescent lamp flashes out in outline, with the date 1896. Then a little larger lamp replaces it, and another—until the old-style carbon filament bulb is replaced by the metal filament, which grows in size too; and finally the climax is reached in an outline fifty feet high and the date 1914.

Even so simple a device as a city map, with colored pins stuck in to locate each customer and new pins added daily as new customers are secured for goods or service, has an attraction for the public. There is a strong human interest in the whole idea of Watch us grow!

Another fertile field for the business showman is that of exhibiting big affairs in miniature reproductions—people like to see things in little.

A machinery concern put a new drophammer on the market—a big fellow for die-work, with a hammer, weighing a ton and a half, falling twenty feet—very effective and economical in machine shops, especially automobile plants. Any superintendent or manufacturer who saw it was



impressed with its good points; but it was not easy to impress prospective customers at a distance. The salesman could describe it to a customer, show photographs and give figures of production; but he could not make him feel this

So a miniature reproduction was made-an securate working model, readily carried round for se in selling. Results were so good that all salesnen were equipped with the model; and before ong others had to be made for use right in the nanufacturer's own plants, because it was found recisely the thing for breaking in new hammernen-they could get instruction without tying up ig hammers in the factory.

An express company ordered some new refrigertor cars for its service in transporting fish, meats, guit and vegetables. The carbuilding concern nade a miniature reproduction several feet long one of these cars.

It was perfect in every detail, with its own rack, doors opening, roof lifting to show interior rrangements, and so on-nearly three months ere required to build it.

That model refrigerator car works hard for the spress company the year round. At one season will be out in the great producing regions of he West as an exhibit at fairs and expositions. tother seasons it will be in the East among the conamers. Between times it can always be counted n to attract attention in one of the company's

In Europe there is a decided partiality for sinlature models of big things. As fast as new ans-Atlantic steamships are put into service the

ansportation companies have beautiful reproductions ade for exhibition; and one concern in London does a age business in the making of such models.

Not long ago an exact reproduction of a big English autoobile works was made. It shows several square blocks of uildings, with trains loading on the adjoining railroad, and streets, miniature trees-all worked out faithilly on a scale of a sixteenth of an inch to the foot. Even be tiny windows are all glazed and can be lighted by elecricity: and this model, shown at exhibitions, gives people n impression of the magnitude of the factory almost as efinite as would be received by a visit to the place itself.



This trans-Atlantic interest in miniature things impressed the London agent for an American automobile. He had a small-scale reproduction made of the car he was selling. It was only large enough to carry two children, the raised top coming a little short of a man's waist in height; but it was a faithful copy in every detail, even to the power, for that was supplied by an electric starter like that built into the big cars at home.

Self-starters are largely an American refinement in automobiles. Makers on the other side are just beginning to take them up. This ingenious demonstration of a strong selling feature in the car made a strong impression on

people who saw the baby automobile, for the starter in itself furnished enough power to take two little passengers about fifteen miles, and at a pace of ten or twelve miles an hour. After the model had been shown in England and France it was purchased by the British royal family.

At the factory of a large machinery concern in the East there is a toy railroad that would delight a boy, for it occupies several hundred square feet of floor space, and complete little engines run over a complete little railroad system of single and double track switches and blocks; and the whole affair is built on trestles, so that the engines run just about waist-high for a big boy, and he can follow them round the distance of a city block.

This system is for grown-up boys, however, because the miniature engines on their toy tracks operate full-size signal apparatus made by the company, and visibly demonstrate to railroad men how trains under different conditions are automatically safeguarded.

This exhibit cost twenty-five thousand dollars and is a fair illustration of another showman tendency in business-that of making a show place of the factory. Under this tendency the whole idea of a factory is changing. Manufacturing plants are being built of glass and tile, employees are given every facility for keeping clean and cheerful, and the places are thrown open to the public as permanent exhibits.

There are cities in this country where a stranger registering at any hotel finds at the breakfast table an invitation to visit some local factory that has been laid out on exposition lines, and which can entertain many thousand visitors yearly.

This has been most successful in plants where products are of a popular nature. The exposition idea goes naturally with food specialties, household conveniences and the

Other factories develop the show idea along narrower lines. Their products are chiefly of technical interest. The trip round them may be a walk of four or five miles, with almost nothing to see that the average spectator would understand. It has been found that when the average spectator is admitted to such a plant he usually picks out some wholly irrelevant show feature—something like the

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# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

IMMY was dying. Peter, fighting hard, was beaten at last. All through the night he had felt it; during the ours before the dawn there had been times

hen the small pulse wavered, flickered, almost ceased. With the daylight there had been a trifle of recovery, enough or a bit of hope, enough to make harder Peter's acceptance f the inevitable.

The boy was very happy, quite content and comfortable. then he opened his eyes he smiled at Peter, and Peter, ray of face, smiled back. Peter died many deaths that ight.

At daylight Jimmy fell into a sleep that was really upor. Marie, creeping to the door in the faint dawn, and the boy apparently asleep and Peter on his knees eside the bed. He raised his head at her footstep and the irl was startled at the suffering in his face. He motioned er back.

"But you must have a little sleep, Peter."

"No. I'll stay until --- Go back to bed. It is very arly."

Peter had not been able after all to secure the Nurse lisabet, and now it was useless. At eight o'clock he let farie take his place, then he bathed and dressed and repared to face another day, perhaps another night. For se child's release came slowly. He tried to eat breakfast, ut managed only a cup of coffee.

Many things had come to Peter in the long night, and ne was insistent-the boy's mother was in Vienna and was dying without her. Peter might know in his heart at he had done the best thing for the child, but like armony his early training was rising now to accuse him. e had separated mother and child. Who was he to have ecided the mother's unfitness, to have played destiny? low lightly he had taken the lives of others in his hand, nd to what end? Harmony, God knows where; the boy ying without his mother. Whatever that mother might e, her place that day was with her boy. What a wreck he ad made of things! He was humbled as well as stricken, oor Peter!

In the morning he sent a note to McLean, asking him p try to trace the mother and inclosing the music-hall

By Mary Roberts Rinehart ILLUSTRATED WILJON

clipping and the letter. The letter, signed only "Mamma,"

was not helpful. The clipping might prove valuable.

"And for Heaven's sake be quick," wrote Peter. "This is a matter of hours. I meant well, but I've done a terrible thing. Bring her, Mac, no matter what she is or where you find her.'

The portier carried the note. When he came up to get it he brought in his pocket a small rabbit and a lettuce leaf. Never before had the combination failed to arouse and amuse the boy. He carried the rabbit down again sorrowfully. "He saw it not," he reported sadly to his wife. "Be off to the church while I deliver this letter. And this rabbit we will not cook, but keep in remembrance."

At eleven o'clock Marie called Peter, who was asleep on the horsehair sofa.

"He asks for you."

Peter was instantly awake and on his feet. The boy's eyes were open and fixed on him.

"Is it another day?" he asked.

"Yes, boy; another morning."

"I am cold, Peter."

They blanketed him, although the room was warm. From where he lay he could see the mice. He watched them for a moment. Poor Peter, very humble, found himself wondering in how many ways he had been remiss. To see this small soul launched into eternity without a foreword, without a bit of light for the journey! Peter's religion had been one of life and living, not of creed.

Marie, bringing jugs of hot water, bent over Peter. "He knows, poor little one!" she whispered.

And so, indeed, it would seem. The boy, revived by a spoonful or two of broth, asked to have the two tame mice on the bed. Peter, opening the cage, found one dead, very stiff and stark. The catastrophe he kept from the boy.

"One is sick, Jimmy boy," he said, and placed the mate, forlorn and shivering, on the pillow. After a minute:

"If the sick one dies will it go to Heaven?" "Yes, honey, I think so."

The boy was silent for a time. Thinking was easier than speech. His mind too worked slowly. It was after a pause, while

he lay there with closed eyes, that Peter saw two tears slip from under his long lashes. Peter bent over and wiped them away, a great ache in his heart.

"What is it, dear?

"I'm afraid-it's going to die!"

"Would that be so terrible, Jimmy boy?" asked Peter gently. "To go to Heaven, where there is no more death or dying, where it is always summer and the sun always

No reply for a moment. The little mouse sat up on the pillow and rubbed its nose with a pinkish paw. The baby mice in the cage nuzzled their dead mother.

"Is there grass?"

"Yes-soft green grass."

"Do-boys in Heaven-go in their bare feet?" Ah,

small mind and heart, so terrified and yet so curious!
"Indeed, yes." And there on his knees beside the white bed Peter painted such a Heaven as no theologue has ever had the humanity to paint—a Heaven of babbling brooks and laughing, playing children, a Heaven of dear departed puppies and resurrected birds, of friendly deer, of trees in fruit, of speckled fish in bright rivers. Painted his Heaven with smiling eyes and death in his heart, a child's Heaven of games and friendly Indians, of sunlight and rain, sweet sleep and brisk awakening.

The boy listened. He was silent when Peter had finished. Speech was increasingly an effort.

"I should-like-to go there," he whispered at last.

He did not speak again during all the long afternoon, but just at dusk he roused again.

"I would like-to see-the sentry," he said with difficulty.

And so again, and for the last time, Rosa's soldier from Salzburg with one lung.

Through all that long day, then, Harmony sat over her work, unaccustomed muscles aching, the whirring machines in her ears. Monia, upset over the morning's excitement, was irritable and unreasonable. The gold-tissue costume

had come back from Le Grande with a complaint. Below in the courtyard all day curious groups stood gaping up the staircase, where the morning had seen such occurrences.

At the noon hour, while the girls heated soup and carried in pails of salad from the corner restaurant, Harmony had fallen into the way of playing for them. To the musicloving Viennese girls this was the hour of the day. To sit back, soup bowl on knee, the machines silent, Monia quarreling in the kitchen with the Hungarian servant, and while the pigeons ate crusts on the window-sills, to hear this American girl play such music as was played at the opera, her slim figure swaying, her whole beautiful face and body glowing with the melody she made, the girls found the situation piquant, altogether delightful. Although she did not suspect it, many rumors were rife about Harmony in the workroom. She was not of the people, they said—the daughter of a great American, of course, run away to escape a loveless marriage. This was borne out by the report of one of them who had glimpsed the silk petticoat. It was rumored also that she wore no chemise, but instead an infinitely coquettish series of lace and nainsook garments-of a fineness!

Harmony played for them that day, played perhaps as she had not played since the day she had moved the Master

to tears, played to Peter as she had seen him at the window, to Jimmy, to the little Georgiev as he went down the staircase. And finally with a choke in her throat to the little mother back home, so hopeful, so ignorant.

In the evening, as was her custom, she took the one real meal of the day at the corner restaurant, going early to avoid the crowd and coming back quickly through the winter night. The staircase was always a peril, to be encountered and conquered night after night and even in the daytime not to be lightly regarded. On her way up this night she heard steps ahead, heavy, measured steps that climbed steadily without pauses. For an instant Harmony thought it sounded like Peter's step and she went dizzy.

But it was not Peter. Standing in the upper hall, much as he had stood that morning over the ammunition boxes, thumbs in, heels in, toes out, chest out, was the sentry.

Harmony's first thought was of Georgiev and more searching of the building. Then she saw that the sentry's impassive face wore lines of trouble. He saluted. "Please, Fräulein."

"Yes?"

"I have not told the Herr Doktor."

"I thank you."

"But the child dies."

"Jimmy?"

"He dies all of last night and today. Tonight it is perhaps but of moments."

Harmony clutched at the iron stair-rail for support. "You are sure? You are not telling me so that I will

"He dies, Fräulein. The Herr Doktor has not slept for many hours. My wife, Rosa, sits on the stair to see that none disturb, and her cousin, the wife of the portier, weeps over the stove. Please, Fraulein, come with me.'

When did you leave the Siebensternstrasse?"

"But now."

"And he still lives?"

"Ja, Fräulein, and asks for you."

Now suddenly fell away from the girl all pride, all fear, all that was personal and small and frightened, before the reality of death. She rose, as women by divine gift do rise, to the crisis; ceased trembling, got her hat and coat and her shabby gloves and joined the sentry again. Another moment's delay-to secure the Le Grande's address from Monia. Then out into the night, Harmony to the Siebensternstrasse, the tall soldier to find the dancer at her hotel, or failing that, at the Ronacher Music Hall.

Harmony took a taxicab—nothing must be spared now-bribed the chauffeur to greater speed, arrived at the house and ran across the garden, still tearless, up the stairs, past Rosa on the upper flight, and rang the bell.

Marie admitted her with only a little gasp of surprise. There was nothing to warn Peter. One moment he sat by the bed, watch in hand, alone, drear, tragic-eyed. The next he had glanced up, saw Harmony and went white, holding to the back of his chair. Their eyes met, agony and hope in them, love and death, rapture and bitterness. In Harmony's, pleading, promise, something of doubt; in Peter's, only yearning, as of empty arms. Then Harmony dared to look at the bed and fell on her knees in a storm of grief beside it. Peter bent over and gently stroked her hair.

The Le Grande was singing; the boxes were full. In the body of the immense theater waiters scurried back and forward among the tables. Everywhere was the clatter of silver and steel on porcelain, the clink of glasses. Smoke was everywhere—pipes, cigars, cigarettes. Women smoked between bites at the tables, using small paper or silver mouthpieces, even a gold one shone here and there. Men walked up and down among the diners, spraying the air with chemicals to clear it. At a table just below the stage sat the red-bearded dozent with the lady of the photograph. They were drinking cheap native wines and were very happy.

From the height of his worldly wisdom he was explaining

the people to her.
"In the box—don't stare, Liebchen, he looks—is the princeling I have told you of. Roses, of course. Last night it was orchids."

Last night! Were you here?" He coughed.

"I have been told, Liebchen. Each night he sits there, and when she finishes her song he rises in the box, kisses the flowers and tosses them to her."

"Shameless! Is she so beautiful?"

"No. But you shall see. She comes."

The Le Grande was very popular. She occupied the best place on the program; and because she sang in American, which is not exactly English and more difficult to



Then Harmony Fell on Her Knees in a Storm of Grie

understand, her songs were considered exceedingly risqué. As a matter of fact they were merely ragtime melodies, with a lilt to them that caught the Viennese fancy, accustomed to German sentimental ditties and the artificial forms of grand opera. And there was another reason for She carried with her a chorus of a dozen her success. piccaninnies.

In Austria darkies were as rare as cats, and there were no cats! So the little chorus had made good. The Le Grande was a good advertiser. Each day she walked in the Prater, ermine from head to foot, and behind her two by two trailed twelve little Southern darkies in red-velvet coats and caps, grinning sociably. When she drove a pair sat on the boot.

Her voice was strong, not sweet, spoiled by years of singing against dishes and bottles in smoky music halls; spoiled by cigarettes and absinthe and foreign cocktails that resembled their American prototypes as the night resembles the day.

She wore the gold dress, décolleté, slashed to the knee over rhinestone-spangled stockings. And back of her trailed the twelve little darkies.

She sang Dixie, of course, and The Old Folks at Home: then a ragtime medley, with the chorus showing rows of white teeth and clogging with all their short legs. The Le Grande danced to that, a whirling, nimble dance. The little rhinestones on her stockings flashed; her opulent bosom quivered. The dozent, eyes on the dancer, squeezed his companion's hand.

"I love thee!" he whispered, rather flushed.

And then she sang Doan Ye Cry, Mah Honey. Her voice, rather coarse but melodious, lent itself to the negro rhythm, the swing and lilt of the lullaby. The little darkies, eyes rolling, preternaturally solemn, linked arms and swayed rhythmically, right, left, right, left. The glasses ceased clanking; sturdy citizens forgot their steak and beer for a moment and listened, knife and fork poised. Under the table the dozent's hand pressed its captive affectionately, his eyes no longer on Le Grande but on

the woman across, his sweetheart, she who would be mother of his children. The words meant little to the audience; the rich, rolling Southern lullaby held them rapt;

> "Doan ye cry, mah honey, Doon ye weep no mo',
> Mammy's gwine to hold her baby,
> All de udder black trash sleepin' on the fo',
> Mammy only lubs her boy."

The little darkies swayed; the singer swayed, empty arms cradled.

> "Doan ye cry, mah honey, Doan ye weep no mo'

She picked the tiniest darky up and held him, woolly head against her breast, and crooned to him, rocking on her jeweled heels. The crowd applauded; the man in the box kissed his flowers and flung them. Glasses and dishe clinked again.

The dozent bent across the table.

-" he said. "Some day -

The girl blushed.

Le Grande made her way into the wings, surrounded by her little troupe. A motherly colored woman took then, shooed them off, rounded them up like a flock of chickers.

> And there in the wings, grimly impas sive, stood a private soldier of the old Franz Josef, blocking the door to be dressing room. For a moment gold dress and dark blue-gray uniform fronted each other. Then the sentry touched his

> "Madam," he said, "the child is it the Siebensternstrasse and tonight h

> "What child?" Her arms were ful of flowers.

> "The child from the hospital. Pleas to make haste."

Jimmy died an hour after midnight quite peacefully, died with one hand it Harmony's and one between Peter's tw big ones.

Toward the last he called Pete "daddy" and asked for a drink. Hi eyes, moving slowly round the room passed without notice the gray-face woman in a gold dress who stood starin down at him, rested a moment on th cage of mice, came to a stop in the don way, where stood the sentry, white in weary, but refusing rest.

It was Harmony who divined th

child's unspoken wish.
"The manual?" she whispered.
The boy nodded. And so just insid the door of the bedroom across from the old salon of Maria Theresa the sent; with sad eyes but no lack of vigor, we

again through the Austrian manual of arms, and because he had no carbine he used Peter's old walking-stick.

When it was finished the boy smiled faintly, tried ! salute, lay still. XXVII

DETER was going back to America and still he had n told Harmony he loved her. It was necessary that go back. His money had about given out, and there w no way to get more save by earning it. The drain Jimmy's illness, the inevitable expense of the small graand the tiny stone Peter had insisted on buying had maretreat his only course. True, the Le Grande had wish to defray all expenses, but Peter was inexorable. § money earned as the dancer earned hers should purcha peaceful rest for the loved little body. And after seei Peter's eyes the dancer had not insisted.

A week had seen many changes. Marie was gone. Aft a conference between Stewart and Peter that had be decided on. Stewart raised the money somehow, and Pet saw her off, palpitant and eager, with the pin he had se her to Semmering at her throat. She kissed Peter on t cheek in the station, rather to his embarrassment. Fro the lowered window, as the train pulled out, she waved moist handkerchief.

"I shall be very good," she promised him. The la words he heard above the grinding of the train were h cheery: "To America!"

Peter was living alone in the Street of Seven Stars, go ting food where he might happen to be, buying a litt now and then from the delicatessen shop across the stre For Harmony had gone back to the house in the Wo badgasse. She had stayed until all was over and un Marie's small preparations for departure were over. The while Peter was at the station, she slipped away again But this time she left her address. She wrote:

You will come to visit me, dear Peter, because was so lonely before and that is unnecessary no But you must know that I cannot stay in the Siebenster strasse. We have each our own fight to make, and 31 have been trying to fight for us all, for Marie, for dear little Jimmy, for me. You must get back to work now; you have lost so much time. And I am managing well. The Frau Professor is back and will take an evening lesson, and soon I shall have more money from Fraulein Reiff.
You can see how things are looking up for me. In a few months I shall be able to renew my music lessons. And then, Peter-the career! HARMONY.

Her address was beneath.

Peter had suffered much. He was thinner, grayer, and as he stood with the letter in his hand he felt that Harmony was right. He could offer her nothing but his shabby self, his problematic future. Perhaps, surely, everything would have been settled, without reason, had he only once taken the girl in his arms, told her she was the breath of life itself to him. But adversity, while it had roused his fighting spirit in everything else, had sapped his confidence.

He had found the letter on his dressing table, and he found himself confronting his image over it, a tall, stooping figure, a tired, lined face, a coat that bore the impress of many days with a sick child's head against its breast.

So it was over. She had come back and gone again, and this time he must let her go. Who was he to detain her? She would carry herself on to success, he felt; she had youth, hope, beauty and ability. And she had proved the thing he had not dared to believe, that she could take care of herself in the old city. Only-to go away and leave her there!

McLean would remain. No doubt he already had Harmony's address in the Wollbadgasse. Peter was not subtle, no psychologist, but he had seen during the last few days how the boy watched Harmony's every word, every gesture. And, perhaps, when loneliness and hard work began to tell on her, McLean's devotion would win its reward. McLean's devotion, with all that it meant, the lessons again, community of taste, their common youth! Peter felt old, very tired.

Nevertheless he went that night to the Wollbadgasse, He sent his gray suit to the portier's wife to be pressed, and getting out his surgical case, as he had once before in the Pension Schwarz, he sewed a button on his overcoat, using the curved needle and the catgut and working with surgeon's precision. Then, still working very carefully, he trimmed the edges of graying hair over his ears, trimmed his cuffs, trimmed his best silk tie, now almost hopeless. He blacked his shoes, and the suit not coming, he donned his dressing gown and went into Jimmy's room to feed the mice. Peter stood a moment beside the smooth white bed with his face working. The wooden sentry still stood on the bedside table.

It was in Peter's mind to take the mice to Harmony, confess his defeat and approaching retreat and ask her to care for them. Then he decided against this palpable appeal for sympathy, elected to go empty-handed and discover merely how comfortable she was or was not. When the time came he would slip out of her life, sending her a letter and leaving McLean on guard.

Harmony was at home. Peter climbed the dark staircase-where Harmony had met the little Georgiev, and where he had gone down to his death-climbed steadily, but without his usual elasticity. The place appalled himits gloom, its dinginess, its somber quiet. In the daylight, with the pigeons on the sills and the morning sunlight printing the cross of the church steeple on the whitewashed wall, it was peaceful, cloisterlike, with landings that were crypts. But at night it was almost terrifying, that staircase.

Harmony was playing. Peter heard her when he reached the upper landing, playing a sad little strain that gripped his heart. He waited outside before ringing, heard her begin something determinedly cheerful, falter, cease altogether. Peter rang.

Harmony herself admitted him. Perhaps-oh, certainly she had expected him! It would be Peter, of course, to come and see how she was getting on, how she was housed. She held out her hand and Peter took it. Still no words, only a half smile from her and no smile at all from Peter, but his heart in his eyes.

"I hoped you would come, Peter. We may have the reception room."

"You knew I would come," said Peter. "The reception room?"

"Where customers wait." She still carried her violin, and slipped back to her room to put it away. Peter had a glimpse of its poverty and its meagerness. He drew a long breath.

Monia was at the opera, and the Bohemian sat in the kitchen knitting a stocking. The reception room was warm from the day's fire, and in order. All the pins and scraps of the day had been swept up, and the portières that made fitting-rooms of the corners were pushed back. Peter saw only a big room with empty corners, and that at a glance. His eyes were Harmony's.

He sat down awkwardly on a stiff chair; Harmony on a velvet settee. They were suddenly two strangers meeting for the first time. In the squalor of the Pension Schwarz, in the comfortable intimacies of the Street of Seven Stars, they had been easy, unconstrained. Now suddenly Peter was tongue-tied. Only one thing in him clamored for utterance, and that he sternly silenced.

"I-I could not stay there, Peter. You understood?"

"No. Of course I understood."

"You were not angry?"

"Why should I be angry? You came, like an angel of light, when I needed you. Only of course -

"I'll not say that, I think."

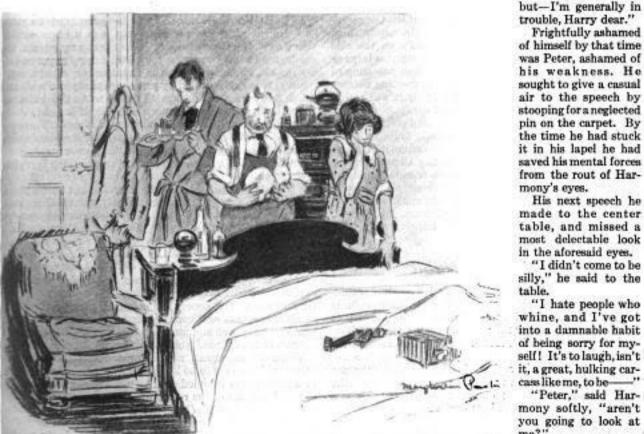
"Please say it, Peter!"

Peter writhed, looked everywhere but at her.

"Please, Peter. You said I always came when you needed me, only -

Only-I always need you!" Peter, Peter!

"Not always, I think. Of course, when one is in trouble one needs a woman; but -



Never Before Had the Combination Failed to Amuse the Boy



"That's cowardice. And I've fixed my hair a new way. Do you like it?

"Splendid," said Peter to the center table.

"You didn't look!"

The rout of Harmony's eyes was supplemented by the rout of Harmony's hair. Peter, goaded, got up and walked about. Harmony was half exasperated; she would have boxed Peter's ears with a tender hand had she dared.

His hands thrust savagely in his pockets, Peter turned and faced her at last.

"First of all," he said, "I am going back to America, Harmony. I've got all I can get here, all I came for ——''
He stopped, seeing her face. "Well, of course that's not
true, I haven't. But I'm going back anyhow. You needn't look so stricken: I haven't lost my chance. I'll come back sometime again and finish, when I've earned enough to

"You will never come back, Peter. You have spent all your money on others, and now you are going back just where you were, and—you are leaving me here alone!"

"You are alone anyhow," said Peter, "making your own way and getting along. And McLean will be here.'

"Are you turning me over to him?"

No reply. Peter was pacing the floor.

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you remember the night in Anna's room at the Schwarz when you proposed to me?"

No reply. Peter found another pin.

"And that night in the old lodge when you proposed to me again?"

Peter turned and looked at her, at her slender, swaying young figure, her luminous eyes, her parted, childish lips.

"Peter, I want you to-to ask me again."

"No!"

"Well, of course-

Frightfully ashamed

His next speech he

"I didn't come to be

me?

"I'm afraid."

"Why?"

"Now listen to me, Harmony. You're sorry for me, that's all; I don't want to be pitied. You stay here and work. You'll do big things. I had a talk with the Master while I was searching for you, and he says you can do anything. But he looked at me-and a sight I was with worry and fright-and he warned me off, Harmony. He says you must not marry."
"Old pig!" said Harmony. "I will marry if I please."

Nevertheless Peter's refusal and the Master's speech had told somewhat. She was colder, less vibrant. Peter came

to her, stood close, looking down at her.

"I've said a lot I didn't mean to," he said. "There's only one thing I haven't said, I oughtn't to say it, dear. I'm not going to marry you-I won't have such a thing on my conscience. But it doesn't hurt a woman to know that a man loves her. I love you, dear. You're my heaven and my earth-even my God, I'm afraid. But I will not marry

"Not even if I ask you to?"

"Not even then, dear. To share my struggle -

"I see," slowly. "It is to be a struggle?"

"A hard fight, Harmony. I'm a pauper practically." "And what am I?"

"Two poverties don't make a wealth, even of happiness," said Peter steadily. "In the time to come, when you would think of what you might have been, it would be a thousand deaths to me, dear."

"People have married, women have married and carried on their work, too, Peter.'

"Not your sort of women or your sort of work. And not my sort of man, Harry. I'm jealous-jealous of every one about you. It would have to be the music or me."

(Continued on Page 65)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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#### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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#### PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1914

#### Our Foreign Trade

WHATEVER other angles and phases the case presents, the state monopoly of the oil trade in Germany is a substantial victory for the Deutsche Bank crowd in its contest with the Standard Oil Company for the German market. We may assume that the German oil crowd is spiritually superior to the American, yet the important point is that its government stood behind it with a helping hand, while our Government stood behind our oil crowd with an active boot. And, though curbing big and perhaps predacious concerns, our Government is doing less than it should to assist small and presumptively virtuous concerns in that rivalry for foreign trade which is growing keener all the time.

We are becoming importers of raw foodstuffs, instead of exporters. Raw cotton we can continue to sell in great quantities for many years, whatever our trade policy may be, because we have the best supply; but, with that exception, in selling goods abroad we must compete more and more on equal terms, except as our skill and organization give us the advantage.

In the matter of organization the consular service ought to be the chief item; but the pains and expense the German Government takes to promote foreign trade make our efforts in that line look inadequate. We are often niggardly with the consular service. Men who should be engaged with affairs of some importance—if they are worthy of their places and salaries at all—spend much time on petty details because there is no appropriation for a fifteendollar-a-week clerk. That is poor economy.

#### A German Difference

If WE had two of the greatest steamship lines in the world, whose commercial fleets sailed every sea and which together did a great part of the country's ocean-carrying trade, we should, of course, forbid them to combine, pool or make joint rate agreements. All the resources of the Government would be employed to keep them from combining and to harry them into competition. And that fact is possibly one of the reasons why we have no great steamship lines.

The two great German lines had an agreement, but failed to renew it. Some months ago a rate war that would probably become worldwide was announced, and that the companies did finally reach an agreement is everywhere attributed to the personal intervention of the Kaiser.

The power of the German Government, in short, was exerted in a direction diametrically opposite to that which our Government would have taken. A rate war between these companies would have been a disaster to German business, and the German Government is not looking for opportunities to breed disaster.

#### Talk Not Worth Printing

IT IS true that, with our scheme of government, Congress is by no means as important an institution as Parliament is in Great Pritain; yet observant foreigners are surprised at the

on in the national legislature. Our newspapers make no attempt to report congressional debate. Only when something extraordinary happens—a vote on a big bill or an incident of a sensational nature—do they dignify it with a headline.

For what they utter in debate, says the Constitution, senators and representatives shall not be questioned in any other place; and in the nature of the case they cannot be, because in no other place is the utterance known. Of course tens of thousands of particular speeches are mailed to constituents and mainly thrown into the wastebasket; but even though the particular speech is read, that does not constitute publicity of debate, because the reader does not get the rejoinder.

Now and then we get excited about a speech in Congress and turn expectantly to the Congressional Record in order to read it. What we usually find in the Record is this: "Mr. So-and-So addressed the Senate. His speech will appear hereafter."

The country's extensive ignorance of day-to-day proceedings of Congress seems to us rather unfortunate; but if you raise the point with a newspaper editor his prompt reply is: "The stuff is not worth printing!"—which is perhaps more unfortunate still.

#### Prejudiced Witnesses

You would have a peor opinion of a man who, as a regular occupation, harnessed half-naked women to carts and set them to crawling all day on their hands and knees through the hot, narrow passages of mines, hauling coal, and who bitterly resented every attempt to change that condition.

You would hardly care to belong to the same club with a man who was put into a towering rage by an attempt to stop him from working little children at the loom until they fainted from hunger and exhaustion. Yet good men have done these things.

There is nothing more terrible in any literature than those parliamentary reports on the condition of English labor in the fore part of the nineteenth century, from which Marx took the most important material for the first volume of Capital.

To read now of the awful abuses and of the stubborn resistance to reform gives one the impression of a cold and calculating ferocity that makes Milton's Satan look like a sentimental amateur. Yet it is perfectly certain that the British employers of that time were personally, in the main, good, kindly men—so far as they could see. A majority of the Southern slaveholders were personally good, kindly men—so far as their understanding went.

A long-standing abuse from which a profit is derived inevitably blinds its beneficiaries and makes them utterly untrustworthy witnesses. In child-labor legislation, the objections of employers of that labor should not be at all considered. Their position puts them out of court.

#### Swedish Elections

AN UNUSUALLY brisk canvass preceded the recent general election in Sweden for members of the lower house of Parliament. The Liberal party urged some constitutional reforms and the supremacy of Parliament in the government of the country—matters whose discussion obviously requires some study and thought; but the Conservatives were happily spared the bother of discussing them seriously, making the campaign practically on the sole issue of national defense, which means an army as large as the country can conveniently support. And one wing of the Liberals joined the Conservatives in treating defense as the most important question. Naturally it was rather expected that the Conservatives would win.

There are many urgent modern social and political problems that the conservative mind invariably finds confusing or irritating; but in several countries nowadays it is spared the bother of considering them by meeting all demands for reform with loud shouts for more regiments and battleships. So long as politics can be reduced to the simple matter of waving a flag and blowing a trumpet, the conservative can compete in it on rather more than equal terms. Militarism, the world over, is conservatism's most important and only dependable asset.

#### Getting the Habit

I T IS practically just as easy to form one habit as another. To one man the notion of a highball at three P. M. is very obnoxious, because it would interfere with his play at golf or tennis. Another man detests the notion of golf or tennis at three P. M. because it would interfere with his highball.

Physically, mentally and spiritually the two men are much alike. They have merely formed different habits, and with a little shifting of the respective scenes one might just as readily have formed the habit of the other.

One man is plunged into gloomy misery by the prospect of spending an evening away from his books and slippers. Another is unhappy unless he has an engagement that will

take him out of the house after dark, or company is coning in. Both men crave a strong reaction from the day; the office. One has formed the habit of finding it in literture—the other in lights, motion, company. By pressing different button, with a little persistence, each could have acquired the other's habit.

Hardly any other habit will stand a young man in bett stead than a reading habit, both for what it includes m what it excludes. Of all habits it is the pleasantest, to cheapest and the most dependable. You can indulge regardless of weather, seasons and location.

For almost any intelligent young man it is an ea habit to form. That and a habit of physical exercise w make nearly any man fireproof against chronic dissipation.

#### **Great Naval Strategists**

THE finest thing about your great naval strategist is the always ends by blowing himself up. His proposition is that the three sides of a triangle must always be equal only one side must always be longer than the others.

The world will lapse into chaos unless each one of jor five combinations exceeds all others. If it is the Miterranean which engages his attention he will demonstrate that England must predominate there or lose India the colonies—while Germany, Austria and Italy must it wise predominate; and in any event England can predominate in the Mediterranean without losing con of her home coasts and territory. Here is the devil, the deep sea; you may choose between them, but you have no other choice.

Now if all this paper naval strategy were only a sor weird game, played with building blocks in some home the aged in order to while away a winter evening, it m have much merit—because you may play it forever a out coming to any termination. The astounding thir that intelligent men, holding positions of great respebility, take it with deadly seriousness, and that vast s of actual, hard-earned money are squandered to keep it

We are amazed at huge follies of the past—a T? Years' War; a pre-revolutionary France; a Stuart rég a Mississippi Bubble. Our children will be equally am at the great naval strategy of our day.

#### One Abused Railroad

D<sup>O</sup> YOU happen to remember that when the St. 1 & San Francisco Railroad went into bankruptcy May its chief counsel rose in righteous indignatio declare that the innocent corporation was a victim of rageous interference and oppression by state legisla and the Federal Government, and society in general:

Well, the Interstate Commerce Commission tris discover the real reasons for insolvency and ran across items as a profit of seven million dollars to syndica partly composed of insiders—which unloaded vabranches and feeders on the parent system, and profit thirty million dollars to other syndicates and bankers underwrote and marketed the road's securities.

Obviously the real trouble with the St. Louis  $\delta$ Francisco was not too much interference, but too lit

#### The Rate Decision

WE HOPE the railroads will be permitted to freight rates five per cent—but it is a hope vistring to it. As Commissioner Prouty has pointed of are trying in this country a completely novel experimental by far the greatest business in the country, except culture, is entirely owned by private capital; but we taken away from the owners all power to fix the product—transportation—shall be sold

Imagine that situation in your own business. You hish the capital and the management, but somebook has absolute power to fix the price at which your good be sold. That is the novel experiment this country is in regard to railroads.

The net revenues of the railroads in the last thre have not increased at all commensurately with the interpretable capital investment, and we believe the Government—the novel conditions we have created—can far better to give the roads an inch too much than to give the inch too little. So we hope an increase in freight rabe granted.

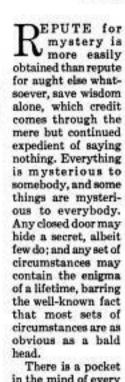
However, when we look over certain scandalous of railroad credit that have come to light of late yetie a string to the hope. We believe that a great roads are capably and honestly managed. We also that there has been and probably still is a shocking to figraft in the railroad world as a whole.

When we see great, flourishing transportation prises, which ought to be highly prosperous, dragge to a bankrupt or crippled condition, we want more ing explanations of the reasons than have yet beet coming; and we decidedly do not want any railroad another nickel for the management to gamble with

As to somewhat higher freight rates, yes. As t comprehensive and rigid public regulation, yes also

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



in the mind of every human being that contains the mental ingredients for belief in the inscrutable. And as every crank is cryptic, and most of us are cranks, it is plain to be seen why, on the slightest excuse - on mere

Tom Discretion, of Prudence, Circumspect County

say-so—we accept as mysterious what on examination will prove to be palpable; for it usually happens we are too lizy to examine, and thus many things pass as hidden that in reality are self-evident instead of secret.

Of course secrecy is one phase and mystery another; for though a mystery is not always a secret, a secret is usually mysterious; but when you hold a secret mysteriously then you have done what is easy to do, and thus you create your atmosphere of obfuscation.

Hence we who have to do with such matters speak of executive sessions of the United States Senate as both secret and mysterious. Those sessions have been held in that regard for many years. When one is imminent there is an ominous pause in the Senate. Some grave and digni-

fied statesman rises and moves that the Senate proceed to resolve itself into executive session. There is a great jangling of bells and the doortenders hurry out the dawdlers in the galleries. All clerks, reporters and attachés leave. The doors are swung to. Tom Dawson enters. Momentous affairs are to be discussed and mayhap decided.

Tom Dawson enters, than whom there is no more officially mysterious person alive and no franker one unofficially. Tom is the executive clerk of the Senate, the one man outside the accredited membership of the Senate who is allowed to hear those deliberations. The doors remain closed for such time as is necessary; then they open to show a few senators in their seats, to disclose some tobacco smoke drifting against the stained-glass ceilings, and to exhibit an atmosphere of mystery and

Pittsburgh stogies. To be sure, since

Senator Tillman made his impassioned plea to his colleagues to refrain from smoking in executive session because of his highly sensitized olfactory nerves, the tobacco smoke is absent on occasions when the senator is present; but usually the smoke is there.

Now then, that is a mysterious proceeding. What is said and done there is supposed to be inviolable-supposed to be. Mystery surrounds executive sessions-not because they are mysterious, but because it is the custom, and has been for many years, to say they are. This reputation, easily obtained decades ago, continues traditionally; but the only difference between regular and open sessions of the Senate and executive sessions is that when the executive sessions are important more is printed about them in the newspapers than about the regular sessions.

Taking themselves seriously, the senators take their executive sessions seriously, so far as the word goes, and weigh down Tom Dawson with the clerical responsibility that attends. They trust no other outsider. That, as it happens, shows much senatorial acumen, for if there is one citizen of this Republic eminently fitted by character, by temperament and by training to keep executive-session secrets secret, that person is Tom Dawson.

#### Leaks in Executive Sessions

 $\mathbf{T}^{ ext{HEY}}$  can burden that quiet, efficient man with any confidential information they have, from a contemplated foray on Mexico to the character of a candidate for a second-class postmastership, and Tom will never peep. Tom's other name is Discretion, and his place of birth was Prudence, Circumspect County, State of Wariness.

You see, the senators knew Tom—as well they might, for he had been among them a long time. Oddly enough, part of his business was to secure for the public press information concerning the very executive sessions he now guards so closely. Tom was a newspaper man stationed in the Senate Chamber, and he was stationed there for years. In common with a few other correspondents he had the privilege of the floor, but not when there were executive sessions. Then he had to go out and keep off the grass. However, after the executive sessions were over it was his duty to discover what happened, and he always so discovered.

No senator ever told him. Perish the thought! No senator ever tells any correspondent anything that happens in executive sessions—that is, no senator ever admits he tells. Some do. Very good reports are often obtained. I remember a time when a senator rose in his seat during the morning hour and denounced his colleagues for leaking about executive sessions. He was quite bitter about it.

He said it was a crying shame and he himself almost cried.

He read the report of a session on the previous afternoon which he said was outrageous in that it correctly told what happened at a gathering concerning which no senator could talk, by right. It was very affecting to me, because wrote the article this senator read and condemned—and he himself gave me the information!

For many years-twenty, probably-Tom Dawson wrote reports not only of executive sessions but of other Senate sessions as well. He supplied his reports to a press association and what he wrote went into most of the newspaper offices of the country. Naturally he had to be accurate, nonpartisan, unbiased-absolutely-and he was. Tom Dawson never wrote a prejudiced line in his life. He never telegraphed a word he did not think was absolutely in accordance with the facts.

Think what that means! He was no special man, writing for one paper or two or three directed by an editorial policy or by an editorial whim or by a partisan bias. He wrote for hundreds of papers. His part of the report was used as the basis of much editorial comment. In many instances Tom Dawson's stories were all the readers of papers saw, and on them they based their knowledge of what was happening in Washington.

A great trust, I should say! And Tom Dawson never violated it. A quiet, sincere, honest man, he exerted a greater influence than most people understand or appreciate; and there never was a minute in his writing life when he was actuated by any other impulse than to get the news, get it right, and send it along, regardless of whom he might help or hurt.

The senators liked him-all the long procession of senators who served during Tom's work as a correspondent; and when they needed an executive clerk they selected him, because they knew that whatever secrets they might have were safe with him.

Therefore when the bells clang and the doors close Tom is the only person not a senator who is inside; and whatever happens, now that he is out of the newspaper business, is as sure to stay unrecorded, because of him, as in the old days whatever happened was sure to be recorded because of him. In no other way could they keep him from printing the news.

He has been in Washington for a long time, has Tom Dawson: and for some years he was secretary to the late Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado. He owns a ranch in Colorado and raises hay and other crops there, but confines his agriculture at the Capital to the expert cultivation of some highly prized whiskers.

Hundreds of newspaper correspondents have passed through the press gallery on the Senate side since Tom

Dawson went there. and there is not one of them but has profited by the wisdom and experience of Dawson, for he is as kindly as he is efficient, and always ready with counsel and information.

Tom Dawson knows more about the Senate than any man in it, and when he was writing about it he did his work with less fuss and with more ability than most of his colleagues.

The influence men like Tom Dawson exert on the opinions the people hold on governmental affairs in this country is incalculable; and there never was a man in his position who had better motives, a stronger sense of responsibility, a more sincere purpose and a more honest execution than this modest, quiet, capable man who guards the executive secrets of the Senate now as faithfully as he diligently set them forth in the old days.





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## THE LAME DUCK

#### Views of an Imnocent Byetander

Washington, D. C. DEAR JIM: You may recall that I have made casual reference in this correspondence to the fact that nothing is done in Washington which is not political. Though we carry side lines of amelioration of the woes of the people, anxiety for the general good, reverence for the Constitu-tion, economy in public expenditure, and conservation of our resources, as well as conversation concerning constructive legis-lation and the uplift, our main stock is politics. We handle that almost exclusively; and when we do put out a sample of our other goods we always tie a modicum of politics in with it, that being our business—politics.

I am moved to further reference to this subject by a contemplation of the cities selected by Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Houston and Mr. Williams as regional bank centers. If you hark back a little you will remember that Messrs. McAdoo and Houston made a rather comprehensive and leisurely swing round the circle when they had the establishment of these banks in prospect; and it now appears that they went largely for the air. They needed rest and a change; for if that trip had any effect on the final deter-mination of the cities selected it is not apparent, now that they have been selected.

They had a nice trip, and when they came home they spoke admiringly of the size of this country and its wealth and resources. They were quite impressed with all those

features.
"It really is most interesting," they said
one to another, "to discover that there are
so many centers of population in this broad domain of ours where regional banks could well be established—most interesting.
Now—would you believe it?—there are
Baltimore and New Orleans; Louisville
and Cincinnati; Pittsburgh and Denver; and Cincinnat; Pittsburgh and Denver; Portland, Oregon; and Seattle—all busy marts of trade and quite populous; excel-lent cities, all of them—most commendable cities. We approve of them all. Public-spirited people in them too, and excellent hosts! We had a most enjoyable trip and met many fine people; but

#### A Session of the Buts

But! Sure, Jim-but! One but, two buts, three buts, four buts, five buts-a noble array of buts and a powerful. And the buts butted in, Jim; they butted in with a home-sweet-home effect. Let me classify them.

But Number One: William G. McAdoo,

born in Georgia. But Number Two: John Skelton Wil-

liams, of Richmond, Virginia. But Number Three: David F. Houston, erstwhile of St. Louis and ersterwhile of

But Number Four: Albert S. Burleson,

of Texas.

But Number Five: Colonel Edward House, also of Texas.

Of these buts the first three make up the

committee that selected the cities, and the remaining two make up the advisory board as pertaining to Texas. You see how it worked out.

"I move," said Mr. McAdoo, "that a

regional bank be established at Atlanta,

"Aye!" voted Williams and Houston.
"I move," said Mr. Williams, "that a regional bank be established at Richmond, the proud capital of my native state."

"Aye!" voted McAdoo and Houston. "I move," said Mr. Houston, who up said Mr. Houston, who up to this time had been discreetly silent, save when voting, "that a bank be established at St. Louis and another at Kansas City, both imperial cities of the imperial common-

wealth that claims my residence."

"Aye!" voted Williams and McAdoo.

"Further," continued Mr. Houston, "I now move that a bank be established at Dallas, a flourishing municipality in the

state of my affections, Texas."
"Aye!" yelled Albert Sidney Burleson and Colonel Edward House; and it was all unanimous and pleasant, and devoid of misunderstanding and acrimony.



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	5 Tone	3000
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Chassis	2000 lbs.	1300
(Less Battery)	3000 lbs.	1450
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There was no politics in it, Jim. Of course not! It was all based on friendship and loyalty to and affection for the old homes. State pride, James; and a lovely sentiment it is and patriotic! Who can wonder that the thoughts of William Gibbs McAdoo turned fondly toward dear old Georgie and the metropolis thereof when Georgia and the metropolis thereof when he had this boon to grant? And who is there to cavil at the loyal affection of John Skelton Williams for Richmond? And David F. Houston is a stern man, it seems, but sentimental-excessively sentimental and powerfully so, for he secured three banks for his share, aided, of course, by those emotional Texans, House and Burleson, whose eyes ever dim with tears when the beauties of dear, dear Dallas are re-called to them by word or deed—Burleson, who made his mysterious visit to the White House when the cities were under consid-eration, his mysterious visit now being mysterious no longer; and House, the silent, self-effacing House, who spends so much of his time in the Treasury advising, out of the fund of his vast experience, with Secretary McAdoo—House, of whom to say he is gum-shod and rubber-tired were as scanty an appreciation of his noiseless methods of oper-

appreciation of his noiseless methods of operation as to compare him with a brass band!

"But me no buts!" New Orleans and Portland and Denver and Louisville and Pittsburgh might well have exclaimed had they been apprised of what was politically in the wind; but they were not. And they were butted a few buts, Jim; butted a few as herein set down.

So starts the Currency Bill that is to

So starts the Currency Bill that is to assuage all our financial woes—so starts it in the manner aforesaid; and now we await the appointment of the board. Before you read this, that may have come to pass; but there is no inkling as yet of its possible or probable membership. Still, writing before the event, let it be said that if there is a sim-ilar exhibition of the home-sweet-home thing in the make-up of that board the Currency Bill, which began with such fair prospects, will be but a withered flower of legislation, instead of a proud bouquet of law.

#### The Terrible Meek

However, the President still maintains his grip on the Congressional lever and is still in full control. It is amazing, Jim, how that man runs things; how he gets what he wants in the face of any and all opposition! Every time I watch him in operation I am again of the opinion that the best descriptive phrase for him is the title of Kennedy's play, The Terrible Meek. He is a meek man, Jim, and we have his word for it, as note in his speech to the Press Club; but, hevings! how terribly meek he is! In all my experience I never knew a man who was softer-spoken, more deferential to the wishes and opinions of others, more affable and agreeable; and in all my experience I never knew a man who, once having set out to do a thing, so unrelentingly proceeded to do that thing! They tried to defeat his man Daniels, of

New Jersey, named for a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Senate refused confirmation for a long time. Then suddenly the Wilson forces took up the matter and after it was all over Daniels was confirmed. So it goes with everything. He hasn't missed a trick yet. Prophecy is selling away below par in the present market; but it might be worth while to take a flyer at a prognostication at that. Hence, in a guarded manner, I am here to say that eventually he will get his tolls-repeal bill through the Senate. It will take time, and maneuvering, and pressure and time, and maneuvering, and pressure and the thumbscrews for some, and the rack for others; but, unless all signs fail, he will get the bill through finally. That sort of thing seems to be his fixed habit of procedure.

Meantime the Democrats of the House continue along their well-known econom-

The House was proceeding with the legislative, judicial and executive appro-priation bills. There had been a proposition to cut down mileage allowances to actual cost instead of allowing them to re-main at the present rate of twenty cents a mile. This would have saved a hundred thousand dollars a year; but the formerly economical Democrats fell on the item with loud cries and tore it limb from limb. Also they tore it out of the bill. Then came a proposition to increase the salaries of Congressional clerks to eighteen hundred dollars a year. Not to have done this would have saved one hundred thirty-two thousand dollars more a year; but they did it.



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a hundred thirty-two thousand dollars for their clerks, they looked about for some place where they might be really economical. They found it, Jim—found it in the barber shop; and they virtuously and economically fixed it so that the barbers must buy their own talcum powder and toilet water and such, instead of getting it free as heretofore. This saved five hundred deliver a recer and was considered a natable

Wouldn't that make you proud of your legislators? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and give three hearty cheers for the statesmen who are spending a billion dollars and more of your money and my money? Doesn't that show the caliber of those patriots? They hold fast to their those patriots? They note last to their mileage grab of twenty cents a mile going to and coming from each session, and they give their own clerks three hundred dollars more a year, which means nothing in the way of increased efficiency of service, but does mean a little more pork for the boys; and they say sternly to the barbers that they must buy their own talcum powder and their own witch-hazel.

Meantime again, Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President and official guest, has bur-geoned in a fancy vest. It isn't a waistcoat. It is a vest, and it is fancy. One of the members of the Persian Legation gave the vest to him—that is, the Persian gave the Vice-President the cloth, or tapestry, or prayer rug, or whatever it is, and Thomas Riley had it fashioned into a vest. The way it came about was this: The Vice-President, it seems, has always had a longing for a fancy vest.

Mr. Marshall's Persian Waistcoat

Out in Indiana they do not wear fancy vests much, at least not in Columbia City. When he came to Washington the only fly in his ornate amber was the lack of a colored vest. He had everything else his heart craved. He was Vice-President, a nice easy job, and he never had to buy a meal except his breakfasts, which did not tax him much as he belongs to the no-breakfast cult. He had ample opportunity to get off his quips and funny sayings, and he presided over the Senate whenever he felt the need of employment.

He was having a bully time; but there was a drawback—he had no fancy vest. So one night when he was dining with the Persians he happened to remark to Mirza Ali Kuli Khan that a certain bit of gayly-colored stuff he saw there was some cloth!

"Will his excellency allow me to present it to him?" asked Mirza Ali Kuli Khan. Instantly the Vice-President felt a warm glow stealing o'er him. This filled his cup of happiness to overflowing. He could

make a vest of the cloth!

"If it pleases you I shall be glad to accept," Mr. Marshall replied; and the cloth was waiting for him at his hotel when he arrived, so prompt are the Persians in these little matters.

The pattern is two hundred years old and there is a separate shade of color for each decade. The tailor handled the cloth lovingly and cut it so skillfully that he lost not a single gaudy splash.

Isn't it strange how these presiding officers run to fancy vests? There was poor Tim Woodruff, who never got beyond being a presiding officer, and one of the reasons was a fancy vest; and here is T. R. Marshall, a presiding officer, who blossoms out in one! Probably he has no further ambitions; and, when you come to think of it, he has received a pretty fair political dividend considering the capital invested.

In conclusion I note that former President Taft has put out his plan for reducing and that President Wilson has had the temerity to edit some gems of English prose submitted by Doctor Eliot for label-ing the new Washington Post Office. Mr. Taft's words should carry weight. As a reducer he is second to none. Look at what he did to the Republican party! And as an editor Mr. Wilson seems to have the courage of his blue pencil, for he sticks to his revisions of the sentiments so happily expressed by Doctor Eliot; albeit, after the papers printed the statement that he had edited those phrases, it was given out officially that President Wilson, when he was editing the stuff, did not know Doctor Eliot wrote it. I suppose the President thought that Jimmie Sloan dashed it offor mayhap Tom Brahany. Yours for revision,

Bu.t.,

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#### Benson's Day

(Continued from Page 17)

nere not for that restless knowledge of how may precious moments he was losingsynotin itself unpleasing. Mrs. Batsford-Wring had the English woman's soothing about attitude toward that superior being. man. After ordering for her brother the pecial accessories he liked, and sending tack his toast to be done over, and jumping up to pull down the blind a trifle to shade to 1508, she had solicitously placed a screen serven Benson and the fire, and then sat with her graceful lankiness drooping toward in, and her enormous violet eyes waiting so his as she offered up autobiography, an-

Benson was to call her by her pet name, hickie, as he used to do. She deftly cast a set of comfort round him. Once or twice, niced, he shot a glance at Cecelie, which aid dominantly: "This game is not over yet wait until my time comes!" while she had becent her golden larges at the careried beneath her golden lashes at the cap-um's handsome face, her light figure, with in suggestion of withdrawal, her head tilted bik as she leaned forward, proving, as ever, a nagnet.

she seemed to murmur only provocative national states to his persuasive eloquence, this was punctuated by the loud hawhaws tis delighted enjoyment. Once Benson

hard him murmur: "I es a silly ass! If you'll only tell me that you want me to say

and her answer:

"I'l tell you later if I get a chance."

and his again:

'Oh, if that's all you'll get it!" The remarks served to cut short the to-hour; Benson stood up suddenly and, arrang himself, went to settle with the samingly talkative Mrs. Paley, and to interies the chauffeur. There was time yet ir that planned walk with Cecelie before dereturn; but when he came back into the non Mrs. Batsford-Wring was there alone, estded out indolently in a big chair by

four young friend was tellin' us that ye and she are only by way of bein' dramy," she stated. "She says it's quite te hing here—you go off for the day withthe try preparation at all, you just telly the home—so simple, isn't it? My that is all for making what you call a the is it not?—with her."

And where is she now?" asked Benson,

more round.

She's gone out walkin' with him-thy're so interested in the fish-hawk's ed." said Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Ah, that is this? Are they coming back

Geedie's face appeared in the doorway,

"I just ran back for an instant," she manned sweetly, "to ask you to return athe car with us, Mrs. Batsford-Wring—wand your brother—instead of going by ha. We can take them as well as not—we we not, Benson?"

Her tone faltered unexpectedly over the me sords as she looked at him. There was spickt pause in which some strange tinfor electrical disturbance made itself felt.

Certainly; that's a fine idea!"

There was a note in his voice she had there heard before. His face seemed to he changed to a coldness—a sternness indifference—so that he was no longer is same person. He began to laugh sud-

You come and see the fish-hawk's nest with me. Chickie!" He waved his hand to Seothers. "Go on! We'll follow."

THE path down which they walked slowly And over roots, briers, rocks, slippery web of winter, on which Mrs. Batsford-ling's gown left little dabs of fur in spite of all Benson's assiduous efforts in her

Chickie's coloring did not seem so barbee out-of-doors amid the general brownis and russet, the white gleam of the on inlet, and the brilliance of the suntomson ball before its setting. She cer-and had a nice way with one. She wanted te kind-to please him. It gave him a Hen warm sense of gratitude; he veered the to have been his. What was it that

The tea-table episode, however-if it Mrs. Varley had said? "Things turn out so different from the way you dream them?"
He lingered with Chickie along the way;

but when they finally reached the objective point the other two were there, sitting on a big, jutting stone in the midst of the dead leaves and the brown and beaten sedge— Cecelie with a downcast face and the cap-tain murmuring in her ear.

The tree stretched bare and gaunt far, far upward; above swung the deserted nest, from here a small rough black-and-white mass, to which the fish-hawk in his days of wild and flerce living, six feet of him from strong wing-tip to wing-tip, had triumphantly brought his gleaming prey. triumphantly brought his gleaming prey. Some sort of existence that—to swoop and strike and take and soar again, one's object accomplished, up, up into the wide kingdom of the sky and the safety of the winds and the rocking branches!

"And what is that hanging from the nest?" asked Mrs. Batsford-Wring idly.

"It must be a feather," said Benson, bending over her. "Would you like it as a souvenir?"

souvenir?"

"Very much—but you couldn't possibly get it, dear boy."

"Oh, couldn't I!" He laughed and stood up, beginning to take off his coat. "Just watch me!

"Why not?"

"Betson! Don't!" said Cecelie sharply.

He turned in surprise, as though he had
forgotten that she was there.
"Why not?" Why not?"

"Mrs. Paley told me that lots of boys "Ars. Paley tood me that lots of boys have tried to get the nest and couldn't. You can see where the lightning struck—those jagged branches may not hold you!"
"Oh, the tree's all right!"
"But, Benson! Please!" Her color flickered. "I ask you not to. It's idiotic! I

hate to see people in high places—it makes

"But Mrs. Batsford-Wring wants the feather," he argued seriously. "And if she wants it she must have it."

wants it sae must have it."

"Well, you are rather a dear, aren't you?"
said Mrs. Batsford-Wring caressingly.

"Oh, he's sporty!" agreed the captain.

"If he fails I'll bring it down for you, Miss Sherwood."

"I won't fail!" said Benson.

He gave a slight run and threw himself at the trunk of the tree, his feet grappling

at the trunk of the tree, his feet grappling for a footbold; his wiry form swarmed up until he reached the first branch and stood out on it erect, his figure black against the crimson light beyond before he turned and swung himself agilely upward, testing with eye and hand each jagged branch or stump before bearing his weight on it—up and up and up, with a clean, pulse-filling joy in the keen usage of his powers, until he reached the swaying nest and triumphantly waved the feather to the watching group

He rested a moment before attempting the descent, looking out over this brave new world—there was an invigorating tang in the air, the silver of the inlet reflected a rosy glow, the hoarse caw-caw of a swiftly flying crow broke against a wide, rarefied

stillness.
"Well, he can climb, can't he!" said Mrs.
Batsford-Wring. "Really he's quite an extraor'n'ry man, you know, Miss Sherwood—he does everything so well. The tales they tell of him out in Dakotah! My word, but those women at the ranch were mad over him! I thought he'd be married by now to the little Dalgarnie girl; but it seems he's nawt. Well, Bennie, you're back to earth again, aren't you?" Her violet eyes welcomed him.

Cecelie's face had flushed unaccountably. Was this the Benson she knew?

"And here's your feather, Chickie," he said, touching Mrs. Batsford-Wring gently on the cheek with it before handing it to her.

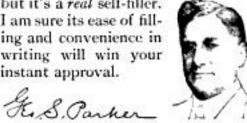
It was already dusk when the party at last started on the way back. Cecelie, looking stealthily at Benson from time to time felt strangely removed from him as she sat slim and straight by Mrs. Batsford-Wring, with the two men opposite. Something seemed to have gone from him—it was as if, though he was conventionally polite, he no longer had any sense of her presence. It gave her a frightened feeling, and Cecelie was not used to feeling frightened.

His keen, bright eyes met hers with no suggestion of interest in them—his lips had a line she had never seen before; he looked both cold and hard.

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the ink channel. Then, when the pen is returned to your pocket, expanding air caused by the heat of the body pushes the ink out into the nozzle, where it is liable to smear your fingers and soil your linen. Now the Lucky Curre, through its scientifically arranged contact with the wall of the barrel, drains the ink out of the curved inkfeed by capillary attraction. With no ink in the channel, no ink can be forced into the cap to leak out and stain your fingers. Hold the Transparent Bakelite Pen up to the light as shown in illustration and you can see exactly how and why leaking is prevented.

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She had whispered, with sudden compunction, before they entered the car:

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry we are not to have our Last Ride together!"

And he had answered aloud, casually:
"Oh, it makes no difference at all, really!" It was strange to look at her and

feel that what he said was true.

Mrs. Batsford-Wring frankly composed herself for sleep, in which she had a brilliant cubist effect. Benson and the captain kept up an interested conversation on the sports in Inja and how they differed from those in the States, while the former kept up that double tide of thought which was not ex-sctly thought, but a sensation through everything of being free. It was as though he had been wounded so deeply that there was no more feeling left—something had been killed in him. He might wake some

been killed in him. He might wake some day to worse pain than ever; but just now it was entirely gone. Cecelie sat with her golden head against the cushions, her red lips slightly parted, her eyes flashing out under their golden lashes; that soft, bright pearliness of hers and her magnetic charm were never more apparent.

Captain Hawkly's continually staring eyes took note of her. Benson, for the first time in years, could gaze and feel no thrill or any desire for her—the girl he had loved so wildly! Why had he ever loved her? Why had he thought she would care some day—as he had always persistently, in spite of everything, felt in his heart she would? That was what had made him con-stant, had given him hope, had made him masterfully take this last stand. It was all masterfully take this last stand. It was all over now—and the beauty of it was that he did not care!

It was a long, long ride back—that ride to which he had so looked forward. Cecelie bent over once-ostensibly to pick up her handkerchief-as the car whizzed over a bridge, the lights above reflected in the black water that stretched out beyond on each side.

"Don't look at me like that!" she whispered fiercely between her little white teeth.
"I beg your pardon!" he responded
quickly in the same low tone. "I wasn't

conscious that I was looking at you at all,

truly!"
"I didn't ask you to bring me out!" she said, as though in answer to some voiced

aspersion.

"No, no: of course you didn't," he replied at once. "It was all foolishness on my part. at once. "It was all toolishness on my part.
The whole thing is done with. Suppose we
just let the subject drop."

"Very well," she assented, trying to keep
back the unexpected tears.
Mrs. Batsford-Wring emerged from her

"How you do fidget!" she said amiably to Cecelie.

It was a long, long ride—perhaps Cecelie was feeling that she had lost something, too, though she talked gayly to the captain.

They were speeding along the smooth postroad at last, rapidly nearing the town. Now the lights of the city came into view, the houses growing closer and closer to-

the houses growing closer and closer to-gether—more lights, and noise and clatter.

"And here we are!" said Benson as the limousine stopped before the Sherwood mansion. He helped Cecelie up the steps after her adieus to the other guests, while the machine still stood waiting. "I'll begin to say good night to you now, so as not to keep you standing here."

She looked up in blank surprise.

"Why, aren't you coming in?"

"No; I think not, if you'll excuse me."

"But, Benson! There are ever so many things I've been counting on saying to

things I've been counting on saying to you—all the way home. I expected you to

come to dinner, of course—I——"
"I'm sorry; but I promised Mrs.
Batsford-Wring to go back with them to
the Ayreslea—they've some sort of party
on hand tonight. And, by the way, I am afraid this will have to be good-by, too, for some years. It's not likely that I'll see you again—I leave tomorrow."

The door was wide open now; the warmth streamed out from the brightly lighted interior as they still stood there, her lovely face raised perplexedly to his.

"Not see me again! But I don't understand. Why do you talk that way? Benson, you're not like yourself—your eyes are so dark—you look so proud." He smiled involuntarily.

"Don't let my looks bother you," he re-sponded gently; adding, with a deeper note: "I shall always thank you for many kind-nesses in the past—believe that, Cecelie! You'd really better go in—you'll take cold standing here. Good-by!"

# Where Is the Pipe Smoker Who Won't Take a Chance?

Every man who smokes a pipe is forever engaged in a more or less happy quest for a better brand of smoking tobacco.

That's one reason why there are so many different brands—so many different forms of "cut" and "slice" and "cube" and "twist" and "granulated" and "shredded" tobaccos—and most of these mixtures and blend are mighty good.
You yourself probably think a lot of some

fellow who smokes a brand that you can' learn to like at all, and he wonders why you buy the kind of tobacco that's in your coa

We don't think for a minute, and neve have thought, that Edgeworth Ready-Rubbe would please every pipe taste in the country but the fact that of the many who try Edge worth the majority cling to it makes us fer pretty good.

Edgeworth is Burley, the best Burley the is raised, and it come in two forms-Slice Plug, which is the original Edgeworth, an Ready-Rubbed, which means all ready to past into your piece. into your pipe. Ready-Rubbed is

new that we are st introducing it—givin

introducing it—giving away decent-sized packages of it and inviting men to send for them.

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Most any old smoker you know will tell y that Edgeworth is a very high-grade tobard will you write us, give your address and you dealer's name and let us reciprocate by sending you a sample, free?

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cannot supply.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 2
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TO RETAIL TOBACCO MERCHANTS: If y jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same p you would pay jobber.

I am the Ill show you He smiled again, took off his hat, ran down thesteps like one very glad to go away, and disappeared in the limousine, which went whirring down the street.

THAT was a fine night! Benson did not know when he had enjoyed himself so much, with a strangely unthinking pleasure that seemed to have no connection with either past or future, but to be just the outcome of the gay moment.

After the little dinner with Chickie and

the handsome captain, augmented by the presence of a sprightly young English artist and his pretty wife and young sister, the party had gone forth to take in the more conventional Bohemian shows.

They had danced experimentally, with much laughter, until after midnight, and supped after that. Mrs. Batsford-Wring, frankly solicitous for the pleasure of all the men, gave her pervading atmosphere of comfort to the evening, with a special little undercurrent of real warmth for Benson,

which touched him deeply.

"You'll not be wantin' me for a partner long," she warned him at the beginning of the revel. "My brother says I dahnce like a borse!"

"Yes—and a spavined one at that, you now," put in the captain.

"My word! But that was a nasty one, wasn't it?" said his sister agreeably.
"Oh, you can't scare me off that way!" said Benson. "You'll certainly dance as said Benson. well as I do."

"You're lookin' a lot more fit than you were; it's a pity I cahn't take you in hand oftener, isn't it?" she murmured once as, his arms round her, her graceful lankiness dipped and reared wildly to the rhythm of the music.

Benson's "Yes" gave quick assent; his hand pressed hers warmly. "You're the kindest woman I ever knew,

"Well, I've had some rawtten times my-self, you know!" she answered simply, pressing his hand in return.

Though it was so late when he got to bed in the small hotel where he always stopped, he rose early to a day that from his high window was all a blue winter sky and a gilding sun on the housetops, and smoke-wreaths mingling with the light. He was shaving, and whistling during the process, when the telephone on his stand rang; and

he put down the razor to answer it.
"Hello!—Yes, this is Mr. Clark. Who

is this?"

"Benson—it's Cecelie."

His face underwent a hardening change.

"Yes—Cecelie."

"Benson, I—I called you up so early because I was afraid you might go out. You forgot to leave me your address."
"I really don't know yet where I'm going

"Oh! Benson -

He curbed a rising irritation.
"Yes; I'm waiting."
Her voice reached him sweetly:

"I want you to come and see me this morning, Benson."

"I'm afraid it's impossible. I can't get so far uptown again before I go. I have business appointments."

The thought of going to that house again—of walking up those brownstone steps as he had too many times before—

was suddenly repugnant to him beyond words. He could not do it.

"But, Benson"—the lightness of her tone had changed to one of appeal—"I must see you before you go—honest, I must!" The familiar accents seemed to set some chord ribrating that he desired above all things. vibrating that he desired above all things not to feel. She went on: "If you can meet me at the Venetia—that's on your way—at ten o'clock, or before—any hour you say— I'll only keep you for a few moments. Benson, please!

There was a pause.
"Very well," he answered at last relucntly. "Make it three o'clock, then—I'll

be there if I can on my way to the train.
I've got to ring off now."
Why had she called him up? Itshadowed the day for him; it tethered him still to all that bitter past which he wanted to be done with. He finished his sharing him to be done with. He finished his shaving, but he no

longer whistled at it.

It was long after the appointed hour when he entered the revolving entrance doors he had watched all that other memorable afternoon for the sight of Cecelie. She was sitting now—as a quick glance showed him—almost where he had sat, the lobby and the corridors filled as before, her slender figure slightly drooping forward over the big gray muff, and her golden head leaning on one hand.

Her face, as she raised it smilingly to his, ave him a start-her eyes looked very large; there was a strange translucence in the unusual pallor of her cheeks, but she had still that drawing quality which a person might curiously observe even without

son might curiously observe even without feeling it. She rose eagerly and went forward to greet him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I've been waiting a long while."

"Yes; I was afraid I shouldn't be able to get here at all," Benson said formally. "I haven't much time now."

"Shall we go where we can talk?" she

saked him.

"Just as you say."

She lilted across the empty space of a big drawing room, her head thrown back as usual, to a windowed alcove half concealed by heavy red curtains that shut in the immense cushioned armchairs in which they seated themselves. He could not help thinking cynically that she seemed to know the place very well, as he sat facing her, with that new look in his eyes, one hand

lying on his knee, waiting for her to begin, while she leaned forward. "Benson, I'm so sorry about yesterday! I"—she went on with hurried lightness in spite of the slight stiffness that came over him—"I didn't know it was going to be like that to you—honest! I only thought ——" Her agitation grew; she twisted her slender hands together. "No! You must let me speak. I only meant—I thought it would be just something to laugh over afterward; I—Benson——" She faltered; the great tears suddenly brimmed in her lovely eyes, but she smiled through them. "I know I've been such a horrid girl! But last pight. een such a horrid girl! But last night I found out what it was to care—at last! I didn't know it could hurt so much; but—but—I do care for you! It's—it's dreadfully funny, isn't it—that I do?"

He had put up his hand at first as though to stop her, listening afterward with a forced patience; but now his face reddened violently—a strange tremor seemed to shake him. He looked round desperately as one

seeking to escape from something dread and mastering. His eyes searched her face and a bitter smile overspread his. "Oh, I don't believe you care—as much as you think now," he said. "It's very good of you—but it wouldn't last, you know; you'll feel quite differently tomorrow. I'd

better go now, Cecelie."
"But, Benson——"

She had risen to her seet now—as had he—drawing farther back into the shelter of the curtain, her eyes hanging on his. He stood irresolute. The words came as if in

spite of himself:
"Would you marry me now—and go

back with me?

She shrank instinctively, with drooping head. "Oh, Benson -

He raised his eyebrows, spreading out his

hands as he spoke.

"You see! That's what it all amounts to.
There's no use of my staying."

"You don't believe me?"

"No, I don't!

"But you shall!"

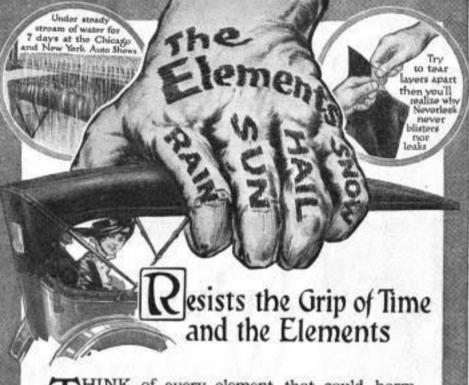
She flushed and paled, looking wildly round her; and then, like one who suddenly hurls herself from all hampering bonds, her arms—trembling—reached up round his neck and clung there; her lips—trembling too—reached upward for his; her exquisite magnetic charm stole through every sense. "Oh! Oh, you must believe me now!

Never-never for any man but you, Benson! I want to sit by your hearth; I want to be in your home—always; I want to—to be your wife—now—this minute—

any time you say!"
Was that a sob he gave as his strong arms closed round her, and oh, that mighty tide of love rushed back over him!

Hisday? Oh, Mrs. Varley was right; better than any dreams of it-far, far better!





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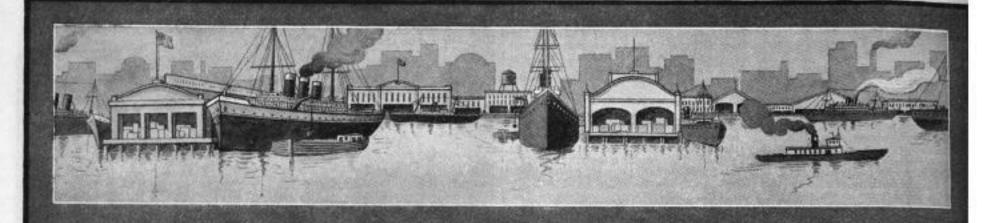
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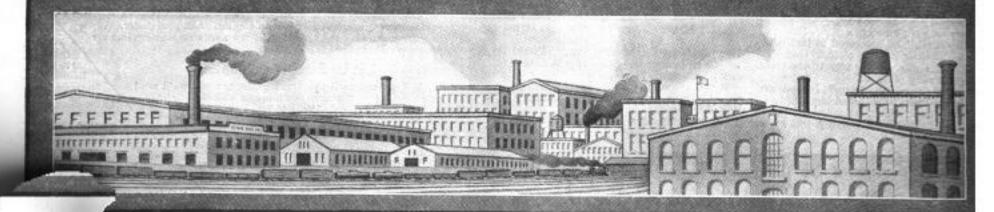
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# Sense and Nonsense

#### Dry Wit

BECAUSE of a wreck, a fast train com-ing North from the southern coast country was laid out all night on a siding in Florida. When two Easterners aboard woke in the morning they looked from the window of the car on a waste of sand and scrub pines and bushy-headed palmettos, with no human habitations in sight except a dinky flag station and a one-room log shack. Over the door of the shack was a rudely lettered sign reading as follows: New York Bar—All Fancy Drinks Served Here!

Being minded to have some fun, the two travelers descended from their halted train and entered the shack. For furniture it contained a shelf, with three dark bottles and half a dozen smeary glass tumblers ranged on it, a rude counter, one chair and a rusty stove. The proprietor, a lanky Cracker, sat in the chair, with his bare feet on the stove base—for it was a chilly morning—intently reading a Jacksonville paper three days old.

The jokers lined up at the makeshift bar and one of them hammered with his knuckles on the wood.

"I'll have a pousse-café," he stated, ad-

dressing space.
"I'll take a dry Martini, made with French vermuth," stated his companion. The owner of the establishment did not

raise his eyes from the paper as he drawled:
"I kin lick any dam' Yankee in the house—and I ain't looked yit!"

#### An Uneasy Witness

IN TENNESSEE a railroad was being sued for a grade-crossing disaster, a freight train having hit a farmer's wagon and mussed up its occupants considerably. The accident occurred late at night. The principal witness for the defendant company was the crossing watchman, an elderly

negro with a wooden leg.
Taking the stand he swore positively that, being aware of the approach of the train, te had left his flag shanty and had waved his red lantern in warning; but in spite of this the farm wagon had tried to cross the tracks. On cross-examination he stuck to his story so firmly, and insisted so earnestly that he had swung the red lantern back and forth almost under the noses of the advancing team, that the jury gave a verdict for

the company.

Next day the division superintendent sent for the old man. Uncle Sam stumped

in, cap in hand.

"Sam," said the official, "your testimony yesterday undoubtedly saved us from having to pay out heavy damages. I want to thank you for your behavior while on the stand and to congratulate you."

"I didn't tell nothin' but de cold truth, your " said Ungle Sam

boss," said Uncle Sam.
"I'm sure of that," said the division superintendent; "but weren't you the least bit nervous when that white gentleman

began to ask you all those questions?"
"Yas, suh," confessed the watchman;
"I wuz."
"What made you uneasy?"
"Well, suh, I wuz wonderin' whut I wuz gwine to say ef dat man ax me wuz de lantern lit!"

#### Unquestionably

THE pop-eyed darky on the witness stand had been content during his examination in chief to answer Yes or No to all questions, but a controversy now arose between his lawyer and the lawyer for the other side. Wide-eared, he listened while they hurled long, jawbreaking words and impressive-sounding Latin phrases back and forth between them.

The opposing counsel turned on him

suddenly:

'Gabe," he demanded, "you have followed carefully this intricate discussion touching on the various aspects of medical urisprudence involved in the issue we have here before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know whether you do or do not find that your evidence still coincides with the theory advanced by my learned brother?"

The witness cast a triumphant side glance st his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest. "Most doubtless!" he answered.

#### The Odorless English

A YOUNG Englishman went to a hunting lodge in South Carolina last fall to spend a week as the guest of some American friends. On the second day in camp they had a deer drive.

The Britisher was given the best station, with a negro guide to keep him company.

Presently, as the baying of the hounds grew
louder, a noble buck came bounding down
the runway, suddenly halted and, as the
Englishman aimed his gun, turned about
and darted off and darted off.

"Now why do you suppose the beast behaved in that fashion?" inquired the disappointed hunter of the darky.

"Didn't you see his nose sniffin', boss?" said the negro. "I reckin he must 'a'

"Oh, but that's quite impossible!" said the Englishman. "I had a barth only this morning!"

#### A Full Day

AT A RECENT dinner given to the Giants and the White Sox after their worldcircling tour one of the speakers said that a friend of his, named Cassidy, went to mass

and heard the priest preach on the Judgment Day. After the services he waylaid the clergyman.

"Father," inquired Cassidy, "I want to ask you something. You say that when the trumpet blows on Judgment Day everybody who ever lived in this world will come before the Judgment Seat to be judged for their sins on earth?"

"I so stated."

I so stated."

"Will Adam and Eve be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And Cain and Abel?"
"To be sure."
"And Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries?" "I assume so.

"And Ban Johnson and Charley Murphy?"
"They will."
"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"
"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"I told you everybody would be there."

"One thing more: Will Hogan that sued me in the magistrate's court last week and me both be there?"

"I tell you, Yes."

"Then there'll be dam' little judging done the first day!" said Cassidy.

#### Too Cheap

A HUSKY-LOOKING person in a flannel shirt, who had evidently strayed some distance off his accustomed beat, walked up to the Waldorf bar, flipped a dime down on the mahogany and said:
"Gimme a drink of rye."
"We don't sell ten-cent drinks here,"

said the man in the white jacket.

The stranger reached for his dime, "I can't drink that nickel stuff!" he said, and passed out,

#### A Platonic Token

WHEN Mahally, who did the family W washing, came on Monday morning to get the bundle of soiled garments, she was wearing a black eye, which stood out vividly against the brown background of her broad and comely face.

"Dear me," said her sympathetic employer, "what has happened to your eye?"

"A nigger man hit me," said Mahally briefly.

briefly.
"Oh, that's too bad!" said the lady.
"Was it your husband that hit you,
Mahally?" "No, ma'm," said Mahally, with emphasis. "George, he don't never hit me. He treats me mo' lak a friend than a husband."

#### Optimistic Partners

A FIRM of notion dealers on the East Side had gone out of business via the bank-ruptcy court, and the attorney for the principal creditors was going through the accounts of the concern.

In the back of the safe he came on a partnership agreement, drawn up by the two bankrupts when they engaged in commerce and jointly signed by them. The second clause read as follows:

"In the event of failure the profits are

to be divided equally."





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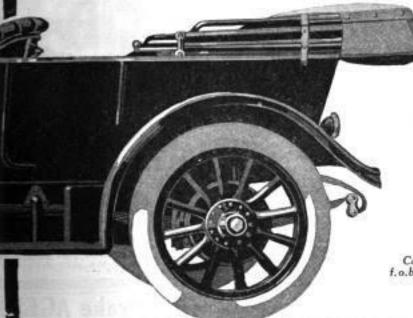
maintenance.

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# Federal Motor Truck Company

104 Leavitt Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

#### THE TWO BAD MEN

(Continued from Page 10)

"Do something!" urged Steve. "We can't hang round here all day. I got to get back and see if another telegram ain't come

back and see if another telegram an't come for me."

With a muffled groan Bogie O'Leary eased one foot cautiously to the ground. With neck strained to watch the enemy over his shoulder he noiselessly moved the other to join its mate. A second later he had leaped again to his isle of safety. His scream of fright coincided nicely with the resonant impact of the Doctor's hardy brow against the side of the kennel. There had been but a gray flash across the arena.

had been but a gray flash across the arena.
"Wha'd I tell you?" came the sob-riven shout of the victim. His enemy stood off

shout of the victim. His enemy stood off and pawed the ground.

"Yer frind there's quick on his feet," said Kerrigan, with grudging praise: "but it vexes th' Docther t' have his fun shpoiled. Oh, ain't he th' j'yous elf!" He rocked perilously on his narrow seat and beat his thighs in ecstasy. "It's th' brisk young lad y' are, Docther! Watch him there, now! Good old Docther!" The Doctor ignored-his owner. "It's like 'm," continued Kerrigan to his seatmates. "He'll pay me no heed whin he's a game on. Ye'd think I was no more to 'm than anny total stranger. There he goes agin—pertindin' he's weary!"

The Doctor slouched to his corner and turned a deceitful back once more on the game.

game.

"Goin' to see me murdered, are you?"
demanded Bogie.

"Tut! Tut!" admonished Kerrigan.

"Murder's a crime! Don't be talkin' wild
like that whin ye're among frinds!"

"Mebbe he'd let you crawl over to the

"Mebbe he'd let you crawl over to the house," suggested the resourceful Kid.

"I tried that—the devil jumped on me with his pointed feet. He's a killer, I tell you!"

"An' t' look at th' innocent airs of 'm now!" purled Kerrigan, "An' d'ye note th' beauty of his quarthers? Oh, min! If on'y ye'd thought t' bring yer camaries! Ah, but 'tis worth th' two-dollars' fine I'll be made t' pay."

"I thought I had a friend in you, Steve," pleaded Bogie.

"I thought I had a friend in you, Steve," pleaded Bogie.

"Well, ain't I thinkin' about what ought to be done?" demanded Steve reproachfully. "Just remember Rome wasn't built in a day—and after the way you fooled me with that telegram this morning!"

"Ain't he th' stage-acthor!" insisted Kerrigan. "Watch him makin' out he wouldn't har-rum a baby—an' him in there this minute f'r resistin' an off'cer!"

"What officer," asked Steve, with mild interest.

interest.

"Th' Swede cop hereabout. Man, 'twas an ingratiatin' spectacle t' see thim come togither—I was goin' along on me truck. But th' Swede's a coward—he wouldn't fight fair. He roped th' Docther. Else he'd niver got'm. Th' Docther mistrusts Swedes.

Would ver trind he a Swede mehbe?"

Would yer frind be a Swede, mebbe?"
"Ain't there any justice in this land?—
for the love of heaven!" moaned the

for the love of neaven: moaned the victim.

"Keep your heart up, pal—I'll save you."
Thus the Pell Street Kid.

"You?" gasped Bogie. "Say, pal, I'm sorry if I done anything—"

"Fergit it! We got to stand together."
The Kid studied the field with a fine strategic eye. "We can draw up this ladder and put it down inside—" he began.

"Not my ladder!" put in Kerrigan firmly.
"I'll be fined two dollars now f'r maintainin' a dishorderly nuisance. An' d'ye think I

a dishorderly nuisance. An' d'ye think I want t' be arristed f'r helpin' a jail delivery? Besides, 'twouldn't be fair t' th' Docther." The Kid studied him coldly. Kerrigan at once became cold himself. Under a frivo-

lous exterior it became apparent to the Kid that the goat's owner carried convictions of weight, in behalf of which he would perish if need be. He also exposed a certain fluency of shoulder that the Kid liked less and less

as he surveyed it.

"Well, what can we do, then?" he demanded amicably. "My friend there's got the pull, all right. If your goat kills him ——"

"It's a shameful death!" moaned Bogie.

"Where's this cop, then?" demanded the

Kid.
"Hi! You fallers oop there!" hailed a voice from below. They turned.
"As I live, 'tis Officer Peterson himsilf!" said Kerrigan delightedly.

"You batter coom down; that ban gainst the law," warned the newcomer.



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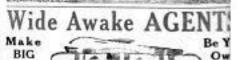
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"You'll have a dead man in there— you'll be arrested for murder," said the Kid and slid nimbly to the ground to confront

the Tiburon police force.

"He said he ban bad faller—mabbe that goat ban good deal more bad," retorted the officer, with a strenuous try for the retort

epigrammatic.
"He'll sue your county for fifty thousand

dollars' damages ——"
"Yah! I ban hear all about them law-

"And you'll lose your job if you don't get him out of that yard." Officer Peterson surrendered himself to a moment of serious reflection. "I'll have you broke—just like that!" threatened the Kid with a confidence

he was far from feeling.

"Give him some of these grapes," suggested Steve, who had been moodily consuming the Pell Street Kid's offering to Bogie, that busy sufferer having heatedly declined to trifle with them.

"He dislikes fruit," advised Kerrigan; "but ye might try th' little felly with some o' them gay nitchers fr'm yer paper. At

o' them gay pitchers fr'm yer paper. At times I've known him right fond o' one or two if th' printin' tastes right."

"Try him with this here funny page,"

suggested the Kid.
"I ban all in my new coat and pants—
yust out from Sunday school," faltered the

official.
"I'll do it myself," volunteered the Kid
intrepidly. "I used to know goats. C'mon!
Unlock the door."

Kerrigan grew tense again. Even the list-less Steve betrayed a languid interest in

less Steve betrayed a languid interest in what might ensue.

"Ain't he ever comin'?" wailed Bogie.

"It's goin' t' be good—it's goin' t' be good!" sang Kerrigan, and hugged himself.

"I don't see what you thought I could do," called Steve, "telegraphing me all over the country that way. I'd as lief handle a rattlesnake as one o' them goats. You might have known that, if you'd just stopped to think!"

"Have a care, Docther! Don't let them

"Have a care, Docther! Don't let them do ye a mischief!" called Kerrigan softly. The Doctor remained a gray statue. Only

the keenest eye could have detected his occasional sidelong glance at his prey. Bogie O'Leary was the only observer present who

felt sure of it.

The low door opposite the watchers opened softly on the Pell Street Kid. Behind him cowered the officer of the law. In one hand the Kid flaunted the bedizened

In one hand the Kid flaunted the bedizened comic supplement from his paper. He held it well from his side against the wall and hurled a pithy insult at Kerrigan's pet. The pet ignored this. He was still the semblance of a graven goat.

Emboldened by this indifference the Kid stepped bravely into the arena and waved his gaudy emblem where the Doctor could no longer pretend to ignore it. The Kid wove from side to side with a tigerish swiftness, showering on the Doctor such epithets as caused Kerrigan to hope he might be destroyed utterly. Something in the Kid's stealthy, crouching progress stung the bored Steve to reminiscence.

"Hooray! He's a bullfighter!" yelled Steve. "Look at him, will you? A regular bullfighter!" And, being a patron of the opera, he burst into fitting song: "Towray-a-dor!"

And then, to Kerrigan's accompanying cheer, the Doctor charved. Straight as the

And then, to Kerrigan's accompanying cheer, the Doctor charged. Straight as the lightning's bolt he shot for the Pell Street Kid, who now dashingly wore the gay sheet athwart his breast; but the Kid, in the quickness of his moving, was also like unto the lightning's bolt. When the Doctor very accurately hit his mark it shielded only the

solid boarding of his prison.

"Shame!" screamed Kerrigan, who saw
his pet crumple against the wall much in

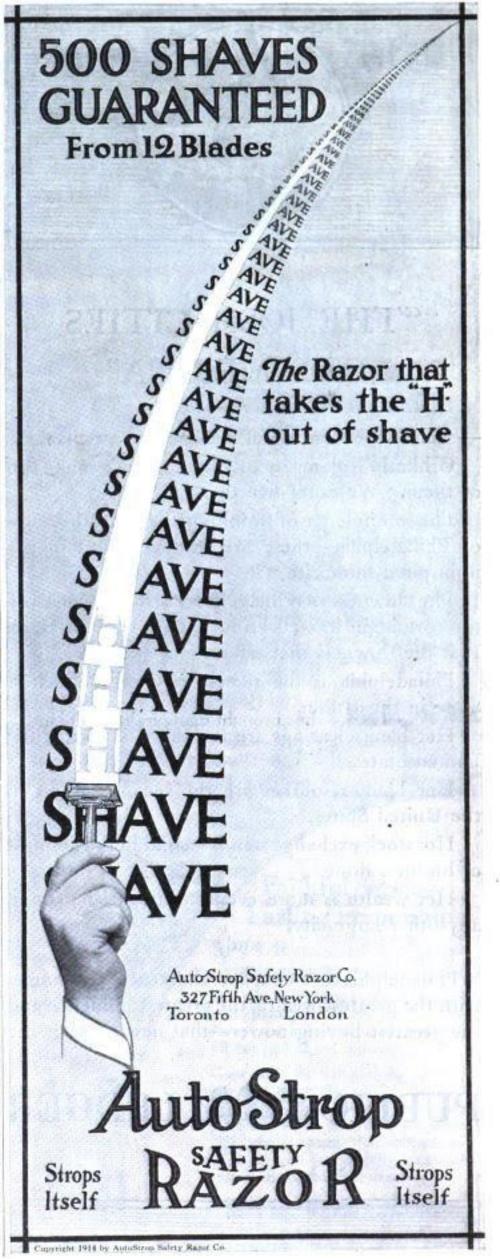
the manner of a squeezed accordion.

The Kid stood safely to one side, panting but collected. Already Bogie O'Leary crept tremulously toward the door where stood his Swedish guardian. The Doctor, after a few seconds' prone quivering, leaped nimbly to his feet. He tossed his head lightly and seemed to shrug his capable shoulders in mild annoyance. Then forthwith he fell daintily to the comic supplement. The Kid tiptoed softly to the crouching Bogie O'Leary and tenderly helped him over the

last dozen feet to safety.

"Twas unfair!" yelled Kerrigan. "Ye hur-rted'm. I dare ye t' wait there till he's et his paper! Gwan! I dare ye, now! Be

a spoort!"
"That's the stuff!" urged Steve. "Try it again. Maybe we can have some fun here this afternoon."





# "THE JOSH CITIES OF AMERICA"

-such is the heading of a magazine article.

Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Kokomo—let's make fun of them. We don't live there.

The somnolence of Brooklyn, the dilatoriousness of Philadelphia-these are the last resort of the uninspired humorist.

The slowness of Philadelphia is the slowness of the tortoise in its well-known race with Brer Hare. It is the slowness that wins.

Philadelphia is the richest city of the richest State in the Union.

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Her wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other large city,

in Philadelphia the newspaper that reaches the homes with the greatest wealth, the greatest influence and the greatest buying power-that newspaper is the

# PUBLIC LEDGER



But as no response came to this they regretfully descended. It seemed to them that nothing of an entertaining character

could now be hoped for.

In the little brick house Bogie O'Leary, with many groans, straightened to his full

with many groans, straightened to his full height.

"You saved my life, pal!" he cried warmly to the Kid.

"Fergit it!" begged the rescuer.

"Never!" responded Bogie fervently.

"And look where he put a white man!" he continued bitterly, pointing to the narrow quarters in which he had passed a night of horror. "And he had a bloodhound or something in here that nearly tore me limb from thing in here that nearly tore me limb from limb; then he turned me out with that mankiller."

mankiller."

The law's servant was, it seemed, not sensitive to criticism. He lolled in the doorway interestedly observing the last wisp of the comic supplement on which the Doctor chewed blissfully.

"Wall," Officer Peterson remarked quietly without turning, "you said you ban bad faller. I think you should ban with bad goat."

He was plainly for the service of the service of the control of th

He was plainly fond of this mot. His be-

He was plainly fond of this mot. His belief had been too apparent, the first time he
achieved it, that he was being witty. He
continued to observe the Doctor, his huge
frame all but shutting the light from the
doorway into the yard.

From the eyes of the Pell Street Kid there
flashed one look of deep meaning to the
capable eye of Bogie O'Leary. Bogie paused
only to regard behind him the open door
into the street. Then he crouched, a shoulder forward—even as the Kid crouched.
Officer Peterson clucked friendliness to the
now-observant Doctor and again became
sententious.

"Ay guess he ban good goat with good faller—but with bad faller he ban——"
"Three!" shouted the Pell Street Kid; and Officer Peterson, lifted by the force of a mighty and heaven-born inspiration, described an approximate purphels that ended

in his own shambles.

"Quick with the bar!" cried the Kid; and they did well to be quick, for scarcely was the door secured ere a great weight fell

on it. "Out!" said the Kid; and he and his companion stood once more in the benign

free spaces of earth.

Bogie O'Leary started feebly to run.

"Slow down, pal!" hissed the Kid.

"You'll put some one wise." Calmly he closed the outer door and methodically snapped the waiting padlock. Then he paused expectantly. "Listen!"

From within the inclosure came a stactor passage of hoofbeats ending in a glo-

From within the inclosure came a stac-cato passage of hoofbeats ending in a glo-riously softened thud. There followed a heartfelt peal of imprecation couched evi-dently in the speaker's native tongue. Bogie O'Leary shook a petulant fist. "Why don't he talk English?" he bit-terly complained. "You can't understand a word he's sayin'!"

"Look out for them two!" warned the Kid. "C'mon! Walk slow."

From round the corner came Steve and Kerrigan, the latter bearing his ladder. "Where's the Swede?" asked Kerrigan of Bogie O'Leary and the Kid.

"Where's the Swede?" asked Kerrigan of Bogie O'Leary and the Kid.

"He went back to play with your goat," explained the Kid brightly.

"Did he, now? Well! Well! He's a husky lad; but I think he's takin' a chance. However!"

"Bringin' me all the way out here for nothing!" grumbled Steve.

Bogie O'Leary and the Pell Street Kid followed slowly.

"Brace up, pal!" soothed the Kid. "We'll be on the boat and all right in a second. You get a shave and a shine and a drink—and it'll be happy days come again."

"I don't feel's if I could ever make it up to you," began Bogie weakly.

"Fergit it!" answered the Kid. "And here—you're limpin' bad!" He slipped an arm helpfully under one of Bogie's.

"There's a boat waitin'," he remarked a little later. "And the only thing I hope—I hope that squarehead Scandahoovian gets his pice were abother all durer hefore her

hope that squarehead Scandahoovian gets his nice new clothes all dusty before he starves to death!"









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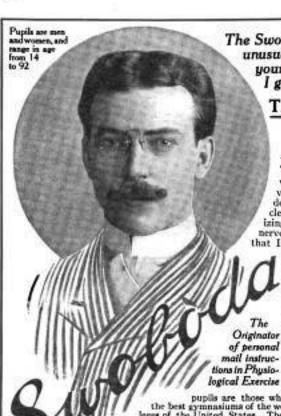


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develops great reserve force, strong mus-cles, creates a perfect circulation, by vital-izing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power. When I say nerves to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational,

effective, and immensurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

logical Exercise

the best gymnasiums of the world. I have pupils in all the leading colleges of the United States. They have access to the gymnasiums and athletic training which is a part of the institution. Moreover, I have pupils in building private gymnasiums in their own homes. I have also pupils in the armies and navies of America and Europe, and I have blacksmiths, machinists, farmers and laborers who are very enthusiastic over my system. All these pupils prefer my system because it gives results which no other exercise can duplicate. You should profit by the experience of these people.

The Swobods System is not only a means of restering health but it is also a direct

The Swoboda System is not only a means of restoring health but it is also a direct vidual and compelling them to grow. It is the most condensed form of exercise; it strengthens the heart instead of overtaxing it.

The results are permanent; exercises need not be kept up indefinitely when the body is once thoroughly energized and the habit of greater cell activity is established.

The Swoboda System requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss gives good health without inconvenience. It is as you want it—"ideal" in every respect.

It is not the amount of exercise one takes which denotes the benefit to be derived, but, on the contrary, it is the amount of exercise from which, physiologically, each human organism can react, which will govern the character of results. If exercise built up the body and increased the energies directly, as most people seem to think is the case, instead of through secondary and tertiary reactions, it would then be true that the amount of exercise one takes would govern the character of the mount of exercise one takes would govern the beneficial results to follow. Exercise to be beneficial must always be adapted to each organism in full accord with its physiological limit and range of adaptation. This is precisely what I accomplish through my personal mail instructions. It is one of the secrets of the success of the Swoboda System.

#### WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"The beauty of your whole adventionent is that every word of it is the treath. Your System is the most wooderful in the world: It gave me new energy, strength, and life; is other seeds, it made a new ran of me. I have been an advented of your System since the first day I need at. I have withstead a mestal strain during the past year which would have broken are shouthed in the state of the sta

when, by her way, we in my body."

"I know your System is all you claim for it."

"I are very thankful for the opportunity to take your coarse; it has improved me 36% in five works."

"I are really sorry to have year lessens case, as I have been greatly interested and be-erited; the improvement seems materapid than I architected."

"Your personal interest is surprising and highly appreciated."

I have at least 50,00.

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been snabled by your System to do work of mental character previously suppossible for me."

"The very first lemons began to work rangle. In my gratitude I am reliain say creating and complaining friends, "Try brobods."

"Words can not explain the

ords can not explain the new life it imparts both to body

"Words can not explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 19 pounds, increased my chest expansions 5 inches, nedaced my waist 6 inches."

"It cannot recommend your Soviem too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the constry."

"My nearwe force unders me feet that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and meetally is increasing daily."

"I have beend your System highly recommended for yeigh, but I did not realise the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glat indeed that I are new taking it."

"Ten minutes of your exercise is equal in value to three hours of horseback riding."

"I feet ashamed that I hestated so long to give your System a tind; new I wonder why every see does not take it. I am 73 yours old, but your System is making a young inso of me."

"I have mute energy; my work service easier, and I am feeling much begiver."

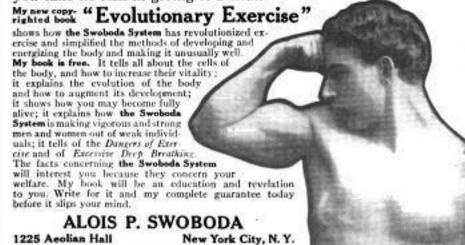
I have at least 50,000 similar testimonials.

If I could meet you face to face I know that I could the provide the provided as you must be to realize the joys of fiving in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is that, no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success, and yourself.

The Swoboda System is no Experiment, I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of womes.

Join the Sucobod Army of unarradity rigorous and healthy men and nomen. It is now more than two hundred thousand strong and growing fast every day. I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.

"I make your success with my System absolutely certain; you take no risk in giving it a trial."



#### *ANYBODY'S BUSINE*SS

(Continued from Page 7)

Then again, the bulk of all this lawmaking was done in hot haste in the last few days of the session and not infrequently bills were rushed through under omnibus rollcalls.

A great many legislative sins are com-mitted by the omnibus method. Measures that sometimes meet the positive disap-proval of a majority of the House or Senate are omnibused, though if considered sepa-rately in either body their passage would be impossible. I know of enactments on the statute books of Kansas that, after passing one branch of the legislature, were objected out of an omnibus reading and rollcall, and were never voted on in the Senate at all, but were shown afterward by the Journal as having passed the Senate in the usual legal way. The omnibus method would be impossible with a single-house legislature of few members.

Notwithstanding the fact that my executive clerk and the attorney-general did their best in the brief time allowed to scrutinize all the bills, Chapters 177 and 178 and Chapters 174 and 175, respectively, are duplicates. Chapter 75 of the laws of 1911 was repealed three times—first by section three of Chapter 75 of the laws of 1913; by section two of Chapter 123 of the laws of 1913; and then by section seven Chapter 124 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 318 of the laws of 1913 was immediately amended by Chapter 319 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 82 of the laws of 1911 was repealed by Section seven of Chapter 89 of the laws of 1913, and after being repealed was then amended and repealed by Chapter 108 of the laws of 1913. Fifteen bills were returned for the correction of serious mistakes.

The last session of the Kansas legislature appropriated about nine million dollars of public funds; and though these appropriation bills passed through the hands of the proper committees, yet a vast majority of the members voted for them without even having the most casual knowledge of what the bills contained. This vast amount of money was appropriated in less than three hours after the bills reached the House and

No big business would spend even a thou-sand dollars without first requiring a scientific report from men who have the matters in charge, and then giving the matter a thorough consideration—but the public's business is everybody's business; and that has prompted the oft-repeated statement that if a private enterprise conducted its business as most states do, it would become

bankrupt in a very short time.

With all that, the Kansas legislature of 1913 was as efficient, as capable, as upright and honest as any legislature that ever sat; it passed many wholesome laws. There was not a single suspicion of corruption. It was as good a legislature as can be gotten together under the bicameral system; but it requires much more than honesty to make laws for a state. Effective work in a legislature can only be done by men of experience, irrespective of intentions,

#### Legislation by Spasms

The Illinois legislature was in session twenty-three weeks. Three-quarters of the laws passed by it were passed in the last two weeks of the session. Commenting on this, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, under date of August 9, 1913, said editorially:

"That is the inevitable legislative program—two or three months of preliminaries appointing committees, playing politics, squabbling over points of party advantage; then two or three weeks of earnest effort to get the machinery really started; then about ten days of frenzied haste, during which a large part of the important legislation is actually accomplished.

"A body constituted as our legislatures e cannot possibly work any other way. There would be exactly the same result with a bank or a railroad if once in two years the stockholders elected a large body of directors who mostly knew nothing in particular about banking or transportation, who were sharply divided by opposing professional interests, and who were to remain in session only three months; but the bank or railroad would not last long under the guidance of such a board.

"We legislate in convulsions when we legislate at all. The organism is so constituted that it must have a fit or lie dormant. "It is not a representative system. The people of Illinois do not conduct their personal affairs in rare bursts of frenetic energy divided by long periods of topidity. No farmer hires thirty men to debate about small grain from July fourth to July thirtieth and then harvest the oats on the thirty-Why should he regard a legislature which operates that way as representing

Describing another legislature, a wellknown writer in a magazine article that appeared in December, 1904, said:

"One-half these measures-eight husdred and thirty-eight - were passed the last fifteen days. On the last day there were passed seventy general laws, seventeen local laws, and six joint resolutions. On the next to the last day were passed fiftynine general laws, twenty local laws, and one joint resolution. A total of one hundred and seventy-three enactments, or one-lith the work of the session in two days. I wil grant that some of this grist had been ground out in committee, but how fre could even a committee grind so much grist? There are twenty-four hours in one day; in forty-eight hours one hundred and seventy-three laws were passed, or one law every sixteen minutes. But as the legisleture sat only twelve hours a day these rules of human conduct were created at the rate of one every eight minutes."

If it was the intention of our Constitution makers that the bicameral system of legislation, which now prevails, should be a system both representative and deliberative, they have utterly failed to secure that result under the present system. The average member of the legislature, and especially of the House of Representatives, does not even represent the people of his own little district. As a matter of fact, unless be spirits who run the legislature, about all the new member is good for is to vote as he

#### Law-Making at Albany

This is well illustrated by the following somewhat humorous account, written by a member of the New York Assembly, in the New York Evening Telegram of February 25, 1908:

"Before I came up here I had an idea that a legislator, after a profound study of the subject, would introduce a bill with a few words that would at once attract the attention of the press and through them the public. Presently, by some machinery which I never clearly understood, the bill would be taken up in its turn and after grave and serious argument would either be passed or defeated.

"But what really happens is this: You sneak up back of the desk and drop into a slot your bill, which half the time you do not know anything about yourself, because either your boss or your senator, or some organization in your district, gave it to you. By bothering the clerk next day you can find out what committee it has been referred to. If you are a member of that committee there is a good chance to get it reported, be cause the other members of the committee want your vote to get their own bills out If not, you are a hundred-to-one shot wites your senator comes over and sees Wads worth, the speaker of the assembly, or Mer ritt, the floor leader of the majority, about it

"The next thing you do is to ask for a hearing on the bill. You find out who is the chairman and hunt him up. When he see you are only a first-year man he insists if mistaking you for a doorkeeper or messen ger, just to let you know your place. After you get that straightened out and tell him what you want, he pulls a long face and talks about the flood of bills they have b

"That's all you can do. If the committee or, rather, if two or three men on the com mittee are willing to give your bill a chance you may get it out after begging like college president. Once on the calendar instead of the chairman of the committee you have one man-Merritt, the Republican floor leader-to convince before you can get a vote on the bill at all. All a per assemblyman is good for is to vote as hel told. If he does not do that, never a bill of his will see daylight. The committee hold the power of life and death over a bill."



#### The Great Safeguard

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Lysol is equally necessary for persmil and household use every day. Diese can scarcely enter a home gunled by Lysol—the standard Anti-ignic, Germicide and Disinfectant.

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written so clearly that any intelligent citizen may grasp unmistakably its purpose, some ambitious legislator who has given the subject matter no study or consideration will insist on amending it until it becomes in its final shape a piece of surpassing obscurity.

In spite of all the remedies which have been applied, the fact is unquestionable and undeniable that the bicameral legislature remains a heavy and complicated mechanism, yielding quickly enough to the opera-tion of the political expert, but blocking at

Those of us who have had legislative experience know that this is true in varying

degrees of almost every state legislature.
If a body of crude and ill-digested legislation has resulted, it is the natural product of the system. Even though a bill is originally

every turn the attempts of the people to work it honestly and efficiently. And it is true, as has been said, that by a strange perversity of fate the fear of democracy and the passion for democracy have contributed equally to this result. And so it has come about that the people have been unable to maintain control over their own Govern-ment; and it has fallen more and more completely into the hands of the profes-sional politician, aptly described as "one who knows more about the voter's political business than he does himself."

So, though we set out on our political adventures as a nation firm of purpose to put the control of the Government in the hands of the people, we are just discover-ing, after one hundred and thirty-odd years of experience, that we have neither efficiency nor control. This is so largely because, in our attempt to set up a new order of things, we adopted the legislative machinery that was the product of the old order with which we were trying to break; and so we find our-selves at the beginning again, face to face with our original problem of finding means to make our Government representative, efficient, and at all times responsive to the public will and weal.

#### A Cartoon and Its Lesson

What President Wilson has said of city government is equally true of state govern-

"I take it that the problem we have set "I take it that the problem we have set for ourselves is the problem of responsibility. We want a Government which responds to public opinion and we have not been able to get it. The explanation you can hang on your wall if you choose, if you would only take the pains to buy a copy of that old cartoon by Tom Nast, which represents the Tweed Ring in New York as a circle of men, each with his thumb to he proper that the title of the picture being neighbor, the title of the picture being,
"Twas him." We have invented or stum-bled on a "Twan't-me system of government
and what we are in search of is a "Tis-you
system of government."

If the sovereign voter is ever to reach the goal of representative, responsible and effi-cient government, it must be through such a simplification of our legislative machinery as will permit the electorate to bring steady and persistent pressure on this great organ of government in the broad daylight of interested public discussion, and to fix the respon-sibility for any failure on the part of any member of the legislative body to respond to the will of the majority of the people. Under the bicameral system, when a de-

sirable measure fails to pass or an undesirable measure passes there is no way whereby the public can single out a particular member of the legislature and say: "You personally are principally to blame in this matter." Not only is it almost impossible to locate the man who is to blame, but often when he has been located it is very probable that voters of his district are not particularly concerned about what he has done though his action may be of great importance to the state, as a whole, while he is responsible to nobody except his own local constituents.

One county in our state has no publicly or privately owned utilities. Its representative received one hundred and eighty-eight votes; and though his party declared for a Utilities Commission law, he voted against his party pledge because it raised the taxes. Another member of the same party received four thousand votes; his county recognized the necessity of the enactment and he supported the measure. It takes a decided stretch of imagination to recognize a truly representative body wherein the power of one hundred and eighty-eight votes in one county equals that of four thousand in another.

This system of scattered responsibility puts the very smallest incentive on the



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Right now these sweet, juicy. California Sunkist Oranges should be used in every home as a food and Spring Tonic. Can you afford to be without them?

Over ten million Sunkist Oranges are being shipped every day from California and are now offered by dealers everywhere.

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Every Sunkist Orange is glove picked and tissue wrapped-shipped on picking day, therefore always fresh.

Thin-skinned, highly flavored, firm, tender-meated and seedless - the finest oranges that ever grew.

And prices were never so low as now.

## Nature's Own **Spring Tonic**

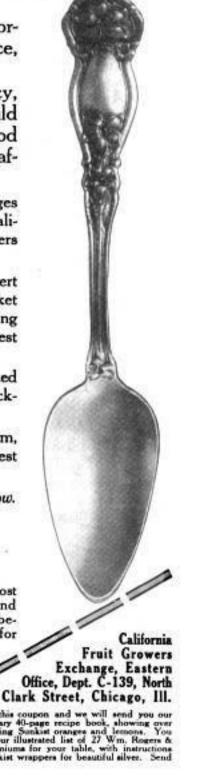
Sunkist Oranges are the world's most delicious fruit-fruit that is both good and good for you. Eat them at every meal, be-tween meals and at bed-time. Try this for Spring Fever.

Give the children this juice—this drink of natural purity. Any fruit dealer can supply you with genuine Sunkist Oranges.

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 100 ways of using Sunkist oranges and lemons. You will also receive our illustrated list of 27 Wm. Rogers & Son's Silverware Premiums for your table, with instructions showing how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful silver. Send

Name

Ask for Sunkist





Rich, mellow, fragrant Velvet, all the sun that kissed you ripe,

You have sto'ed up in your bein' to release it in my pipe.

An' to ca'm my troubled sperit, you have saved the mawnin' dew

An' the soft, shy summer breezes that have whispered peace to you.

An' you've learned me how to gather all the good things that I can

To turn 'em into kindness an' good will to'ds fellow man.

JOE, like every "dyed-in-the-wool" pipe smoker, knows that there's a lot more than "just smoke" in good tobacco. He knows that Nature has stored up genial philosophy, sunny kindliness and real goodfellowship in the "blessed weed."

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is made of the choicest Kentucky Burley, the tobacco which Nature outdid herself to make all that pipe tobacco ought to be. VELVET is Burley de Luxe, perfected by slow and careful cur-



individual to accomplish effective results. Not only can he divide the blame with all the rest of the majority but he can offset it entirely by bringing forward some local excuse or justification. He can point to something else he has done that was of particular interest to his constituents and thereby avert any embarrassing consequences for a mistake or misdeed of profound importance to the state, as a whole—if, indeed, under the present system he is capable of accomplishing anything.

ing anything.

The second house, as Franklin pointed out, more often prevents the passage of good laws than hinders the passage of bad ones. In Kansas last year among the good laws of the utmost importance that failed because of the opposition of the second chamber were the Compulsory Grain Inspection Act, the Kincaid Bridge Act, a collateral-inheritance tax, a recording-mortgage tax, and an act prohibiting the foreclosure of mortgages until the owner or holder should either pay or show that he had paid all taxes which might lawfully have been assessed against it from its date. I do not recall any really had piece of legislation the second house killed. Much time, however, was taken up in passing worthless laws, like the Chiropractor Law and the Pure Shoe Law.

Generally speaking, the two houses do a lot of trading; the first house, in order to get anything, accepts the amendments of the second, and vice versa. In actual practice the two houses seldom seek a middle ground, at least not by formal methods. Two considerations do not necessarily mean a double consideration and two hasty considerations may not be as good as one thorough one. There is a tendency to assume that a subject has been consideration the other house when the consideration there has been very inadequate, or sometimes one house hastily passes a bill with the expectation that the other house will deal with it more carefully; and so there is frequently a shifting of responsibility from the property to chamber to chambe

chamber to chamber.

In 1905 the Equal Suffrage Resolution was submitted to the Kansas legislature for its adoption. The resolution passed the House of Representatives with practically no opposition. The members of the House were so positive it would not pass the Senate that they gave it their almost unanimous support. Even before the resolution reached the Senate sixty-five per cent of the House members were importuning their senators to vote against the resolution; and the senators, as though in duty bound and by reason of an expected reciprocity, smothered the legislation instantly. About the only real use of a second legislative body is to act as a scapegoat for the other.

other.

It is customary for amendments of the second house to be accepted without question on matters of minor importance. It is also customary to advance bills advocated by the party leaders, and on these the second chamber has little additional usefulness in furnishing consideration.

#### The Conference Committee

Then there is the Conference Committee, the easiest of all the points of attack—and the least open to public gaze—when the interests want to defeat a measure the public is demanding.

It is easy to get a bill of vital importance

It is easy to get a bill of vital importance amended in one house or the other; then, by a failure to concur in the amendments, the bill goes to a conference committee, usually composed of two members from the Senate and three from the House. The interests see to it that they have a reliable friend on that committee, who delays, argues, wheedles and cajoles; and in the end the committee fails to agree. So Conference Committee succeeds Conference Committee succeeds Conference reaches the adjournment day.

Two of the most important bills before the last Kansas legislature went to the legislative junkheap by the Conference Committee route. Such a thing would be impossible in a single-body legislature of a

dozen members.

Then there is the argument that it is more difficult to corrupt or wrongfully influence two bodies than one. The test of legislative efficiency is the ability to effect positive enactments. A good measure opposed by special or predatory interests may as easily be defeated under the bicameral system as under a one-house system, because all that is necessary is for the opponents of the measure to control one house,

and in cases of that kind the special interest has two chances with the bicameral system to one with the other. Indeed, the lobby, ist and the representative of corporations first attempt to defeat a measure objectionable to them in the committee; and if they fall there they concentrate their assent on the members of whichever house appears to offer the best chance of success in blocking the proposed legislation.

the proposed legislation.

A single-house legislature of large menbership, elected from numerous and widely
separated districts, would be almost as objectionable as the two-house system. Good
results can be obtained only from a single
house of small membership of trained men.
Membership in such a body would rank
not far below the governorship itself; and
this, together with an adequate salary,
would be more attractive to first-das
talent than membership in the Congress.

This plan would bring the legislature nearer to the people. That statement contradicts the first impression, but it is true nevertheless. The legislature of today is as remote from the people as possible. The people may rage and storm over some bill that has been passed or turned down, but the individual members of the legislature are shielded from blame by the simple fact that each member is safely lost in the shuffle. In a legislative body with sixteen members the newspapers would publish the rollesis on all important bills, and the people would have a clear picture of the kind of man who was representing them.

#### A Sixteen-Member Legislature

A small one-house legislature would be more responsive and obedient to public opinion and at the same time more efficient and less expensive than the large and cunbersome system now in vogue. It would be easy and inexpensive to call together in emergencies like those that existed in Kar-sas last year. Such a legislature would have enabled us to handle the gas situation; it would have enabled us to handle the situation with reference to the inspectional grain; it would have enabled us to hardle without trouble the difficulties arising from the destruction of our twine plant at the Kansas Penitentiary; it would have en-abled us to provide aid to those countries that have been sorely afflicted by the drought. And so every year such a body, able to meet without large expense whenever necessity required, would be a good business proposition for the people of the state. As it is, one coördinate branch of the state government is absolutely abandoned for a whole biennium unless the legislature is convoked in an expensive, extraordinary session by the governor. It is as though the head of an important department of some other big business should give only fifty days every two years to its management.

In such a legislature there would be no necessity for haste. Being paid adequate salaries, the members would devote their whole time to be identified as a business unit-

In such a legislature there would be to necessity for haste. Being paid adequate salaries, the members would devote their whole time to legislation as a business proposition. They would doubtless take time to study the bills presented, both as to substance and form, and give the people laws written in plain and direct English that would mean one and the same thing to every intelligent citizen.

A sixteen-member legislature would be harder to corrupt. This also contraint first impressions. There are many wis believe that the more people there are is pass on a measure, the harder it is to pass a bill by bribery. Just the reverse is true. The more conspicuous a man is before the public and the more clearly his responsibility is appreciated by the people, the harder it is for him to go wrong. Turn the strong limelight on a man and make him feel that he is performing before a large and important audience, and he will be hard to corrupt. Light is as salutary in politics a in hygiene.

in hygiene.

Finally, it is a matter of common knowledge that every legislature is controlled by a little group of leaders who exercise authority without commensurate responsibility to the people. The late "Blind Boss Brayton, of Rhode Island, long Aldrich righthand man in controlling that state legislature, stated the situation in a fewords of comment on the commission plafor states:

"We've got it now, only folks den' know it. Rid out the regiment of member who do nothing but vote as ordered; the fetch your little governing group out int the spotlight and make 'em responsibleand they'll feel the fear of God in the hearts as they never do now."

#### CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 5)

Tom shook hands with the fat little man, whose wonderfully shaped head had on it no hair worth speaking of, and handed him the pearl he had picked out from the dozen the man in 777 Blank Avenue had placed before him. Doctor Lentz looked at it, weighed it in his hand and, without waiting to be asked any questions, answered what

nearly everybody always asked him:
"Persian Gulf. About fifteen grains—
perhaps a little more. We sell some like it
for about thirty-five hundred dollars."
"Thanks," said Tom, and put the pearl

in his pocket.

If it was a joke it was expensive. If not, the other pearls the man had shown, nearly all of which were larger, must have been worth from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. Such is the power of money that this young man, destined to be one of the richest men in the world and, moreover, one who did not particularly think shout money, was nevertheless impressed by the stranger's careless handling of the valuable pearls. He concluded subcon-scously that the talisman was even more valuable. He took the package from his eat pocket and give it to Doctor Lentz.

"Raw silk—Syrian," murmured the gem expert, and undid the covering.

"Ha! Italo-Byzantine. The Raising of Tabitha. No! No!" He glared at young Merriwether, who retreated a step. "Very rare! It's the Raising of Jairus' Daughter. Same workmanship in the Lipsanoteca, Museo Civico, Brescia. If so, not later than fourth century. Very rare! H'm!" "Is it?" said Tom. "I don't know much

about ivories."

"No? Read Molinier! Græven!" "Thank you. I will, Doctor Lentz."
Doctor Lentz opened the little ivory box

and pulled out the silver case. "Ha! H'm! Not so rare! Asia Minor. Probably eighth century." "B. C.?"

"Certainly not. Key? H'm!"
"Haven't got it here," evaded Tom.
The little savant turned to his secretary

"Bring drawer marked forty-four, inner

compartment, antique-gem safe."

He was examining the little box, nodding his head and muttering: "H'm! H'm!" Tom felt the ground slipping away from under the feet of his suspicions even while his perplexity waxed monumental. And with it came the satisfaction of a man convincing himself that he is neither wasting his time nor making himself ridiculous.

The clerk returned with a little drawer in which Tom saw about a hundred and fifty

small keys.

"Replicas! Originals in museums of world!" explained Lentz. "H'm!" He turned the keys over with a selective foreinger. "It's that one or this one." And he picked out two. "Probably this! Damascus! Eighth century. Byzantine influence still strong. See that? And that? And that? And that? H'm!"

He inserted the little key and opened the casket. He saw the gold box within.

"Ha! H'm! Thracian! How did you get this? H'm!" He raised his head, booked at Tom fiercely and then said coldly: "Mr. Merriwether, this has been stolen from the British Museum!"

It beautifully complicated matters.
Tom's heart beat faster with interest. "Are you sure?" he asked, being a

Merriwether.

"Wait! H'm!" He lifted it out and examined the back. "No! No!! Thracian!
Of the Bisaltæ! Time of Lysimachus!
But — Well! Aryan symbolism! Posshly taken to India by one of Alexander's captains—perhaps by Lysimachus himself! And —— Oh! Oh, early Christians! Oh, early Philistines! See that? Smoothed away to put that — Oh, beasts! Here-tics in art! Curious! Do you know the efore opening

"It was in Greek, and -

"Yes. He said this had belonged to Apollonius of Tyana."
"How much does he ask?"

"It is not for sale."
"Inside is a pentagram?"

"No; a cross, with seven emeralds as big as that, all flawless."

"There are only two such emeralds in the world without flaws and we have one of them. The other is owned by the Arch-bishop of Bogotá, Colombia."

"He said these were flawless and that he has proofs. He says Eligius studied

"Mr. Merriwether, you have on your hands either a very dangerous impostor or else — H'm! He must be an impostor! How much does he want?"

"It is not for sale." "H'm! Worse and worse! If I can be of use let me know! They'll fool us all! All! Good day!" And Doctor Lentz walked away, leaving Tom more puzzled than ever, but now determined to go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street at eight o'clock that

He went home and wrote an account of what had happened, placed it in an enve-lope, sealed the envelope and gave it to his

valet.
"If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock
there but don't tonight give this to my father; but don't give it to him one minute before ten. And you stay in until you hear from me." "Very good, sir."

He then went to the club, ordered an early dinner for two, and invited his friend Huntington Andrews to go with him. He did not go into details.

Shortly before eight he stationed Andrews across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street and told him:

"If I am not back here at eight-fifteen come in after me. If you don't find me go to my house and wait until ten. My man has instructions. See my father." Tom was Merriwether enough to have in

readiness not only an extra revolver to give to his friend but also a heavy cane and an electric torch. Also he drove Huntington to within a hair's-breadth of death by

unsatisfied curiosity.

At one minute before eight Mr. Thomas
Thorne Merriwether went into the house of mystery, realizing for the first time how often the mystic number seven recurred. The Bible teemed with allusions to the seven stars, the seven seals, the seven-branched candlestick, the seven mortal sins. The Greeks had Seven Wise Men and Seven Sleepers, and the Pythagoreans saw magic in all the heptamerides. And there were seven notes of music and seven primary col-ors and seven hills in the Eternal City. Also, it had never before occurred to him that he was born on the seventh day of the seventh month. And now it had its effect.

He tried the door. It opened when he turned the knob. The hall was dark, but he could descry the staircase. He grasped his revolver firmly and entered.

There was a smell of undusted floors and unaired walls. The darkness thickened with each step as he climbed, compelling him to grope. And because he groped there came to him the fear that always comes with uncertainty. It permeated his soul and was intensified, without becoming more concrete, by reason of the ghostly emptiness peculiar to all unoccupied houses. The absence of furniture served merely to fill the corners with shadows that bred uneasiness. People had been there; people no longer were! The house was empty of humanity, but full of other beingn—impalpable suspects that made the flesh creep! It was like death—unseen, but felt with the senses of the soul.

There was no place, decided Tom, so fit to murder people in as an empty house. His adventure now took on an aspect of reckless folly. But though he felt in this ghostly house what might be called the ghost of fear, he also felt the impelling force of an intelligent curiosity. In this young man's soul was a love of adventure, a gambler's phi-losophy, a reserve force of cold intelligence and warm imagination such as is found in the great explorers, the great chemists and the great buccaneers of dollars.

That was why in the year of grace 1913 Tom Merriwether stood in the middle of the second-story front room of a house situin a very good street, only ree from Fifth Avenue, with his left hand outstretched, and on the open palm of it a cross with a Greek name that meant Dispeller of Darkness—in a darkness that could not be dispelled. His right hand grasped the butt of an automatic .45 loaded with elephant-stopping bullets—but of what avail was that against a knock in the head from behind?

Listening for soft footsteps, he seemed to hear them time and again—and time and again not to hear them! People nowadays, he finally decided, do not want to take

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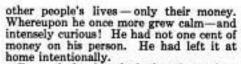
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Presently he thought he heard soundsfaint musical murmurings in the air about him, low wailings of violins, scarcely more than Æolian harpings, and pipings as of tiny flutes—almost indistinguishable. Then a delicate swish-swish, as of silken gar-ments. Also, there came to him a subtle fragrance that turned into an odorous sigh changing into a summer breath of sweet peas; and he imagined—he must have imagined—hearing "I do love you!" ah, so softly!

He smelled now the odor of sweet peas, which stirred sleeping memories without fully awakening them, as all flower odors do by what the psychologists call associ-ation. He heard "I do love you!"—and then the Dispeller of Darkness was taken from his outstretched hand.

He stood there, his muscles tense, braced for a shock, ready for a life struggle, per-haps half a minute before the sound of foot-steps retreating in the hall outside recalled to him his instructions. He vehemently desired to follow and see who it was that had taken the Dispeller of Darkness; but he had pledged his word not to. He but he had pledged his word not to. He hesitated.

The odor of sweet peas was flooding him as with waves. And he heard "I do love you!"—heard it again and again with the inner ear of his soul, the listener of delights. He thrilled at the thought of being loved. It made him incredibly happy. He felt unbelievebly worse!

unbelievably young!
Suddenly it occurred to him that he had
not counted a hundred as he had promised, though he must have spent more than a minute woolgathering. He counted a hundred as fast as he could and then hastened from the room. It was plain that Tom Merriwether was already doing in-credible things or, at least, failing to do the obvious. Great is the power of suggestion on an imaginative mind!

He flashed his electric torch. He was in a bare room with a dusty hardwood floor, ivory-tinted wainscoting and a Colonial mantel. The hall was empty. He walked down the stairs, his steps raising disquieting

echoes and creepy creakings.

Mindful of his waiting friend outside he quickly walked out of the gloom into which he had carried the Dispeller of Darkness of Apollonius of Tyana, the cross of the seven emeralds. Huntington Andrews saw him coming and crossed over to meet him. "How did you make out, Tom?"

"I'm a fool, Huntington; and so are you! And so is everybody!"
"Right-o!" agreed Andrews, who was inveterately amiable and loved Tom.
"It's the most diabolical—" Tom

paused. "Yes, it is," agreed Huntington Andrews, so obviously anxious to dispel his friend's ill temper that Tom laughed and

said cheerfully:
"Come on, me brave bucko!" And together they walked to the corner and headed for 777 Blank Avenue.

"Huntington, you wait here; and if I am not back by nine-forty-five go to my house. At ten o'clock have my valet deliver the letter I gave him for my father. You can be of help to the governor if you will."

And Huntington Andrews asked no questions—he was a friend.

Tom rang the bell of 777. The door opened. One of the four over-intelligent-looking footmen stepped to one side respectfully.

"Is your ——"here."

"Is your ——" began Tom.
"Yes, Mr. Merriwether," answered the man with a deference such as only royalty

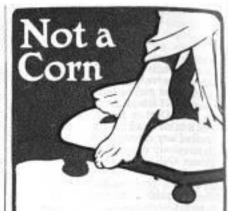
He then delivered Tom to footman Number Two, who in turn escorted him as far as Number Three: then Number Four led him to the door of the master's library. The footman knocked, opened the door and announced, with a curious solemnity:

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, 7-7-77."

The strange man was there in his armchair, his back to the window. The room was lit by candles. The man rose and said respectfully:

"I thank you, Mr. Merriwether."
"Don't mention it," said Tom amiably.
The man bowed his head and looked at Tom meditatively. Tom was the first to break the silence.

(Continued on Page 53)



Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of Blue-jay.

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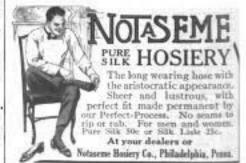


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(Continued from Page 50)
v I ask what ——" Tom began, but "May I ask what was checked by the other, who held up his right hand with the gesture of a traffic policeman and said slowly:

"A message in the dark! You carried one to another soul, who waited for it. And that other soul is taking one to you. Some day you will meet her. You will marry her. There is no doubt whatever of that. None! Ask me no questions, Mr. Merriwether. I ask nothing of you—no more that the property of the pr money, no time, no services, no work, no favors-nothing! Your fate is not in my hands. It never was! You will follow your destiny. It will take you by the hand and lead you to her!"

That is very nice of destiny."

"My young friend, you are very rich, very powerful. You can do everything. You fear nothing. This is the year 1913. But I tell you this: The woman who will be your wife in this world and throughout eternity has received your message. It was ordained from the beginning. You have not seen her; you have not heard her; you have not touched her. And yet you will know her when you see her and when you hear her and when you feel her. Into the darkness you went. Out of the darkness she will come. Nothing you can do can change it. change it. Improve your hours by thinking of her. Think of the love you have to give her! Think of it constantly! Of your love! Yours! Of hers you cannot guess. The love you will give will make her your mate! Your love! And so, Thomas Thorne Merri-wether, think of the One Woman!"

"I know! Amusement, sneers, skepticism, anger—all are one to me. I ask nothing, expect nothing, desire nothing and fear nothing from you, young sir. A queer experience this—eh? An unexplained and apparently unconcluded little game! A plot? A joke? A piece of lunacy? Call it anything you wish. Again I thank you. Good evening, Mr. Merriwether."

And Tom was politely ushered from the room by the strange man and from the house by the four overintelligent footmen.

NEXT day Tom Merriwether found himself unable to think of anything but the mystery of the fateful Tuesday. He felt baffled. His curiosity had been repulsed at every step. In their definite incomprehensibility all the incidents that he so vividly recalled took on an irritating quality that made him a morose and uncomfortable companion. Huntington Andrews noticed it at luncheon; and so admirable was the quality of his amiability that after the coffee he said: the coffee he said:

Forn, I've got important business to attend to today, and if you don't mind I'll be off now. Of course if you think I can help you in any way all you have to do is to tell me what to do."

"Huntington, you are the best friend in the world. I've been thinking ——"

Tom paused and stared into vacancy. He was trying to recall whether the man at 777 Blank Avenue had a criminal look about

the eyes. Huntington Andrews rose very quietly and walked away. He knew his friend wished to think—alone.

Lost in his exasperating speculations Tom finally ceased thinking of the man and began to think of the girl. Was the game to rouse his interest in an unknown, later to be introduced to him? Was the scheme one that involved an adventuress? Why all the claptrap? And why had his thoughts, in spite of himself, dwelt so persistently on love and somebody to love? Why had the springtime—since the night before—come to mean a time for loving? Why had he begun to see, in flashes, tanta-Why had he begun to see, in flashes, tanta-lizing glimpses of rosy cheeks and bright eyes? Why had he permitted his own mind to be influenced by the strange man's remarks, so that Tom Merriwether was indeed thinking—if he would be honest with himself—of marriage? Was his affinity on her way to him at this very moment, as the man said? He began to hope she was.

He dined at home and was so preoccupied at the table that even his father noticed it.

"What's up, Tom?"
"What? Oh! Nothing, dad! I was

just thinking."
"Terrible thing, my boy—thinking at mealtime," said E. H. Merriwether with a self-conscious look of badinage.

Yes, it is. I'll quit."

"Is it anything about which you need advice—or help, my boy?" said the great little rullroad dynast very carelessly.

His eyes never left his son's face; but when Tom raised his gaze to meet his father's the elder Merriwether showed no interest. Tom knew his father and felt the aternal love that insisted on concealing

itself as though it were a weakness.

"No, indeed. There is nothing the matter—really. I was thinking I'd like to do a man's work. I guess you'd better let me go

with you on your next tour of inspection."
The face of the czar of the Southwestern & Pacific lighted up.
"Will you?" he said, with an eagerness

that made his voice almost tremble.

And that evening E. H. Merriwether delivered a long lecture on railroad strategy and railroad financing to his son, which

brought them very close to each other.
On the next day, however, all thoughts of being his great father's successor were subordinated to the feeling that, if Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether had to be the successor of a railroad man, he should himself take steps to provide his own successors. Feeling that he was his father's son made him think of paternity. And that made him think of the message he had delivered in the dark and of the message the man had said would some day come to Tom Merriwether. He drew a deep breath and thought he smelled sweet peas. And that somehow made him think of the girl he should marry. Try as he might he could not quite see her face. He thought he kissed her, and he inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas. Her complexion was beautiful. No more!

On the afternoon of the third day Tom decided that he was wasting too much time in thinking of the possible meaning of his queer experience, and also that it was of little use trying not to think about it. Therefore he would try to put an end to the perplexity.

He went to 777 Blank Avenue and rang the bell. A footman opened the door and stared at him icily. Tom perceived he was not one of the men whose faces looked too intelligent for footmen.

"I wish to see Mr.—er—your master."
"Does he expect you, sir?" The tone
was not so respectful as footmen in Blank Avenue houses used in speaking to the heir of the Merriwether millions.

"No; but he knows me."
"Who knows you, sir?"

"Your master."
"Could you tell me his name, sir?"

"No; but I can tell you mine.

"He's not at home, sir."

"I'm Mr. Merriwether. Say I wish to speak to him a moment."

"I'm sorry, sir. He's not in."

The footman was so unimpressed by the name of Merriwether that Tom experienced a new sensation, one which made him less sure of his own powers. He took out a card and a banknote and held them out toward

the man. I am anxious to see him."

"I'm sorry. I can't take it, sir," said the footman, with such melancholy sincerity that Tom smiled at the torture of the ockney soul.

Then he ceased to smile. The master of this mysterious house had compelled even the footmen to obey him!
"But if you will call again in an hour, sir,

I think perhaps, sir ——"

"Thank you. Take it anyhow!"

He again held out the banknote. The man saw it was for twenty dollars and

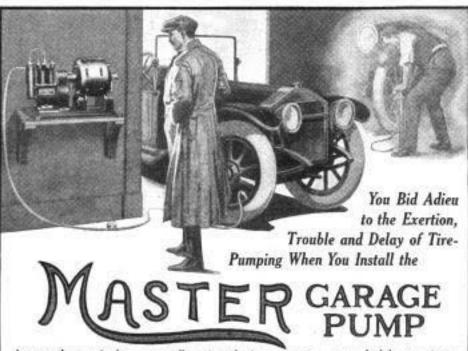
almost turned green. "I-I d-daresent, sir!" he whimpered, and closed his eyes with the expression of an anchoret resolved not to see the beautiful

Tom left him, walked over to the park and sat down on a bench. He settled down to think calmly over the mysterious affair

and looked about him.

The grass in the turf places had taken on a definite green, as though it were May. The trees were not yet in leaf, making the grass-greenness seem a trifle premature, but Tom noticed that the buds on the trees and shrubs were bursting; there were little feathery tips of tender red and pale greentiny wings about to flutter upward because the sun and the sky beckoned to them to go where it was bright and warm. The sky was of a spotless turquoise, as though the spring cleaning up there had been thorough. The clouds were of silver freshly burnished for the occasion. The air was alive, laden with subtle thrills; it throbbed invisibly, as though the light were life, and life were love. He saw hundreds of sparrows, and they all twittered; and all the twitterings





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were very, very shrill, and yet very, very musical. And, also, they twittered in couples that hopped and darted and aerially zigzagged-always together and always twittering!

A policeman stopped and said something

to a nursemaid. The nursemaid said some thing to the policeman. He was young and she was pretty. Then the policeman said nothing to the nursemaid, and the nurse-maid said nothing to the policeman. Then two faces turned red. Then one face nodded yes. Then the other face walked away, swinging a club; and—by all that was marvelous!—swinging the club in time to the tune the sparrows were twittering-in couples—the same tune, as though the clubswinger's soul were whistling it! Tom smiled uncertainly—he wanted to

give money, lots of it, to the policeman and to the nursemaid; and he knew it was impossible—it was too obviously the intelligent thing to do! So, instead, he drew a deep breath.

Instantly there came to him not the odor of spring and of green things growing, but of sweet peas and summer winds, and changing, evanescent faces pink-and-white as flowers, with flower-odor associations and eyes full of glints and brightnesses that recalled dewdrops and sunlight and stars, And these glittering points shifted in tune to the twittering of birds and the swinging of park policemen's clubs! Love was in the air! Love was making

Tom Merriwether impatient, as that love which is the love of loving always makes the mateless man.

He could no longer sit calmly. He could not sit at all. He craved to do something, to do anything, so long as it was motion. Therefore he walked briskly northward. At Ninetieth Street he halted abruptly. He had begun to walk mechanically and he could think of what he did not wish to think. So he shook himself free from the

spell and walked back.

An hour had passed. He again rang the bell of 777. The same footman opened the door.

"Is he in?" asked Tom impatiently. "Yes, sir-he is, sir. I told him the moment he came in, sir." He looked as uncomfortable as a lifelong habit of impas-

sivity permitted.
"What did he say?" asked Tom.
"He said: 'How much did he offer to give you when you said I wasn't at home?'
Yes, sir. That's what he asked me."
"And you said?"
"I said it was a yellowback, sir. That's
all I could see. I said I wouldn't take it,

and he said I might just as well have taken it. Thank you, sir! This way, sir." The footman led the way to the door in

the rear, rapped, and in the sonorous, tri-umphant voice that a twenty-dollar tip will give to any menial he announced: "Mr. Merriwether!"

The same man was in the same chair in the same room, with his back to the stained-glass window. Tom recalled all the incidents of his previous visits—recalled every detail. Also the old question: What is the game? Also the new question: Where

The man rose and bowed. It was the

bow of a social equal, Tom saw.
"Good morning, Mr. Merriwether.
Won't you be seated, sir?" And he motioned him to a chair.
"Thank you."
"How can I serve you?"
"Who is the worner?" said Tom ab

Jeannette, Pa.

Minneapolia Omaha Kansus City, Mo.

Atlanta

"Who is the woman?" said Tom abruptly.
"Your fate!" answered the man.
"Her name?"

"Her address?

"I don't know it."

"What is your game?"
"I have money enough for my whims and time enough to gratify my desire to help you. Eugenics is my hobby. I recognize that I cannot fight against the decree of destiny."

"I am tired of all this humbug."

"I ask nothing of you now. You can go or you can come. You can go to India or to Patagonia-or even farther. You may send detectives and lawyers, or even thugs, to me. You may cease your search for her—if you can!" "You have roused my curiosity -

"That is a sign of intelligence."
"I tell you now that I don't believe a
word of what you say."

"Free country, young man."
"I've had enough of this nonsense—

"Though I am always glad to see you, young sir, and would not wound your feel-ings for worlds"—the man's voice was very polite but also very cold—"I might be forgiven for observing that I did not ask you

"I'll give you a thousand dollars ----The man stopped him with a deprecatory

wave of the hand.

"One of the pearls I offered you, Mr. Merriwether, is valued at ten thousand dollars. You did not select that one; but I'll exchange the one you took for it—now if you wish."

if you wish."
"That's all very well; but ——" Tom paused and the man cut in:

"Do you wish to see her from a saje distance? Or do you wish to talk to her without seeing her? Or ——" "To see her and talk to her!" "Wait!"

The man intently regarded the tip of Tom's left shoe for fully five minutes. Then he raised his head and clapped his hands twice. The black manservant with the

fez appeared.

The man said something in Arabic—at least it sounded so to Tom. The black answered. The man spoke again. The black replied.

The man said what sounded to Tom like:

"Ay adad."
The negro answered: "Al-sabi! Al-sabi

The man waved his hand dismissingly and the negro salaamed and left the room.

After a moment the man turned to Tom

and said with obvious perplexity:
"I am not sure it is wise for me to meddle, but perhaps it is written that I am to help you three times. Who knows?" He stared into Tom's eyes as though he

would read a word there—either yes or no. But Tom said, a trifle impatiently: "Well, sir?"

"Go to the opera tonight. Take seat H 77. No other seat will do." "H 77—tonight," repeated Thomas

Thorne Merriwether.

"The opera is Madama Butterfly."
"Thanks," said Tom and started for the door. He halted when the man spoke:
"It is the seat back of G 77. None other will do.

"Good day, sir," said Tom, and left the (TO BE CONTINUED)

#### A Combination Cure

SUCH a combination of the most modern surgical and medical methods and de-vices was used recently in London to save the life of a boy aviator who had been badly injured in the fall of his monoplane that the case is attracting the attention of medical men in all countries.

The aviator's left leg was badly broken and was treated by one of the new prac-tices. The broken bones were spliced by metal plates called Lane's Plates. It had been feared that lockjaw might develop from the tear in his leg caused by the broken bones at the time of the fall; and after the bones had been spliced the dreaded lockjaw appeared. Tetanus or lockjaw an-titoxin was then injected into his back. This helped, but did not entirely stop the progress of the dreaded infection; so his leg had to be amputated.

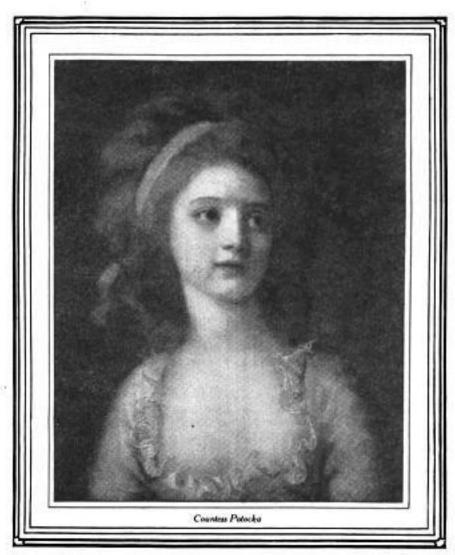
For various reasons it was inadvisable

and dangerous to give him ether in the ordinary way to produce unconsciousness during the operation; so he was anesthetized by injections direct into the blood. From then on for many days it was a battle to save him from death as a result of the shock of the operation, his other injuries and his weakness.

Antispasmodics and other drugs were given by injection, and at times he was kept alive by having him breathe oxygen bub-bling through alcohol. Altogether, six of the most recent medical and surgical methods were used in addition to many ordinary ones, and in two months he was discharged from the hospital cured.









# \$5,000 for Photographs of America's Fifty Loveliest Women

Ansco Company will present to the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, photographs of America's 50 loveliest women. Camera users of the United States and Canada, whether amateur or professional, are invited to make these photographs. Ansco Company will pay the sum of \$5,000.00 for the 50 chosen pictures.

IN little villages and great cities of America live women whose grace and beauty and personal charm would easily place them among the most fascinating in the world. You of the little village and you of the great cities know these women. And you can present their beauty before the world. Does that interest you? Will you help?

Poets, artists and historians have perpetuated the glories of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Salome; Poppæa Sabina, Francesca da Rimini, Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Josephine, and many other beauties of ancient days; but what of the lady of your own home-place whose loveliness excels them all?

Will you help Ansco Company perpetuate her glories?

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Somewhere in this land your "loveliest woman" lives—a wife, a mother, a sister, or a sweetheart or friend, but surely some one somewhere. It should be your pride and your effort that places your "loveliest woman" among the fifty whose fascination excels those of whom the poets sang. Her picture should be among "America's 50 loveliest women."

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Conditions of this \$5,000.00 contest are very simple. The Ansco dealer in your town will present you with full information and instructions with our compliments, or we will gladly mail you copies of the contest folder, if you will write



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#### *AN AMERICAN VANDAL*

(Continued from Page 14)

him—and then, mutually filled with an envious despair, they would go apart and hold a grand lodge of sorrow together.

Also, he constantly wears his spurs and his sword; he wears them even when he is in a café in the evening listening to the orchestra, drinking beer and allowing an admiring civilian to pay the check—and that appar-

ently is every evening.

There was one Austrian colonel who came one night into a café in Vienna where we were and sat down at the table next to us: and he put our eyes right out and made all the lights dim and flickery. His epaulets were two hairbrushes of augmented size, gold-mounted; his Plimsoll marks were outlined in bullion, and along his garboard strake ran lines of gold braid; but strangest of all to observe was the locality where he wore what appeared to be his service stripes. Instead of being on his sleeves they were at the extreme southern exposure of his coattails; I presume an Austrian officer acquires

tails; I presume an Austrian officer acquires merit by sitting down.

This particular officer's saber kept jingling, and so did his bracelet. I almost forgot the bracelet. It was an ornate affair of gold links fastened on his left wrist with a big gold locket, and it kept slipping down over his hand and rattling against his cuff. The chain bracelet locked on the left wrist is very common among Austrian officers; it adds just the final needed touch. I did not see any of them carrying lorgnettes or shower bouquets.

One opportunity is afforded the European who is neither a soldier nor a hotel cashier to dress himself up in comic-opera clothesand that is when he a-hunting goes. An American going hunting puts on his oldest and most serviceable clothes—a European his giddiest, gayest, gladdest regalia. We were so favored by gracious circumstances as to behold several Englishmen suitably attired for the chase.

The conventional morning costume of an English gentleman expecting to call informally on a pheasant or something during the course of the forenoon consisted, in the main, of a perfect dear of a Norfolk jacket, all over plaits and pockets, with large leather buttons like oak-galls adhering thickly to it, with a belt high up under the arms and a saucy tail sticking out behind; knee-breeches; a high stock collar; shin-high leggings of buff or white, and a special hat—a truly adorable confection by the world's leading he-milliner.

#### The Sports of a King

If you dared to wear such an outfit afield in America the very dickeybirds would fall into fits as you passed—the very chipmunks would lean out of the trees and just naturally laugh you to death! But in a land where the woodlands are well-kept groves, and the undergrowth, instead of being weedy and briery, is sweet-scented fern and gorse and bracken, I suppose it is all eminently correct.

Thus appareled the Englishman goes to Scotland to shoot the grouse, the gillie, the heather cock, the niblick, the haggis and

other Scotch game.

Thus appareled he ranges the preserves of his own fat, fair shires in ardent pursuit of the English rabbit, which pretty nearly corresponds to the guinea pig, but is not so ferocious; and the English hare, which is first cousin to our molly cottontail; and the English pheasant—but particularly the pheasant

There was great excitement while we were in England concerning the pheasants. Either the pheasants were preying on the mangel-wurzels or the mangel-wurzels were preying on the pheasants. At any rate it had something to do with the Land Bill practically everything that happens in England has something to do with the Land Bill—and Lloyd George was in a free state of perspiration over it; and the papers were full of it and there was generally a great pother over it.

We saw pheasants by the score. We saw them first from the windows of our railroad carriage-big, beautiful birds nearly as large as barnyard fowls and as tame, feeding in the bare cabbage patches, regardless of the train chugging by not thirty yards away; and later we saw them again at still closer range as we strolled along the hawand-holly-lined roads of the wonderful southern counties. They would scuttle on

ahead of us, weaving in and out of the hedgerows; and finally, when we insisted on it and flung pebbles at them to emphasize our desires, they would get up, with a great drumming of wings and a fine conglike display of flowing tailfeathers on the part of the cock birds, and go booming away to what passes in Sussex and Kentler dense cover—meaning by that thicker dense cover—meaning by that thickets such as you may find in the upper end of Central Park.

They say King George is one of the best pheasant-shots in England. He also collects postage stamps when not engaged in his regular regal duties, such as laying corner stones for new workhouses and receiving presentation addresses from charity children. I have never shot pheasants: but, having seen them in their free state a above described, and having in my youth collected postage stamps intermittently. I should say, speaking offhand, that of the two pursuits postage-stamp collecting is infinitely the more exciting and dangerou.

#### Exciting Sport in October

Through the closed season the keepers mind the pheasants, protecting them from poachers and feeding them on selected grain; but a day comes in October when the hunters go forth and take their stands at spaced intervals along a cleared side flanking the woods; then the beaters dive into the woods from the opposite side, and when the tame and trusting creatures cons when the tame and trusting creatures come clustering about their feet expecting pro-ender the beaters scare them up, by wav-ing their umbrellas at them, I think, and the pheasants go rocketing into the air-rocketing is the correct sporting term—go rocketing into the air like a flock of Suniay supplements; and the gallant gunner downsthem in great multitudes, always taking due care to avoid mussing his clothes. For after all the main question is not "What did he kill?" but "How does he look?"

At that, I hold no brief for the pheasant—

except when served with breadcrumb dress

except when served with breadcrumb dressing and currant jelly he is no friend of mine. It ill becomes Americans, with our own record behind us, to chide other people for the senseless murder of wild things and besides, speaking personally, I have a reasonably open mind on the subject of wild-game shooting.

Myself, I shot a wild duck once. He was not flying at the time. He was, as the stockword goes, setting. I had no self-reproaches afterward however. As between that duck and myself I regarded it as an even break—as fair for one as for the other—because at the moment I myself was, as we say, setting too. But if, in the was, as we say, setting too. But if, in the interests of true sportsmanship, they must have those annual massacres I certainly should admire to see what execution a picked half dozen of American quali hunters, used to snap-shooting in the cane jungles and brier patches of Georgia and Arkansas, could accomplish among English pheasants, until such time as their consciences mastered them and they desisted from allowebbar! from slaughter!

Be that as it may, pheasant shooting is the last word in the English sporting calen-dar. It is a sport strictly for the gentry. Except in the capacity of innocent by-standers the lower orders do not share in it. It is much too good for them; besides, they could not maintain the correct wardrobs

The classes derive one substantial benefit from the institution however. The sport-ing instinct of the landed Englishman has led to the enactment of laws under which an ordinary person goes smack to jail # he is caught sequestrating a clandestime pheasant bird; but it does not militate against the landowner's peddling off his game after he has destroyed it. British thrift comes in here. And so in carload lots it is sold to the marketmen. The result is that in the fall of the year pheasants are cheaper than chickens; and any person who can afford poultry on his dinner table can afford pheasants.

The Continental hunter makes an even more spectacular appearance than his British brother. No self-respecting German or French sportsman would think of going forth after the incarnate brown hare or the ferocious wood pigeon unless he had on a green hat with a feather in it; and a greet suit to match the hat; and swung about he neck by a cord a natty fur muff to keep his hands in between shots; and a swivel chair

to sit in while waiting for the wild boar to come along and be bowled over. Being hunted with a swivel chair is what makes the German wild boar wild. On occasion, also, the hunter wears, suspended from his belt, a cute little hanger like a sawed-off saber, with which to cut the throats of his spoil. Then, when it has spoiled some more, they will serve it at a French restaurant.

It was our fortune to be in France on the famous and ever-memorable occasion last November when the official stag of the French Republic met a tragic and untimely end, under circumstances acutely distress-ing to all who believe in the divinely bestowed prerogatives of the nobility. The Paris edition of the Herald printed the lamentable tale on its front page and I clipped the account. I offer it here in exact reproduction, including the headline:

#### "HUNTING INCIDENT SAID TO BE DUE TO CONSPIRACY

"Further details are given in this morning's Figaro of the incident between Prince Murat and M. Dauchis, the mayor of Saint-Félix, near Clermont, which was briefly reported in yesterday's Herald. "A regular conspiracy was organized by M. Dauchis, it is alleged, in order to secure

the stag Prince Murat and Comte de Valon the stag Prince Murat and Comte de Valon were hunting in the forest of La Neuville-en-Hetz. Already, at the outset of the hunt, M. Dauchis, according to Le Figaro, charged at a huntsman with a little automobile in which he was driving and threat-ened to fire. Then, when the stag ran into the wood, near the Trye River, one of his keepers shot it. In great haste the animal was loaded on another automobile; and before either the prince or Comte de Valon could interfere it was driven away. could interfere it was driven away.

"While Comte de Valon spurred his horse in pursuit Prince Murat disarmed the man who had shot the steg, for he was leveling his gun at another huntsman; but before the gun was wrenched from his hands he had struck Prince d'Essling, Prince Murat's uncle, across the face with the butt. "Meantime Comte de Valon had over-

taken the automobile and, though threatened with revolvers by its occupants, would have recaptured the stag if the men in charge of it had not taken it into the house of M. Dauchis' father.

"The only course left for Prince Murat and Comte de Valon was to lodge a com-plaint with the police for assault and for killing the stag, which M. Dauchis refused to give back."

#### Few Bargains Abroad

From this you may see how very much more exciting stag hunting is in France than in America. Comparing the two systems we find but one point of resemblancenamely, the attempted shooting of a hunts-man. In the North Woods we do a good deal of that sort of thing: however, with us it is not yet customary to charge the pro-spective victim in a little automobile—that may come in time. Our best bags are made by the stalking or still-hunting method. Our city-raised sportsman slips up on the guide and pots him from a rest.

But consider the rest of the description so graphically set forth by Le Figuro—the intriguing of the mayor; the opposing groups rampaging round, some on horseback and some in automobile runabouts; the intense disappointment of the highborn Prince Murat and his uncle, the Prince d'Essling, and his friend, the Comte de Valon; the implied grief of the stag at being stricken down by other than noble hands; the action of the commoner, who shot the stag, in striking the Prince d'Essling across his pained and aristocratic face with the butt— exact type of butt and name of owner not exact type of butt and name of owner not being given. Only in its failure to clear up this important point, and in the omission of a description of the costumes of the two princes and the comte, is Le Figaro's story lacking. They must have been wearing the very latest creations too!

This last brings us back again to the subect of clothes and serves to remind me that, contrary to a belief prevalent on this side of the water, good clothes cost as much abroad as they cost here. In England a man may buy gloves and certain substantial articles of haberdashery in silk and linen and wool at a much lower figure than in America; and in Italy he will find crocheted handbags and bead necklaces are to be had cheaper than at home—provided, of course, he cares for such things as crocheted hand-

bags and bead necklaces. Handmade laces and embroideries, and sundry other feminine fripperies, so women tell me, are moderately priced on the Continent, if so be the tourist-purchaser steers clear of the more fashionable shops and chases the elusive bargain down a back

street; but, quality considered, other things cost as much in Europe as they cost here—and frequently they cost more.

In Paris or Rome you may get a five-course dinner, with wine, for forty cents—so you may in certain quarters of New York; but in either place the man who can afford to pay more for his dinner will find it to his ultimate well-being to do so. Simply because a boarding house in France or Italy is known as a pension does not keep it from being a boarding house—and a pretty average bad one, as I have been informed by misguided Americans who tried living at a pension, and afterward put in a good deal of their spare time regretting the experiment.

#### A Big Lira's Worth

Altogether, looking back on my own ex-periences, I can at this time of writing think of but two common commodities that, when grade is taken into the equation, are found to be radically cheaper in Europe than in America—these two things being taxicabs and counts. For their cleanliness and smartness of aspect, and their reasonableness of meter-fare, taxicabs all over Europe are a constant joy to the traveling American. And, though in the United States counts are so costly that only the marriageable daughters of the very wealthy may afford to buy them—and even then, as the court calendars attest, have the utmost difficulty in keeping them after they are bought—in Continental Europe anywhere one may for a moderate price hire a trueone may for a moderate price nire a true-born count to do almost any small job, from guiding one through an art gallery to wait-ing on one at the table. Counts make indifferent guides, but are middling fair waiters.

Outside of the counts and the taxicabs, and the food in Germany, I found in all Europe just one real overpowering bar-gain—and that was in Naples, where, as a general thing, bargains are not what they seem. For the exceedingly moderate outlay of one lira—Italian—or twenty cents— American—I secured this combination

package—to wit, as follows:

In the background old Vesuvius, like a wicked, fallen angel, wearing his plumy, furny halo of sulphurous hell-smoke; in the middle distance the Bay of Naples, each larcenous wave-crest in it triple-plated with silvern glory pilfered from a splendid full moon; on the left the riding lights of a visiting squadron of American warships; on the right the myriad slanted sails of the coral-fishers' boats, beating out toward Capri, with the curlew-calls of the fishermen floating back in shrill snatches to meet a jangle of bell and bugle from the fleet; in the immediate foreground a competent and accomplished family troupe of six Neapolitan troubadours-men, women and children-some of them playing guitars and all six of them, with fine mellow voices and tre-mendous dramatic effect, singing, the words being Italian but the air good American— John Brown's Body Lies a-Moldering in the Grave!

I defy you to get more than that for twenty cents anywhere in the world!

Editor's Note-This is the fifth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The sixth will appear in an early issue.





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#### SEEING is believing

(Concluded from Page 23)

flash and flare of electric welding, for instance, which is interesting as fireworks, but probably has no vital bearing on the product.

That is not so much an argument against admitting spectators, however, as an illus-tration that the showman's skill is needed to indicate what to see and how to see it. Factories of this sort are often famous showplaces for experts and executives from all over the world, and the show values are just as definite though the appeal is to a smaller audience.

One large machinery concern in the Middle West makes apparatus of little popular interest, and at the same time is constantly turning out new things of technical interest for shipment to distant places. Whenever a new machine has been designed, built and is ready to be sent away the management invites newspaper men, engineers, business men and others prominent in its home town men and others prominent in its nome town to see the new thing. Its use is explained if it cannot be actually demonstrated by working; and, though three-fourths of the visitors may never again lay eyes on such a piece of apparatus, the results of these little exhibitions are very definite, for they make the concern known in its own commu-nity and greate local good will for it as an nity and create local good will for it as an industry to be proud of.

The showman can sometimes go too far The showman can sometimes go too far for sound business purposes. Our automobile industry is a case in point. In the early days it was built largely on the spectacular interest created by racing. That was eventually overdone and had to be corrected by manufacturers. Then followed a period of automobile shows, which offered a quieter means of demonstration to the solid, want-to-know, buying section of the public; but shows grew in number and costliness, and had to be restricted by trade measures.

Few industries ever grew so fast or so soundly as the American auto business, however, and few have ever lived down their inherent evils so well. The elements of unpopularity that have risen in it from time to time have been as potent for harm as any that exist in the best-hated public-

service industries. There have been automobile accidents, automobile extravagance and, in the early years, the doubtful quality of the cars them-selves; but the shortcomings of the industry as well as its longcomings have always been out in the open, under the calcium light, with the music of a brass band. It is a business thoroughly explained and under-stood; and in this day of general expla-nation, when a question mark confronts all business, it is a fine model for other industries to follow.

Editor's Note-This is the third and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

#### The Dead Past

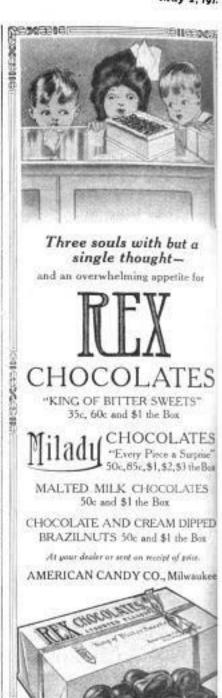
WHERE once the old sixshooter spoke
The copper's billy swings;
The glamour of the past is broke
By laws an' rules an' things.
What once was roarin' dancin'-halls
A deadly silence warns. A deadly silence wraps— Since punchers took to overalls Instead of spurs an chaps.

The click of chips ain't heard no more; The roulette wheel don't whir; The gamblin' joint's now a store, An' things ain't what they were The games is done; the curtain falls
On faro, stud an' craps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

There ain't no gang comes whoopin' down The middle of the trail, A-shootin' up the little town An' drivin' strangers pale We're done with all them oldtime brawls An' crazy shootin' scraps— Since punchers took to overalls Instead of spurs an' chaps.

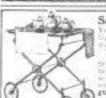
I s'pose the hull thing's fer the best; An' yet somehow I sigh Fer that old rough-an'-ready West I knew in days gone by. seems to me that life just crawls An' all its joys collapse-Since punckers took to overalls

Instead of spurs an' chaps. -Berton Braley.





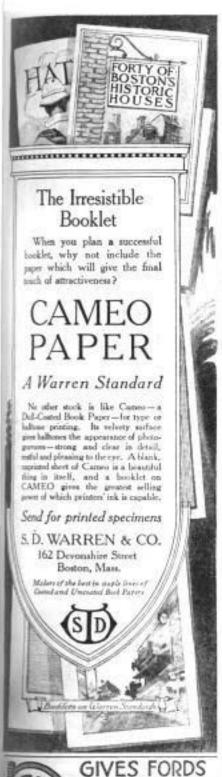
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the second second

#### Geraldine Farrar Tella Some Trutha

(Continued from Page 11)

"And then you don't hold back an ounce of yourself—just because they've given you their all and are helping you. Then something deep, deep inside of you takes hold and tells you what and how to do; and you obey and do. You're yourself, you better than yourself ever could be! An autointoxication of one's artistic soul which you

possibly don't recognize upon reflection.
"When it's all over, and you've taken
your last bow before them, then a great
wave of utter exhaustion comes over you and you feel that the spark that was in you is going out—just as the audience is.
They generated it and they're taking it with
them. And they have left you very, very
happy—and very, very tired."

Geraldine Farrar sat quite still. She looked very white and weary, as though she had actually lived for a few minutes through the scene she had pictured. It was an interesting psychological study to watch her at that moment—the tired look in her eyes; the drawn expression round her mouth; the absolute lassitude of her whole body.

Then a galvanic battery was touched off somewhere, the dead became very much alive—and she was over at the piano, taking a rose from a vase, pinning it to her corsage, and back again on the divan, breathlessly talking of American artists and American productions.

#### Opera Without Acting

"Our American operatic singers often lack in dramatic ability. They do not measure up to the acting standards of their foreign comrades. Standards in Europe are higher and their men and women are very much better operatic actors than ours. It seems to me that our artists are content merely to suggest emotions, are afraid to act for fear they may miss a vocal effect here and there, and that too much freedom in their acting might damage the lyrical ex-pression in their singing. Again, they have been taught repression; and they move through an opera automatically, singing their rôles with both eyes glued on the conductor. They haven't time to think of the rôle they are singing and the histrionic side of it, the dramatic that should go hand in hand with the musical. Bless you, no! All thoughts are centered on seeing to it that the notes come from the throat just right and that they catch the conductor's baton at the proper instant. 'Acting? What's acting to do with opera?' they'll ask. 'Act-ing's one thing and singing's another.' "They forget," says the Farrar very softly, "that opera is both!"

"One thing we do here quite as nicely if not better than Europe does," she con-tinued, "and that is our production of opera. I do not think it is possible to put on an opera better than it is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in the city of New York. Judged from all the different angles—the managing of lights, scenery, costumes, orchestra, conductors, chorus and principals—old Europe must doff its hat to young America. There's a thorough-ness, a regard to detail, an artistic touch that have gradually crept into our produc-tion of opera in this country, until today the famous opera houses of the old country cannot surpass us. I have seen many beautiful productions abroad and have participated in them; have seen and been part of many, many ragged ones; but, taking them all in all and weighing them with pro-ductions in America, there is no question but that today grand opera is produced as beautifully here in America as in any big metropolis of the Old World."

She played with the ribbon at her waist made three bows, untied them, then plaited them, loosened them again, and then, hav-

ingrid herself of a lot of surplus energy, said:
"I've always thought of what one great tragic moment of my life would be, and 've come to the conclusion it will be when I stop—that is, stop singing. I know I'll do so before people wish I would; I'll have sense enough for that, because I know of no more pity-evoking spectacle under the sun than a singer trying to sing when she can't sing. And it may be hard to stop; but the hard part will be in realizing that I must stop-that will be the real tragedy, for my individual self.



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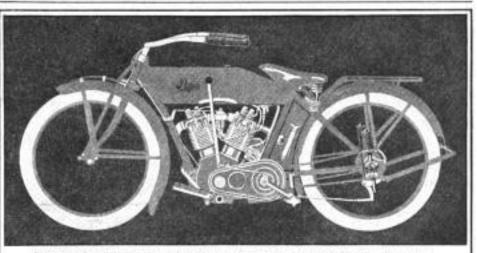
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at the top."

The rough Gilbert Avenue Hill in Cincinnati, 4,000 feet long, is easy for the Saxon with 2 passengers at 25 miles an hour. "Five miles per hour at the bottom, 25 miles at the top of Ninth St. Hill."

is the report from Lafayette, Ind. And so everywhere.

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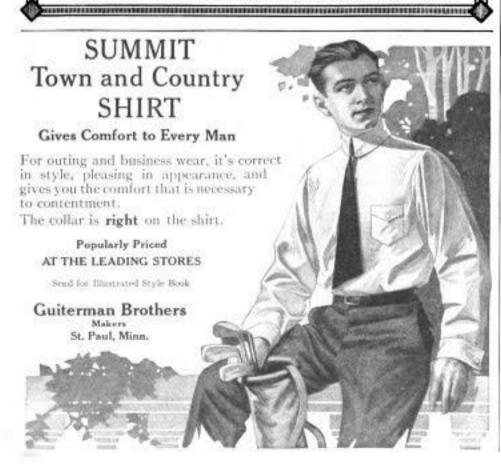
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"Then—then I will play! I haven't had time to play yet, for I'm not living for myself now, but for the public. I know that sounds like a pretty pose—like the usual 'Dear public,' and 'Art for art's sake' drivel; but I don't mean it that way at all, and I'm rather fond of telling the truth. and I'm rather fond of telling the truth. What I mean is that the operatic artiste must do one of two things, because she can't do both—she must live either for her public or for herself. And if she would preserve her art she must live for her pub-lic and practice self-denials innumerable. She must eat and sleep and mold her waking hours to a certain set of rigorous rules. After each opera she must prepare for the next, and in her vacation time she must study new rôles. You must live for your public and not for yourself. When you make your last bow, then you can play—

make your last bow, then you can play—
at other things,

"This is what keeps me a slave"—and her
hands went up to her firm, white throat—
"this is my master. I can't do this or I
mustn't do that—all on account of my
throat. Is there a draft somewhere?
Quick, quick; something to throw over my
throat! Is some one smoking? We must
get out quickly! Is a fine rain falling?
Bundle up, and a veil for protection! Are
the street-sweepers at work? Down with
the windows, though spring be in the air;
for a tiny particle of dust may get into the
throat! Eternal vigilance is the price of song
no less than of liberty; and we must coddle
and make much of, bow to and humor the
throat, for the throat is the master and we throat, for the throat is the master and we

are the slaves.

"Maybe I'll play soon—I'll burn out! And then to roam and see things, and live for myself! Neither marriage nor a nun-nery would be my choice; but playing just as enthusiastically as I have worked. Pray the Lord I'll have enough of my energy left to play hard!"
We shook hands in the fourth-floor hall.

As she waved adieu over the balustrade the phone bell in her study rang. "Excuse me!" she called out, and went to the phone on a dead run.

And as the maid let me out I wondered whether that nerveless, tireless, dynamic young woman named Geraldine Farrar ever really rested at night—or whether she walked in her sleep! Somnambulist she may be, but I will wager she would not walk!

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WE DEVELOP a large number of ex-traordinary artists in baseball. The reason, aside from an almost universal interreason, asside from an almost universal interest in the game, is that anybody with a talent for playing ball can always get a chance to exercise it. If the first baseman of the Lone Ellum High School Nine shows real speed he will presently be invited to play center field in the semi-professional Big Bend Team. There the scout of the Tall Grass League finds him. If he has major-league form there is a broad and ever-open road form there is a broad and ever-open road for him from his native village to the Giants, Cubs or Tigers.

Opera singers mostly come from Europe, and their biographies, even when edited by the press agent, show the most picturesque variety of antecedents. Some come from the village smithy; some from the city cab stand. There are European regions where anybody with a voice gets about the same chance to sing opera that anybody in this country with a cunning left hand gets to

play baseball.

The barber's ambitious apprentice rolls up his apron, hurries down the alley to the stage door of a barn and takes a fall out of a leading Verdi rôle before a more or less ap-preciative audience that has paid ten cents a head to hear him. If he scores, some opera scout will presently hear of him. A singer now well on the way to fame confesses that he got his most valuable experi-ence singing leading rôles at six francs a week. The pay was meager, but the chance to sing before a real audience—albeit largely in blouses—was valuable.

We do not believe anything can make the drama a great expression of national life in this country without vastly freer, more diffused opportunity to get plays be-fore an audience. We could not have our major ball leagues without a thousand and one humbler teams in which talent may develop and disclose itself. Small city associations giving original plays in lofts, warehouses and livery stables would probably quicken the drama much more than any two-million-dollar project facing Central



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#### The Street of seven stars

(Continued from Page 25)

"And you make the choice!" said Harmony proudly. "Very well, Peter, I shall do as you say. But I think it is a very curious sort of love."

"I wonder," Peter cried, "if you realize what love it is that loves you enough to give you up."

"You have not asked me if I care, Peter."

Peter looked at her. She was very near

Peter looked at her. She was very near to tears, very sad, very beautiful. "I'm afraid to ask," said Peter, and pick-

ing up his hat he made for the door. There

he turned, looked back, was lost.
"My sweetest heart!" he cried, and took her in his hungry arms. But even then, with her arms about his neck at last, with her slender body held to him, her head on his shoulder, his lips to her soft throat, Peter put her from him as a starving man

might put away food.

He held her off and looked at her.

"I'm a fool and a weakling," he said gravely. "I love you so much that I would

gravely. There you so much that I would sacrifice you. You are very lovely, my girl, my girl! As long as I live I shall carry your image in my heart."

Ah, what the little Georgiev had said on his way to the death that waited down the staircase. Peter, not daring to look at her again, put away her detaining hand, annual his shoulder went to the door. squared his shoulders, went to the door.
"Good-by, Harmony," he said steadily.
"Always in my heart!"

Very near the end now: the little Marie on the way to America, with the recording angel opening a new page in life's ledger for her and a red-ink line erasing the other; with Jimmy and his daddy wandering through the heaven of friendly adventure and green fields, hand in hand; with the carrier resting after its labors in the pigeon house by the rose fields of Sofia; with the sentry casting martial shadows through the barred windows of the hospital; and the little Georgies, about to discuss the little of the control of the control of the little of th little Georgiev, about to die, dividing his heart, as a heritage, between his country and a young girl.

Very near the end, with the morning light of the next day shining into the salon of Maria Theresa and on to Peter's open trunk and shabby wardrobe spread over chairs. An end of trunks and departure, as was the beginning. Early morning at the Gottesacker, or God's acre, whence little Jimmy had started

on his comfortable journey. Early morning on the frost-covered grass, the frozen roads, the snap and sparkle of the Donau. Harmony had taken her problem there, in the early hour before Monia would summon her to labor—took her problem and found her

The great cemetery was still and deserted. Harmony, none too warmly clad, walked briskly, a bunch of flowers in oiled paper against the cold. Already the air carried a hint of spring; there was a feeling of resur-rection and promise. The dead earth felt alive underfoot.

Harmony knelt by the grave and said the little prayer the child had repeated at night and morning. And, because he had loved it, with some vague feeling of giving him comfort, she recited the little verse:

Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes: And in the kereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away."

When she looked up the Le Grande was standing beside her.

There was no scene, hardly any tears.
She had brought out a great bunch of roses
that bore only too clearly the stamp of
whence they came. One of the piccaninnies had carried the box and stood impassively

by, gazing at Harmony.

The Le Grande placed her flowers on the grave. They almost covered it, quite

eclipsed Harmony's.
"I come here every morning," she said

simply.

She had a cab waiting, and offered to drive Harmony back to the city. Her quiet almost irritated Harmony, until she had looked once into the woman's eyes. After that she knew. It was on the drive back, with the little darky on the box beside the driver, that Harmony got her answer.

Le Grande put a hand over Harmony's.
"I tried to tell you before how good I know you were to him."
"We loved him."



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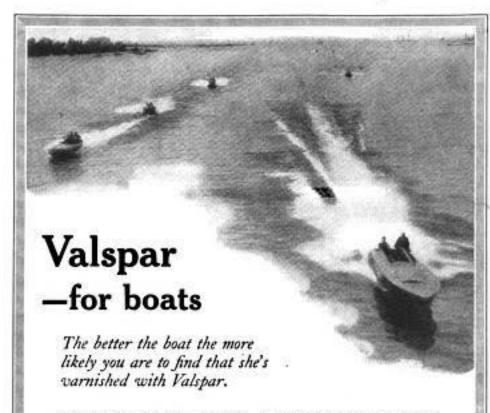
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# When you go camping



-when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound-and dry. When you have a good tent for protection, why! camping is the greatest sport in the world-no matter what the weather.

You now can get the tent free of charge—a fine 7x7-foot wall-tent, complete with stakes, ropes and poles. This is one of the splendid prizes we award to our boys in exchange for their Rebate Vouchers.

How do they get Rebate Vouchers? By selling

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal

The Country Gentleman

Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates.

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever saw. A copy will be sent to you upon request. Don't miss it. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 288

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"And I resented it. But Doctor Byrne was right-I was not a fit person to-to have him."

It was not that-not only that -"Did he ever ask for me? But of course

"No, he had no remembrance."

Silence for a moment. The loose windows of the cab clattered.

"I loved him very much when he came," said the Le Grande, "although I did not want him. I had been told I could have a career on the stage. Ah, my dear, I chose the career—and look at me! What have I? A grave in the cemetery back there, and on it roses sent me by a man I loathe! If I could live it over again!"

The answer was very close now:
"Would you stay at home?"
"Who knows, I being I? And my husband did not love me. It was the boy always. There is only one thing worth while—the love of a good man. I have lived, lived hard. And I know."
"But supposing that one has real ability—I mean some achievement already, and a promise—""

The Le Grande turned and looked at

Harmony shrewdly.
"I see. You are a musician, I believe?"

"And—it is Doctor Byrne?"
"Yes."

The Le Grande bent forward earnestly.

"My child," she said, "if one man in all
the world looked at me as your doctor looks
at you, I—I would be a better woman."

"And my music?"

"Play for your children, as you played
for my little boy."

Peter was packing: wrapping medical books in old coats, putting clean collars next to boots, folding pajamas and suchlike negli-gible garments with great care and putting in his dress coat in a roll. His pipes took time, and the wooden sentry he packed with great care and a bit of healthy emotion. Once or twice he came across trifles of Harmony's, and he put them carefully asidethe sweater coat, a folded handkerchief, a bow she had worn at her throat. The bow brought back the night before and that reck-less kiss on her white throat. Well for Peter to get away if he is to keep his resolution, when the sight of a ribbon bow can bring that look of suffering into his eyes.

The portier below was polishing floors, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. And as he polished he sang in a throaty tenor.

"Kennst du da" Land wo die Citronen blühen," he sang at the top of his voice, and coughed, a bit of floor wax having got into the air. The antiers of the deer from the wild-game shop hung now in his bedroom. When the wild-game seller came over for when the wild-game sener came over for coffee there would be a discussion probably. But were not the antiers of all deer similar? The portier's wife came to the doorway with a cooking fork in her hand. "A cab," she announced, "with a devil's imp on the box. Perhaps it is that American

amp on the tox. Pernaps it is that American dancer. Run and pretty thyself!"

It was too late for more than an upward twist of a mustache. Harmony was at the door, but not the sad-eyed Harmony of a week before or the undecided and troubled girl of before that. A radiant Harmony, this, who stood in the doorway, who wished them good morning, and ran up the old staircase with glowing eyes and a heart that leaped and throbbed. A woman now, this Harmony, one who had looked on life and learned; one who had chosen her fate and was running to meet it; one who feared only death, not life or anything that life could offer.

The door was not locked. Perhaps Peter was not up—not dressed. What did that matter? What did anything matter but Peter himself?

Peter, sorting out lectures on McBurney's point, had come across a bit of paper that did not belong there, and was sitting by his open trunk, staring blindly at it:

"You are very kind to me. Yes, indeed.

Quite the end now, with Harmony running across the room and dropping down on her knees among a riot of garments—down on her knees, with one arm round Peter's neck, drawing his tired head lower until she could kiss him.
"Oh, Peter, Peter dear!" she cried. "I'll

love you all my life if only you'll love me, and never, never let me go."

Peter was dazed at first. He put his

arms about her rather unsteadily, because he had given her up and had expected to go through the rest of life empty of arm and "And you'll not be sorry?"
"Not if you love me."

Peter kissed her on the eyes very solemnly.
"God helping me, I'll be good to you always. And I'll always love you."
He tried to hold her away from him for a moment after that, to tell her what she was

doing, what she was giving up. She would

not be reasoned with.

"I love you," was her answer to every
line. And it was no divided allegiance she
promised him. "Career? I shall have a
career. Yours!"

"And your music?"
She colored, held him closer.
"Some day," she whispered, "I shall tell
you about that."

Late winter morning in Vienna, with the school-children hurrying home, the Alser-strasse alive with humanity—soldiers and chimney-sweeps, housewives and beggars. Before the hospital the crowd lines up along the curb; the head waiter from the coffee house across comes to the doorway and looks out. The sentry in front of the hospital ceases pacing and stands at attention.

In the street a small procession comes at the double quick—a handful of troopers. 2 black van with tiny, high-barred windows. more troopers.

Inside the van a Bulgarian spy going out to death—a swarthy little man with black eyes and short, thick hands, going out like a gentleman and a soldier to meet the God

of patriots and lovers.

The sentry, who was only a soldier from Salzburg with one lung, was also a gentleman and a patriot. He uncovered his head.

(THE END)

#### Wireleza Wondera

IT IS now possible to send photographs by wireless. Short distances would be most successful, of course; but it is entirely possible to send photographs by wireless as far as it is possible to telephone by wireless. Wireless telephony across the Atlantic is nearly a mechanical success now; so it is not a real prediction to say that in a few years. a rash prediction to say that in a few years. or perhaps even in a few months, a photograph will actually be sent across the Atlantic by wireless.

Sending photographs by telegraph wires is no longer a wonder, either in the United

States or abroad.

It has been done by a dozen methods and done well by more than one, with constant improvement. Of course the demand for such an expensive procedure is not great, and about the only use made of it anywhere, so far, is for sample demonstrations by newspapers.

A complicated apparatus at the sending end divides the photograph up into dots of various shades, like a half tone; and these dots are sent one by one to the other end,
where they are reproduced in the correct
order, with a half-tone picture as a result.

It has been found recently that electric
impulses not unlike those used in telephony

are sufficient for the transmission of pictures by wire, and that the distance affects the process to no greater degree than it affects distinct hearing in a telephone. With this as a start, it has been found possible to send the pictures by wireless, using much the same forces and methods as are used in

Another wireless wonder is the automatic recording of a talk by wireless telephone, or the dots and dashes of a wireless telegraph message, with the ultimate idea of having a wireless instrument that will receive messages when there is no attendant to look after it and recite the messages later as desired. This is simply a combination of existing devices depending upon a utilization of residual magnetism.

One of these devices is simply a form of talking machine that records sounds by the magnetic influencing of a wire, instead of by the common method of impressions in wax; so that in this combination the wireless message is recorded by a form of talking machine. The combination has been made and tried out with success, though there is still the problem of adding to the combination some other device to start and stop the apparatus from a distance by wireless.

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BERTHE MAY, 10 East 45th St., New York

Do It For Baby's Sake

#### my son

(Continued from Page 21)

cows clean, ought not to be allowed to raise milk at all. The public can't afford to pay for the damage caused by such a farmer's lack of time and money. The public can't afford it any more than they can afford to pay for impurity in other kinds of food. Most states have passed certain laws with this in mind, but all a man has to do is to go into any country harn to realize how short into any country barn to realize how short a distance these laws reach.

The farmer isn't getting enough for his milk-or his other produce for that mat-ter. But that is another question. It oughtn't to give him the privilege of raising

oughtn't to give him the privilege of raising typhoid, tuberculosis and other things.

Dick figures that now he is producing milk at a cost of round three cents a quart. But he hasn't lowered his price below seven cents. He believes that clean milk is worth this, and that the extra profit ought to go back into the plant for the benefit of others. I think he is right. But he has made one change—he now has two prices. With the larger herd and two prices. With the larger herd and wider distribution he found that in many cases it was impossible for customers to reach either one of the two stations. A delivery service became necessary. So he bought a horse and a milk wagon and put the price of delivered milk up to nine cents. This gave customers a choice of going after their milk and saving the price of one hundred and four quarts of milk a year, or of spending that amount for delivery. Even then deliveries had to be limited to a route which the horse could reach. Dick couldn't have done it at this figure if the Brewster store hadn't been able to use the

team and man a few hours each day.

Incidentally I may say that this store does more business every year. It was rather a joke among the retail grocers at the start, but it isn't now. But that is

another matter.

In telling about the boy's business success I've neglected to tell about the boy himself, which after all is the important thing. But I haven't felt as free to do that as though it were myself I was talking about. Speaking in a second may have about. Speaking in a general way, how-ever, and lining his life up against the lives of such of his business associates of his own age as I have met, he looks to me to have made even a bigger success of his life than of his business. I try to view him im-personally. The boy was competent and had both intelligence and energy, although I don't think much beyond the average. believe that he had it in him to do most anything he wanted.

I haven't any doubt but what he could have a massed a considerable fortune if he had confined himself to the contracting business. I think he could have risen pretty high if politics had been his ambition. If he hadn't married he might have done both. Why he chose the career he did choose seems to me to lie in the fact that he accepted life as a responsibility. I think accepted life as a responsibility. I think sometimes a good many Americans don't see any other clause in the Declaration except that which voices their right to "the pursuit of happiness." They forget that the Declaration wasn't framed at Newport, but by certain earnest men in Philadelphia who had entirely different ideals.

There isn't any doubt in my mind but what the boy acquired his viewpoint unconsciously from the new pioneers with whom he was thrown in contact in Little Italy. It's rare when you find among those people any other unit but the family, and when in the family you don't find a con-sciousness of the larger unit making them members of the state and the nation. The family and then the nation are vital factors in their lives. You don't see many struggling for themselves alone down there.

That is counting for a lot today. It is going to count for a lot more in the future. e individual perishes, but the family does not. A hundred years from now this nation will be controlled, not by the indi-viduals of today but by the families of today. Your one-man life, your one-man business is snuffed out like a single candle in the dark.

Dick has three children and wants more. Jane wants more. The children have meant increasing care for them both. Jane looks after them herself, with the help of a woman who comes in by the day. It keeps her pretty busy. She doesn't have much time for anything else. She can't travel; she can't do much in a social way; she can't go in town to the theater any more. She still

# A New Way to Profits For Retail Merchants!

This machine automatically makes "Butter-Kist" popped corn—crisp, crackling, melt-in-your-mouth, pure creamery-buttered corn—the kind people walk blocks to buy. In scores of stores and shops it is making profits of \$25 to \$60 weekly.

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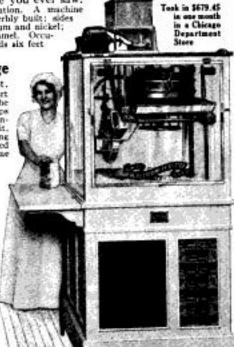
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manages to do most of her housework with Dick's help. If the day has been strenuous Dick gets the dinner. He doesn't mind. He brings home a steak or some chops and it is done in no time.

Neither of them has much time for anything else outside the home now while the children are young. But the remarkable fact is that neither wants anything more. When Jane's unburdened town friends come to see her she doesn't envy them. Most of them drive away in their automobiles of them drive away in their automobiles envying her, hard work and all. I've seen it in their eyes when I've happened to be there. Dick's partner drove down one Sunday afternoon, as a matter of duty, to see the children. He's been down every Sunday since. He looks to me like a man who is groping round in the dark for an explanation. explanation.

However, there are some women-childless ones—who have expressed to Ruth opposite views.

They have said they think it a great pity for a woman of Jane's intelligence to waste her life as a drudge.

"There are plenty of women," they say, "who are not fitted for anything else but to cook and scrub."

Of course there is a lot Ruth could say. There's a lot she would like to say. But she never replies. The women who make such statements are the women who aren't doing anything at all.

They neither cook nor scrub nor bear children. It's the women who cook and scrub who also bear. The childless ones are like the eight-hour men who are kicking for a six-hour day while misusing the time they already have.

As the children grow older both Jane and Dick will have more time, and then they will know how to use it. I heard Jane say one day to a young friend who was going to

"I'm going myself a little later on."
"You are? But how can you leave the children?"

"I can't. I'm going to take them with me as soon as they are out of college."

me as soon as they are out of college."

The friend gave a gasp.
"But that is years and years away."
"Only a few years," said Jane.
That's the way she felt. Days flew by for her like seconds while they flew by for the other like months. I have a notion that at forty-five or fifty Jane will be younger than that woman is today, in spite of the cooking and scrubbing.

Dick will be younger at that age, too, than most of his associates. He's bound to be.

most of his associates. He's bound to be. A man with an outside interest like the production of clean milk can't help it. A new customer is born every day, so that his business is always with the young. Then there are his own. A man can't grow old when he begins to grow all over a raise with when he begins to grow all over again with

Ruth and I began life fresh when the boy married. Now we are beginning again with our grandchildren. It's the only way. When a tree gets past the bearing period it

goes to decay unless new shoots are grafted on. With the new life it goes on forever. I'm proud of the boy. I'm proud of his home and his family and his business. Alone in the dark Ruth and I talk over these things. She is trying to make the others just like our eldest son. And she'll do it. Then she'll begin with the grandchildren.

(THE END)

#### Show-Window Lampa

SHOW-WINDOW lamps that can be adjusted to bring out to the best advantage goods of any particular color, such as green silks one day, for instance, and cotton goods with orange designs the next day, have now been perfected and are just getting to the point of going on the market.

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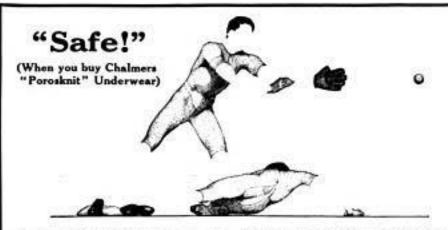
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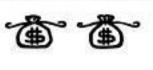
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# GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP À LA FRANÇAISE

(Continued from Page 19)

developed telegraphs at the expense of the newer and, on the whole, better method of electrical communication. At any rate, after more than twenty years of state ownership, it was only very recently that France seriously took up the matter of improving a very bad telephone service.

very bad telephone service.

That she is still far behind our private corporations in the matter of developing telephony is shown not only by the figures as to the number of instruments in use but by the quite onerous conditions she imposes on the telephone user—as by requiring him to purchase an instrument, to pay rental quarterly in advance, and to make a deposit covering all toll charges. Certainly no institution, public or private, which was anxious to sell the greatest possible amount of telephone service would impose such conditions.

France is in the railroad business also, owning and operating over five thousand miles of road, or a little more than onesixth of the country's total mileage.

The finest suburban train I ever saw runs over the state railroad from Paris to Versailles. It is propelled, lighted and heated by electricity. The cars are of steel, and so big and roomy that they immediately remind the American of home after some acquaintance with the diminutive equipment on the other side of the water. The aisles run through the center of the cars in the American fashion. More important still, the compartments are not boxed in after the all-but-universal European custom. The partition that divides one compartment from the next extends only a foot or so above the top of the seat. Thus the whole upper space is open, allowing circulation of light and air almost as in an American daycoach. Or, rather, because the seats are in pairs, face to face and back to back, the arrangement closely resembles that in our standard Pullman sleeping cars.

The windows, however, are larger than in our Pullmans; in fact, the sides of the cars are nearly all glass. They are finished in white or a very light color, and there are no mistaken attempts at decoration. In fine, they are beautifully bright, airy and spacious, so that you cannot see one without wishing to travel a long way in it.

#### The Best Cars and the Worst

I fully sympathized with the enthusiasm of the obliging station master who showed me over the train, and was able to tell him, with perfect candor, that there was not a suburban train in the United States to match it. When he incidentally explained that the aisles had been made wide so that passengers for whom there were no seats could stand, I realized that the state had gone a little farther than I first supposed in borrowing American ideas.

I was permitted to stand beside the driver of the first car in order to see the track. The train ran forty miles an hour between stops and there were many curves, yet it ran so smoothly that my footing was never disturbed.

These fine cars and the road over which they run are a matter of the last six months however. The run to Versailles is twelve miles and includes the gilt-edge suburban travel, the sort of influential traffic for which railroads everywhere put their best foot forward. With the exception of that twelve miles, there is nothing whatever to admire in France's management of railroads.

I rode in another suburban train on the same state railroad. You may get an approximate idea of the first ride by imagining a lighter and brighter standard Pullman car. You may get an approximate idea of the second one by imagining a dingy caboose of a way-freight train on a third-class American line. In a general way the cars look not unlike our box freight cars, only they are cut down, say, two feet in height

and a dozen feet in length.

The car is divided into five compartments, each containing two plain wooden benches running along the sides of the compartments and facing each other. The sides of the compartments are of plain wood, painted a sad brown and leaving some doubt as to their cleanliness. There is no communication whatever between one compartment and another. One enters

the compartment at the end through a door in the side of the car. When these doors are shut each compartment is a sealed how. No aisle or corridor runs through the car. Of course there is no toilet room in the car and there would be no way to get to it if there was. There is no communication between one car and another, the cars having no end platforms such as all our passenger cars have, but ending in a blank wall, like our freight cars.

Each of these hermetically sealed compartments is supposed to hold ten people, with such luggage as they may have. I rode only a dozen miles in one containing only eight people and there was not air enough in it for a mole.

They tell you these oldest style thirdclass cars are now used only for suburban travel, but I found suburban to be a somewhat elastic word; in fact such cars are run for journeys requiring several hours.

There is a first-class car on the state road. It is seven paces long or approximately twenty feet. The compartments are a little wider than in the third-class car. The seats are upholstered and no doubt the upholstery was once rather smart. It is soiled now.

There is no aisle or corridor through the car; consequently there is no way of getting from one part of it to any other part when the train is in motion. Naturally there is no toilet room.

#### The Scarcity of Fresh Air

These old cars, twenty feet long or thereabout, have only two axles, or four wheels. Running at high speed over light rails, not ballasted for heavy trains, they are decidedly roughriders; but the greatest affliction of all these cars is lack of fresh air. Riding only a dozen or twenty miles in newer types of cars that had corridors down the sides, I have been half stifled; and in this respect it seems to make no great difference whether you ride first, second or third class. People smoke and eat in their compartments and invariably keep the windows closed. After a train has been running an hour or two the only advantage of the corridor is that you get a sort of average of the bad air in all compartments instead of being confined to that in your own particular box.

I do not know whether you have ever ridden in the caboose of a way freight on a third-class railroad in the United States when there were as many passengers as the vehicle could well hold, most of them addicted to pipes and the sort of tobacco that comes in large, loose brown-paper packages. There was a time when it was my privilege to enjoy that experience rather frequently; and, except for the freeand-easy sociability of the caboose, that comes much nearer to conditions of travel on some state trains in France than anything else I have ever seen in the United States.

Between that and the Versailles train you have the worst and the best. It is only fair to say that the best is very new and there is little of it. Between the two extremes are various grades of various dates; but one thing that immediately strikes you is that there is no uniformity, no standard. It is obvious at a glance that whatever improvements there are have come in small and more or less haphazard patches.

For example, you go into the Pennsylvania or Grand Central station at New York, or the Northwestern at Chicago, and you see a whole and great transportation plant, practically span-new and all up to the mark.

It looks as though somebody had said:
"Throw the old stuff away and start fresh." But in every railroad station in Paris you will see, along with whatever they have of newest and best equipment, strings of sorry old antediluvian vehicles, unsightly, uncomfortable and unsanitary. You will even see the most unequal equipment in the same train bound for the same destination—1912, figuratively speaking, nose to nose with 1219.

Of course a great deal is true of the privately owned roads as well as of the state owned; yet there is an overwhelming mass of testimony to show that the stateowned road has given the poorest service and been the slowest to make improvements. It is hardly more than a year, in fact, since the government made the first serious attempt to bring its railroad up to date. Prior to that time poor equipment and late trains were fairly the rule. A few years ago patient patrons raised an incipient riot because a train was two hours late in running fifteen miles; and that was only a somewhat exaggerated instance of their daily experience.

If you look it up you will find that France is almost exactly the size of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin combined. It is in good part an open, undulating country, offering hardly greater physical obstacles to the construction and operation of railroads than are to be found in those four American commonwealths. Its total railroad mileage is less than that of the states named by about ten per cent, and it contains about three times their population.

Now I imagine that if you were to show a Harriman or a Hill a territory the size of the four states named, with a somewhat smaller railroad mileage and three times their population, he would immediately begin to rub his hands in anticipation of fat dividends and large melons; but, in fact, railroading in France, broadly speaking, has never been profitable. From the beginning it has been heavily under the hand of the state. Whether it would have been profitable if private enterprise had been given as free rein as with us is another question. Transportation conditions in Europe are so different from those in the United States that assumptions as to what Americans would do in Europe, or Europeans in America, are very dangerous.

#### The Period of Speculation

Back in the thirties a railroad was built from Paris to Versailles. Then followed a long discussion as to whether the railroads of France should be built by the government or by private concerns. One result of this protracted debate was that, though the United States had four thousand miles of railroad in 1842, France had only three hundred and fifty. The more important result was a compromise between the policy of state ownership and that of private ownership.

To put it briefly, the government in 1842 granted concessions for nine lines, the state to construct the roadbed, the localities through which the lines passed to pay two-thirds of the cost of right of way, and the concessionary companies to lay the track, provide the rolling stock and operate the roads. Thus there was a mixture of state ownership, municipal ownership and private ownership. The localities, however, soon objected so strenuously to the cost thrust on them that the state relieved them

of their share in the partnership.

As was the case both in England and the United States, the beginning of railroad construction on an important scale was marked by a period of rampant speculation. Securities issued by the concessionary companies were eagerly bought and, as is also usual, promoters saw to it that the supply equaled the demand. By 1847 it was evident that a collapse in railroad securities was impending. In England or the United States the government, of course, would have allowed the collapse to take place. There would have been reorganizations, overoptimistic investors would have pocketed their losses, and the policy of private ownership would have continued.

The French Government, however, was a partner in the enterprise. Moreover, it regarded railroads primarily as public concerns and it did not wish investors to become discouraged from assisting in their construction. Therefore it granted various aids to the concessionary companies, sometimes advancing them capital outright, and in one case taking over the whole road and reimbursing investors. Thus aided, the concessionary companies undertook extensions. In ten years the conditions of 1847 were repeated on a larger scale and there was a panic in railroad securities. To reassure investors and to enable the companies to raise the capital needed to complete their lines, the government then adopted the policy of guaranteeing the interest on railroad bonds. This guaranty of interest by the government still underlies the whole railroad situation in France.

The private concerns had resolved themselves by that time into six great companies—the West, the North and the East occupying respectively the territory westerly, northerly and easterly from Paris; and the Orléans, the Midi, and the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, which, roughly speaking, take in the southern part of France. All of them except the Midi run to Paris; yet, with few exceptions, each has its own separate territory and there is little direct competition among them.

There was, of course, a demand for railroads by communities not yet reached, and the government, as a partner in the railroad business, could no more ignore those demands than our government can ignore the collective demands of a hundred communities for post-office buildings. Moreover the state wished certain lines constructed for military rather than commercial reasons, so government partnership in the railroad business was further extended, the treasury subscribing part of the capital for certain lines and in some cases building them outright. One set of unattached branch lines, which the Orléans Company refused to take into its system, was purchased by the state in 1877. Thus more than a generation ago the French Government owned outright nearly two thousand miles of railroad in the southwestern part of the country, an aggregation of poor lines so incoherent that it could hardly be called a system, yet known ever since as the Old State Railroad.

#### A Story of Deficits

This Old State Railroad has always been operated at a loss. The poor results obtained from that road and the extent to which the government had been obliged to aid other roads did not strengthen sentiment in favor of state ownership of railroads in general; but the Western Railroad began getting heavily into debt to the government, which was obliged year after year to advance sums to pay bond interest under its guaranty. These advances were charged to the road and were to bear interest.

The territory served by the Western Railroad does not produce a great amount of profitable tonnage or attract a heavy passenger traffic. In 1908 its deficit rose to five million four hundred thousand dollars—that is, it failed by that much to earn the guaranteed interest and dividends.

M. Clemenceau, a radical, was then prime minister. He proposed that the government purchase the Western Railroad, and by threatening to resign forced the bill through the Senate. The argument was that the road was a perpetual drain on the treasury anyway, and that it would in any event cost the state no more to own it than to make up the yearly deficits in guaranteed interest.

Thus the state came into possession of a fairly compact and coherent railroad system embracing some thirty-seven hundred miles. Together with the Old State road, it now owns and operates about fifty-five hundred miles, or slightly over one-sixth the total mileage of the country.

It is important, however, to remember how that situation came about. Practically from the beginning the government was a partner in the railroad business. It regarded railroads primarily as state instrumentalities rather than as mere instruments of commerce, often intervening to require the construction of lines for political or military rather than for strictly commercial reasons. In Eastern France you may see stretches of track with grass growing over the rails. They were built, not for business, but for war.

I do not pretend to intimate that this was not the best possible railroad policy for France, but it arose from conditions that have no parallel in the United States. Heaven knows we can learn a million things from France; but that we can learn anything about railroad management from her I deny.

And in northwestern France private enterprise in railroading distinctly broke down. Whether this was due to irremediable conditions, to faults of management or to the hand of the state, I do not know, and the point is of no importance anyway. The privately owned railroad system in that part of the country decidedly failed. For years on end it could not earn the interest on its bonds or the dividends on its shares. Under a like condition in the United States bondholders and stockholders, of course, would have gone without interest and dividends; the road would have been reorganized and its fixed charges cut down to a sum it could earn. The French Government, however, for reasons it considered sound, had guaranteed a return to investors in the road's securities,





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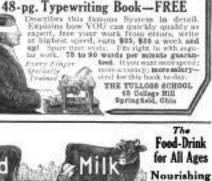
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Thus the situation was a good deal as though the railroads in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Northern New York could not earn their fixed charges, which our Federal Government had guaranteed; so that the continuation of transportation by rail in that region depended on the treas-ury at Washington making good a yearly deficit. Under such conditions there would undoubtedly be a demand that the Federal Government take over the roads, and I think I should be in favor of it; but between that and a deliberate government purchase of roads that are prospering under private man-

agement there is a very obvious difference.

If our government, under such imaginary
conditions, did take over the New England roads I should hope it would do much bet-ter with them than the French Government has done with the Western Railroad. In 1908, the last year of private management, the deficit was something over five million dollars. After three years of state management it had about tripled. In those three years gross receipts increased by about three million dollars, but operating expenses increased by nearly twelve millions. This increase was largely in the payroll. During the three years the state added over four thousand to the number of employees. Operating expenses rose to ninety per cent of the gross receipts.

A parliamentary commission then ob-

"It can hardly be called in question that the number of officials and employees is far greater in relation to traffic on the state railroads than on the other systems. It has been attempted to explain these facts by been attempted to explain these facts by the special character of the traffic on the Western Railroad. Especially has it been claimed that at the time of the fruit har-vests the lines in Normandy and Brittany are subjected to demands that require the employment of a very large force. This argument does not seem tenable, for it would apply to all systems serving regions the pro-duction of which is somewhat specialized."

#### The Snarl of Red Tape

"The truth seems to be as follows: In October, 1910, there was drawn up a theo-retical list of positions for the whole system. Unfortunately in response to outside pressure the chiefs of the service have often increased the number of their subordinates up to the limits theoretically assigned to them, with the result that at certain points there has been a veritable plethora, manifest in the budgetary estimates and in the confusion itself."

Incidental to this report, here is an interesting little sidelight:

"All correspondence under the old com-pany was made with one copy. Under the state it must be made in triplicate, and one can appreciate the useless labor thus imposed when it is stated that for the arron-dissement of Caen the payment of the personnel, which under the old company occupied nine men three days, under the State administration demands the time of twelve men for six days. The station masters are bound up by an almost unbelievable amount of red tape. I have seen chiefs of petty stations sometimes obliged to sit up until two o'clock in the morning in order to

clarify their accounts."

The increased payroll appears to have been due in considerable part to the appointment of additional clerks and petty officials rather than of what we call wage-earners or workmen. The pay of these non-unionized underlings is of course very meager from the American standpoint. It is significant that one action of the state was to raise the minimum yearly wage to twelve hundred francs, or two hundred and forty dollars.

The state's generosity in providing jobs did nothing to ameliorate the relations be-tween employers and employees. On the contrary, in the memorable railroad strike of 1910 the employees of the state-own Western Railroad were the first to folic the lead of the Northern Railroad for and vote to strike.

It is true the Western Railroad was alwa poverty-stricken concern, with compa atively low earning capacity, poorly maj tained and poorly equipped. It was in rundown condition when the state took over and no brilliant results could reason ably have been expected from state in agement. It may even be questiwhether any argument, either favorage adverse to government ownership of ra roads in the United States, can be decofrom it; but if there is any argument certainly is not on the favorable sic State management to date has been be efficient than private management was.

Last year it was pointed out that the most fatal railroad accidents which h occurred in France were all on state-own lines, three on the Western and three on t Old State. I do not know that this is an gument against the state, but certainly th is no argument in favor of state ownersh

#### An Unbiased View

It cannot be said that state ownership railroads is the policy of the French G-ernment. It was in a manner forced in the ownership of fifty-five hundred mil but about five-sixths of the total mileag still privately owned and privately maged, though under strict government pervision. This group embraces what unquestionably the best two roads in country—the Northern and the Pa Lyons-Mediterranean. In short, if were going to pick a railroad in France would certainly be a privately assert.

would certainly be a privately owned of Just at this writing a report of state road operation in France has been my whereupon M. Thomas, Socialist depand budget committeeman, delivers him

and budget committeeman, delivers him in print as follows:

"They run! They run punctually, trains from the West—the trains that merly were ridiculed by all the cabs singers of Montmartre and by the Ma Travelers, manufacturers and merchi-all praise the state service. Some weeks all praise the state service. the apple dealers from Morbihan and Co du-Nord offered to give M. Claveille, excellent director of the system, a band to show their gratitude.

"Well-deserved gratitude! Time when it seemed absolutely impossible forward quickly the rich crops of Britts This year the crop was wonderful and edealer received the goods in time. All

proves that the service has improved.

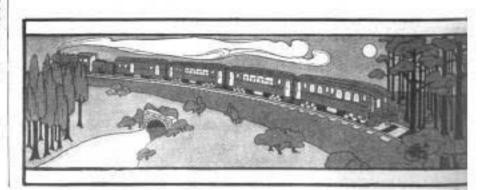
"Everybody says, All right! Very but the bill, if you please! Here the poics come in. The system works; bu what price? In 1908, the last business what price? In 1908, the last business of private management, the deficit amout to thirty-one million francs. In 1911 it sixty-seven millions and in 1912 sevent; millions. Parliament could have fore that the deficit in 1913 would amount eighty-four millions, and only by management of the private sevents are sevents. strong efforts to economize will they re-

strong efforts to economize will they re
it in 1914 to eighty millions.

"True, they spend a lot of money:
do they spend it wisely? They s
thirty-four millions a year to raise the
aries and wages of their employees.
you criticize that? Did not the rail
force hope for this when they dema
that the state should buy the line?

"Enormous sums are spent for v
Double tracks have been laid; stations
been changed to run by electricity. Hav
proved that any of this work was unn
sary? Just wait a bit! The millions
have been spent for electricity and new have been spent for electricity and new do not bring any profit as yet, but in the three years you will see the benefit. deficit will become smaller."

This is perhaps a fair view of the ca



# THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



The Floating Laborer-By Will Irwin vin

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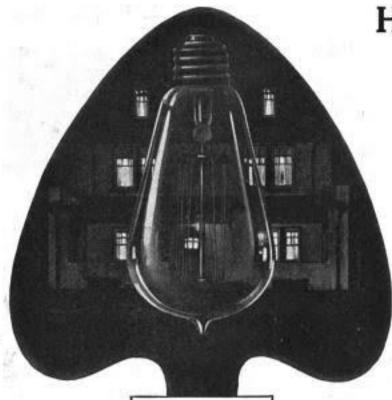
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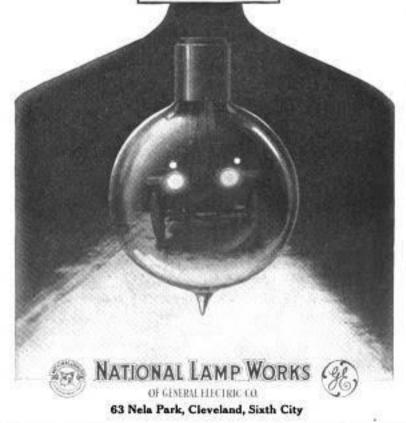
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world's foremost electrical engineer, says: I can see no reason why any person should condinue to use wasteful carbon large when rugged Manda large with solid drawn wire filamens are swallable at such low prices."



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Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1914

Number 45

# THE FLOATING LABORER

The Case of John Smith-By Will Irwin



A Sheltered Corner

Riding on the Rail

THE people of the East remember, it snowed last February in the city of New York—snowed with a volume and violence unknown in those parts since the historic blizzard of 1888. For two weeks a new and harassed Commiscioner of Street Cleaning tried to dig the city out. Hampered though he was by want farts, he found a surplus of men. This had been a winter of unemployment. As usual,

Destarvelings of industry had crowded into the city, where there are saloons, public buildings and gratings to keep a The warm, bread lines and charity soup kitchens to fill his stemach in the last pinch. Before the snow abated, the our seioner had thousands of men heaping up the snow to await the slow pleasure of such carts as Tammany setractors would grant him.

Unsatisfactory workers they proved in bulk. I myself med to watch them picking at the hard ice cakes, thrusting ber shovels into the drifts; and it seemed to me that I exid perish from nervous exhaustion if any one forced to work at that languid, flabby pace. At that, they always resting when the boss looked away. By two more the snow army was deserting in squads and

You see, they don't want work," said a conservative bend who operates in Wall Street. "You see, they're terely the degenerate fringe of humanity," said another, a the more enlightened. "They couldn't get on under any irmmstances.

The next day, as it chanced, I interviewed a deserter ion that army. He had just asked me for a dime. There m beggars in New York, and again other beggars. One The to know the professional whine of the expert panarder. Somehow I perceived in this case one of genuine satt: so he got my dime and I a little of his conversation. weed him why he was not shoveling snow.

Too hard, boss," he said. "I tried it two days an' me tomach went back on me."

He shuffled away then, as though he wanted no more sestioning. I watched him bumping down Third Avenue. le was five feet nine or ten inches tall; his shoulders were read in symmetrical proportion; he was probably less han forty years old. Yet he shambled; and it was not 13 Ly the shambling of the city bum, the gait that betrays of all self-respect. More was it the manifestation of the inner weakness. What was it? Drink? Perhaps. ... was drink the cause or only the effect?

A week later a section of the I. W. W., blind rebels trasters whose faces they did not know, organized



Hitting the Grit

their now famous raid on the churches. I saw a crowd of these rioters, and they also had that gait and movement, as of a man carrying some hidden disease or newly released from the hospital. In all this army of the unemployed.—American, German, Irishman, Italian, Hungarian, Slav, Teuton, Saxon, Jew and Celt-that outward and visible sign of an inner weakness formed the one common factor.

Again, what was it? Were these, as my first conservative friend implied, merely the fated failures of humanity, the men born with defective minds and souls? Or were they, as the other conservative friend implied, the physical degenerates, the nubbin apples on the tree-half brothers to cretins, dwarfs and cripples? If so, what a margin of degenerates we have on the fringe of humanity!

Lombroso, yellow scientist that he was, drove sociology stark mad for a time with his theories of degeneracy. Since true science turned its cold eye on his theories we have known that crime, vagrancy and such phenomena cannot be accounted for, even in major part, by the easy word, degeneracy. Still less can this theory be stretched to cover the army of the unemployed in New York. There must be some better reason-in fact there is a better reason-to account for that nerveless movement at work; that weak, uncertain gait. And to make that reason clear, let me be concrete; let me tell the story of the working life of John Smith, American. It is not fiction, that story, as I shall show at the end; or if so it is that kind of fiction which is more true than fact.

John Smith is an American of old stock; the blood Anglo-Saxon, with a touch of Celtic. You must think of him as an average man, born with no exceptional powers, no exceptional weaknesses, no exceptional vices. The capacity for great heroism, great performance or great crime was not born in John Smith. Nature and the sturdy stock from which he sprang gave him a good, usable body capable of a satisfactory day's labor under direction. It gave him, also, a passably clear and active mind. Such as he are born to be the sport of circumstance and environment; but most of us are such as he. Had he sprung from the lap of affluence, had he received a college education, he might have made a fairly successful lawyer's clerk or staff doctor. Had he inherited property and acquired a business training, he might have become a fairly successful merchant's clerk. Had he sprung from the depths of the slums he might have made a fairly successful pickpocket.

Fate and social forces, together with that cumulative series of small circumstances by which Fate and social forces produce their larger effects, would always be the determining factors in the life of John Smith—not that he lacked will power; of that, also, he had the average quota. I repeat: four-fifths of the people for whom the Pilgrims pioneered and the Revolutionary forefathers bled are like John Smith.

His forbears on both sides had tended to follow frontiers, until, with the disappearance of a frontier, James Smith, John's father, found himself stranded as a tenant farmer in the Middle West. Most of us remember the time when the political orator boasted that the American farmer was a king, holding his own broad acres without let or hindrance from any other man alive.

We remember, also, the pity we used to feel for the tenant farmers of Ireland. That period has gently drifted behind us; it was a shock to many when the last census revealed that a quarter of our American farmers are out-and-out renters. To this class belonged James Smith. Half of his earnings from his hundred-acre farm went to the landed proprietor, an old gentleman who had retired from active life and lived in town on his income.

With the rest of the proceeds James Smith and his wife managed somehow to clothe the four children after a fashion, to feed them well enough so that they came to maturity with normal constitutions, and to keep them in country school until they were thirteen or fourteen. From some such beginnings many of our heroes of American romance sprang—Lincoln on the one side, Rockefeller on the other. Of course John Smith, the eldest son, to whom I am inviting your attention, was neither a Lincoln nor yet a Rockefeller, but an average man.

John left school in the seventh grade and went to work as a farm hand on the paternal acres. His father used to say in his pessimistic moments that this was a dog's life. As John grew up and became strong enough to do a man's work at plowing or pitching hay, he indorsed those sentiments. Life, except for the brief respite of winter, was just work, eat—work, eat—work, eat, sleep. Some of the other boys we knew, sons of proprietary farmers, had begun to go to the country dances—one or two of them got a few days in town; but John had no clothes for dances and no money for town visiting.

#### Little Nudges From Fate

In the winter when he was seventeen years old Fategave him two of those little, impalpable nudges that guide a man on the road of destiny. There was skating over on the pond. John had outgrown the pair of skates he got from the Christmas tree years before. He wanted a new pair and he boldly asked his father for them. In John's mind had been growing for some time the feeling that he had been doing a farm hand's work for his mere board, and he made his application with some confidence. It was a bad day to ask. The bill collector for the general store had called that morning to remind James Smith that the last payment on the mowing machine was long overdue.

"No!" said James Smith, concealing his real feelings by a show of brutality. "You wear out enough boots without skates. Skates! And me at the door of the poorhouse!"

Still smarting from this rebuff, John sat down that evening to pore over the weekly newspaper the Smith family managed to afford, and which gave them their one contact with the larger world. The Weekly Argus was printing a serial entitled: Farmer Bill; or, From the Plow to Wall Street. This was such a story as delighted us Americans twentyfive years ago; from the title you may guess the trend of the tale. John had read the earlier chapters with no great interest—they were all about the things he knew; but this one held him. The hero, by rescuing the beautiful daughter of the millionaire broker from the clutches of the broken-down French count, had won a raise in pay to fifty dollars a week, and had been invited to supper at the broker's house. The chapter, before it swung into action again and left the reader breathless for the next installment, described the rich broker's house.

One detail stuck in John's mind: there were gold plates on the table! He lay awake that night, dreaming of the city, that paradise where they are from gold plates. When, next morning, his father woke him with the announcement that



The Army of Unemployed, About Three Thousand, Leave San Francisco on the March to Washington

it was time to be about the chores, he was still dreaming in the back of his head, contrasting the home where you could not have skates, because they were out your boots, with the home where they are from gold plates.

The thing that was stirring in John Smith, had he only known it, was his pioneer blood. It was imagination in action. It was the call across the waste spaces, which made his great-great-grandfather leave a loom by the Clyde for a clearing by the Delaware; his great-grandfather leave a settlement by the Delaware for a log house by the Ohio; his grandfather leave a town by the Ohio for a ranch by the Missouri. Only the frontier is gone; and that young, adventurous blood sings through new channels. The great adventure, to John Smith's generation, is the city.

All winter, all spring, the next summer, he kept that dream to himself; but he worked, with the good, young will power he had, toward the one end. When spring plowing and planting were done he found a chance to cut wood by the cord for a neighbor. When he proposed to his father that he himself keep the receipts there was a short, sharp domestic argument, in which justice prevailed. The special advocate of justice in this matter was John's mother, to whom he had confided his ambitions and who sympathized with him. By this device or that John added to the hoard, which he kept in a little chink back of the chimney. When autumn came he had twenty-five dollars—enough for his fare to Chicago and a few weeks' board to spare.

And just when the work of harvesting was over for the season Fate gave him another nudge along the road he must travel. A city newspaper fell into his hands. Running halfway down a column of the help-wanted advertisements was a call for laborers—railroad construction—a dollar and seventy-five cents a day; cheap board; transportation furnished from Chicago. By another day, John Smith, an unseasoned boy of eighteen, but capable already of doing a man's work with any crude implement, had taken his pilgrim gown and scrip and gone to seek his fortune. So far it reads like any romance of youth on the quest of destiny.

Now, though John Smith was, as I have said, an average man, he was also an average American. Being such he had ambition, bred in him from those generations that had pushed ever westward that they might better themselves, He did not know that since his fathers used to seek the frontiers the whole world had changed. The older world was a world of mighty rough labors and of rule-of-thumb methods. On every hand lay untamed Nature, untapped resources. A man broke into the treasures of the earth. He found a working method of his own and according as he had luck and adaptability he won a fortune, a competence, or at least a living; but the frontier had shrunk.

The undeveloped resources were all preëmpted. The age of specialists had arrived. To get along in any occupation an average man must have some special training. John's education had acquainted him with the three R's and nothing more. He could not write well enough or cipher well enough to enter business. The only trade he understood, even dimly, was farming. And it was old-fashioned farming, of the kind we

used to practice on a virgin soil, which had been gathering richness an age long that man might rifle that richness in a generation.

Concerning any of the methods by which a farmer coaxed land that has lost its virgin richness, he knew nothing. He entertained a general idea that fertilizer meant barnyard manure, when you had it to use. His father, no better instructed, had at least a kind of instinct born of long experience. John Smith, barely eighteen years old, had, of course, not developed that instinct; yet here he was, an average man, taking his unskilled powers into a new world of specialists, and dreaming as he went of the rich house and gold supper service he expected to win when he had made his fortune, like the hero of Farmer Bill.

#### Farmer Bill in Real Life

HIS first night in Chicago he spent in a fifteen-cent lodging house, to which he had been directed by a policeman. The bed, after all, was little worse than his own bed at home, though he did lie packed beside twenty others, who snored and tossed and kept him awake. Even had they lain quiet, he could hardly have slept. That evening he had been walking the streets, marveling at the new wonders of the city, with its crowds of richly dressed people—for so the pedestrians on Dearborn Street looked to him—its luxuriant carriages opening at the doors of the opera—that was the interpretation he put on hired hacks and a cheap stock theater—its restaurant windows, with their glimpses of white linen, beautiful strange dishes, colored glasses and pretty women. A little terrified, but more exalted, he thought of these things as something in which he himself might some day share.

There was another thought in the back of his head, which he, with the soul shyness of a young boy, seldom permitted to come forward. Some day, like Farmer Bill, he would meet the broker's daughter and do valiant deeds for her hand. On the dream of this amorphic romance he fell asleep.

Next morning he learned from the clerk at the fifteen-cent lodging house how to find the employment agency; and he arrived before the doors opened. It dismayed him a little to find forty others in line before him. This was the beginning of the slack season, when from farms, grading camps, lumber mills and quarries the unemployed crowd into Chicago for the winter. At this very time a new party had arisen in railroad politics, a new alignment of forces. It became necessary to the larger policies of Wall Street that a certain railroad, long surveyed and laid out, should be graded and tracked before the snow flew. The employment agencies, greedy to pad their seasonal receipts, had spread the news through their own channels of publicity. When John took his place in line there were forty men ahead of him. When the doors opened the line behind him stretched to the corner of the block. As man after man stepped up to the

As man after man stepped up to the desk and held a brief interview with the little ferret-eyed clerk, John craned his neck across the line and watched. At the close of the conversation some of the men received cards. John perceived by their satisfied expression, and by the jovial remarks they dropped as they



Waiting Outside Municipal Lodging House for Admission

passed along the line, that these men had secured jobs. over the scraper and What he could not understand was the others, those who turned away with their shoulders bent to drop a curse or two about pull or fixed jobs as they passed back down the line,

These hints terrified John. He had not thought before that pull had anything to do with the matter; yet it seemed to him as he looked that there must be some truth in this charge. He noticed small men, flabby men, men whom his father would never have taken as farm hands, carrying away cards. He noticed big, stalwart fellows, whom he marked as likely workers, turned away. When he himself reached the window he was dumb with apprehension. The derk looked him over.

"Any experience in grading work?" he asked.

"No!" said John. He had intended to lie, feeling himself justified; but his nervousness stripped him to the truth.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," said John, recovering himself to add a year. "Huh!" said the clerk. Then suddenly, as though he had made his decision, he reached for a card, scribbled a line on it, stamped it, and passed it over. "Two dollars. Report at the address here at twelve. Here's our card. Come to us when you want work again. Next!"

Before he had recovered himself John was outside. clutching his card. It was not true about pull after all! That clerk was a slick fellow; he knew a worker when he saw him. There must have been something wrong about the big fellows.

So behold John Smith crawling out at daybreak next morning to the corrals of the grading camp, that he might harness the team of mules the boss had assigned to him. He had come up the day before in a box car with a string of laborers from the employment office. As they bowled

up the line to the camp his fellows sat on the floor, sucking their pipes and talking of this and that,

John had liked them but little. Their whole ambition, so far as he could see, was to accumulate a few weeks' wages, get back to "Chi," and spend their money on beer and the girls-always the girls. That afternoon John learned things about the evil of this world he had never known before. There had been more talk of this character in the bunk tents before the men rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep.

#### A Short Stay

HOWEVER, now it was morning and he was going to work—the beginning of his career! He harnessed Jenny and Judy, the mules, to his scraper and joined a long line of men and teams making for the grade. The boss, a big, two-fisted man, with direct eyes and a lined face, stopped him.

"Don't know anything about grading, huh?" he inquired. "Then

what the hell did they send you for? Well, you sink your scraper here and drop the snatch; you follow the line up to there and raise the snatch. Don't let me see you tying up the line—and keep your scraper full."

Presently John was following a line which moved with the regularity of a machine. You reached the pile. You seized the handles and, with one effort of your back, you turned

sank it deep. You lashed your mules. Out came the scraper, loaded. You reached the long mound, which was the railroad embankment just taking form. At the apex you released the snatch; over went the tray, dumping the earth. You followed the line round until you reached the soft dirt again and continued the motion.

Being a farmer's boy and accustomed to teams John had learned the trick by the third time round. And all that morning exultation grew in him. He was a man, he could do a man's work! This was the beginning of his fortunes. It all depended

now on his own diligence. He kept the proper distance from the next team; he studied the exact spot to release the snatch. By such diligence Farmer Bill and his other heroes of romance had founded their fortunes. As he ate his beans and salt pork from a tin plate in the chuck tent; as he rolled into his blankets that night, very tired, but still capable of a day's work—the dream followed him.



Coffee and Sandwicker at the Municipal Lodging House, New York

It was late the next afternoon when a box car drew up on the distant siding to discharge a new gang of men carrying blankets. John thought vaguely, as he watched them detrain, that the company must be doing a lot of work to have so many men; but, just as the grading gang stood waiting by the corral to unharness, he saw a sub-boss marching down the line, speaking to man after man. He

reached John. "Boss wants to see you in the main tent after supper," he said.

Hardly imagining what this might mean, John reported at the main tent. He found thirty other men, many of whom had come up with him from Chicago. His heart sank a little when he recognized them as the scrubs and riffraff of the camp. The boss entered.

"Box car's going back to Chi in the morning," he said. "You fellows get your time. You're fired!"

The thirty took it dumbly, all but one little man with a seamed face and fiery red hair.

"To hell with this camp! It's a graft!" he yelled, and shook his fist.



The boss turned on him his steady gaze and raised slightly one of those big, hard fists. "What did you say about this camp, kid?" he asked. The little man shrank back into the crowd and all complaint was over.

Next morning at dawn John received from the timekeeper a dollar and a half—two days' pay, less a dollar a day for board-and took the box car back to Chicago in a

state of utter juvenile depression. Somewhere within him rankled a sense of hard injustice. He knew he had kept up, knew he could do the work as well as any grown man on the job.

John really never knew the whole truth about this little transaction in labor.

Construction on that road was proceeding under the old rules of the game, whereby every one along the line took out his bit. The directors were also directors in companies that undertook contracts or furnished material.

#### Easy Money

BY KNOWING what contracts to stretch, the engineer got on and pleased his masters, who permitted him to have his own little graft in commissions. The grading boss knew about the constructing engineer's graft; so he was permitted a graft of his own. The employment agency that sent out John Smith collected two dollars apiece

from the laborers and gave fifty cents of that two dollars to the boss for throwing the business its way-a very simple arrangement.

One job for one man in one year means only two dollars. Twenty jobs for one man in one year means forty dollars. The proprietors of this agency, working with the grading boss, had reduced the matter of rotation in jobs to an exact science.

They picked for him a due proportion of men who could not keep up with the work, or of youths like John, whom a boss has a good excuse for discharging. Every few days the boss weeded out the undesirables and replaced them with new undesirables from the Chicago agency. He fired thirty men that night in camp and took on thirty others. His clean profit on the transaction was therefore fifteen

John Smith went back to the lodging house where he had assed his first night in the city, and the next day he visited the employment agency again. He had better nerve this time; he tried to tell the clerk he had really kept up-that it was unjust to discharge him.

"Tell your troubles to the police! You'll learn, kid," said the clerk. "That ain't the only job. Give me your address and come to see us every day or two. You get a job by sticking round."

For two days John, unaccustomed to city ways and with ' no definite trade, training or guidance, tramped the streets of Chicago, asking at alley doors for any kind of common work. He failed, as any one accustomed to city ways would have expected him to fail. It was autumn, when common labor is a drug on the market. Meantime he met in the lodging house that same red-headed man who had protested when the boss discharged the graders. The red-headed man-Charlie Crawford was his name—paid special attention to (Continued on Page 41)



Waiting for Jomething to Happen

# THE REQUITAL By Grace Ellery Chamming

MRS. HADLEY looked up from the accounts she was auditing for the local literary club just as Ellen came up the path. Pierre was strolling at her right hand and Henry Kilvert on her left—a usual arrangement; and Henry and Ellen were doing the talking while Pierre listened—also a usual arrangement, and responsible for the calmly pleased smile Mrs. Hadley turned on her daughter when she presently entered the room alone.

The Hadley place and the Kilverts' ran together—and thence on to the next neighbor's and the next in unbroken sweeps of greenness, dotted, but not interrupted, here and there by a purple beech, a clump of maples or a conifer, which served as a kind of communal decoration, without placing anything between house and house to cut off a view or intercept the wandering eye or foot.

This was obedient to the sectional ideal of neighborliness and the brotherhood of man—the same ideal which conscientiously practiced leaving some of the windowshades up at night, that the homeless wanderer might be cheered by the sight of what he was missing. Just why the idea had not been carried to a logical conclusion and a common neighborhood house set in the common park of their open grounds is not known—probably they simply had never thought of it. But so far as they had carried the idea it had worked out to an inevitable result—you did not shut out your neighbor in M—— and ergo you were not yourself shut in.

Followed as a corollary, the grounds being everybody's—yet not quite—nobody lived in them. A little youthful tennis, a few timid vine-screened and sewing sitters on porches—this comprised the al-fresco life of M——. There were no careless groups on lawns, no seats and tables under spreading trees—and, of course, no afternoon teapots on

those non-existent tables.

Once in a while some one had the painful idea of giving a lawn party—a thing that had to be made before it could be given, made at a great amount of fuss and trouble, and to which every one came uncomfortably in best clothes. These were the few occasions when the ornate arbors and pergolas came into use; otherwise the community lived chastely within doors—going out with definite decision to take air and exercise, chiefly in the shape of sport.

An athletic age had its grip on M—— as well as on all America besides; everybody in M—— was constantly in a state of going out of set purpose—

or, at least, for motoring; but of any conception of outdoors as a state of being instead of a state of going it was innocent, together with most of America.

Except, of course, the Garnetts. One was always excepting the Garnetts; and this exception was variously attributed to them—by the uncharitable for pride and perversity; by the charitable as the inevitable taint contracted in years of European living.

But then, nobody ever argued from the Garnetts to anything—nothing but Professor Garnett's eminent standing and a certain frank charm in the entire family exempted them from criticism; they were usually spoken of in an

indulgently apologetic tone.

When the Garnetts came to M—— their initial act had been to put up a tall wire screen of vines round their entire place, and behind this they had planted the swiftest-growing thing in hedges known to that climate. Tall trees, too, and thick, they had imported with a recklessness of cost; and, once having got themselves fully shut in and everybody else shut out, they had proceeded to treat the inclosed space as an extension of their house; indeed, they lived in it much more than in the house itself.

There was a tea-table—a used tea-table—under the large cherry tree; there was a shadowed pergola, with both a table and chairs, where the professor, hatless and even coatless, wrote his most eminent books, and his gifted wife illustrated them.

They had a little stone terrace built—with a complete disregard of architectural conventions—to overlook the sunsets; and they are out, sat out, worked out, rested out, and only did not sleep out, it was held, because that would have been being too much like their neighbors. Just when all M—— took to its outdoor sleeping rooms and screened porches, the Garnett household retired to its stronghold of a house.

"'Foxes have holes; birds of the air have nests," the professor had been heard to quote. "Every living thing seeks a shelter for repose. It was even accounted a hardship that the Son of Man had not where to lay His head—but that was before the present-day fresh-air mania broke out."



Both for His Joy and His Solace He Had to Take Refuge in This Gift of His

"And besides," added Pierre cheerfully, "what's a house good for anyway—except privacy, and to keep warm and dry, and to stay in when you can't see anything pretty outside?"

All up and down and over this pagan domain the flute notes, or the violin notes, or the piano notes of Pierre floated eternally. Pierre owed his name, as well as his lustrous eyes and something oddly un-American in his whole carriage and manner, to his mother, whose half-Frenchness seemed only in her to accentuate the other and larger American half of her.

The foreign strain was held to have come out in her boy. He was the Garnetts' only child. Also, he was lame from birth. This single bitter drop had Fate distilled into a cup of happiness otherwise inordinately sweet. One leg was shorter than the other and Pierre walked through life with a limp.

He might have been much as other boys but for this; the limp colored his whole life, excluding him from the games and contests of his fellows and throwing him back perforce on the other side of his nature. From his father he inherited scholarship, from his mother music; the combination had made of him a musician who composed, and the handicap had made of him a concentrated student of his art from his early years. Both for his joy and his solace he had to take refuge in this gift of his.

When other boys were playing ball he was playing Bach fugues, and by the time they were off to climb mountains and row matches he was off to Germany, to England, to Bayreuth, Munich, Vienna or Italy, for holidays of music—until the time came when he went off for study in earnest. All this and his birth made him foreign enough to be regarded as a little dangerous by prudent mammas, even though quite charming and—as the son of Doctor Garnett—wholly unimpeachable.

As if desirous to point a moral and mark a contrast, destiny had set, on the other side of this exotic household, the most authentically native of homes. It was not possible to be more lineally descended of local traditions than were the Hadleys. Mr. Hadley was of a fine old Colonial and Unitarian family; having been born near Boston in the sixties this was inevitable.

Back of him were the bluest of Colonial traittions; and what was true of Mr. Hadley was it possible a little truer of Mrs. Hadley.

The marriage of these two had been predestised, determinate, from the moment their respective ancestors set their simultaneous feet on Plymouth Rock; and it had received its ultimate sanction in one of those paragraphs of announcement the press accords only to the elect, beginning with "There took place——" and concluding with a good part of the contents of the telephone book, sorted something after this manner:

"The bride's grandfather on her mother's side was the distinguished Admiral Wigglesby, whose sons were the eminent Dr. Walter Wigglesby and the Honorable Samuel Wigglesby, late chief justice. On her father's side she is descended from five of our most distinguished Colonial families. Her mother was the beautiful Mary Allyn, whose younger sister married the nephew of the late Governor Enderby. The bride's sister is Mrs. James

Walcott, whose husband is a descendant of the famous historian, Stephen Hodgson; while on his mother's side ——"

I am sorry I have not space to give it all. However it may be said that the list of collaterals included the Beadley Massés, "whose," and so on; the Mason-Tomlins, "whose," and so on; and

Either on account of, or in spite of, this they were very fine people—finely educated, too, in the national sense, and in the cult of one of the few American cities that does really mean education when it says so, and not merely instruction. From their cradles up they had been reared

on bedrock principles, to which they had been taught to sacrifice everything—except another principle.

Social service, the higher thought, the new morality, all the modern forms of those abstractions for which their Revolutionary and Abolitionary ancestry had fought and bled and died, they had received in their turn, handed down—as the devout communicant receives the Eucharist—with faith, with conviction, with an inner consecration. They possessed and were possessed by every good and saving thing on earth, except the saving sense of humor: not having which, they lacked, of course, also a saving sense of proportion.

The outward and visible sign of this was the stress laid on the unimportant, the immense seriousness of little things. They knew no way to differentiate unerringly between the major and the minor. They were socialists, of course; liberals by necessity; suffragists by birth; eugenists inevitably; and they were also Fletcherites. Ibsenites, and savers of matches and pieces of string, just as hard and thoroughly as they were any of the other things.

They were, in short, the very kind of people it is least permissible to laugh at or hold up to scorn; and they were the people, of all the world, whom it was impossible for any person of imagination, philosophy or sane humor to look on without an immediate desire to smile, albeit tenderly.

The Hadleys had four children—no more, no less. This was neither luck nor blind destiny; it was the number to which they had conscientiously decided they could do justice. They had not arrived at this decision lightly. Had they been their own forefathers, they would have taken it to the Lord in prayer; and Mrs. Hadley would have borne at least thirteen—one of them very likely a genius, by reaction.

Being what they were, they did the modern equivalent took it to the family doctor and lawyer; that is, they ascertained that they were, humanly speaking, sound physically, mentally and financially; of their morals there was never any question. Four, it was decided, was the number to which she could reasonably hope to promise an equipment of vital force, and he competently to guarantee

their dues of school, dancing school, college and postgraduate training, not forgetting the dentist and the doctor; not, of course, that they expressed it thus, even to themselves—it went lumped under the generic term of the advantages to which as human beings they were entitled.

The children were born according to schedule, decently and in order, and not too near together; this made them always just a little too far apart to be interesting to one another. Mrs. Hadley herself, in thoughtfully reviewing her life, felt that if she had it to live over she would have chosen to produce them, as it were, by pairs. For what use, in fact, has an active child of three for a baby-a mettlesome lad of six for a toddler of three—or an ambitious nine-and-going-on-ten-year-older for a little fellow of six, short of leg and vision?

This remoteness, with its lack of the kindling attrition of mind on mind, may have had something to do with their being what they were; for, broadly speaking, a more unimaginative, stolid, unexceptionable and-except to their parents-uninteresting flock of four never was. They were perfectly well and perfectly, almost too perfectly. well bred. There were no limpers among her children-Mrs. Hadley, watching little Pierre at play among them, gave silent thanks for it; a child like that she would have accounted a personal disgrace.

True, Pierre shone starrily in their midst, for the Hadley children were not beautiful; even their parents did not think them so. They were just solid, straight, clean, honest and sturdy-all good, all well, all sufficiently intelligent, and one just as good, well and intelligent as the other, so far as could be discerned. They quietly absorbed

and digested the family traditions just as they absorbed and digested the family oatmeal, their minds giving them no more trouble than their stomachs.

Ellen, as the eldest, was the compendium of the family teachingthe protagonist, so to speak, of the family idea. She was a calm, faxen-haired girl, with imperturbable eyes under a broad brow, and a very straight back, which looked capable of carrying things without bending. The only doubtful thing about Ellen was her smile—as if she were a little uncertain about smiling, as indeed she was. This was family again. Life being the fremendously serious affair it was, a certain pervasive gravity became inevitably its dominant note.

Those quips, quirks and conceits-often a mere matter between the eye and lip-which permeated the family atmosphere of the Garnetts like benignant summer lightning relieving superbested conditions, were unknown and unthinkable in the mild, constant climate of the Hadley home. Conscious rectitude, sacrifice, one's duty to society-those were the things that weighed; and they often weighed heavily.

From the day of their birtheven from the day on which it was decided they should be permitted a day of birth-Mrs. Hadley had planned her children's lives until they should be grown up. And the program had been carried out ≢ith rigid exactness. Twice a year to the dentist, once a year to the dector; two pieces of candy after dinner; the best school, the best dancing school, the best playmates; cold baths - taken with a thermometer: Nature study, hygiene, in early introduction to the serious spects of life; so many duties a day, so many pleasures a week; so many hours of study, of sleep, of exercise, of free play; a touch of the higher thought and a touch the Montessori method; light applications of mental therapeuties and Fletcherism; simplicity of fare, of clothing and speech; a fine courtesy of manner and life; the loftiest ideals-in short, the sacred New England altar fire kindled on the ancient rock. Onlywhich made all the difference-it was a modern and scientifically fed flame, an altar fire de luze, electrical, non-combustible, and automatically time-buttoned.

In their impregnable ancestral conscience of parenthood there were no lengths the Hadleys were not prepared to go; they did actually go the fearful length of guessing at their offspring's brain processes. Mrs. Hadley did not blench from choosing their reading for them. The mysterious workings of their awful minds held nothing awful for her; she made up hers and dealt out a regimen accordinglytwo scientific, historic or biographic volumes to every one of fiction, and the fiction chosen. The former they called, the Searcher of the dark and inscrutable mysteries of the human heart alone knows why, serious reading, as opposed to the mere drama of life and the passions of the human soul; though, to be sure, they did look out as to what passions the children got hold of, assorting them as Omnipotence has never yet been able to do.

They did not stop at books, however. To teach them to think for the less fortunate, Mrs. Hadley denied herself the pleasure of making gifts to her own children on birthdays and at Christmas. Others, she knew, would give to them in abundance; they should remember her as giving

to the motherless and the poor.

To teach them self-denial, she dressed them with an all but conspicuous plainness. And all and everything she did seemed good in their eyes.

At eleven years Ellen was a convinced suffragist, passing the hat at conventions and perfectly happy to pass it. If now and again she wished Fate had elected she might pass it in a prettier hat of her own—that was the first sign that Ellen was growing up. Not that she desired to deck herself in the spoils of shricking mother birds-not she; of conscience she had renounced both fur and feathers; but

one permitted curling plume of that vain bird, the ostrich. would, she felt, have given a fantastic value to life. Pierre, in particular, admired plumes.

By fourteen she was a staunch and active partisan of all good causes.

By eighteen she was a quiet power in the youthful part of the community and Mrs. Hadley began to draw the breath of relief. The dear woman deserved to. She had piloted her flock safely past the perils of adenoids-inscrutably just as prone to lie in wait for the scientific as the unscientific-and now had her conscientious eye on their appendixes. These, too, were sent alike on the just and unjust; and her three eldest already knew as much about sex and the dangers of it, in theory, as Mrs. Hadleyor, for that matter, anybody else-knew or could tell

In all this there was nothing of morbidity; the Hadleys were profoundly sane and healthy. Merely they desired to play fair and to give their children every advantage, just as they had planned to do, and just as at present these happened to be the things that differentiated the wellcared-for child from the neglected. The thought of their day centered about these things.

Conscientious parents knew a regular progression, beginning with disinfecting the baby, up through vaccination, antitoxining on the faintest suspicion, straightening the jaw, and so on, up to the removal of adenoids and any other loose-lying portions of anatomy, appendixes included. It aged Mrs. Hadley, and other mothers, with anxiety, and grayed Mr. Hadley's, and other fathers', hair prematurely, paying the bills; but both would rather have fallen

in their tracks than below the level of the standardized parent of their

That all these things were advantages had been drilled into the children; I am afraid there were moments when Mrs. Hadley could not help feeling that a Divine Providence had selected her neighbors for her, setting them on each hand—the one for an example, the other for a warning.

Nothing known to science had been left undone to Henry Kilvert to improve him; and nothing whatever had been done to Pierre. He had not undergone so much as one little operation; it is doubtful whether his parents had even thought of such a thing. Well, you could look at Henry Kilvert and you could look at Pierre!

Ellen looked at both; if she looked oftener at Pierre it was doubtless because there was more that was novel to look at. Henry Kilvert might have been born a Hadley; but the Garnett household, from her childhood, had presented to Ellen enthralling dreams of the impossible. Her glimpses of Pierre's home and home life were equally capturing and terrifying. The gay elders, working as others played; the starry child, with his pervasive music, which seemed to be somehow the collective family voice; even the family hedge encircling that house of mystery, fascinated her gradual mind.

On venturing one day to wish for such a hedge of her own, it had been gently pointed out to her how much kinder was the neighborhood way; how selfish, by implication the Hadleys were far too well-bred to use, even to their children, such a phrase as applied to an esteemed neighbor-it must be to shut in trees and flowers and green grass. Ellen accepted the statement, not being subtle enough to retort that if she found the nodding tops of trees and glimpsed beauty prettier than plain lawns and naked shrubs so might others; but she remained unconvinced.

Nothing but the highest courtesies passed between the two households, which yet were never intimate. The children alone achieved that footing. If the vague objection that formed a barrier between the elders could have been put into a phrase it would probably have taken the form—on the Hadleys' side—of the Garnetts not



"What - er - Does Henry Kilvert Think of It?"

taking life seriously enough, oddly incompatible as that seemed with the professor's extremely serious studies and his wife's diligent collaboration.

When it came to Pierre the matter was simpler. Music in this suburb of the modern Athens could hardly be accepted in good faith as a gentleman's profession. One expected to pay great sums to foreigners to make it for one, and to take it very seriously when made, score in hand; but nobody would willingly have seen his son following it as a profession. It was a thing for geniuses, but hardly for gentlemen.

Not that any one found fault with Pierre himself; to see Pierre, indeed, was to be fond of him, and his infirmity curiously softened hearts, though it awoke condescension. Pierre was privileged to sit on front steps, to lie in hammocks; he had even been known to smoke there-which was anathema-unrebuked, though unapproved. Pierre took licenses as gently as he gathered flowers.

By one of those perverse attractions of opposites Henry Kilvert and Pierre were close friends, and they united in considering Ellen nearly as good a fellow as themselves. The three were of an age and inseparable. Mrs. Hadley, watchful but wise, silently approved this—she had always held that sex could be held in abeyance by free association; here was the beautiful evidence. Ellen and Henry did their lessons together, played tennis and skated together, while Pierre sketched them both or played on his violin.

Just at the moment when the theory might have been more sharply tested, the two young men went off to college, and then to Europe for their graduation summer. Henry came back in the fall, bringing with him a splendid set of carbon photographs for Ellen; but Pierre stayed on to study languages and music. Thus the trio became a duo; and in her heart Mrs. Hadley thought this another evidence of nice feeling on the part of Providence.

By the time Ellen was quite grown up, out of college herself, specializing in social service, and Henry Kilvert was paying her serious attentions, Pierre came home.

And thus it was that the trio were once more walking up the front path; and Mrs. Hadley, eying them, was mentally giving thanks for Henry Kilvert's and Ellen's upbringing. For Pierre was outrageously handsome-and the limp more pronounced than ever. He looked, decided Mrs. Hadley vaguely, like a poet or a foreigner; and again she gave thanks for Henry Kilvert. Henry was what the

disrespectful called a highbrow; graduated with honors, he was already an instructor in chemistry, with a professorship in full view. Also, he was public-spirited and high-minded; and he looked what he was-a gentleman.

One could not imagine Pierre as anything but a gentleman, yet you would never have thought of describing him as one-he was visibly so much else besides; and who was to know what that else meant? Whether it was genius, or that foreign strain which came out in him, there was a suggestion of ancienne noblesse about Pierre—and these are not ancienne-noblesse days. Altogetherthanks once more for Henry Kilvert.

When Ellen came into the room she was alone, and she carried a moderate, square package in her hand. Her cheeks wore the healthful rose a girl's cheeks should when she has walked home between two delightful companions.

Mrs. Hadley suspended her computations to welcome her daughter with a smile.

They didn't come in?" she inquired, following the inane human habit of asking what one already knows.

"No," said Ellen. "Pierre carried Henry off to supper; they are coming over to spend the evening with us, afterwards.

Mentally Mrs. Hadley remarked that this was just like Pierre—the Garnetts were alone in in that odd fashion of haling people in at a moment's notice to whatever fare might happen to be waiting. Others who practiced the virtue of hospitality invited a guest with the formality due the exercise of a serious duty, and spent a hard afternoon preparing for him.

Ellen unwrapped her package, disclosing a small, vivid painting in a chased and inlaid frame, like the richly dull setting of a gem. She placed it triumphantly on the table.

"It's Pierre's. Isn't it beautiful?"

Mrs. Hadley adjusted her glasses for a better view. "How very odd! Isn't it?"

She dropped her glasses and looked at her daughter. Ellen was no more beautiful now than she had been as a child, but she had kept that early uprightness which now meant distinction. She had the same straight, capable back, and the same honest gray eyes and clear skin and beautifully smooth hair—all as serenely finished as a gravely modeled cameo, cut by some unerring hand, which had attempted little, but that little admirable of its kind. She was still a girl in a

woman-calm, sensible, good. She held her head up and the rose of her cheek deepened easily, as now with pleasure. "I think it's beautiful!" she repeated defiantly.

"What-er-does Henry Kilvert think of it?" asked Mr. Hadley, who had just come into the room and now adjusted his glasses.

"He says it's a corker!" replied Ellen promptly.

"Well"-Mr. Hadley smiled; it was Henry's term, and so might pass—"he knows more than we do about such matters; I'll take his word for it. To me it looks-unfinished." He let his glasses fall.

"Yes," assented Ellen; "Henry knows a whole lot. Pierre himself says so," she added as she walked from the

"He is a young man of very varied culture," Mr. Hadley cheerfully subscribed as a parting sentiment.

Then he turned to his wife, who was looking doubtfully from the picture to him.

"The question is," said she, "whether Ellen should accept it.

Mr. Hadley bent nearer the picture to give an air of judicial procedure and coughed to hide an indecision; he really knew very little about frames.

"I should say it cannot have cost a great deal."

"It is antique"-Mrs. Hadley's tone was firm-"and sometimes those things do, you know."

"H'm!" said Mr. Hadley. "It's a bit awkward; but, after all, he could hardly have given it to her quite unframed, I suppose; and it would be a pity to make too much of it." 'Oh! That would be worst of all!'

Mrs. Hadley considered the picture gravely-both of them would have sat there cheerfully all night to arrive at a just decision - and she thought of the carbon photographs and how they had presented no problem at all, they had been so exactly the thing to offer a young girl. She had a momentary impulse to desert Divine Providence and thank God-just plain God-outright for Henry Kilvert.

"I suppose"—she dismissed the subject instead—"it is best to let the matter slide."

"So it seems to me," said Mr. Hadley.

Once you begin letting things slide, however, there is no end to the sliding. Mrs. Hadley realized this as soon as Pierre appeared after dinner. He had brought over armfuls of gifts for everybody-they overflowed to Henry Kilvert's arms-quaint, lovely things; chosen, even Mrs. Hadley

admitted, with an uncanny aptness. And, just when every one was saying so, he produced an extraordinarily and extravagantly barbaric but beautiful jacket, embroidment in gold and rainbows, for Ellen.
"My dear Pierre!" remonstrated Mrs. Hadley, agast

"Ellen could never wear it!"

"Do you think so? Now I think it's just Ellen's style." said Pierre, with half-shut eyes of consideration.

Ellen's style! Her mother looked at the calm Celerial maiden and at Pierre.

"My dear Pierre!" was all she could say again and again. "She could never possibly wear it!"

"But," said Pierre, opening his eyes widely enug. "I want her to wear it! That's what I got it for; Ellen has such a perfect figure."

"My dear Pierre!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadley for the third time, this time with such an acute note of displeasure that Pierre woke up.

He looked at her, and a disarming smile, starting in his eyes, overflowed his lips; he seemed to smile all over.

"Ah!" said he. "Excuse me!"

Mrs. Hadley with a swift glance had assured beself that Ellen was out of hearing—she was wrong, but never mind-but she remained secretly displeased. She had an inherited distaste for people who thought in terms of figures-not arithmetical; she did not think any nice young man-Henry Kilvert, for instance-would be aware of a nice girl as having a figure at all—she was wrong again; and again she reverently acknowledged a debt for the existence of Henry.

It was, therefore, a shock when Ellen, coming into her room the next morning with the loveliest roses yet, said to her quite simply:

"Mamma, I think I ought to tell you that I am going to marry Pierre."

The book Mrs. Hadley was holding dropped from her fingers. Ellen stooped to pick it up, dutifully smoothing the crumpled pages before she handed it to her mother. By that time Mrs. Hadley had herself in hand.

"Thank you!" she said gravely. "Marry Pierre! My dear Ellen, I don't think you can have considered! I don't think you can realize what you are doing-or saying," she wound up with a return of helpless dismay.

The strange flush in Ellen's cheek deepened; she was remarkably near being beautiful.
"I certainly do realize it," she said:

"and as for considering, mammadon't need to; I have always loved Pierre. "Always!" repeated her mother

"He has been away for years and you have hardly corresponded!" "But he has written to Henry every

day," said Ellen serenely.
"Henry!" The emphasis was ele-

quent of many things.

Yes, Henry," repeated Ellen; she looked at her mother. "Why, what on earth did you suppose Henry and I found to talk about all the timeexcept Pierre?"

It was a question Mrs. Hadley did not care to answer. Nor was it for her to suggest to her own daughter that Henry-well, never mind. She called on every ancestor she had and was able to reply in her usual gentle, even tone.

"Sit down, my dear child." Eller did so obediently. "Of course, began her mother, "you must love the man you

marry; but " inquired Ellen firmly.

"You have been brought up to know that love is not all—to realize the seriousness of marriage. Ellen assented with a nod. "There are so many things to think of. My dear!" She broke of with a gesture of such naturalness that it tok Ellen more than volumes. "You cannot! It—is quite out of the question—simply impossible!" "But I am going to!" There was a spark is

Ellen's eye.

"And have crippled children?" The spark blazed out; Ellen stood up. Nov

she was altogether beautiful.

"They won't be! And even if they were -Ellen

"Well, I was only going to say they'd better be crippled that way than some others. Have you ever thought, mother"-she looked keenly # her-"that we are crippled too-that all of @ are crippled some way? Pierre"-how her voice changed with that name!—"gets more out of life than all of us put together!"

"It isn't what you get out of life ---"

"And he puts more into it too," finished Eller indignantly. "There's nothing disgraceful or shameful about his lameness; he's just-lame.

(Continued on Page 89)



# VANILLA BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ONE t' St. Joe," she said.
"Excursion?" asked the
man inside the window.
"What do you mean—excursion?" she wanted to know.

"Round trip?" he asked. "Comin' back tonight?"

"Uh-huh!" she said; and she added after she had shifted her gum to the other side of her jaw: "Surest thing you know!"

He peered at her a bit curiously through the grille. "All right, kiddo," he said

as he handed her the change. "There you are!"

It seemed as though she brightened up a little at kiddo—looked for an instant distinctly pleased. Then, as an afterthought, she turned haughty and adjured him as she left the window, not to get fresh with a lady.

The man inside, without turning his head, addressed his colleague out of the corner of his mouth.

"Did you lamp that?" he wanted to know.

"The Floss with the red hat?" questioned the other. "Sure!"

"Where'd she come from?"
"Kokomo," said the other;
"all dressed up for the big
city."

But the first ticket seller looked dubious.

"Some make-up!" he observed, closing the subject.

Some make-up was right. The girl began at the top with a turban of crimson straw. Under that, puffed out in an obsolescent pompadour, was her own red hair. Divorced from the hat you might have found some less uncompromising adjective for the hair—Titian, or Venetian, or golden anburn; but underneath that hat and above the traces of rouge—which did not altogether match her natural complexion—you called it red, and let it go at that.

Her next theme in the symphony was an orange-andwhite blazer. And her finale—a spirited coda, as a musical critic would say—was furnished by a pair of red suède pumps from which a pair of silk stockings to match disappeared at some distance into a white crash skirt, which represented economy—at least of materials.

The total effect of her as she came out into the smoky sunlight of the upper deck was simply blinding. One color swam into another and reflected itself on something else, and you turned away after a moment's scrutiny a little giddy. You would want a pair of smoked glasses for a close study of details.

She glanced about her brightly—a little adventurously—as she emerged from the deckhouse. Here she was! the look seemed to say. Now things could begin to happen. You might have gathered from the look that if some bulletheaded youth in heavily cuffed trousers, a striped sweater and a diamond pin had hailed her breezily with "Hello, Jane! What'd you say?" she would have been ready with an answer that matched her clothes.

No such roving, roaring blade was visible in the offing, however, and nothing happened—except a few furtive stares from the rigid, prearranged little groups that spotted the deck.

For an excursion steamer to St. Joe, on which rattleheaded young couples ran off to get married, sometimes becoming engaged from a standing start on the way over if one believes all one hears, it looked distinctly tame.

With the first sign of self-consciousness she had shown, a little flush under the rouge, she made her way to a stack of folding chairs, selected one, opened it up and sat down—not at the rail, where, looking over, you could command a view of new arrivals coming across the gangplank, but out in the m'idle of things, where you could survey your fellow travelers.

She looked about cautiously from group to group. They all seemed very self-contained, somehow—family parties with a good deal of impedimenta in the way of boxes full of lunch; paper bags of bananas; occasionally a straw suit-case—fortified apparently for a stay in that particular spot until the voyage was done. There were little girls arrayed in their very best clothes and their starchiest manners;



"Art Has it All Over Nature When You Come Right Down to Cases, Hasn't It?"

little boys chasing each other round the capstan and colliding heavily with laden voyagers who had just arrived. There was a group of half-grown youths, self-consciously making themselves at home, with loud jokes and violent nudges and very ostentatious cigarettes.

They, indeed, were more actively aware of her than were the rest. But, as they showed it by walking in front of her every now and then and engaging in an impromptu roughhouse, laughing rather emptily and pushing each other, apparently with the idea of toppling somebody into her lap, telling each other "Aw, go on!" and then withdrawing in violent confusion when somebody did almost stumble over her—well, it was not the sort of adventure she had paid her money for.

There was still a quarter of an hour before sailing time, however, and perhaps some of those who were catching the boat by a narrower margin might look more promising. She hunched her chair over to the rail, leaned her elbows on it, remembered her gum, and began chewing vigorously. Certainly it was much too soon to give up hope.

I have made it clear that she was an adventuress, have I not? And none of the casual, impulsive sort, either! The excursion, the day, the costume—all had been chosen as the result of a carefully matured plan. She had spent hours buying that hat and almost as long experimenting on her hair to get a "do" that suited her. Every detail, down to the chewing gum, had been thoughtfully attended to.

And she had a name that fitted in perfectly with the rest of the outfit. She had been a little disappointed that they did not ask her for it when she bought her ticket. She had had an idea that they did on steamers. Her name was Miss Vanilla Jerome.

I fancy I hear you protest at that—exclaim that I have crowded credulity too hard; that nobody, not even a chorus girl, ever had such a name.

Well, you are right about it—right, that is, about everything except the fact. There actually was a Miss Vanilla Jerome once, and there was a story about her too; but I am not going to tell it here. It was not the real name of the young lady who sat conscientiously chewing her gum by the rail of the excursion steamer. That young lady, having heard of her incredible original, had appropriated it; it was, in fact, a part of her make-up. And, like all the other items I have listed between her two crimson extremities, it was phony.

The hat was not her real hat or the pompadour her real way of doing her hair; and the rouge, the blazer and the red shoes and stockings were hers only in the fortuitous sense that she had bought them and put them on. They did not belong to her by habit any more than the chewing gum did. As for her real name, it was Eunice Leaventritt, and she was — But I find it embarrassing to tell you what she was, because if I say it right out you will be as badly misled about her as the ticket seller was. Words are treacherous, refractory things to deal with. Sometimes they convey more than you mean them to and sometimes less, and there is seldom a better way to deceive than to state plain facts baldly.

For instance, if you are told that a certain person is a professor's daughter, what do you see?—especially if one adds that she herself is a Master of Arts. Why, you see some one with a bulgy forehead and wispy hair; a thin, forward-thrusting neck, and spectacles—somebody who was born thirty years old.

And yet, even without her make-up and her phony name, and her chewing gum, even in her proper person and her proper sphere of life, Eunice Leaventritt did not look like that at all.

There! I have managed to break it to you gently. She was Eunice Leaventritt, M.A., and she was the daughter of Karl Leaventritt, the great empirical psychologist. Also she was a day less than twenty-one years old, she was quite extravagantly pretty,

and, though it might be hard to believe that she was a Master of some Arts, no one after talking to her ten minutes could doubt that she was the mistress of many.

Still, I am afraid you have gone off on the wrong tack.

"Oh," you say, "we see it all now. She is the one ray of artless sunshine that penetrates into the musty library where her father lives his musty life. We have read stories about girls like that, whose only associations were with old, old men and older knowledge. She prattled childishly in Greek and did not know there was anything queer about it; and the roar of the great world never penetrated at all into the cloistral silences where she helped her old father with his magnum opus. And then one day a stranger—
Oh, yes; we know how that sort of story comes out."

But I protest it is not like that at all. To begin with, her father was not hoary and musty and pathetic—not so you would notice it. He was forty-five years old and did not look it. He was witty, he was gregarious, he had been a widower for twenty years, and he was uncannily wary. When you landed him for a dinner party you patted yourself on the back, and you gave him to the most attractive woman in the company, unless you were stingy and kept him for yourself. And they told of him that, when the president of the university jocularly threatened him once with an eight-o'clock-in-the-morning lecture, he had exclaimed in horror:

"Good gracious! I don't stay up so late as that!"

His daughter was rather more serious in her amusements, to be sure, as befitted her greater immaturity. There was a Tuesday Club, which she went to on first and third Tuesdays, and there was a Thursday Club up on the North Side, which she went to on second and fourth Thursdays. And, of course, there were the concerts every Friday afternoon. Then there were multitudes of dinners, luncheons and teas, and a pretty fair sprinkling of dances, at which latter form of entertainment Eunice Leaventritt, M. A., was distinctly adept. She not only knew all the regular steps but dozens of those queer, fancy, complicated ones you have to get off into a corner to do.

She ought, of course, to have considered herself a very lucky girl, with such an interesting life to lead, such lots of interesting people to know. She had hardly known anybody in her whole life who was not interesting or might not be supposed to be. Her father had brought her up by hand, with the result that at fourteen she regarded the average university undergraduate as somebody too callow and immature for her to feel at home with.

By the time she was twenty the people she played about with were, the youngest of them, half again as old. They knew how to play fast enough—ever so much better really than the kids who were her actual coevals. They could talk and dance and flirt; they could play tennis; they could be properly amusing at dinner and properly appreciative at the opera; and when they wanted to marry her, as two or three times a season some one of them did, she was always, in her own mind, a little at a loss to account for her refusal.

She got a clew one night, pretty late, as she was coming home on the elevated from a party. It had been a very gay little party, at which everybody had set out to be as foolish and irresponsible as possible; and the result had been very pleasant, indeed, because there was no denying they had done it well. And they had enjoyed doing it so much that they had stayed until nearly one o'clock.

Now, as I say, she was going home on the elevated, and the man who was taking her home was going to be, she suspected, the next person to ask her to marry him.

He was an accomplished Doctor of Philosophy—young, from an academic point of view—five whole years younger than her own father, who was regarded as the enfant terrible of the faculty; one of the strong men, too, in the department of biology—which was saying something when you considered who the others were. And in the larking and clowning at the party he had perfectly well held his own.

Now that the party was over, however, and they were safely seated on the elevated, his mind relaxed into its more natural attitude, and he began telling her of a new system of blood diagnosis that had just been discovered in Germany. Rather complicated for an ordinary young lady of twenty-one—all about enzymes and albuminous colloids; but perfectly intelligible—oh, yes, and interesting, too, to Eunice.

However, they could not talk very well, because the car was invaded right in the midst of things by a group of young rowdies—male and female—going home from one of the big public dance-halls. There were half a dozen couples of them, and as they could not all sit together they shouted their heavy pleasantries back and forth at each other up and down the car. Those that felt spoony spooned despite the fact that this inclination made them the target for those who felt merely mischievous or jocular. One of the favorite jokes was to knock somebody's hat down over his eyes, or to let something cold, like a keyring at the end of a chain, down a girl's back.

Eunice let her interest in blood diagnosis wander as she watched them, and her Doctor of Philosophy soon became aware of the fact.

"Art has it all over Nature when you come right down to cases, hasn't it?" he observed. "That's the sort of thing essentially that we've been doing all the evening, and see how much better we did it! It's Nature with them. We've made an art of it."

The girl looked round at him with a little frown of surprise.

"It's odd you should have said just that just then," she told him; but she refused to explain—wanted to think something out, she said.

As a matter of fact that remark of his had given her the clew. She had been watching the antics of the invaders and wondering why she liked it. Preposterously, she did. Telling herself it was cheap and vulgar and primitive did not do any good. It was that, of course; but there was something

about it she had consciously missed in the well-bred fooling at their own party.

Now, thanks to her Doctor of Philosophy, she knew whatit was. All the evening they had played being young; but here were some people who were young and never bothered their heads about it.

Well, and she was young too! That was her discovery. She had forgotten that. She would not be twenty-one until the nineteenth of next June. And why, for once, couldn't she

That is where it began.

Some day—some one day—she did not think she should care about it for longer than that she was going to cut loose; was going to run out and play with people who could not have told why they liked it and did not care to try—people who did not greet a juvenile impulse with the joy of discoverers and slice it up thin, and mount it on a slide for microscopic examination. Back to Nature! That was the idea. Just for once!

The spring was just flushing up through the trees and the thickets in the park. Perhaps that had something to do with it.

The project unfortunately needed some thinking over. It could not be put into execution all in a minute, as such projects should be. To go out and play involved finding somebody to play with.

There were plenty of light-hearted young animals, of course, among the undergraduates in the university, but they would not play with her. They knew who she was and they would fight shy. No, she would have to get clean outside her own world—and that was not so easy to do, especially for

a girl. And it must be done circumspectly too, because her father must never, never know about it. One more condition—it must be done before the nineteenth of June, because on that day she would be twenty-one years old and the law would no longer back her up in the assertion that she was still a child.

And then, one day, as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge in a friend's automobile, on her way to a meeting of the Thursday Club, where a particularly dull young woman was going to read a frantically stupid paper on Pre-Raphaelite Principles of Art—as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge, I say—she heard the wild screams of a steam calliope and saw a big white excursion steamer getting ready to start on one of the earliest of the summer's voyages.

The fires of spring went racing through her veins. If she had been alone in the car she would have stopped it then and there, and bought her ticket and gone to St. Joe just as she was.

The girl who owned the car, however, was busily telling her all about the paper she was going to read next time. The Inner Sense of Nonsense was the title of it and it was going to be full of quotations from Alice in Wonderland, and to show what profound criticisms of life they really were. And, though Eunice might turn and twist her neck to see the last there was to be seen of the excursion steamer, she had to stay and listen.

She was in a state of active rebellion by the time that day's paper began. The young lady in the taupe-colored frock, with black satin roses on it, was perfectly accurate about the Pre-Raphaelites—as accurate as an encyclopedia; and for a while Eunice could think of nothing better than to mutter Mr. Gilbert to herself:

I am not fond of dirty greens by any means.

I am not fond of utlering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes.

When this amusement palled she took to dressing up the young lady in the taupe-colored frock. A red hat, an orange-and-white blazer — The costume swam up complete before her mind's eye. And then, with a rapturous

little wriggle, she realized

that it was hers. Now on the morning of the eighteenth of June, as she sat out in the bright sunshine and looked about the deck, she realized that under the influence of Mr. D. G. Rossetti she had gone rather too far. She was dressed the way St. Joe excursionists ought to dress, to be sure, if they were going to express in their clothes the feelings they ought to have on such an occasion, but either it seemed their feelings were wrong or else they had never cultivated outward expression.

Surely there must be somebody-one would do perfectly well if it came to that—somebody who was out for a day's play and had nobody to play with, who had adventured forth that morning with a roving eye and an ear alert for the rustle of the wings of Chance-somebody who did not carry the impedimenta of a loaded lunch basket and five or six female relatives with him on his holiday. But the minutes were getting few, and she leaned over the rail and watched the gangplank.



The Total Effect of Her Was Simply Blinding

Well, the captain went up on the bridge and out to the end of it, where he looked down over the side; and then be pulled a bell handle that looked like a bicycle pump and made a remark that caused a couple of roustabouts on the wharf to grab hold of the gangplank railing.

At that extreme instant they hesitated, however, and Vanilla Jerome, hanging breathless over the rail, looked up and saw why. Some one was coming—not at all in a hurry, though the seconds were getting few—his hands in his trousers pockets; his shaggy green hat pulled forward over his eyes so that all she could see from up on deck was the round, good-natured lower end of his face. His suit of clothes was of a sort of pastel blue—dark enough, but curiously bright. She could not be sure there was not in invisible stripe of green in it.

His tie, anyway, was green enough for St. Patrick's Day, and she thought—though she could not be sure—she caught a glimpse of a green sock. Of course it was his lemon-colored shoes that really made you jump, but the effect of the rest was bright and—well—vernal enough to satisfy even Vanilla.

Oh, if he would only hurry! They were tugging at the plank already! What if he missed it after all? But he did not. She saw him safely aboard, then settled back contentedly to await his appearance on deck.

He did not appear, however; and after making a false start or two she got up and went to look for him. It was a little disconcerting; the thing would have worked out so nicely—if he had only come up! He would certainly have seen her sitting there—and certainly she looked more inviting than any one else on the deck; and probably he would have come across and begged her pardon for something, and she would have asked him what time the boat got to St. Joe, and things would have started on a proper basis at once. Now that she had to hunt him out it was harder to tell what would happen.

She made a tour of the saloon. There seemed to be nobody there but infants being fed out of bottles or otherwise, and fat men in their shirtsleeves, asleep; but when she had completed the circuit and paused at the head of the main companionway the sounds coming up from below gave promise that something was happening at last.

Two separate and distinct raffles had been started simultaneously by two vociferous young men—one of whom was selling tickets that gave you a practical certainty of getting a sixty-cent box of candy for ten cents, while the other urged you to invest a quarter with the bright hope of getting a two-dollar teddy bear—scrawny, malformed beasts made up in colors appropriate to the way one should feel if the voyage happened to be rough.

A third young man, equally energetic, was playing—let us hope, at least, that it was play, not malice—the piano. The odor that came up the companionway was not quite so inviting as the sounds—a mixture of coffee, scent and bananas, on a foundation of plain crowd.

Still, you could not afford to be squeamish about a little point like that. Eunice Leaventritt might, but Miss Vanilla Jerome could not. And it was the latter young lady who started down the stairs, with a dauntless tread, to meet her adventure, and with a bright eye for the young man in the green hat.

However, it was her ear rather than her eye that led her to him. Halfway down the stairs she heard a woman's voice say in a high-pitched drawl: "O-o-oh, gir-ruls!"



"Excuse Me, But Isn't This Yours?"

It was an affected drawl, and venom simply dripped from every one of the extra vowels that went into it.

Vanilla turned round to see where it came from. Over there, by the teddy-bear wheel, stood her young manglorious, infinitely desirable in his green hat, his blue suit and his yellow shoes. And beside him stood a young woman-not really young, of course-a faded, retouched, false-demure Vampire, one of those who provoke other women to wonder-I do not know how sincerely-whatever in the world it is that men see in such creatures and who will make almost any pair of men exchange glances.

There she stood beside the desirable young man in the green hat, watching Vanilla come down the stairs; and the look in her face exactly matched the hardened derision of the voice that had said "O-o-oh, gir-ruls!" There were no girls about for the remark to be addressed to; it was simply a bucket to hold about two gallons of cold contempt that were poured over Miss Vanilla Jerome.

Her own dress affected the warmer end of the spectrumwhat Vanilla could see of it being a cerise satin blouse, with a lot of machine lace on it and a number of gilt buttons not

quite so large as doorknobs.

Vanilla's soul-and you will do well to think of it as Vanilla's rather than as Eunice's-glowed incandescent with the fires of a very primitive emotion indeed. If she had done exactly what the impulse of that moment prompted she would have marched straight over to that

case-hardened Vampire and slapped her-pulled out some of her hairbeaten her up with one of her own brass doorknobs; but this sudden fiame of wrath contracted and hardened into an adamantine resolution. That nice, verdant young man should be snatched from the gorgon's brazen dutches and the gorgon might tear ber own hair in humiliation.

She met the gorgon's gaze full. It was enough to stop a clock, but it had no effect on Vanilla. She knew the nice boy was looking at her, but she did not look back at him.

She would wait a little. There was lots of time.

The man at the piano had begun playing Too Much Mustard and expectantly the crowd cleared a space in the middle of the floor. Then, for a while, everybody waited for somebody else to begin to dance. By and by two young girls in white blouses and black skirts ventured out—blushing but resolute—and began dancing a demure little twostep to the tune.

Presently out of the corner of her eye Vanilla saw that the nice young man was asking the Vampire to dance with him.

Vanilla watched the preliminaries eagerly; when they were over she gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

The Vampire had no more sense of rhythm than a sheep. Evidently she had put in more or less time in learning to dance, but all dancing meant to her was going woodenly through a prearranged repertory of steps. Vanilla observed with delight that that was not the nice young man's notion of dancing at all. The Vampire bumped and stumbled as he lugged her about.

And Vanilla, fascinated, edged nearer and nearer, never missing a detail and yet never taking a direct look-at least, not at the boy. She knew he looked at her once or twice as he went dancing by, but her gaze was always fixed somewhere else.

Is it, after all, the feathers that make the bird? Eunice Leaventritt had never looked sidelong at any one in her life. The stolen glance and the false preoccupation with something entirely different from what she interested in were part of a technic

about which she knew nothing. And yet here was Vanilla,

one day old, doing the whole thing as a matter of instinct! Pretty soon the Vampire wanted to stop dancing. Probably she realized that it was not her best method of capti-

vating her prospective prey.

As it happened-perhaps there was a little management in it—the place where the couple stopped was just next to where Vanilla was standing, and this did not seem to please the Vampire. She looked Vanilla up and down as though following out the instructions of a moving-picture director to register contempt; then, with a magnificent sweep of her cerise shoulder, turned her back and began an unnaturally vivacious conversation with her partner. It was not the best of tactics, because it brought the boy round where he could quite plainly see Vanilla over the Vampire's shoulder.

As for Vanilla, she concentrated the gaze of a very demure face on one of the decorative doorknobs on the cerise blouse, and when she was sure she felt his eyes on her she raised her own and met them-for only about a quarter of a second; but in that brief period of time she allowed just a flicker of a smile to show at one corner of her mouth, and equally slightly she moved her very expressive eyebrows, indicating by these simple means a good-humored derision of the Vampire and a sympathetic commiseration for her partner.
"Isn't she funny?" the look seemed to say, and "Isn't

it a pity she's got hold of you?"

Rather a large order for one brief glance, are you thinking? I assure you it was nothing for Vanilla. Then she bit down her smile, flattened her eyebrows, and walked straight across the clear space toward the water cooler.

"Excuse me," she heard him say as he came up behind her, "but isn't this yours?"

She turned round. He was holding out a handkerchief. "Gee! I guess it is," she said, searching herself to make "Has it got a wad of gum in it? I'd chewed all the taste out of it and I didn't have any place to put it."

"Feels like gum, all right," he said experimentally.
"Say, do you want a drink?"

Vanilla allowed herself a glance in the direction of the

"I'm kind of scared," she said.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!" said the young man. "Come on and dance.

"Of course," said Vanilla, "we ain't been introduced."
"My name," he said, "is Mike McKeough."

"And mine," she said, trying not to do it proudly, "mine is Miss Vanilla Jerome."

He did gasp at that—she saw him—but he managed to recover his self-possession almost instantly.

"P-pleased to mee'cha," he stammered; then he held out his arms to her and they began to dance.

In a minute everybody on that deck knew that something worth seeing was going on. The two little girls abandoned their twostep and withdrew in awe to the sidelines; the two young men who were running the raffles forgot to sell their tickets. The crowd pressed closer in a tight ring, while Mike and Vanilla danced-just the regular old stuff at first-the lame-duck turn, the lost-a-quarter, the spin, the rocking-horse, the double twinkle, and a nifty little dip on the reverse as he straightened her out after a

"Gee, but you're some dancer, kiddo!" he observed.
"Same to you, and then some!" she replied graciously.

And, to prove that they were right about each other, they went on and pulled some stuff that was really fancy.

When they brought up breathless there was a burst of applause.

"Gee, kid," said Mike McKeough, "you certainly are the class-reg'lar little old cabaret canary!"

Secure now in her triumph, Vanilla led her captive straight past the Vampire on her way to the water cooler.

"Did you know," she said to her partner, with a fleeting glance at the big buttons on the cerise blouse, "did you know they was wearin' brass doorknobs now? Sure! Sewed on in rows. What are you laughin' at?"

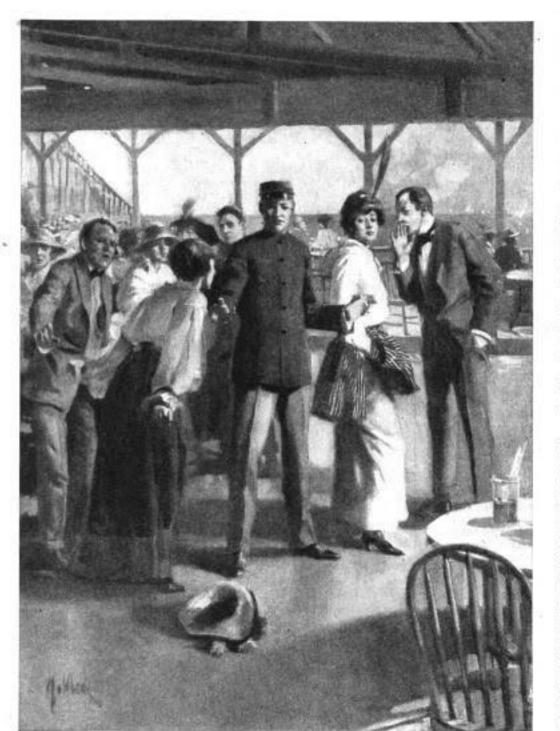
Well, it was a wonderful day! Up to a quarter past five in the afternoon so exactly the sort of day Eunice Leaventritt had dreamed about and planned for the last one of her childhood that, if her speculative faculties had not been partially anesthetized, the very completeness and perfectness of it-up, as I say, to a quarter past five in the afternoon-would have awakened misgivings. She would have caught a glimpse of the pursuing Nemesis, intent on compensating the balance of things again, at least as early as five-ten. As it was, the fatal moment I refer to took little Vanilla Jerome completely and disastrously by surprise.

She had found Mike McKeough satisfactory beyond any of Eunice's dreams; and he, it seemed, had reciprocated this feeling utterly. It was pleasant to Eunice, in the background, that he discovered nothing phony about her-took her confidently and entirely for granted. Evidently an extensive course of stories about chorus girls in the current magazines made a better preparation for this sort of masquerade than she had feared it would.

They danced themselves breathless, consumed soft drinks at the luncheon bar-Eunice herself would have preferred beer, but was afraid of its seeming a little out of character for Vanilla; they wandered about the decks, found a couple of chairs quite up in the bow, and watched the sanddunes and cliffs of Michigan come up over the horizon. It was at that time that Vanilla told him the story of her life—a story to which he listened with absorbed attention.

If Mike McKeough had been a practiced sociologist this story would have given him grounds for suspicion. Just as a skillful diagnostician lifts his eyebrows a little over a tale of symptoms too perfectly normal and characteristic of a given disease and whispers "Hysteria" under his breath, so Mike would have discerned in Vanilla's story something so typical, so redolent of the reports of Commissions of Inquiry into the Status of the Working Girl, as to waken doubts; but Mike was not a calloused sociologist, and he swallowed all she told him and sympathetically enticed her to tell him more.

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"Help yourself," said Vanilla. "I should think you'd need it. I'm not thirsty. I ain't been dancing!'

Their eyes met again over that-his, questioning; hers, at first quite innocently demure. Pretty soon a smile began coming up through it and kept on coming until it had expanded into a grin. Apparently he was trying to avoid understanding the commentary the grin carried on his former partner—he was a nice boy, sure enough—but this was beyond his powers and rather guiltily he grinned back.

"You do dance, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Vanilla.

"Come on, then!" said the young man.

# STAGING THE STYLES





Presentation of Greek Fashions. Spring of 1914

Presentation of Directoire Fashions. Spring of 1914

BUT the pantalets don't show!" grieved the buyer of gowns and wraps to the store decorator, as together they inspected a short girl trying out an 1830 model of blue taffeta, the flaring bell skirt of which disclosed a glimpse of clapperlike white ankles. "Let's get a taller model; we can't miss the loud pedal on those pantalets!"

model; we can't miss the loud pedal on those pantalets!"

"All right," replied the store decorator. "How about Benita? Nobody but an aviator ever saw the top of her head." Beckoning then to a beautiful Olympian in the row of waiting mannequins who sat just beyond the open door he cried jocosely: "Hey, there, Benita! We want you to see what you can do at showing off the great-great-aunty stuff. To your dressing room and into it!"

It was three days before the great spring fashion play of a certain New York department store; and here in a room on the eighth floor, to which a very definite professional thrill was communicated by twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of imported models hanging there in a row, by a Directoire bonnet perched on a peg, by a tableful of nosegays, walking sticks and other properties, the store decorator, the woman advertisement writer and the buyer of women's wear were engaged in the difficult task of casting the parts. Beyond this area, seated before a row of improvised dressing rooms, were about sixty mannequins, who had been selected from two hundred original applicants for the job of showing off the new spring gowns just brought from Paris.

They were mostly pretty, these models, each with a coaxing little curl appliquéd to her rosy cheek, and a further challenge of eyes or lips or figure. Prettiness is not, however, the final test of the actresses in the department-store fashion play, and you might borrow in vain all the graces of the Cyprian goddess. In order to be an accepted candidate for the fashion opening your style must be adapted to some certain gowns. Above all, however, you must know how to show off a model; how to walk, and—when all is said and done—how to act.

#### Trying Out the Mannequins

PRICKLY, indeed, was the path of the sixty would-be mannequins who presented themselves behind the scenes that day; and before the final thirty had been selected the feelings of the other thirty had been lacerated and then treated with vinegar and a Turkish towel.

"Figure like a birdcage!" whispered loudly the store

"Figure like a birdcage!" whispered loudly the store decorator as, immediately after the tall girl had gone to try her fortune with the 1830 pantalets, there emerged from one of the dressing rooms a many-faceted mannequin in a Poiret evening gown. "Face's pretty enough, but for pity's sake warm her up in a basque and a high collar. Why not have her try out that Premet coat model?"

Not a whit discomfited, the girl with the bony neck disappeared for a more discreet revelation and was immediately succeeded by an even less prosperous applicant.

"Well, this is amateur night for certain!" cried the harried buyer of women's wear as he glanced at this new candidate in her Callot gown of ruffled taffeta. "Looks like something the cat brought in. I just wish you had seen the girl who wore that in Paris—a perfect peacherino! She could walk. This girl slumps along like a country doctor's buggy. Won't do! Can her, I say!"

# By Corinne Lowe

This painstaking selection of models is only one of the many details that go to make the success of the semi-annual fashion opening of the great department store. These details are carried out in the establishment where this scene was laid at an expense quoted by the advertising department as not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. They resulted in a spectacle that during its two weeks' run was witnessed by eighty thousand people, and which has set a hot pace for future pageantry of merchandise.

Of all the spectacular features of the modern department store, which have made us liken it to crafty old Lorenzo de' Medici handing out festas and pageants to please his fickle Florentines, the semi-annual fashion show is certainly the most assertive. In the last ten years we have seen these

In Order to be an Accepted Candidate Your Style
Must be Adapted to Jome Certain Gowns

events emerge from a purely local interest into the position of a drama. As against our former content with the exhibition of Paris styles on living models, we now spice up the occasion with music, appropriate settings and incidental features. Above all, we string the beads of fashion on the period or country from which we conceive them to be derived, and virtually dramatize Athenian, Directors, Louis-Quinze and Oriental influence.

In such romantic merchandising America has no per. That, indeed, there is no such elaborate christening of style in the land from which one might justly expect it is brought out by conversations with all those who have attended the formal openings of the great Parisian dressmakers.

"Such a disappointment as they were!" said one buyer of women's clothes back from his first visit to the Parisian ateliers. "No palms; no twittering dickey birds; no bands; no stage setting! Everything as quiet as a Sunday in Eduburgh. Actually the only decorations I saw were some old faded artificial flowers, which M. W —— had stuck up on his mantel. Take it from me, the French may understand how to make a style, but we Americans are hep to the gentle art of breaking it."

#### A Persian Garden in a Shop

THE passion for a feature, for some sensational per or which to hang the fabric of news so closely identified with our national life, is doubtless responsible for much of the dramatic flavor of the department-store openings. In order to have a fine, bouncing fashion show we must first locate our style in classic Athens or in Directoire Paris or in Persian Bagdad. Almost as soon, therefore, as the American buyer gets his first peep at the latest modes he is on the wire with some such message home as: "Grecian influence felt!" or: "The play So-and-So dominates spring styles." And immediately thereupon the management decides on the character of its show.

Last autumn things were very simple for the buyer. All styles sat meekly under the shadow of M. Poiret's minare tunic, and the American fashion seeker had no more chare for speculation than the man who takes in tickets at a Subway station.

Logically enough, therefore, the producers of the department-store plays were responsible for as many Oriental plays as have recently appeared on Broadway.

In spite, however, of the fact that all the style drams of last fall were devoted to this theme, we shall probably never again see anything more effective than the American staring of M. Poiret's Oriental fashions. One great New York store in particular gave a presentation that may well be considered a supreme example in merchandise dynamics. The stage of its big auditorium was set as a Persian garden: and against the darkness of the mosque's key-like door there glided, one after another, figures wakened from the Arabian Nights. Headdresses fit for Shahs, trembling with brilliants; wide tunics flaring gorgeously above sinusus silken skirts; the play of Eastern light and color against the background of Eastern gloom. Here was a speciacle that took away all the belittling aspects of dress and swell you with the sense that costuming is one of the world's great arts.

Contrary to the usual habit of regarding music as a mere garnish, this part of the program entered very intimately into the interpretation of the mode. Instead of the casual one-step and the sentimental waltz, the music here was Lehmann's In a Persian Garden, sung by four voices and accompanied by the gigantic organ of the auditorium.

Ah, that Love should perish with the rose— That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

As these words rang out above the deep thrilling chords of the organ, the dark-eyed Eastern girl threw out her arms and stood there like some beautiful butterfly halted for a moment by a strange sense of its ephemeral life. It was all so poignant that the beholder got a little trembly feeling down in her knees.

She forgot, indeed, that this was a presentation of that frivolous thing, the mode; and for a little while, with the key of mere modern fashion, she unlocked the door of great human truths.

Remember, if you please, that M. Poiret himself gave no such presentation of his Persian styles. On the contrary these garments were displayed in his own Persian atelier in a comparatively haphazard way. For this inartistic land it remained to give these Eastern gowns a setting worthy of their conception, to kindle style into romance, and to invest clothes with a real human interest.

Far different from the clearly defined modes of last fall is the distributed interest of this present spring's creations. To the Roland of 1830 hoops and flaring skirts, we have the Oliver of Directoire lines; and against the panniers and hats of Louis Quinze are played the classical draperies of Pericles' Athens. Which one of these modes formed the deep underlying influence? Which period should we stage? It was in an attempt to answer these questions that gloom touched the brow of the buyer with as many wrinkles as are found in an up-to-date evening skirt. And it was due to his individual solution of the problem that in one week during this spring the women of New York witnessed at three different department stores a Greek and a Directoire and an 1830 fashion play.

#### Getting Up a Directoire Show

THE buyer of the department store, behind whose scenes we have already peeped, decided that the prevailing influence of this spring was Directoire. As soon as he had finished his round of the Parisian openings he cabled back to his organization: "Operetta Les Merveilleuses influenced the modes. Sound Directoire note."

Ten days after this the advertising department was in receipt of a lengthy description of the Directoire gowns and suits the buyer had bought, together with various French magazines showing scenes from the stage success, Les Merveilleuses.



There is Some Trick of Manner, Gesture, Even Facial Expression, Necessary to "Putting Over" a Gown

"Fine!" cried the advertising manager as he looked over one of these imported magazines. "We'll give a Directoire shew. And, say, why not just take for our setting the third act of this Mervie House show?"

The person of whom he asked this was the decorator, in these days a very important member of the departmentstore organization.

"H'm!" murmured this gentleman, scanning the photograph with a practical eye. "Garden of the Palais Royal! Sure! We can put that up, all right."

But what if some other store should decide on a Directoire setting?

Apprehensive of any diminished novelty of their particular show, the manager and his assistant prepared an advance notice of their play; and on March second, just two weeks before the date assigned for the opening, there appeared a big newspaper announcement of the coming Directoire play.

The publicity campaign of the fashion show costs the department store, according to one advertising manager, at least five thousand dollars. This expense, including extra newspaper space, drawings, programs and photographs, commences very properly at the big colored poster which announces the opening. Like his rival, the professional producer, the advertising manager lays great stress on this



The Fashion-Play Actress Who Showed Off

item and allows that a lady with three lisping fingers and a drench of mauve-colored draperies will get the attention of the most detached patron of subway and elevator.

At present it is the custom of several of the big stores to have these posters done in Paris. Immediately, therefore, on the decision to give a Directoire fashion show, the head of the Paris office of the organization ordered from a wellknown artist the figure of a girl of this period. This pokebonneted and dashing young lady was drawn at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars and appeared in America on the next six-day steamer. Here the charming immigrant was at once placed in the hands of the lithographer, who made several hundred copies of her at a charge of over two hundred dollars. This sum, expanded by the necessity for renting space, brought the cost of the poster alone to five hundred dollars.

In the production of the fashion show the Paris office works hand in hand with the home organization, and on it devolves the arrangement of many of the spectacular details. Just as soon, for instance, as the department store decided on giving a setting from the operetta Les Merveilleuses, the foreign office ordered from one of the most famous milliners in Paris six Directoire bonnets that were exact duplicates of the high-feathered pokes worn in the operetta. These accessories alone cost the store two hundred and fifty dollars.

The main object of every American fashion show is to give the original source of a mode side by side with the



The Buyer of the Department Store Decided That the Prevailing Influence Was Directoire

modern adaptation; to correlate modern with ancient by means of costumes absolutely authentic in detail. In order to do this for the Directoire play the Paris office ordered from a famous French artist and designer six costumes of the period of 1789. These historic garments were equally divided between the slashed, narrow skirts and lace headdresses of les merveilleuses and the striped coats and high-rolling collars of their masculine complements.

#### The Palais Royal Reproduced

MEANTIME the home organization was engaged on as stiff a course of research work as is generally undertaken by a professional producer. In order to write its advertisements, instruct its artists, and produce a truly atmospheric clothes play, the advertising department had to be familiar with the fact that les merveilleuses were the women of the Directoire period whose scanty attire shocked all Europe, and that les incroyables were the men of the same age whose dandified coats and lisping speech, with its inevitable ma pa'ole d'honneur, c'est inc'oyable, have given them a very definite niche in history. On the trail of these butterflies of a former age the woman advertisement writer burrowed deep into books on historical costumes, into old prints, and even into volumes on Directoire furniture.

As a result of the reflection of this knowledge in advertisements, programs, and the play itself, the American fashion opening has an undoubted educational value. By the end of the two weeks' fashion play this spring, for instance, men and women who had never heard of les incroyables and les merveilleuses were organizing in groups for the successful pronunciation of these names.

About four or five days before the date of the opening the store decorator began work on the setting. Guided by the photograph of the third act of Les Merveilleuses, he took his carpenters in hand, and in a few days there sprang from the vast spaces of the eighth floor a platform nearly a city block in length. Arched with green and pressed on each side by real boxwood hedges, carpeted with a design that imitated a pavement, interpolated by several fountains bidden there by electricity, and showing at its far end a scenic painting of the grim old French palace, this setting was surrounded by two thousand chairs and roped off from the rest of the floor.

Nor did the carpenters' work rest at this juncture. In order to put on a fashion play there must, of course, be dressing rooms; and thirty of these temporary retreats, each curtained off with white muslin and fitted up with cosmetics and mirrors, were set up immediately in the rear of the garden of the Palais Royal. When, indeed, one considers this item, together with the additional expense incurred by decorating the whole floor with potted plants, it is easy to believe the management's assertion that its scenic display costs close in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars.

(Continued on Page 69)

# A STUDY IN CREDITORS

## Strange Contradictions Shown by Bankruptcy Courts

SEEN through the trained eyes of the professional receiver in bankruptcy, the typical creditor is as perverse, whimsical and coy a creature as the most capricious and inconstant village belle who ever played

the game of hearts. As an exponent of reliable inconsistency the average creditor is ranked as a jewel by those officers of the court who are charged with the responsibility of standing between the creditors and the bankrupt for protection of the interests of both.

This opinion may appear a bit pessimistic to the uninitiated layman who has never made a first-hand study of the curiosities of bankruptcy proceedings; but the men who are making a lifework of handling the grist that is ground in the bankruptcy mill stoutly insist that the ways of creditors are more unstable than Illinois weather, and that the mind of womankind is a fixed and unalterable thing by comparison.

These specialists, however, freely admit that there is often a large element of method in the seeming madness of the average commercial creditor. Frequently the creditor who appears as coy and self-depreciating as the accomplished flirt is the one who will bear the most watching.

To the inexperienced outsider it would seem inevitable that, when once a debtor has

been thrown into the bankruptcy mill, the desire of all creditors would be to get as much out of the assets of the scrapped enterprise as possible.

There are two devices in bankruptcy practice, however, that often provoke strange contradictions to this apparently plain and simple principle. The composition and the waiver are elements in bankruptcy that cover a multitude of subtleties. The very atmosphere of the bankruptcy composition seems to be prolific of contradictions. It often appears to turn creditors who would naturally be contending for their full share of the assets into benign philanthropists bent on leaving as much of the wreckage as possible in the hands of the unfortunate bankrupt. And the way of the waiver is even more mysterious to the uninitiated.

First, the composition. In bankruptcy a composition is an agreement on the part of creditors to accept a certain percentage of their claims as a full settlement. When a composition is effected and ratified by the court, and the bankrupt makes a settlement in accordance with its terms, he is discharged and is free to begin business life again with a clean slate.

#### An Unusual Case

WHERE the terms of the composition represent all that could be reasonably expected as a net return for the aggregate assets, or even approximately this, the composition serves its legitimate purpose; but when creditors are eager to settle for a fraction of what a responsible bidder, backed by an adequate bond, binds himself to realize from the assets, one of the curious contradictions of common bankruptcy experience is ushered into court.

Some two years ago a retail merchandizing concern in Chicago was thrown into involuntary bankruptcy through a petition. The young men behind this enterprise were hustlers; but they had more push than capital and they were abler salesmen than financiers. As a consequence their trade expanded far faster than their resources. They were believers in big volume and small profit.

In their eagerness to keep the stock turning over nimbly, like a trick dog, they overlooked the most important part of the performance in providing that each turn should yield them a real net profit—no matter how small—instead of a guesswork profit that failed to take into account every element of cost.

The receiver who was appointed to take charge of their affairs was an expert in his line—ambitious, experienced

# By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



The Composition and the Waiver are Elements in Bankruptcy That Cover a Multitude of Jubileties

and jealous of his reputation for making the assets that came into his care yield to the creditors every possible dollar. He knew the tricks of the trade, and was alert and watchful to see that neither creditors nor bankrupt secured

The list of liabilities showed that the burden of indebtedness was centered in a few large manufacturing and jobbing concerns, and the remainder rather widely scattered among comparatively small claimants. It was also apparent to this keen-eyed receiver that the business was in far better shape—as to convertible assets—than most of the business wrecks that were thrown into his hands.

Here was a chance to make a record that would, he thought, come so near to one hundred per cent that he was inspired to give it unstinted energy and attention. If he could make the wrecked business pay out dollar for dollar that would certainly make a hit with the court which had

In one of the early hearings, however, this ambition was given a decided setback in the shape of a petition for a composition, the acceptance of which was practically unanimous on the part of the creditors. And the figure at which the creditors were willing to settle made the receiver gasp—twenty-five per cent! The chief creditor solemnly declared that he did not believe more than this could be realized from the assets after deducting all expenses, and that he and the other creditors represented in the petition would be well satisfied to get that percentage.

Then the receiver presented to the court a terse review of the assets, and concluded with the intimation that the proceedings had very much the look of an attempt to treat the assets as a booby prize by letting them go to the lowest instead of the highest bidder.

Apparently the court took somewhat the same view of the case, for the receiver was ordered to continue the business as a going concern—at least temporarily. Some four months later the creditors again appeared in court and once more urged their assent to a composition—this time at fifty per cent.

Under pressure the spokesman for the creditors was forced to admit that the first estimate of what the assets would yield was perhaps a little too low.

At this stage of the proceedings an important figure in bankruptcy matters made his appearance. This was the bankruptcy auctioneer—in some Federal districts, but not in this, an official appointed by the court. This specialist in scrapped enterprises often makes the ordinary speculator appear like a piker. He bears the same relation to the merchant that the Wall Street plunger bears to the timid buyer of baby bonds. He bids on the entire assets of the bankrupt concern. This bid is in the form of a guaranty to realize a certain minimum amount. It is a

stiff gambling game, played under hard handicaps.

If the subsequent auction sale does not realize the amount of his guaranty he must make up the deficit; if it brings more than ten per cent above his guaranty he must forfeit the surplus margin. In other words he is permitted to lose without limit, but his profits are not allowed to exceed ten per cent of his sales. And his guaranty must be covered by a bond as good as gold. The big bankruptcy auctioneer is looked on by the conscientious receiver as his one best bet and as the reliable specific for the bankruptcy disease known as the soft composition.

When the auctioneer entered the courtroom where the spokesman for the creditors' committee was making a second attempt to secure the acceptance of a soft composition, the bidding suddenly became lively. To the evident astonishment of the court the auctioneer led the way from one figure to another until the composition offer closed at eighty-five per cent and was topped by a raise that guaranteed ninety per cent. The sum

involved was close to one hundred thousand dollars. After all the assets had passed under the hammer the plucky receiver was able to disburse a dividend that paid the creditors a trifle more than ninety per cent.

#### The Motives of the Creditors

WHY had these creditors been so eager to sacrifice their proceeds from this failure? Why had they fought so hard to secure permission from the court to receive twentyfive per cent in full settlement of their claims instead of ninety per cent? Here was the situation as the receiver saw it after careful investigation:

There were three creditors whose claims were much larger than those of any other house or individual. One of these, a big manufacturing and jobbing concern, had found the bankrupt house a peculiarly desirable customer. The insolvent retail concern had happened to build up a growing trade for certain lines of goods that this manufacturing concern was in position to furnish to peculiar advantage—it might almost be said to the exclusion of competition. Not only this, but these goods were not especially easy to market in large volume. Again, these articles yielded 1 high percentage of profit to the manufacturer.

The shrewd credit man who represented this manufacturing concern in the negotiations of the bankrupt for a composition settlement saw his opportunity neatly to serve the future interests of his house by letting the bankrupt down easy. He knew that, if he played the leading rôle in securing the acceptance of a soft composition for the bankrupt, his good offices could carefully be explained later with an effective diagram, if necessary, and that this would cement the trade of the bankrupt establishment to his own house for all time to come—for it was inevitable that new life would be taken on by the insolvent retail concern as soon as it received a discharge in bankruptcy.

As the receiver put it: "For all practical purposes here is an organization of hustlers that has been working without profit on the job of selling a big volume of stuff for this

manufacturing concern at a fancy margin.

"Very likely, if the entire claim of the manufacturing house against this bankrupt estate had been charged off, it would still have had a profit on the total business already done in the course of their relationship. Anyhow the net cost to the manufacturing company of building up this big and dependable outlet for the large volume of goods on which they made a wide margin of profit was little or nothing. Probably it had paid them handsomely."

No wonder the keen credit man saw the advantage of letting that bankrupt concern down easy and getting the credit for engineering so soft a settlement. He needed that output in his business for years to come; and it would be easy for him to dominate the organization of the down-and-out concern so that an able man of his own choosing would be in charge of its finances and steer it safely. Again, no man passes through bankruptcy without learning some mighty valuable lessons that are bound to stick with him for the rest of his business life.

Of course it does not render him immune from financial disaster; but if he is thoroughly honest it is sure to make him more careful and conservative and to give him a knowledge and a wholesome dread of certain traps and pitfalls into which he is not likely again to tumble. Bankruptcy is something like mumps or measles—a light case early in life is not such a bad thing to have; there are hundreds of men in business today who would be far abler and sounder administrators of their affairs if they could have had a reasonably light touch of bankruptcy at the beginning of their careers.

The point in this experience that should not be lost sight of for a moment, however, is the fact that this particular creditor who played such a generous, not to say philanthropic, rôle was practically using the hands of the other creditors as a means of pulling his own chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps he did not think of it in this way—give him the benefit of the doubt and say that he did not—but the receiver had to look at it in that light, for it was up to him to protect the interests of all creditors alike. That is his job—or, at least, part of it.

#### The Bellwether of the Creditor Flock

In THIS particular case it is true that two and perhaps three other large creditors were in about the same situation; the concern that went into bankruptcy was a large and profitable distributer of their goods—goods on which they made a big margin of profit. But how about the rest of the creditors—the little fellows?

The conscientious receiver must never forget that the loss of a hundred dollars on a claim means more to some men than the loss of ten thousand dollars to a big concern—especially if that concern is in position to take the amount of the loss back again, and much more with it, provided the bankrupt can be let down easy. The smaller the claim, as a rule, the less interest has its holder in the future of the bankrupt.

Of course the concerns which held the big claims in this case would naturally argue that they would sacrifice the largest amount of money if the bankrupt were let down easy. True! But that would be small consolation to the really poor man, who had a claim of a hundred dollars and had no reasonable expectation of ever getting another cent beyond what that claim netted him.



"The Guy That Showed You the Way Made a Mistake"

This experience, like thousands of others in the bankruptcy courts, teaches the lesson that creditors are very much like sheep, and that there is generally a shrewd and resourceful beliwether which leads the flock at will; the little fellows follow the big ones, and there is always a master mind among the big ones. Every experienced receiver and trustee recognizes this principle and plays his hand accordingly.

One receiver who has been long in the game declares that almost any creditor with a little initiative can prepare the way for a soft composition, so far as its preliminary stages are concerned, before the other claimants have any realization of what is being done.

Many commercial houses, according to this authority, follow the practice of refusing to waste time in filing or pressing any claims against a bankrupt estate unless they are reasonably large ones. More generally, however, this indifference to the possibilities of realizing on such claims takes the form of giving a power of attorney to the first person who happens to ask for it in signing or assenting to any petition for composition or settlement a leading creditor chances to favor.

Broadly speaking, when the private individual receives notice that a debtor has been thrown into bankruptcy he promptly despairs of realizing anything on the claim and—mentally at least—charges it off to the profit-and-loss account. Unless he happens to be a business man of experience and affairs he feels that recovery is hopeless.

If the amount involved is large enough to make its loss vital to him he becomes confused, perhaps terror stricken, and ready to grasp at the first straw that floats his way. Almost invariably this straw is an appeal, either from a creditors' committee or a lawyer representing some or all of the creditors, asking for his cooperation and power of attorney, to the end of prosecuting "the plan that has been agreed on by the leading creditors to protect their interests."

Of course it must be recognized that this sometimes, perhaps often, proves to be the wisest course the individual creditor, wholly inexperienced in bankruptcy affairs, could pursue; but, by the same token, it is invariably the principle on which the designing bellwether among the creditors plays to manipulate affairs to suit his own purposes. And it is also the means by which the professional bankruptcy attorney increases, by the easy correspondence method, his volume of business.

If the attorney to whom the credulous creditor so readily intrusts his claim happens to be able and honest, well and good—there are many attorneys of the highest standing who have a large bankruptcy practice; but the fact remains that the almost universal attitude of helplessness, hopelessness, indifference and confusion of creditors, in respect to the possibilities and methods of getting their money from a bankrupt estate, renders them an easy prey

to a certain undesirable class of attorneys in bankruptcy practice—especially in the larger cities.

In large commercial houses having a legal staff in connection with their collection department, bankruptcy claims are supposed to be as carefully and as systematically looked after as is the selling of the goods in the first place; but even here the policy of not wasting time on small bankruptcy claims prevails to an astonishing extent. Some really large houses actually follow the practice of letting bankruptcy claims slide unless they amount to several hundred dollars.

"There seems to be something," declares one receiver, "in the very word bankruptcy that sprouts the wool over the eyes of the ordinary creditor and sends his wits and common sense scattering for the time being. I can hardly account for this attitude except on the score that most men feel a sort of squeamishness in this connection—an instinctive aversion to having anything to do with a business post-mortem. Perhaps this gives them credit for too much temperament; anyhow very many creditors seem to lose their perspective and their natural self-interest when called on to deal with a bankruptcy claim."

Creditors, however, are not dependably indifferent, even in the matter of small claims. According to most receivers they are not dependable in any particular; and the man who makes up his mind that he knows just what the creditors in a certain case are going to do has a choice line of jolts in store for himself.

"Looking over a professional experience of several years," says one receiver who often acts as trustee, "I have come to feel that when I get a really good estate the creditors are more than likely to make every attempt to fritter it away. On the other



"I'll Bet He Pulls Down a Jalary Equal to That of the Third Vice-President of Our Bank"

hand experience has taught me that when I am handed an estate which from the creditors' viewpoint is little more than a dry bone the creditors are likely to take an uncommonly keen interest in it, to nag and pester the receiver at every turn, and finally to blame him and the auctioneer for not getting a good, fat series of dividends out of it.

"I am never surprised when a bunch of creditors are inclined to let a crooked bankrupt down easy or when they subject an honest bankrupt to suspicion and hardship. I know this sounds extreme and pessimistic, but you cannot find an experienced receiver who will not say Amen! to this statement. The perversity of creditors is the standing miracle of bankruptcy practice. A large proportion of them—particularly the holders of smaller claims—are mere Babes in the Wood—and I can assure you that the Bankruptcy Wood is no place for small children!

"There are lots of creditors, of course, who are by no means innocents at large, but are fully able to take care of themselves and all the strays they happen to meet. These are the experts in compositions and the wizards in waivers.

"Then there are the creditors who know their way about, have no fish to fry, no pet schemes to put over on the hankrupt or on other creditors, and who are neither confused nor unscrupulous. These creditors look after their bankruptcy claims as sanely, as systematically and as intelligently as they look after any other features of their business. They want all that the estate will pay on their claims, without any advantage over any other creditor."

#### Responsibility for Bankruptcies

"THEY are very likely to be represented by able lawyers of their own choosing; and if they enter into any composition it is because they have first been shown that it is the best thing for all creditors concerned. These creditors generally get a fairly close line on the personality of everybody involved in the case, from the lawyers up to the court itself.

"Every honest receiver or trustee wishes to see this class of creditors greatly increased; but it will only increase as the credit men of business houses generally—and particularly of the smaller houses—come to have a more familiar understanding of bankruptcy matters and practice."

A referee in bankruptcy, whose knowledge of the subject is keen and far reaching, recently expressed the rather astonishing opinion that in very many cases—perhaps in most—the responsibility for the bankruptcy of a debtor lies to a very large extent with the creditors. According to a group of professional receivers who were engaged in a discussion of this opinion, the bankruptcy courts abound in cases that clearly support this view. Here is one that is fairly typical:

A large trust company was appointed receiver for a cloak company doing business in a cheap section of Chicago; in fact the rooms occupied by the bankrupt concern were over a saloon in a street the name of which should promptly identify in the mind of any wideawake credit man the cheap character of the location.

The young man sent by the trust company to take charge of the stock was a live wire. Sitting beside a rusty stove was a man in seedy clothes. On the dilapidated desk he found four letters from Eastern manufacturers urging the bankrupts to send in their orders at once. One of the most fervent appeals for orders was from a house to which the bankrupts owed more than twelve thousand dollarsan account that had been dragging by the ears for months.

"The sales manager of that concern," commented the young man, "is a high-priced ginger artist who believes in delivering the goods-into the other fellow's hands! I'll bet he pulls down a salary equal to that of the third vicepresident of our bank; but if he and the head credit man of his establishment could just walk in this door and take a look at this rat's nest of a joint, they would begin to revise their methods of dumping goods in a hurry. Why, if I can scrape up two thousand dollars worth of junk here I'll eat it!"

He thought he was expressing his poor opinion of sales managers and credit men to the shriveled little man who was sitting by the stove when he had entered; but as he put down his letters and glanced about the room he saw that his audience had vanished. A hurried survey of the stock showed him that it would invoice not more than a few hundred dollars. And this concern had failed for about thirty-five thousand dollars-and here was a letter from each of the four principal creditors urging another order

by return mail from the advance style sheets!
"I'd like to send the head of each one of those houses a photograph of this dump, just as it looks when I am taking possession. I wonder whether they'd still keep on whooping it up for further orders after seeing a picture of this old

shell! Probably -

His grumblings were suddenly interrupted by the fact that he noticed a large quantity of heavy express paper lying on the floor. Evidently it had just been removed from a large bundle of goods. He picked it up, turned it over, and grinned as he saw that the sticker on the face of it bore the name of the New York house which the bankrupts had stuck for twelve thousand dollars, and which was still appealing for more orders.

On the floor of the next room he found quantities more of the same heavy paper, its creases showing that it had lately been removed from packages of goods. His practiced eye told him that the goods which had arrived in those wrappings were evidently not then in the place.

#### Sleuthing Down Vanished Assets

FOR a moment he sat on the corner of the desk, swung his feet, stared at the express paper and did a little lively thinking. Then his face lighted up suddenly. Hurriedly he looked at the dates penciled on the express labels. There was no doubt about it-every package which had arrived in those wrappings had been received that very day! He dashed down the stairs and then crossed the street to where three express wagons and their drivers were waiting for business.

"Which one of you boys hauled that stuff for us this morning?" he inquired. And then added: "I am with the suit company up there, you know."

"I did," promptly responded the oldest driver..

"Got another load, sir?"

"Nope," responded the young custodian; "but the guy that showed you the way made a mistake. Those goods were to go to another place, and we've got to go and get them right away."

With this he handed the driver a cigar, lighted one himself, and climbed to the seat of the wagon. The expressman asked no questions, but drove to the place where he had delivered the goods in the morning. Their trip ended at a vacant store building with whitened windows some three miles away.

During that ride the receiver's agent had been busy figuring on how he could gain an entrance to the building after they reached it. Finally he reached the shrewd conclusion that the best way was to "Let George do it"; consequently he took a chance on the remark: "You know where the key is; I'll wait here in the wagon."

'Sure!" answered the expressman as he disappeared in the corner saloon; and a few minutes later he came out with the key, remarking:

"I had some job to get that Polack bartender to give it up; but I finally got it into his head that as I had brought the key there myself this morning, and as the boss was waiting outside for it, he wasn't taking any particular chances in giving it up."

They hustled the goods into the wagon, returned the key and drove back to the headquarters of the cloak company, over the corner saloon. Then the custodian took a careful invoice of the recovered goods. His clever and prompt action netted the cred-

itors a little more than eleven hundred dollars.
"What sticks in my crop," he meditated, "is the fact that, though I'm sharp enough to turn this kind of trick, I'm probably drawing about one-fifth the salary of the sales manager and the credit man who shoved these goods on to crooked bankrupts and followed the shipment up with a pressing invitation to be allowed to hand them more.

"It's a wonder some of those jumbo general managers don't get wise to themselves and pick a couple of receiver's agents to help out a little! I'll bet that if they tried the experiment the sales department wouldn't be shoving goods on to a man already in the bankruptcy court a day or two after the credit department received notice of the appointment of a receiver."

Only a few months later this same receiver's agent found himself assigned to the handling of the affairs of four bankrupt retail drygoods stores located a little outside the central part of the city. They were separate concerns, having no connection with each other so far as their ownership was concerned; but they handled about the same class of goods. In these cases the trust company was acting as trustee instead of receiver.

One morning, as he opened the mail, he found four letters from the same wholesale house in New York—one for each of the bankrupt drygoods stores. Each letter was from the head of the sales department, pressing his valued customer to favor him with further and immediate orders. He promptly sent for the liability schedules of the four bankrupts and was not greatly surprised to find that the big wholesale house with the energetic sales manager and correspondence force was a creditor in each case, and had filed its claims in due form.

He was hot; and for once he forgot he was an employee of a conservative and dignified trust company that always conducted its correspondence according to the most formal code. Before he cooled off he wrote a letter to the president of the big wholesale house in the East; and after calling his attention to the fact that these four bankruptcy estates had already passed through the receivership stage and had become trusteeships, he called attention to the inclosed copies of claims filed and to the letters just received from the sales manager. He ended his letter with the tart remark:

"If I wanted to go into the goldbrick business I should

certainly hunt up your house."

A little later he received an answer to his letter. It was not only grateful but humble in tone. After indicating that in the future there would be a much closer coordination between the credit and the sales departments of his house, the president closed his letter with the words:

"Your cut across my face will continue to sting for a long time to come."

Start a receiver talking on the subject of compositions and he will not suffer himself to be shaken loose from it. Next to the waiver, the composition appears to be the sorest feature of bankruptcy practice so far as the feelings of the professional receiver are concerned.

If the receiver is honest and conscientious-and it can scarcely be assumed that the judge of the United States court would repeatedly place such responsibility in the

hands of a person not possessing those qualifications—he is as much interested in preventing the proceeds of the estate from being eaten up by lawyers' costs and other expenses as he is in preventing one creditor from obtaining an advantage over another. His standing with the court depends on his ability to get the most money out of the assets intrusted to his administration.

The composition in bankruptcy is not only a handy tool for the creditor who wishes to play the bankrupt as a personal favorite and let him down easy, but it is perhaps quite as frequently employed by the unscrupulous attorney as a means of obtaining delay, increasing his appearances in court and in conference, and piling up fees. The lawyer or bankrupt who wishes to delay settlement and multiply contentions finds the composition quite as convenient as

does the designing creditor.

Shrewdly handled, the negotiations for a composition may be made quite helpful and nourishing to the lawyer who is looking for an enlargement of his fees. Of course the reputable attorney who has the interests of his clients at heart scorns any subterfuge of this kind; but unfortunately bankruptcy practice appears to have an attraction for a certain contingent of lawyers of instincts, who are mainly interested in doing a neat and tidy job of bonepicking—not that this order of legal talent finds its only activity in the bankruptcy courts, or that it is not in a decided minority there; but it is undeniable that the palpable presence of a business corpse makes a most tantalizing appeal to its predatory instincts.

#### How to Avoid Soft Compositions

THE indifference and comparative helplessness of the A average creditor emphasize the appeal of bankruptcy practice to attorneys of this type. It is perhaps strange that they are not more numerous instead of fewer. Certainly their presence should not be construed as a reflection on the many reputable attorneys who make a specialty of bankruptcy practice.

The principal point of this consideration, so far as the creditor or the bankrupt is concerned, is that he should pick his lawyer with uncommon care and with particular reference to his integrity and personal character. And it is scarcely straining the courtesies to suggest that the bankruptcy lawyer who gives evidence of having acquired the composition habit will bear at least a little watching.

A passion for compositions is not generally regarded by the courts, referees or receivers as a wholesome symptom. This is not because many—perhaps most—compositions are not wholly justifiable, but because the composition lends itself too pliantly to manipulation and abuse.

A professional receiver who has a high standing with the courts has this to say on the score of the composition:

"Generally speaking I am against compositions There are many cases in which the composition is the best thing for all concerned; but it is so highly susceptible of abuse that it should be used as little as possible. There are ways, however, by which the soft composition may be discouraged. For instance:

"I follow the practice of sending to all creditorsas soon as I have thoroughly examined the assets-a statement that the estate, properly administered, should pay a certain amount or a certain percentage of the liabilities. I fully realize that in one way this is a dangerous thing for a receiver to do; but I am willing to take this responsibility on myself for the reason that it is a very effective means of forewarning the creditors against having a soft composition put over

When this is done at the start and before the creditors-particularly the smaller and individual ones-have been whipped into line by scheming lawyers or led through the gaps by some big creditor acting as a bellwether, it carries weight with the majority of creditors, who recognize that the receiver is an officer appointed by the court and responsible to the court.

"I believe that if receivers generally could see their way to follow this practice, the soft composition and the composition negotiation brought for the purpose of fattening lawyers' fees would become fewer.'

Another indictment brought against the composition by conscientious receivers, trustees and other officials connected with bankruptcy proceedings is that it has a tendency to produce repeaters in bankruptcy. Undoubtedly the majority of first bankrupts are honestly insolvent and have not caused their enterprises to be thrown on the business scrapheap for the purpose of defrauding creditors; but after once finding that their fall has been broken by the cushion of a soft composition, providentially interposed by the hands of the very men supposed to be the heaviest losers by the failure, it is impossible for them again to feel the same fear of bankruptcy that gripped them when they took the first plunge.

If the bankrupt is a man of strong moral fiber his future business course will not be changed by the mere

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## MY ROOMY By RING W. LARDNER

O-I AIN'T signed for next year; but there won't be no trouble about that. The dough part of it is all fixed up. John and me talked it over and I'll sign as soon as they send me a contract. All I told him was that he'd have to let me pick my own roommate after this and not sick no wild man on to me.

You know I didn't hit much the last two months o' the season. Some o' the boys, I notice, wrote some stuff about me gettin' old and losin' my battin' eye. That's all bunk! The reason I didn't hit was because I wasn't gettin' enough sleep. And the reason for that was Mr. Elliott.

He wasn't with us after the last part o' May, but I roomed with him long enough to get the insomny. I was the only guy in the club game enough to stand for him; but I was sorry afterward that I done it, because it sure did put a crimp in my little old average.

And do you know where he is now? I got a letter today and I'll read it to you. No-I guess I better tell you somethin' about him first. You fellers never got acquainted with him and you ought to hear the dope to understand the letter. I'll make it as short as I can.

He didn't play in no league last year. He was with some semi-pros over in Michigan and somebody writes John about him. So John sends Needham over to look at him. Tom stayed there Saturday and Sunday, and seen him work twice. He was playin' the outfield, but as luck would have it they wasn't a fly ball hit in his direction in both games. A base hit was made out his way and he booted it, and that's the only report Tom could get on his fieldin'. But he wallops two over the wall in one day and they catch two line drives off him. The next day he gets four blows and two o' them is triples.

So Tom comes back and tells John the guy is a whale of a hitter and fast as Cobb, but he don't know nothin' about his fieldin'. Then John signs him to a contract—twelve hundred

or somethin' like that. We'd been in Tampa a week before he showed up. Then he comes to the hotel and just sits round all day, without tellin' nobody who he was. Finally the bellhops was going to chase him out and he says he's one o' the ballplayers. Then the clerk gets John to go over and talk to him. He tells John his name and says he hasn't had nothin' to eat for three days, because he was broke. John told me afterward that he'd drew about three hundred in advance—last winter sometime. Well, they took him in the dinin' room and they tell me he inhaled about four meals at once. That night they roomed him with Heine.

Next mornin' Heine and me walks out to the grounds together and Heine tells me about him. He says:
"Don't never call me a bug again. They got me roomin'
with the champion o' the world."

"Who is he?" I says. "I don't know and I don't want to know," says Heine; "but if they stick him in there with me again I'll jump to the Federals. To start with, he ain't got no baggage. I ast him where his trunk was and he says he didn't have none. Then I ast him if he didn't have no suitcase, and he says: 'No. What do you care?' I was goin' to lend him some pajsmas, but he put on the shirt o' the uniform John give him last night and slept in that. He was asleep when I got up this mornin'. I seen his collar layin' on the dresser and it looked like he had wore it in Pittsburgh every day for a year. So I throwed it out the window and he comes down to breakfast with no collar. I ast him what size collar he wore and he says he didn't want none, because he wasn't goin' out nowheres. After breakfast he beat it up to the room again and put on his uniform. When I got up there he was lookin' in the glass at himself, and he done it all the time I was dressin'."

When we got out to the park I got my first look at him. Pretty good-lookin' guy, too, in his unie-big shoulders and well put together; built somethin' like Heine himself. He was talkin' to John when I come up.

"What position do you play?" John was askin' him.
"I play anywheres," says Elliott.

"You're the kind I'm lookin' for," says John. Then he says: "You was an outfielder up there in Michigan, wasn't you?"

"I don't care where I play," says Elliott.

John sends him to the outfield and forgets all about him for a while. Pretty soon Miller comes in and says:

"I ain't goin' to shag for no bush outfielder! John ast him what was the matter, and Miller tells him that Elliott ain't doin' nothin' but just standin' out there;



I Knowed Somethin' Was Goin' to Happen Before He Finished — and Somethin' Did

that he ain't makin' no attemp' to catch the fungoes, and that he won't even chase 'em. Then John starts watchin' him, and it was just like Miller said. Larry hit one pretty near in his lap and he stepped out o' the way. John calls him in and ast him:

"Why don't you go after them fly balls?"
"Because I don't want 'em," says Elliott.

John gets sarcastic and says:

"What do you want? Of course we'll see that you get anythin' you want!"

"Give me a ticket back home," says Elliott.

"Don't you want to stick with the club?" says John, and the busher tells him, No, he certainly did not. Then John tells him he'll have to pay his own fare home and Elliott don't get sore at all. He just says:

"Well, I'll have to stick, then-because I'm broke." We was havin' battin' practice and John tells him to go

up and hit a few. And you ought to of seen him bust 'em! Lavender was in there workin' and he'd been pitchin' a little all winter, so he was in pretty good shape. He lobbed one up to Elliott, and he hit it 'way up in some trees outside the fence—about a mile, I guess. Then John tells Jimmy to put somethin' on the ball. Jim comes through

with one of his fast ones and the kid slams it agin the rightfield wall on a line.

"Give him your spitter!" yells John, and Jim handed him one. He pulled it over first base so fast that Bert, who was standin' down there, couldn't hardly duck in time. If it'd hit him it'd killed him.

Well, he kep' on hittin' everythin' Jim give him-and Jim had somethin' too. Finally John gets Pierce warmed up and sends him out to pitch, tellin' him to hand Elliott a flock o' curve balls. He wanted to see if lefthanders was goin' to bother him. But he slammed 'em right along, and don't b'lieve he hit more'n two the whole mornin' that wouldn't of been base hits in a game.

They sent him out to the outfield again in the afternoon, and after a lot o' coaxin' Leach got him to go after fly balls; but that's all he did do-just go after 'em. One hit him on the bean and another on the shoulder. He run back after the short ones and 'way in after the ones that went over his head. He catched just one-a line drive that he couldn't get out o' the way of; and then he acted like it hurt his hands.

I come back to the hotel with John. He ast me what I thought of Elliott.

"Well," I says, "he'd be the greatest ballplayer in the world if he could just play ball. He sure can bust 'em."

John says he was afraid he couldn't never make an outfielder out o' him. He says:

"I'll try him on the infield tomorrow. They must be some place he can play. I never seen a lefthand hitter that looked so good agin lefthand pitchin'-and he's got a great arm; but he acts like he'd never saw a fly ball."

Well, he was just as bad on the infield. They put him at short and he was like a sieve. You could of drove a hearse between him and second base without him gettin' near it. He'd stoop over for a ground ball about the time it was bouncin' up agin the fence; and when he'd try to cover the bag on a peg he'd trip over it.

They tried him at first base and sometimes he'd run 'way over in the coachers' box and sometimes out in right field lookin' for the bag. Once Heine shot one acrost at him on a line and he never touched it with his hands. It went bam! right in the pit of his stomach-and the lunch he'd ate didn't do him no good.

Finally John just give up and says he'd have to keep him on the bench and let him earn his pay by bustin' 'em a couple o' times a week or so. We all agreed with John that this bird would be a whale of a pinch hitter—and we was right too. He was hittin' 'way over five hundred when the blowoff come, along about the last o' May.

BEFORE the trainin' trip was over, Elliott had roomed with pretty near everybody in the club. Heine raised an awful holler after the second night down there and John put the bug in with Needham. Tom stood him for three nights. Then he doubled up with Archer, and Schulte, and Miller, and Leach, and Saierand the whole bunch in turn, averagin' about two nights with each one before they put up a kick. Then John tried him with some o' the youngsters, but they wouldn't stand for him no more'n the others. They all said he was crazy and they was afraid he'd get violent some night and stick a knife in 'em.

He always insisted on havin' the water run in the bathtub all night, because he said it reminded him of the sound of the dam near his home. The fellers might get up four or five times a night and shut off the faucet, but he'd get right up after 'em and turn it on again. Carter, a big bush pitcher from Georgia, started a fight with him about it one night, and Elliott pretty near killed him. So the rest o' the bunch, when they'd saw Carter's map next mornin', didn't have the nerve to do nothin' when it come their turn.

Another o' his habits was the thing that scared 'em though. He'd brought a razor with him-in his pocket, I guess-and he used to do his shavin' in the middle o' the night. Instead o' doin' it in the bathroom he'd lather his face and then came out and stand in front o' the lookin'glass on the dresser. Of course he'd have all the lights turned on, and that was bad enough when a feller wanted to sleep; but the worst of it was that he'd stop shavin' every little while and turn round and stare at the guy who was makin' a failure o' tryin' to sleep. Then he'd wave his razor round in the air and laugh, and begin shavin' agin. You can imagine how comf'table his roomies felt!

John had bought him a suitcase and some clothes and things, and charged 'em up to him. He'd drew so much dough in advance that he didn't have nothin' comin' till about June. He never thanked John and he'd wear one shirt and one collar till some one throwed 'em away.

Well, we finally gets to Indianapolis, and we was goin' from there to Cincy to open. The last day in Indianapolis John come and ast me how I'd like to change roomies. I says I was perfectly satisfied with Larry. Then John says:
"I wisht you'd try Elliott. The other boys all kicks on

him, but he seems to hang round you a lot and I b'lieve you could get along all right."

"Why don't you room him alone?" I ast,

"The boss or the hotels won't stand for us roomin" alone," says John. "You go ahead and try it, and see how you make out. If he's too much for you let me know; but he likes you and I think he'll be diff'rent with a guy who can talk to him like you can."

So I says I'd tackle it, because I didn't want to throw John down. When we got to Cincy they stuck Elliott and me in one room, and we was together till he quit us.

WENT to the room early that night, because we was goin' to open next day and I wanted to feel like somethin'. First thing I done when I got undressed was turn on both faucets in the bathtub. They was makin' an awful

racket when Elliott finally come in about midnight. I was layin' awake and I opened right up on him. I says:

"Don't shut off that water, because I like to hear it run." Then I turned over and pretended to be asleep. The bug got his clothes off, and then what did he do but go in the bathroom and shut off the water! Then he come back in the room and says:

"I guess no one's goin' to tell me what to do in here."

But I kep' right on pretendin' to sleep and didn't pay no attention. When he'd got into his bed I jumped out o' mine and turned on all the lights and begun stroppin' my razor. He says:

"What's comin' off?"

"Some o' my whiskers," I says. "I always shave along about this time."

"No, you don't!" he says. "I was in your room one mornin' down in Louisville and I seen you shavin' then.'

"Well," I says, "the boys tell me you shave in the middle o' the night; and I thought if I done all the things you do mebbe I'd get so's I could hit like you.'

"You must be superstitious!" he says. And I told him I was. "I'm a good hitter," he says, "and I'd be a good hitter if I never shaved at all. That don't make no diff'rence."

"Yes, it does," I says. "You prob'ly hit good because you shave at night; but you'd be a better fielder if you shaved in the mornin'.'

You see, I was tryin' to be just as crazy as himthough that wasn't hardly possible.

'If that's right," says he, "I'll do my shavin' in the mornin'-because I seen in the papers where the boys says that if I could play the outfield like I can hit I'd be as good as Cobb. They tell me Cobb gets twenty thousand a year."

"No," I says; "he don't get that much—but he gets about ten times as much as you do."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin' to be as good as him, because I need the money.

"What do you want with money?" I says.

He just laughed and didn't say nothin'; but from that time on the water didn't run in the bathtub nights and he done his shavin' after breakfast. I didn't notice, though, that he looked any better in fieldin' practice.

T RAINED one day in Cincy and they trimmed us two out o' the other three; but it wasn't Elliott's fault.

They had Larry beat four to one in the ninth innin' o' the first game. Archer gets on with two out, and John sends my roomy up to hit—though Benton, a lefthander, is workin' for them. The first thing Benton serves up there Elliott cracks it a mile over Hobby's head. It would of been good for three easy-only Archer-playin' safe, o' coursepulls up at third base. Tommy couldn't do nothin' and we was licked.

The next day he hits one out o' the park off the Indian; but we was 'way behind and they was nobody on at the time. We copped the last one without usin' no pinch hitters.

I didn't have no trouble with him nights durin' the whole series. He come to bed pretty late while we was there and I told him he'd better not let John catch him at it.

"What would he do?" he says. "Fine you fifty," I says.

"He can't fine me a dime," he says, "because I ain't

got it." Then I told him he'd be fined all he had comin' if he didn't get in the hotel before midnight; but he just laughed and says he didn't think John had a kick comin' so long as he kep' bustin' the ball.

"Some day you'll go up there and you won't bust it," I says.

"That'll be an accident," he says. That stopped me and I didn't say nothin'. What could you say to a guy who hated himself like that?

The "accident" happened in St. Louis the first day. We needed two runs in the eighth and Saier and Brid was on, with two out. John tells Elliott to go up in Pierce's place. The bug goes up and Griner gives him two bad balls— 'way outside. I thought they was goin' to walk him-and it looked like good judgment, because they'd heard what he done in Cincy. But no! Griner comes back with a fast one right over and Elliott pulls it down the right foul line, about two foot foul. He hit it so hard you'd of thought they'd sure walk him then; but Griner gives him another fast one. He slammed it again just as hard, but foul. Then Griner gives hin one 'way outside and it's two and three. John says, on the bench:

"If they don't walk him now he'll bust that fence down." I thought the same and I was sure Griner wouldn't give him nothin' to hit; but he come with a curve and Rigler calls Elliott out. From where we sat the last one looked low, and I thought Elliott'd make a kick. He come back to the bench smilin'.

John starts for his position, but stopped and ast the bug what was the matter with that one. Any busher I ever knowed would of said, "It was too low," or "It was outside," or "It was inside." Elliott says:

"Nothin' at all. It was right over the middle." "Why didn't you bust it, then?" says John.

"I was afraid I'd kill somebody," says Elliott, and laughed like a big boob.

John was pretty near chokin'.

"What are you laughin' at?" he says.

"I was thinkin' of a nickel show I seen in Cincinnati,"

says the bug.
"Well," says John, so mad he couldn't hardly see, "that show and that laugh'll cost you fifty."

We got beat, and I wouldn't of blamed John if he'd fined him his whole season's pay.

Up 'n the room that night I told him he'd better cut out that laughin' stuff when we was gettin' trimmed or he never would have no payday. Then he got confidential.

"Payday wouldn't do me no good," he says. "When I'm all squared up with the club and begin to have a



Don't Never Ask Me How Many Times We Went Up and Down!

payday I'll only get a hundred bucks at a time, and I'll owe that to some o' you fellers. I wisht we could win the pennant and get in on that World's Series dough. Then I'd get a bunch at once."

What would you do with a bunch o' dough?" I ast him. "Don't tell nobody, sport," he says; "but if I ever get five hundred at once I'm goin' to get married."

"Oh!" I says. "And who's the lucky girl?"

"She's a girl up in Muskegon," says Elliott; "and you're right when you call her lucky."

"You don't like yourself much, do you?" I says.
"I got reason to like myself," says he. "You'd like yourself, too, if you could hit 'en. like me."

"Well," I says, "you didn't show me no hittin' today." "I couldn't hit because I was laughin' too hard," says

"What was it you was laughin' at?" I says.

"I was laughin' at that pitcher," he says. "He thought he had somethin' and he didn't have nothin'."

"He had enough to whiff you with," I says.

"He didn't have nothin'!" says he again. "I was afraid if I busted one off him they'd can him, and then I couldn't never hit agin him no more."

Naturally I didn't have no comeback to that. I just sort o' gasped and got ready to go to sleep; but he wasn't through.

"I wisht you could see this bird!" he says.

"What bird?" I says.

"This dame that's nuts about me," he says.

"Good-looker?" I ast.

"No," he says; "she ain't no bear for looks. They ain't nothin' about her for a guy to rave over till you hear her sing. She sure can holler some."

What kind o' voice has she got?" I ast.

"A bear," says he.

"No," I says; "I mean is she a barytone or an air?"

"I don't know," he says; "but she's got the loudest voice I ever hear on a woman. She's pretty near got me beat.

"Can you sing?" I says; and I was sorry right afterward that I ast him that question.

I guess it must of been bad enough to have the water runnin' night after night and to have him wavin' that razor round; but that couldn't of been nothin' to his singin'. Just as soon as I'd pulled that boner he says, "Listen to me!" and starts in on Silver Threads Among the Gold. Mind you, it was after midnight and they was guests all round us tryin' to sleep!

They used to be noise enough in our club when we had Hofman and Sheckard and Richie harmonizin'; but this bug's voice was louder'n all o' theirn combined. We once had a pitcher named Martin Walsh—brother o' Big Ed's and I thought he could drownd out the Subway; but this guy made a boiler factory sound like Dummy Taylor. If the whole hotel wasn't awake when he'd howled the first

line it's a pipe they was when he cut loose, which he done when he come to "Always young and fair to me." Them words could of been heard easy in East St. Louis.

He didn't get no encore from me, but he goes right through it again—or starts to. I knowed somethin' was goin' to happen before he finished-and somethin' did. The night clerk and the house detective come bangin' at the door. I let 'em in and they had plenty to say. If we made another sound the whole club'd be canned out o' the hotel. I tried to salve 'em, and I says:

"He won't sing no more."

But Elliott swelled up like a poisoned pup.

"Won't I?" he says. "I'll sing all I want to." "You won't sing in here," says the clerk.

"They ain't room for my voice in here anyways," he says. "I'll go outdoors and sing."

And he puts his clothes on and ducks out. I didn't make no attemp' to stop him. I heard him bellowin' Silver Threads down the corridor and down the stairs, with the clerk and the dick chasin' him all the way and tellin' him to shut up.

Well, the guests make a holler the next mornin'; and the hotel people tells Charlie Williams that he'll either have to let Elliott stay somewheres else or the whole club'll have to move. Charlie tells John, and John was thinkin' o' settlin' the question by releasin' Elliott.

I guess he'd about made up his mind to do it; but that afternoon they had us three to one in the ninth, and we got the bases full, with two down and Larry's turn to hit. Elliott had been sittin' on the bench sayin' nothin'.

"Do you think you can hit one today?" says John.

"I can hit one any day," says Elliott.
"Go up and hit that lefthander, then," says John, "and remember there's nothin' to laugh at."

Sallee was workin'-and workin' good; but that didn't bother the bug. He cut into one, and it went between Oakes and Whitted like a shot. He come into third standin' up and we was a run to the

good. Sallee was so sore he kind o' forgot himself and took pretty near his full wind-up pitchin' to Tommy. And what did Elliott do but steal home and get away with it clean! Well, you couldn't can him after that, could you?

Charlie gets him a room somewheres and I was relieved of his company that night. The next evenin' we beat it for Chi to play about two weeks at home. He didn't tell nobody where he roomed there and I didn't see nothin' of him, 'cep' out to the park. I ast him what he did with himself nights and he says:

"Same as I do on the road-borrow some dough some place and go to the nickel shows."

"You must be stuck on 'em," I says.

"Yes," he says; "I like the ones where they kill peoplebecause I want to learn how to do it. I may have that job some day."

"Don't pick on me," I says.

"Oh," says the bug, "you never can tell who I'll pick on." It seemed as if he just couldn't learn nothin' about fieldin', and finally John told him to keep out o' the practice. "A ball might hit him in the temple and croak him,"

says John. But he busted up a couple o' games for us at home,

beatin' Pittsburgh once and Cincy once.

THEY give me a great big room at the hotel in Pittsburgh; so the fellers picked it out for the poker game. We was playin' along about ten o'clock one night when in come Elliott—the earliest he'd showed up since we'd been roomin' together. They was only five of us playin' and Tom ast him to sit in.

"I'm busted," he says,

"Can you play poker?" I ast him.
"They's nothin' I can't do!" he says. "Slip me a couple o' bucks and I'll show you."

So I slipped him a couple o' bucks and honestly hoped he'd win, because I knowed he never had no dough. Well, Tom dealt him a hand and he picks it up and says:

"I only got five cards."

"How many do you want?" I says.

"Oh," he says, "if that's all I get I'll try to make 'em do." The pot was cracked and raised, and he stood the raise, I says to myself: "There goes my two bucks!" But nohe comes out with three queens and won the dough. It was only about seven bucks; but you'd of thought it was a million to see him grab it. He laughed like a kid.

"Guess I can't play this game!" he says; and he had me fooled for a minute-I thought he must of been kiddin'

when he complained of only havin' five cards.

He copped another pot right afterward and was sittin' there with about eleven bucks in front of him when Jim opens a roodle pot for a buck. I stays and so does Elliott. Him and Jim both drawed one card and I took three. I had kings or queens-I forget which. I didn't help 'em none; so when Jim bets a buck I throws my hand away.

"How much can I bet?" says the bug.

"You can raise Jim a buck if you want to," I says.

So he bets two dollars. Jim comes back at him. He comes right back at Jim. Jim raises him again and he tilts Jim right back. Well, when he'd boosted Jim with the last buck he had, Jim says:

"I'm ready to call. I guess you got me beat. What

have you got?' "I know what I've got, all right," says Elliott. "I've got straight." And he throws his hand down. Sure enough, it was a straight, eight high. Jim pretty near fainted and

The bug had started pullin' in the dough when Jim stops him.

"Here! Wait a minute!" says Jim. "I thought you had somethin'. I filled up." Then Jim lays down his nine full. "You beat me, I guess," says Elliott, and he looked like he'd lost his last friend.

"Beat you?" says Jim. "Of course I beat you! What did you think I had?"

"Well," says the bug, "I thought you might have a small fush or somethin'."

When I regained consciousness he was beggin' for two more bucks.

"What for?" I says. "To play poker with? You're barred from the game for life!"

"Well," he says, "if I can't play no more I want to go to sleep, and you fellers will have to get out o' this room.

Did you ever hear o' nerve like that? This was the first night he'd came in before twelve and he orders the bunch sat so's he can sleep! We politely suggested to him to go o Brooklyn.

Without sayin' a word he starts in on his Silver Threads; and it wasn't two minutes till the game was busted up and he bunch-all but me-was out o' there. I'd of beat it zo, only he stopped yellin' as soon as they'd went.

"You're some buster!" I says, "You bust up ball games

n the afternoon and poker games at night."

"Yes," he says; "that's my business-bustin' things." And before I knowed what he was about he picked up the itcher of ice-water that was on the floor and throwed it out he window—through the glass and all.

Right then I give him a plain talkin' to. I tells him how near he come to gettin' canned down in St. Louis because he raised so much Cain singin' in the hotel.

"But I had to keep my voice in shape," he says. "If I ever get dough enough to get married the girl and me'll go out singin' together.'

"Out where?" I ast.

"Out on the vaudeville circuit," says Elliott.

"Well," I says, "if her voice is like yours you'll be wastin' money if you travel round. Just stay up in Muskegon and we'll hear you, all right!"

I told him he wouldn't never get no dough if he didn't behave himself. That, even if we got in the World's Series, he wouldn't be with us—unless he cut out the foolishness.

'We ain't goin' to get in no World's Series," he says, "and I won't never get a bunch o' money at once; so it looks like I couldn't get married this fall."

Then I told him we played a city series every fall. He'd never thought o' that and it tickled him to death. I told him the losers always got about five hundred apiece and that we were about due to win it and get about eight hundred. "But," I

says, "we still got a good chance for the old pennant; and if I was you I wouldn't give up hope o' that yet-not where John can hear you anyway."

"No," he says, "we won't win no pennant, because he won't let me play reg'lar; but I don't care so long as we're sure o' that city-series dough."

You ain't sure of it if you don't behave," I says. "Well," says he, very serious, "I guess I'll behave." And he did-till we made our first Eastern trip.

WE WENT to Boston first, and that crazy bunch goes out and piles up a three-run lead on us in seven innin's the first day. It was the pitcher's turn to lead off in the eighth, so up goes Elliott to bat for him. He kisses the first thing they hands him for three bases; and we says, on the bench: "Now we'll get 'em!"-because, you know, a three-run lead wasn't nothin' in Boston.

"Stay right on that bag!" John hollers to Elliott.

Mebbe if John hadn't said nothin' to him everythin' rould of been all right; but when Perdue starts to pitch the first ball to Tommy, Elliott starts to steal home. He's out as far as from here to Seattle.

If I'd been carryin' a gun I'd of shot him right through the heart. As it was, I thought John'd kill him with a bat, because he was standin' there with a couple of 'em, waitin' for his turn; but I guess John was too stunned to move. He didn't even seem to see Elliott when he went to the bench. After I'd cooled off a little I says:

"Best it and get into your clothes before John comes in. Then go to the hotel and keep out o' sight,"

When I got up in the room afterward, there was Elliott, lookin' as innocent and happy as though he'd won fifty bucks with a pair o' treys.

"I thought you might of killed yourself," I says.
"What for?" he says.

"For that swell play you made," says I.

"What was the matter with the play?" ast Elliott, surprised. "It was all right when I done it in St. Louis."

"Yes," I says; "but they was two out in St. Louis and we wasn't no three runs behind." "Well," he says, "if

it was all right in St. Louis I don't see why it was wrong here."

"It's a diff'rent climate here," I says, too disgusted to argue with him.

"I wonder if they'd let me sing in this cli-

mate?" says Elliott.
"No," I says. "Don't sing in this hotel, because we don't want to get fired out o' here—the eats is too good."

All right," he says. "I won't sing." But when I starts down to supper he says: li'ble to do somethin' worse'n sing."

He didn't show up in the dinin' room and John went to the boxin' show aftersupper; so it looked like him and Elliott wouldn't run into each other till the murder had left John's heart. I was glad o' that-because a Mass'chusetts jury might



Him No Good

not consider it justifiable hommercide if one guy croaked another for givin' the Boston club a game.

I went down to the corner and had a couple o' beers; and then I come straight back, intendin' to hit the hay. The elevator boy had went for a drink or somethin', and they was two old ladies already waitin' in the car when I stepped in. Right along after me comes Elliott.

"Where's the boy that's supposed to run this car?" he says. I told him the boy'd be right back; but he says: "I can't wait. I'm much too sleepy."

And before I could stop him he'd slammed the door and him and I and the poor old ladies was shootin' up.

"Let us off at the third floor, please!" says one o' the ladies, her voice kind o' shakin'.

"Sorry, madam," says the bug; "but this is a express and we don't stop at no third floor."

I grabbed his arm and tried to get him away from the machinery; but he was as strong as a ox and he throwed me agin the side o' the car like I was a baby. We went to the top faster'n I ever rode in an elevator before. And then we shot down to the bottom, hittin' the bumper down there so hard I thought we'd be smashed to splinters.

The ladies was too scared to make a sound durin' the first trip; but while we was goin' up and down the second timeeven faster'n the first-they begun to scream. I was hollerin' my head off at him to quit and he was makin' more noise than the three of us-pretendin' he was the locomotive and the whole crew o' the train.

Don't never ask me how many times we went up and down! The women fainted on the third trip and I guess I was about as near it as I'll ever get. The elevator boy and the bellhops and the waiters and the night clerk and everybody was jumpin' round the lobby screamin'; but no one seemed to know how to stop us.

Finally-on about the tenth trip, I guess-he slowed down and stopped at the fifth floor, where we was roomin'. He opened the door and beat it for the room, while I, though was tremblin' like a leaf, run the car down to the bottom.

The night clerk knowed me pretty well and knowed I wouldn't do nothin' like that; so him and I didn't argue, but just got to work together to bring the old women to. While we was doin' that Elliott must of run down the stairs and slipped out o' the hotel, because when they sent the officers up to the room after him he'd blowed,

They was goin' to fire the club out; but Charlie had a good stand-in with Amos, the proprietor, and he fixed it up to let us stay-providin' Elliott kep' away. The bug didn't show up at the ball park next day and we didn't see no more of him till we got on the rattler for New York. Charlie and John both bawled him, but they give him a berth-an upper-and we pulled into the Grand Central Station without him havin' made no effort to wreck the train.

'D STUDIED the thing pretty careful, but hadn't come to no conclusion. I was sure he wasn't no stew, because none o' the boys had ever saw him even take a glass o' beer, and I couldn't never detect the odor o' booze on him. And if he'd been a dope I'd of knew about it-roomin' with him.

There wouldn't of been no mystery about it if he'd been a lefthand pitcher-but he wasn't. He wasn't nothin' but a whale of a hitter and he throwed with his right arm. He hit lefthanded, o' course; but so did Saier and Brid and Schulte and me, and John himself; and none of us was violent. I guessed he must of been just a plain nut and li'ble to break out any time.

They was a letter waitin' for him at New York, and I took it, intendin' to give it to him at the park, because I didn't think they'd let him room at the hotel; but after breakfast he come up to the room, with his suitcase. It seems he'd promised John and Charlie to be good, and made it so strong they b'lieved him.

I give him his letter, which was addressed in a girl's

writin' and come from Muskegon. "From the girl?" I says.

(Continued on Page 61)



now for sane folks, but

at this moment a cer-

tain madness which

does not at all fit in

with the true German

temperament descends

on the crowd. Some

go upstairs to another part of the building

where there is a dance-

hall called the Admi-

ralskasino; but, to be truly swagger, one

should hasten to the

Palais du Danse on

the second floor of the

big Metropolpalast in

the Behrenstrasse.

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

# Night Life, With the Life Part Missing—By Irvin S. Cobb

English. They have none. Passing along to the next subject under the same heading, which is the night life of Paris, we find here so much night life, of such a delightfully transparent and counterfeit char-

acter; so much of made-to-measure deviltry; so many members of the Madcaps' Union engaged on piece-work; so much of delicious, hoydenish derring-do, all carefully stage-managed and expertly timed for the benefit of North and South American spenders, to the end that the deliriousness shall abate automatically in exact proportion as the spenders

quit spending-in short, so much of what is typically Parisian that really Paris, on its merits in this regard, is entitled to a chapter of its own.

All of which naturally brings us to the two remaining great cities of Mid-Europe—Berlin and Vienna—and leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the Europeans, in common with all other peoples on the earth, only succeedwhen they try to be desperately wicked-in being desperately dull; whereas when they are seeking their pleasures in a natural manner they begin to present racial slants and angles that are very interesting to observe and very pleasant to have a hand in.

Take the Germans now: No less astute a world traveler than Sam Blythe is sponsor for the assertion that the Berliners follow the night-life route because the Kaiser found his capital did not attract the tourist types to the extent he had hoped, and so decreed that his faithful and devoted subjects, leaving their cozy hearths and inglenooks, should go forth at the hour when graveyards yawn-and who could blame them?-to spend the dragging time until dawn in being merry and bright. So saying His Majesty went to bed, leaving them to work while he slept.

After viewing the situation at first hand the present writer is of the opinion that Mr. Blythe is right in his statements. Certainly nothing is more soothing to the eye of the onlooker, nothing more restful to his soul, than to behold a group of Germans enjoying themselves in a normal manner. And absolutely nothing is quite so ghastly sad as the sight of those same well-flushed, wellfleshed Germans cavorting about between the hours of two and four-thirty A. M., trying, with all the pachydermic

ponderosity of Barnum's Elephant Quadrille, to be professionally gay and cutuppish. These Prussians must love their Kaiser dearly. We sit up with our friends when they are dead; they stay up for him until they are ready to die of sleepiness

#### Vaudeville on Skates

AS IS well known Berlin abounds in pleasure palaces, so called. Enormous places these are, where under one widespreading roof are three or four separate restaurants of augmented size, not to mention winecellars and beer-caves belowand a dancehall or so, a Turkish bath, and a bar, and a skating rink, and a concert halland any number of private dining rooms. The German mind invariably associates size with enjoyment.

To these establishments, after his regular dinner, the Berliner repairs with his family, his friend or his guest. There is one especially popular resort, a combination of restaurant and vaudeville theater, at which one eats an excellent dinner



excellently served, and between courses witnesses the turns of a first-rate variety bill, always with the inevitable team of American coon shouters, either in fast colors or of the burntcork variety, sandwiched into the program somewhere.

In the Friedrichstrusse there is another place, called the Admiralspalast, which is even more attractive. Here, inclosing a big, oval-shaped ice arena, balcony after balcony rises circling to the roof. On one of these balconies you sit, and while you dine and after you have dined you look down on a most marvelous series of skating stunts. In rapid and bewildering succession there are ballets on skates, solo skating numbers, skating carnivals and skating

Finally scenery is slid in on runners and the whole company, in costumes grotesque and beautiful, go through a burlesque that keeps you laughing when you are not applauding, and admiring when you are doing neither; while alternating lightwaves from overhead electric devices flood the picture with shifting, shimmering tides of color. It is like seeing a Christmas pantomime under an aurora borealis. In America we could not do these things-at least we never have done them. Either the performance would be poor or the provender would be highly expensive, or both. But here the show is wonderful, and the victuals are good and not extravagantly priced, and everybody has a bully time.

At eleven-thirty or thereabout the show at the ice palace is over-concluding with a pushball match between teams of husky maidens who were apparently born on skates and raised on skates, and would not feel natural unless they were curveting about on skates. Their skates seem as much a part of them as tails to mermaids. It is bedtime

Inasmuch as the Palais du Danse is an institution berrowed outright from the French they have adopted the French custom there. As the visitor enters-if he be a stranger-a flunky in gorgeous livery intercepts him and demands an entrance fee amounting to about a dollar and a quarter in our money, as I recall. This tariff the American or the Englishman pays, but the practiced Berliner merely suggests to the doorkeeper the expediency of his taking a long running start and jumping off into space, and stalks defiantly in without forking over a single pfennig to any person

#### A Learned Lecture on the Tango

THE Palais du Danse is incomparably the most beautiful A ballroom in the world—so people who have been all over the world agree—and it is spotlessly clean and free from brackish smells, which is more than can be said of any French establishment of similar character I have seen. At the Palais du Danse the patron sits at a table—a table with something on it besides a cloth being an essential adjunct to complete enjoyment of an evening of German revelry; and as he sits and drinks he listens to the playing of a splendid band and looks on the dancing.

Nothing is drunk except wine-and by wine I mainly mean champagne of the most sweetish and sickish brand obtainable. Elsewhere, for one-twentieth the cost, the German could have the best and purest beer that is made; but he is out now for the big night. Accordingly he saturates his tissues with the sugary bubble-water of France. He does not join in the dancing himself. The men dancers are nearly all paid dancers, I think, and the beautifully chic women who dance are either professionals, too, or els belong to a profession that is older even than dancing is They all dance with a profound German gravity and precision. Here is music to set a wooden leg a-jigging

but these couples circle and glid and dip with an incomprehensible decorum and slowness.

Of course they are dancing the tango or one of its manifold varia tions. All Europe, like all America is at the moment tango mad. I was so when we were there and i one may judge by the cable dis patches it is still so. While we wer in Paris, M. Jean Richepin lecture before the Forty Immortals of th Five Academies assembled it solemn conclave at the Institute of France. They are called the Fort Immortals because nobody car remember the names of more that five of them. He took for his sub ect the tango—his motto, in shor being one borrowed from the conductors in the New York subway-"Mind your step!" While he spoke, which was for

an hour or more, the behadged and beribboned bosoms of his illustriou compatriots heaved with emotion their faces-or such parts of their faces as were visible above the whiskerline-flushed with enthu siasm, and most vociferously the applauded his masterly phrasis



and his tracing-out of the evolution of the tango, all the way from its Genesis, as it were, to its Revelation. I judge the revelation particularly appealed to them-that part of it appeals to so many.

After that the tango seemed literally to trail us. We could not escape it. While we were in Berlin the emperor saw fit officially to forbid the dancing of the tango by officers of his navy and army; and when we reached England the vogue for tango teas had started.

Naturally we went to one of these affairs. It took place at a theater. Such is the English way of interpreting the poetry of motion-to hire some one else to do it for you, and-in order to get the worth of your money-sit and swizzle tea while the paid performer is doing it. At the tango tea we patronized the tea was up to standard, but the dancing of the box-ankled professionals was a disappointment. Beforehand I had been told that the scene on the stage would be a veritable picture. And so it was-Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair.

As a matter of fact the best dancer I saw in Europe was a performing trick pony in a winter circus in Berlin. I also remember with distinctness of detail a chorusman who took part in a new Lehár opera, there in Berlin. I do not remember him for his dancing, because he was no clumsier of foot than his compatriots in the chorus rank and file; or for his singing, since I could not pick his voice out from the combined voices of the others. I remember him because he wore spectacles-not a monocle nor yet a pair of noseglasses, but heavy-rimmed, double-lensed German spectacles with gold bows extending up behind his ears like the roots of an old-fashioned wisdom tooth.

Come to think about it I know of no reason why a chorusman should not wear spectacles if he needs them in his business or if he thinks they will add to his native beauty; but the spectacle of that bolster-built youth, dressed now as a Spanish cavalier and now as a Venetian gondolier, prancing about, with his spectacles goggling owlishly out at the audience, and once in a while, when a gleam from the footlights caught on them, turning to two red-hot disks set in the middle of his face, was a thing that is going to linger in my memory when a lot of more important matters are entirely forgotten.

Not even in Paris did the tango experts compare with the tango experts one sees in America. At this juncture I pause a moment, giving opportunity for some carping critic to rise and call my attention to the fact that perhaps the most distinguished of the early school of turkey-trotters bears a French name and came to us from Paris.

#### New York to New York Via Montmartre

To WHICH I reply that so he does and so he did; but I add then the counter-argument that he came to us by way of Paris, at the conclusion of a round trip that started in the old Fourth Ward of the Borough of Manhattan, city of Greater New York; for he was born and bred on the East Side-and, moreover, was born bearing the name of a race of kings famous in the south of Ireland and along the Bowery. And he learned his art—not only the rudiments of it but the final finished polish of it-in the dancehalls of

Third Avenue, where the best slow-time dancers on earth come from. It was after he had acquired a French accent and had Gallicized his name, thereby causing a general turning-over of old settlers in the graveyards of the County Clare, that he returned to us, a conspicuous figure in the world of art and fashion, and was able to get twenty-five dollars an hour for teaching the sons and daughters of our richest families to trip the light tanfastic go.

At the same time, be it understood, I am not here to muckrake the past of one so prominent and affluent in the most honored and lucrative of modern professions; but facts are facts, and these particular facts are quoted here to bind and buttress my claim that the best dancers are the American dancers.

After this digression let us hurry right back to that loyal Berliner whom we left seated in the Palais du Danse on the Behrenstrasse, waiting for the hour of two in the morning to come. The hour of two in the morning does come; the lights die down; the dancers pick up their heavy feet-it takes an effort to pick up those Continental feet—and quit the waxen floor; the Oberkellner comes round with his gold chain of office dangling on his breast and collects for the wine, and our German

friend, politely inhaling his yawns, gets up and goes elsewhere to finish his good time. And, goldarn it, how he does dread it! Yet he goes, faithful soul that he is.

He goes, let us say, to the Pavillon Mascotte-no dancing, but plenty of drinking and music and foodwhich opens at two and stays open until four, when it shuts up shop in order that another place in the nature of a cabaret may open. And so, between five and six o'clock



in the morning of the new day, when the lady garbagemen and the gentlemen chambermaids of the German capital are abroad on their several duties, he journeys homeward, and so, as Mr. Pepys says, to bed, with nothing disagreeable to look forward to except repeating the same dose all over again the coming night. This sort of thing would kill anybody except a Prussian-for, mark you, between intervals of drinking he has been eating all night; but then a

> Prussian has no digestion. He merely has a capacity in the place where his digestive apparatus ought to be.

> The time to see a German enjoying himself is when he is following his own bent and not obeying the implied edict of his gracious sovereign. I had a most excellent opportunity of observing him while engaged in his own private pursuits of pleasure when by chance one evening, in the course of a solitary prowl, I bumped into a sort of Berlinesque version of Coney Island, with the island part missing. It was not out in the suburbs where one would naturally expect to find such a resort. It was in the very middle of the city, just round the corner from the café district, not more than half a mile, as the Blutwurst flies, from Unter den Linden, that I happened on this little, noisy park.



Must Love Their Kaiser; They Stay Up for Him Until They are Ready to Die of Steepinger

Even at this distance and after a considerable lapse of time I can still appreciate that place, though I cannot pronounce it; for it had a name consisting of one of those long German compound words that run all the way round a fellow's face and lap over at the back, like a clergyman's collar, and it had also a subname that no living person could hope to utter unless he had a thorough German education and throat trouble. You meet such nouns frequently

in Germany. They are not meant to be spoken; you gargle them.

To speak the full name of this park would require two able-bodied persons—one to start it off and carry it along until his larynx gave out, and the other to take it up at that point and finish it.

#### Sunday at the Zoo

FOR all the nine-jointed impressiveness of its title this park was a live, brisk little park full of sideshow tents sheltering mildly amusing, faked-up attractions, with painted banners flapping in the air and barkers spieling before the entrances and all the ballyhoos going at full blast-altogether a creditable imitation of a street fair as witnessed in any American town that has a good live Elks' Lodge in it.

Plainly the place was popular. Germans of all conditions and all ages and all sizes-but mainly the broader lasts—were winding about in thick streams in the narrow, crooked alleys formed by the various tents. They packed themselves in front of each booth where a free exhibition was going on, and when the free part was over and the regular performance began each struggled good-naturedly to be the first to pay the admission fee and enter in at the door.

And, for a price, there were freaks to be seen who properly belonged on our side of the water, it seemed to me. I had always supposed them to be exclusively domestic articles until I encountered them here. There was a regular Boscoe-a genuine Herr He Alive Them Eatssitting in his canvas den entirely surrounded by a choice and tasty selection of eating snakes. The orthodox tattooed man was there, too, first standing up to display the text and accompanying illustrations on his front cover, and then turning round so the crowd might read what he said on the other side. And there was many another familiar freak introduced to our fathers by Old Dan Rice and to us, their children, through the good offices of Daniel's long and noble line of successors.

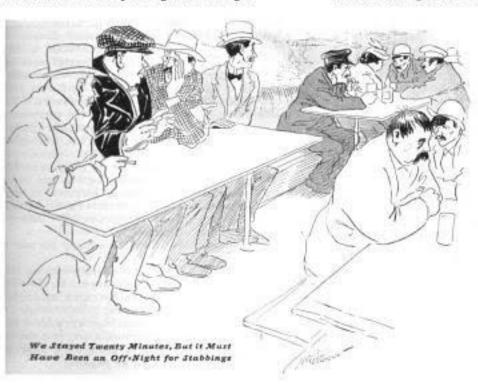
A seasonable Sunday is a fine time; and the big Zoölogical Garden, which is a favorite outdoor resort in fair weather, is a fine place for studying the Berlin populace at the diversions they prefer when left to their own devices, At one table will be a cluster of students, with their queer little pill-box caps of all colors, their close-cropped heads and well-shaved necks, and their saber-scarred faces,

At the next table half a dozen spectacled, long-coated en, who look as though they might be university professors, are confabbing earnestly. And at the next table and the next and the next—and so on, until the aggregate runs into big figures—are family groups—grandsires, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles and children, on down to the babies in arms.

By the uncountable thousands they spend the afternoon here, munching sausages and sipping lager, and enjoying the excellent music that is invariably provided. At each plate there is a beer mug, for everybody is forever drinking and nobody is ever drunk.

You see a lot of this sort of thing, not only in the parks and gardens so numerous in and near any German city but everywhere on the Continent. Seeing it helps an American





to understand a main difference between the American Sabbath and the European Sunday. We keep it and they spend it.

I am given to understand that Vienna night life is the most alluring, the most abandoned, the most wicked and the wildest of all night life. Probably this is so—certainly it is the most cloistered and the most inaccessible. The Viennese does not deliberately exploit his night life to prove to all the world that he is a gay dog and will not go home until morning though it kill him—as the German does. Neither does he maintain it for the sake of the coin to be extracted from the pockets of the tourist, as do the Parisians. With him his night life is a thing he has created and which he supports for his own enjoyment.

And so it goes on—not out in the open; not pressagented; not advertised; but behind closed doors. He does not care for the stranger's presence, nor does he suffer it either—unless the stranger is properly vouched for. The best theaters in Vienna are small, exclusive affairs, privately supported, and with seating capacity for a few chosen patrons.

Once he has quit the public café with its fine music and its bad waiters the uninitiated traveler has a pretty lonesome time of it in Vienna. Until all hours he may roam the principal streets seeking that fillip of wickedness which will give zest to life and provide him with something to brag about when he gets back among the homefolks again. He does not find it. Charades would provide a much more exciting means of spending the long winter evening; and, in comparison with the sights he witnesses, anagrams and acrostics are positively thrilling.

He is tantalized by the knowledge that all about him there are big doings, but, so far as he is concerned, he might just as well be attending a Sunday-school cantata. Unless he be suitably introduced he will have never a chance to shake a foot with anybody or buy a drink for somebody in the inner circles of Viennese night life. He is emphatically on the outside, denied even the poor satisfaction of looking in. At that I have a suspicion, born of casual observation among other races, that the Viennese really has a better time when he is not trying than when he is trying.

No taste of the night life in Paris is regarded as complete without a visit to an Apache resort at the fag-end of it. For orderly and law-abiding people the disorderly and lawbreaking people always have an immense fascination anyhow. The average person, though inclined to blink at whatever prevalence of the criminal classes may exist in his own community, desires above all things to know at firsthand about the criminals of other communities. In these matters charity begins at home.

#### In the Cave of the Innocents

EVERY New Yorker who journeys to the West wants to see a few roadagents; conversely the Westerner so journing in New York pesters his New York friends to lead him to the haunts of the gangsters. It makes no difference that in a Western town the prize hold-up man is more apt than not to be a real-estate dealer; that in New York the average run of citizens know no more of the gangs than they know of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—which is to say, nothing at all. Human nature comes to the surface just the same,

In Paris they order this thing differently; they exhibit the same spirit of enterprise that in a lesser degree characterized certain promoters of rubberneck tours who some years ago fitted up make-believe opium dens in New York's Chinatown for the awed delectation of out-of-town spectators. Knowing from experience that every other American who lands in Paris will crave to observe the Apache while the Apache is in the act of Apaching round regardless, the canny Parisians have provided a line of up-to-date Apache dens within easy walking distance of Montmartre; and thither the guides lead the round-eved tourist and there introduce him to well-drilled, carefully made-up Apaches and Apachesses engaged in their customary sports and pastimes as long as he is willing to pay out money for the privilege.

Being forewarned of this I naturally desired to see the genuine article. I took steps to achieve that end. Suitably chaperoned by a trio of transplanted Americans who knew a good bit about the Paris underworld I rode over miles of bumpy cobblestones until, along about four o'clock in the morning, our taxicab turned into a dim back street opening off one of the big public markets and drew up in front of a grimy establishment rejoicing in the happy and well-chosen name of the Cave of the Innocents.

Alighting we passed through a small boozing ken, where a frowzy woman presided over a bar, serving drinks to smocked marketmen, and at the rear descended a steep flight of stone steps. At the foot of the stairs we came on two gendarmes who sat side by side on a wooden bench, having apparently nothing else to do except to caress their goatees and finger their swords. Whether the gendarmes were stationed here to keep the Apaches from preying on the marketmen or the marketmen from preying on the Apaches I know not; but having subsequently purchased some fresh fruit in that selfsame market I should say now that if anybody about the premises needed police protection it was the Apaches. My money would be on the marketmen every time.

Beyond the couchant gendarmes we traversed a low, winding passage cut out of stone and so came at length to what seemingly had originally been a winevault, hollowed out far down beneath the foundations of the building. The ceiling was so low that a tall man must stoop to avoid knocking his head off. The place was full of smells that had crawled in a couple of hundred years before and had died without benefit of clergy—and had remained there ever since. For its chief item of furniture the cavern had a wicked old piano, with its lid missing, so that its yellowed teeth showed in a perpetual snarl. I judged some of its most important vital organs were missing too—after I heard it played.

On the walls were scored such words as naughty little boys write on schoolhouse fences in this country, and more examples of this pleasing brand of literature were carved on the whittled oak benches and the rickety wooden stools. So much for the physical furbishings.

By rights—by all the hallowed rules and precedents of the American vaudeville stage!—the denizens of this cozy retreat in the bowels of the earth should have been wearing high-waisted, baggy velvet trousers and drinking absinthe out of large flagons, and stabbing one another between the shoulderblades, and ever and anon, in the mystic mazes of the dance, playing crack-the-whip with the necks and heels of their adoring lady friends; but such was not found to be the case. In all these essential and traditional regards the assembled Innocents were as poignantly disappointing as the costers of London had proved themselves.

According to all the printed information on the subject the London coster should have been wearing clothes covered up with pearl buttons and swapping ready repartee with his Donah or his Dinah. The costers I saw were barren of pearl buttons and silent of speech; and almost invariably they had left their Donahs at home. Similarly these gentlemen habitués of the Cave of the Innocents wore few or no velvet pants, and guzzled little or none of the absinthe. Their favorite tipple appeared to be beer; and their female companions snuggled closely beside them. We stayed among them fully twenty minutes, but not a single person was stabbed while we were there. It must have been an off-night for stabbings.

Still, I judged them to have been genuine exhibits because here, for the first, last and only time in Paris, I found a shop where a stranger ready to spend a little money was not welcomed with vociferous enthusiasm. The paired-off cavedwellers merely scowled on us as we scrouged past them to a vacant bench in a far corner. The waiter, though, bowed before us—a shockheaded personage in the ruins of a dress suit, he was—at the same time saying words which I took to be complimentary until one of my friends explained that he had called us something that might be freely translated as a certain kind of female lobster.

Circumscribed by our own inflexible and unyielding language we in America must content ourselves with calling a guage we in America

seems somehow or other to make it more binding.

However, I do not really think the waiter meant to be deliberately offensive; for presently, having first served us with beer which for obvious reasons we did not drink, he stationed himself alongside the infirm piano and rendered a little ballad to the effect that all men were spiders and all women were snakes, and all the world was a green poison; so, right off, I knew what his trouble was, for I had seen many persons just as morbidly affected as himself down in the malaria belt of the United States, where everybody has liver for breakfast every morning. The waiter was bilious—that was what ailed him.

For the sake of the conventions I tried to feel apprehensive of grave peril. It was no go. I felt safe—not exactly comfortable, but perfectly safe. I could not even muster up a spasm of the spine when a member of our party leaned over and whispered in my ear that any one of these gentry roundabout us would cheerfully cut a man's throat for twenty-five cents.

I was surprised, though, at the moderation of the cost; this was the only cheap thing I had struck in Paris. It was cheaper even than the same job is supposed to be in the district round Chatham Square, on the East Side of New York, where the credulous stranger is so frequently told that he can have a plain murder done for five dollars—or a fancy murder, with trimmings, for ten; rate card covering other jobs on application.

In America, however, it has ever been my misfortune that I did not have the right amount handy; and here in Paris I was handicapped by my inability to make change correctly. By now I would not have trusted any one in Paris to make change for me—not even an Apache. I was sorry for this, for at a quarter a head I should have been very glad to engage Apaches to kill me about two dollars worth of cabdrivers and waiters. For one of the waiters at our hotel I would have been willing to pay as much as fifty cents, provided they killed him very slowly. Because of the reasons named, however, I had to come away without making any deal—and I have always regretted it.

#### **Evening Sport in European Capitals**

AT THE outset of this article I said the English had no night life. This was a slight but a pardonable misstatement of the actual facts. The Englishman has not so much night life as the Parisian, the Berliner, the Viennese or the Buda Pest; but he has more night life in his town of London than the Roman has in his town of Rome.

In Rome night life for the foreigner consists of going indoors at eventide and until bedtime figuring up how much money he has been skinned out of during the course of the day just done—and for the native in going indoors and counting up how much money he has skinned the foreigner out of during the day aforesaid. London has its night life, but it ends early—in the very shank of the evening, so to speak.

This is due in a measure to the operation of the earlyclosing law, which, however, does not apply if you are a

bona-fide traveler stopping at your own inn. There the ancient tavern law protects you. You may sit at ease and, if so minded, may drink and eat until daylight doth appear or doth not appear, as is generally the case in the foggy season. There is another law, of newer origin, to prohibit the taking of children under a certain age into a public house.

On the passage of this act there at once sprang up a congenial and lucrative employment for those horrible old-women drunkards who are so distressingly numerous in the poorer quarters of the town. Regardless of the weather one of these bedrabbled creatures stations herself just outside the door of a pub. Along comes a mother with a thirst and a child. Surrendering her offspring to the temporary care of the hag the mother goes within and has her refreshment at the bar. When, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand, she comes forth to reclaim the youngster she gives the other woman a ha'penny for her trouble, and eventually the other woman harvests enouge ha'penny bits to buy a dram of gin for berself. On a rainy day I have seen a draggled, Sairey-Gamp-looking female caring for as many as four damp infants under the drippy portico of an East End groggery. It is to the cafés that the early-closing law

chiefly applies. The cafés are due to close for business within half an hour after midnight. When the time for shutting up draws nigh the managers do not put their lingering patrons out physically. The individual's body is a sacred thing, personal liberty being most dear to

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#### By Edwin Lefevre CHEAP AT A MILLION BY WILL GREFE

HE telephone operator in E. H. Merriwether's office manipulated the plugs in the switchboard and answered in advance:

"Mr. Merriwether's office!"

From the other end of the wire came:

"This is the Rivulet Club. Mr. Waters wishes to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwether. Personal matter."

"He's engaged just now. Will any one else do?"

"No. Say it is Mr. Waters-about Mr. Tom Merriwether."

People resorted to all manner of tricks and subterfuges to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwetherdeluded people who thought they could get what they wished if only they could speak to Mr. Merriwether himself.

They never succeeded. He was too well guarded by highly paid experts who prevented the waste of his precious time. But the telephone operator knew her business. She switched the would-be conversationalist on to the private secretary's line, saying:

"Mr. Waters, Rivulet Club, wishes to speak to Mr. E. H. in regard to Mr. Tom Merriwether."

'I'll talk to him," hastily said the private secretary. "Hello, Mr. Waters! This is McWayne, Mr. Merriwether's private secretary. Has anything happened to Tom that - Oh! Yes-of course! At once, Mr. Waters."

McWayne then had the operator put Mr. Waters on Mr. E. H.'s wire.

"Who?" said the czar of the Pacific & Southwestern. "Waters? Oh, yes. Go ahead!" And Mr. E. H. Merri-

wether heard, in a young man's voice: "Say, Mr. Merriwether, some of the fellows here thought I'd better speak to you about Tom. He's been acting kind of queer; of course I don't mean crazy or-er-alarming; but-don't you know?-unusual. . . . Yes, sir! A little unusual for him, Mr. Merriwether. Today it was about the opera. Says he's got to get a certain seat, no

matter what it costs. Of course it isn't our business. Oh, no; he never drinks too much. No; never! We don't think we are called on to follow him to the Metropolitan, where he has just gone; but we thought you ought to know it. Please don't bring us into any- You know we are very fond of Tom; and we were a little worried, he's been so unlike himself lately. We teased him about being in love, and he-er-he seemed to get quite angry. . Yes, Mr. Merriwether; we'll keep you posted; and please don't give me away. It was a very delicate matter - Don't mention it, Mr. Merriwether. We'd all do anything for Tom, sir. Good by.'

E. H. Merriwether, the greatest little cuss in the world. as his admirers called him, hung up the telephone. His face, that impassive gambler's face which never told anything, now showed as plainly as could be that he was

wounded in a vital spot.

His son Tom was all this great millionaire had! His railroad became so much junk and his vast plans just so much waste paper as he thought of Tom. Was the boy going insane? Was it drugs? Was it one of those mysterious maladies that break millionaires' hearts by baffling the greatest physicians of the entire world and being beyond the reach of gold? Or was it a joke? Young Evert Waters was a friend of Tom's; but might not he exaggerate? He rang the bell for his private secretary.

"McWayne, send somebody with brains to the Metropolitan Opera House to find out whether my son Tom has been up there-box office-and what he is up to. I want to know how he acts. I want to know where the boy goes and what he does, whom he sees and where. Get some specialist on-er"-he could not bring himself to say mental diseases-"on nervous troubles, and make an appointment with him to come to my house tomorrow morning. He will have breakfast with us-say, at eightthirty. I don't want Tom to know.

"Be ready to notify the papers to suppress any and all stories about Tom. I fear nothing and expect nothing,



because I know nothing. Drop everything else and attend to these matters at once. I have heard that Tom is acting a little queer. It may be a lie or a joke-or a trick. I want to find out-that's all."

Six Millions a Year

He would learn before he acted decisively. He stared at a pigeonhole in his desk marked T. T. M. There he kept all letters Tom had written him from boarding school and from college. Presently he raised his head and drew a deep breath. There was no need to worry until he knew. It would be a waste of energy and of time; and, for all his millions, he could not afford the waste. He rang a bell; and when a clerk appeared he said in his calm voice:

"I'll see Governor Bolton the moment he comes in."

There was a big battle on between capital and labor. He was in the thick of it. He put Tom out of his mind for the time being. He could do that at will; but he could not put Tom out of his heart-this little chap that people called ruthless.

OM MERRIWETHER went to the box office at the Metropolitan and said pleasantly, as men do when they ask for what they know will be given to them:

"I want the seat just back of G 77-orchestra-for tonight. I suppose it will be H 77."

The clerk, who knew the heir of the Merriwether millions, said:

"I'll see whether we have it, Mr. Merriwether." He saw. Then he said, with sincere regret: "I'm very sorry. It's gone."

"I must have it," said Tom determinedly.

"I don't quite see how I can help you, Mr. Merriwether. I can give you another just as -

"I don't want any other seat. Who bought it?"

"I don't know. It may be a subscription seat, sold months ago."

"It's the double seven on the seventh row that I am concerned about. I want the seat just back of it."

"I'll call up the ticket agencies. There's a bare chance they may have it." After a few minutes he said: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but they haven't it."
"I'm willing to pay any price for H 77. I'll give you a

hundred dollars if you -

"Mr. Merriwether, I couldn't do it if you offered me a thousand! If I could do it at all I'd be only too glad to do it for you-for nothing," the clerk said, and blushed. Everybody liked Tom.

The sincerity in the clerk's voice impressed young Mr. Merriwether, who thanked him warmly and withdrew. The baffled feeling that he took away with him from the ticket window grew in intensity until he was ready to fight.

It was a natural-enough impulse that led him back to 777 Blank Avenue: but he was not quite sure whether he was angry at the man for telling him to do what was obviously impossible or at himself for determining to find her!

He rang the bell of the house of mystery. The footman that answered was one of the intelligent four; but his face was impassive, as though he had never before seen Tom.

"Your master?" asked Tom abruptly.

"Your card, please," said the footman impassively, Tom gave it to him. The man disappeared, presently to return. "This way, sir." And at the door in the rear he paused and announced: Mr. Merriwether!'

The master of the house was in his usual place. He bowed his head gravely and waited.

"I couldn't get the seat," said Tom with a frown.

"It is written: Vain are man's efforts!"

"That's all very well, my friend. But the next time -

"Fate deals with time-not with next time! There is no certainty of any time but one. If you can do nothing I can do nothing. I still say: The seat back of G 77 tonight."

Tom Merriwether looked searchingly into the calm eyes before him. The baffled feeling

returned; also, a great curiosity. What would the end be? At length he said: "Good day, sir." He half hoped the man would volunteer some helpful remark. "Good day, sir," said the man with cold politeness.

Tom went back to the opera house and asked for somebody in authority to whom he might talk. They ushered him into Mr. Kirsch's presence. Mr. Kirsch, amiable by birth, temperament and training, listened to him with much gravity; also, with a concern he tried to conceal, for it was too sad—a bright, clean-living, intensely likable chap like Tom, only heir to the Merriwether millions!

Fearing a scene he told Tom that he would speak to the ticket-takers in the lobby to be on the lookout for ticket H 77. Then he conferred with the emissary McWayne had sent, who thereupon was able to send in a most alarming

The private secretary softened it as much as he could and even dared to suggest to the chief that it might be a bet; but the little czar of the Pacific & Southwestern, who had never flinched under any strain or stress, grew visibly older as he heard that his son was offering thousands for an opera seat-for the seat back of the double seven, seventh row. It could mean but one thing!

Tom was so fortunate as to be standing beside the ticketcollector at the middle door of the main entrance when the owner of H 77 appeared. He was a fat man with a pink and shiny face, a close-cropped mustache and huge pearl studs. The fat man was fortunately alone.

"Sir," said Tom, "I should like to speak with you."

The man looked apprehensive. Then he said:

"What is it about?"

"For very strong personal reasons I should like to exchange tickets with you. I can give you G 120-every bit as good—on the other side of the aisle."

"Why should I change?" queried the shiny-faced man suspiciously.

'To oblige a very nice young lady and myself. Of course if you prefer to be paid -

"I don't need money."

"Well, I'll pay you a hundred dollars for your ticket," said Tom coldly.

The man shook his head from force of habit, in order that Tom might see he was offering too little. Then he said recklessly:

"It's yours, my friend. I have a pet charity. I'll give your money to it. Where's the hundred?"

Tom took out a small roll of yellow bills, pulled off one and handed it to the man with the pet charity, who took it, looked at it, nodded, put it in his pocket, gave the coupon to Tom, and then held out his right hand.

"Where is the ticket for G 120 that you'll give me in place of mine?"

Tom gave it to him and walked into the house, not knowing that McWayne's emissary had listened and reported. He sat in H 77 and tried to laugh at his own absurd behavior; but somewhere within him-away in, very deepsomething was thrillingly alert, tantalizingly expectant.

The seat before him was empty. It remained empty during the first act. It angered Tom that the climax should be so long in coming. The three seats in front of him remained vacant until just before the curtain went up on the last act. Somebody came in just as the lights were lowered and occupied seat G 77.

Tom sat up and braced himself. He leaned over, vaguely desiring to be near her. Unconscious that he was under a strain, he nevertheless drew a deep breath.



Nothing Had Happened - Except That He Again Had Made an Ass of Himself!

Instantly there came to him the odor of sweet peas, and with it thoughts of summer, of a beautiful girl, of a soul mate, of a wife. Love filled his being. He wished to love and be loved. He wished to be somebody's husband, so that he might begin to live the life he was to live until the day of his death!

He leaned back in his chair and again inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas-the odor that must mean kisses in the open; the inarticulate lovemaking of breezes and blossoms; the multitudinous whispers of midsummer nights heard by love-hungry ears. And then the music! There came the breaking of a heart about to cease beating and the sobbing crash of the brasses in the finale. It was almost more than Tom could bear.

Then the curtain fell and light flooded the house. People streamed out. Tom twisted and turned to see the face of the lady who made him think of the sweet peas, which made him think of love and marriage and children-but she was wrapped to the cheeks in a fur-edged opera cloak and her head was covered with a black lace wrap. He could not see her face; and after rivulets of people reached the main stream in the middle aisle he found himself hopelessly separated from her. He tried to jostle his way through. McWayne, his father's private secretary, suddenly happened to be there.

"Hello, Tom!" he said. "What's your rush?" Tom saw that it was useless to pursue the phantom of sweet peas and dreams of love unless he vaulted over the stalls. McWayne's presence made him realize how his friends would be shocked by such actions.

"No hurry at all," said Tom, who, after all, was a Merriwether. "Just wanted to see whether I knew that girl."

"I'll bet she's a pippin!" said McWayne with a friendly smile. It irritated Tom.

"I don't know any of your friends," said Tom coldly; "lady friends and pippins, fellows like you call them, I

That was what convinced McWayne that the worst was to be feared about poor Tom, who was so considerate and amiable when normal. Poor Tom! McWayne telephoned to the waiting E. H. Merriwether, whose only reply was to ask the private secretary to arrange to have Doctor Frauenthal, the great specialist, at breakfast in the Merriwether house the next morning, without fail.

It was quite a common occurrence for Doctor Frauenthal to meet-under false pretenses, as it were-persons whose sanity was suspected by fond relatives who dared not openly acknowledge their suspicions. He was a man whose eyes had been compared to psychic corkscrews, with which he brought the patient's secret thoughts to the light of day. Some one said of him that, by inducing a feeling of guilt and detection among the predatory rich, he was able to exact colossal fees from them. He was the man who had made Ordway Blake give up making six millions a year in Wall Street by quitting. Mr. Blake was still alive.

Frauenthal was introduced to Tom as a gentleman whose advice "E. H." desired. The men conversed on various topics apparently haphazard; but in reality Tom, without knowing it, was answering test questions. The answers could not conclusively prove insanity, but they would certainly show whether a more thorough examination was necessary.

Mr. Merriwether and Frauenthal left the house together. They entered the waiting brougham. The great little railroad magnate gave the address of the doctor's office to the footman; then turned to Frauenthal and said calmly: "Well, what do you think of him?"

His voice was steady and cold, his face imperturbable; his eyes were fixed with intelligent scrutiny on the specialist's, but his fingers tightly clutched a rolled morning newspaper.

Frauenthal turned his clinical stare on E. H. Merriwether, as though the financier were really the patient. He swept the little man's face—the eyes, the mouth and the poise-and then let his eyes linger on the clenched fingers about the newspaper.

The iron-nerved, glacial-blooded, flint-hearted Merriwether could not control himself after forty-five seconds of this. He flung the newspaper on the floor violently.

"Go ahead!" he said harshly.

The doctor did not smile outwardly; but you felt that within himself he had found an answer to one of his own unspoken questions about the father of the suspect.

There are, Mr. E. H. Merriwether," he began in the measured tones and overcareful enunciation of a lecturer at a clinic, "various forms of—let us say—madness; and your son Tom, a fine young man of twenty-eight, is quite unmistakably suffering from -

He paused to give the fine young man's emotionless father an opportunity to show human feelings. Frauenthal was always interested in the struggle between the emotional and the physical in his millionaire patients.

"Go on!" said E. H. Merriwether, so very coldly as to

His eyes never left the alienist's own secret-draggers; but he was drumming on his thigh with the tips of his uncontrollable fingers. Ordinarily his desk would have screened from sight this betrayal of human feeling.

"Your son, sir, is suffering, beyond any question, from the oldest madness of all-Love!"

"What?"

"Your son Tom is in love. That is what ails him."

"Are you serious?" Mr. Merriwether was frowning fiercely now.

"You'll think so," retorted Frauenthal coldly, "when you get my bill."

"My boy Tom in love?" repeated the czar blankly.

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"I don't know. I'm a neurologist-not a soothsayer."

"Well, suppose he is in love-what of it?"

"Nothing—to me."
"Then what is serious about it?"

"I can't tell you, for its seriousness to you depends on rour point of view toward society at large. There are, of course, the obvious disquieting circumstances."

"For instance?"

"He is a fine chap-healthy, bright, honest. What is the reason he has said nothing to you? Is he ashamed or

afraid? If he is ashamed it is very serious to both of you. If he is afraid—well, then the seriousness depends on how intelligent a father you have been to him.'

"Don't talk like a fool! I've been a good father to him; of course

"Wait! Wait! First tell me why you do what you ask me not to do?" In the specialist's eyes was a professional curiosity.

"What do you mean?" said E. H. Merriwether impatiently. It exasperated him to be puzzled.

'Why do you talk like a fool?"

said Frauenthal. Nobody ever talked that way

to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, overlord of the greatest railroad empire in history. He flushed and was about to retort angrily, but controlled himself in time. The brougham had reached

Frauenthal's office. Mr. Merriwether spoke too calmly-you could feel the tense restraint:

"Doctor Frauenthal, I've heard a great deal of your wonderful ability."

He paused. It came hard to him to be ingratiating. This difficulty is the revenge which Nature takes on people who acquire the habit of paying money for everything in this world. Such men cannot talk except with a checkbook, and the checkbook loses the power of speech before happiness-and before death.

"What very difficult thing is it you wish me to do for you?" asked Frauenthal coldly. "You are sure Tom is not --- " He hesitated.

"Crazy?" prompted the specialist.

"Yes."

"Yes; I'm sure he is not. Therefore he is saner than you."

Mr. Merriwether let this remark pass. He was anxious to save Tom. This man was uncannily sharp. He said:

"And can't you do something, so that Tom will not -

"I am not God!" interrupted Frauenthal.

"Then, what can I do? What do you suggest might be

"As a neurologist?"
"Yes."

"Nothing." "Then as a man of the world—as one who knows human nature. You see, this-this-er-sort of thing is not in my line. What shall I do?" It was a terrible thing for the great Merriwether to confess inefficiency in anything.

"Pray!" The little magnate flushed.

"Doctor Frauenthal," he began with chilling dignity, "I asked

"And I answered. Have your millions deafened you? Pray! Pray to whatever other God you may have that the lady prove to be neither a prima donna nor a novelist. A temperamental daughter-in-law is really worse than you deserve, for all the money they say you have made. There are checkbook gods and stock-ticker gods; and there is also God. I'd pray to Him if I were you. Good day, sir!"

The footman had opened the door, and the great specialist, without another look at the railroad man, got out and walked into his house.

"Where to, sir?" asked the footman.

Mr. Merriwether, however, was vexed to think that in relieving his anxiety over Tom's sanity Frauenthal had replaced it with a dread question-Why had not Tom told his father about her? The boy must be either crazy or in love. If he was not crazy, who in blazes was she? What was she? Why was she? All this angered him. He muttered aloud:

"Hell!"

"Yes, sir-very good, sir," said the footman from force of habit. Then he trembled; but his master had not heard him. The footman breathed deeply and said tremulously: "B-beg p-pardon, sir?"

"Nearest Subway station!" said E. H. Merriwether.

He was in a hurry to reach his office, not because he had important business to transact there, but because somehow he always thought best in his own chair before his own desk in his own office. There he was an autocrat, and there he could think autocratically and issue commands that were obeyed. He had much thinking to do-Tom was concerned, his son Tom; and Tom's future. And it was now clear that T. T. Merriwether's future was also the future of E. H. Merriwether!

Why had this thing come on him? Talk about your thunderbolts out of a clear sky-this love affair was a million times worse! It was mysterious-and it is well known in Wall Street that a mystery is worse than

> nitroglycerin - infinitely more dangerous. Ignorance is always fatal.

What was this love affair? How far had it gone? Just where was the dynamite stored? Whowasshe? Why did not Tom say something? Why could not Tom have fallen in love safely? Why could he not have married a good girl who would help him and help E. H. Merriwether; help both by minding her own business-to wit, a few little male Merriwethers?

It was time Tom became his father's successor-to-be. E. H. Merriwether had loved to do his own work his own way all his life. It was his pleasure. But the work suddenly took on an aspect of far greater importance than the worker. The work was the work of the Merriwethers-not of one Merriwether: not even of the great E. H., but of all the Merriwethers, living and to be. Tom must be

trained to be not only the son of a



"Mr. Merriwether, I Couldn't Do it if You

Offered Me a Thousand!"

Merriwether, but to be himself a Merriwether. And therefore E. H. must cease to be a railroad expert toward Tom; he must become Tom's father, the trainer of a successor fiesh and blood the same; the fortune the same.

And, as a sense of impending loss always heightens values, E. H. Merriwether suddenly realized how important to him and to his happiness Tom was. He loved Tom, who was not only his only son but the only Merriwether. That told everything: He loved Tom.

AFTER his father and Doctor Frauenthal left the house Tom tried to feel that he had finished his breakfast that is to say, he attempted to read the newspapers. But the printed letters failed to combine themselves into intelligible forms, and even when he read a word here and there his mind did not record it. Obeying an unexplained impulse

Then he sat down merely because he had been standing. Then he tried to reason why he was sitting and what sitting there thinking of himself in that particular position meant. But the sky was too blue! It called to him in an

azure voice that made him long for the sunshine and the open air, and the rooflessness of outdoors that permits ten million fancies to soar unchecked.

Also, he longed for something; and, though he knew that he longed, he did not know exactly what it was he longed for, because it was not his mind that desired it, but all of him; and all of him did not think with precision. Young men are apt to feel like that in the springtime-also young women. Also, widowers and canaries and heifers and burros-and even bankers!

Therefore Tom swore at that nothing which is always something and gave up trying to make himself think that he wanted to read the morning papers. His nervous system coined a proverb for him: "When in doubt, walk out!" So he walked out of the house

and crossed the avenue. He found himself in Central Park-the remedy which the very rich do not and the very poor cannot use to cure the spring in the blood. And as he walked the soul-fidgets left him, so that after a mile or two he quite cold-bloodedly began to think of his

most pressing duties. He went about them systematically. The first thing he had to do was some shopping: shopping on Blank Avenue—on Blank Avenue where the jewelry shops were; in the jewelry shops where the wedding presents were. There! He was off again. Everybody was getting married! What business had people to make people think of wives; yes, wives-plural; lots of wives; all beautiful, all desirable and worthy; all lovely and loving and lovable; and all fit to be rolled into one-Tom's?

It was not polygamy. It was merely composite photography. The one he desired had a little of each of the girls he admired. She was the amorous crazy-quilt that youth is so apt to dazzle itself with in the springtimea nose from a friend; two lips from a stranger; a complexion from a distant relative; a pair of eyes from the sky; a heart from the heart of the sun—and lo! the wife-to-be!

And so the wedding presents—a silver service, to be used by two sitting on opposite sides of a table, looking into each other's eyes; a glittering string, to be admired on a wonderful throat—were heavy enough to keep Tom's soul from soaring. And because his feet were on the pavement he soon found himself—of course!—before 777 Blank Avenue.

Why should he not go to that house? And why should he not ring the bell? Why not?

His intentions were above suspicion, though marriage is a serious thing; but, really, now was the time for the adventure to appear-even if the adventure turned out to be merely the adventuress.

Therefore, with the inexorable logic of the most illogical state of mind known, he rang the bell and waited with an eagerness-half hope, half curiosity-most unusual among people who, like Tom, early acquire the habit of asking, checkbook in hand, for whatever they wish.

The footman who answered was one of the men with the

over-intelligent faces.

"I am Mr. Merriwether. I wish to see your master." Tom's voice rang a trifle more commandingly than the occasion appeared to call for. There was a physiological reason for it. The man hesitated so that Tom wondered; but presently all expression vanished from the nonmenial face and the footman said:

"This way, if you please, sir."

He preceded Tom to the door of his master's library. He rapped twice smartly and waited in an attitude of listening. Tom also listened intently; he could not have told why he did it—though it was, of course, inevitable.

Not a sound was heard. The over-intelligent footman's lips moved for all the world as though he were counting, and presently he opened the door and announced: "Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether - 7-7-77."

"Do You Feel That You Must Meet Her Joon or Die?"

Tom entered. The master of this strange house was seated at the over-elaborate library table, writing. He looked up; but before Tom could speak the man said

"I cannot do anything for you, sir."

It was so much like a refusal to give alms to a beggar that Tom flushed angrily. He managed to check a sharp retort on the very brink and, instead, began in a mildly

"Of course you know what I -

"Of course!" interrupted the man rudely; and he began impatiently to drum on the edge of the table with his penholder. "Do you imagine for a minute that you are the only mateless male in New York looking for his destined bride? And do you really think that the fruitlessness—until now—of your search is a world-tragedy? Because your name happens to be Thomas—which is a descriptive title when applied to marriageable felines of your own sex-do you fancy I am concerned with your affairs? Young man, you are the only son and heir of a very rich man; but there are some things that money cannot buy. Love is one of them."

He frowned at Tom, but something in the young millionaire's face made him relent. He went on, more kindly, more encouragingly:

"My boy, she is seeking you, even as you are seeking her. She is very beautiful! You will meet her at the appointed hour-have no doubt of it. After your perfectly stupid

failure at the opera ---- Wait!" He held up a hand as Tom was about to speak in self-defense. futility of your maneuvers shows that youth, brains, money, persistence and desire are all powerless to hurry fate. As you, who have never seen her, love her, she loves you though she has never seen you. She will know you as you will know her; but she is gone!"
"Where?" Tom spoke before he knew it.

"Be patient! After you meet her you will live with her until death parts you."

He said this, without theatrical emphasis, in a most matter-of-fact way. Tom's suspicions, always present in this house of mystification rather than of mystery, were not made livelier by the man's words; but neither were they allayed by the tone of his voice. He hesitated and then, adventure whispering, he said:

"To be perfectly frank, I am interested in this -

"Young man, I told you before that I ask nothing of you—no favor, no money, no service; not even your interest. When I asked you to do a certain thing you did it. I am not particularly grateful. You could not have refused! Possibly you can explain to your own satisfaction your own

inexplicable acquies-

cence; you doubtless have evolved a dozen most ingenious theories to account for your doings and mine. The shortest and easiest explanation is the true one-fate. After you marry you will compare notes with her-and yet you will not understand why I concerned myself with your lives. You will perplex yourselves so unnecessarily: all because of your unwillingness to say: fate!

"Men hate fate as a hypothesis. It is not flattering to admit that we are but puppetsthe strongest of us no stronger than an autumn leaf in the wind. And because you do not see fate you do not believe in it. And, for fear of being considered an ass by a lot of asses who also do not believe in fate, you will never tell any one your romanticstory. And yet, of the scores you call friends, there are only seven men who are happily married. And those seven I helped, as I have helped you and as I shall help those I am ordered to help. Even now the Dispeller of Darkness is out, making one heart send a message in the dark to another heart waiting for it!"

"Do you mean to say you cannot or will not arrange for my meeting the mysterious person you tell me I am going to marry?"
"I mean to say that your coming to this house with

such a hope merely means a waste of your time, young sir, and of mine. You will meet your love, but you cannot find her. No man finds happiness by means of a systematic search. It comes or it does not come—as God wills."

The man rose. Tom also rose and said:

"But at least tell me where this-this alleged fate of mine is.

The man shook his head with a smile that was in the nature of a mild sneer.

"Doubting Thomas! He won't admit it, but he can't deny it! Ah, so wise! So clever in his suspicions! So intelligently skeptical! Ah, yes!

Still nodding in ironical admiration he approached the

filing cabinet.

"Let me see-you are 7-7-77." He pulled out Drawer Seven in Section Seven and took out an envelope from which he drew a lot of papers. He read a typewritten sheet. He replaced the papers, turned and stared doubtfully at Tom, muttering half to himself: "I don't know! I don't know!"

"What?" asked Tom.

"Do you really want her? Do you feel that you must meet her soon or die?"

(Continued on Page 56)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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#### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1914

#### Dimming a Bright Record

THE Interstate Commerce Commission should have decided the application for higher freight rates some months ago, and the decision should have been in favor of the railroads.

Time out of mind the unconscionable dilatoriness of our courts has been condemned by the legal profession, as well as by laymen, on the sound ground that justice delayed is often justice denied. Any judicial body that cannot act with reasonable promptness is quite likely to do as much harm as good, however pure its intentions and righteous its tardy judgments may be.

Reasonable dispatch is peculiarly important in a body like the Interstate Commerce Commission, the jurisdiction of which over common carriers is constantly increasing. Submitting all future issues of railroad securities, for example, to a tribunal constitutionally unable to make up its mind, except by a sort of glacial movement, would be rather appalling.

Heretofore the commission, on the whole, has acted with reasonable promptness. Its unreasonable delay in this case is all the more regrettable because it gives ground for suspicion that the commission is afraid to act. The commission is perhaps our best governmental agency. Its responsibilities are great and it has discharged them with high credit, which is precisely why we protest against its comparative failure in this case.

#### The Mexican Problem

PROBABLY a majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are of pure, or mixed, Indian blood. An English traveler reports that in going over the country some years ago he frequently remarked on the poor estate and bad treatment of the Indian or near-Indian natives; and his remark often brought the half-impatient response: "They are animals, señor; they are not people."

That is the real problem in Mexico. That the United States, by intervention or otherwise, can solve it or contribute very materially to its solution seems improbable. A large part of the population of Cuba is still pretty frankly treated on the animalistic theory.

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#### The Banner Dependency

ENGLAND'S rule in India is often pointed to as the world's most successful example of the government of a people of inferior culture by an alien race far advanced in civilization. From an article on the state of India in a most respectable and responsible British journal—The Statist—we condense the following:

In size the dependency is about equal to Europe outside of Russia. Its population is between one-sixth and onefifth that of the entire globe. It is so dependent on agriculture that its twenty-seven largest cities contain only two per cent of the country's inhabitants. The state of agriculture is so low that going wages are only eight cents a day. The monsoon rains, on which crops depend, are so uncertain that there is an extensive crop failure every few years, while interior transportation is so imperfectly developed—the railway mileage being little over one-tenth that of the United States, though India has three times that country's population—that crop failure in one district means hunger there, though there may be grain to spare in another district. The ignorance and superstition of the people are so extreme that the chief difficulty of British officers in fighting plague arises from the opposition of the natives, who think the foreigners are trying to poison them.

Undoubtedly England has done much in India; but the state of the great mass of the people of that country is still probably somewhat inferior to the state of the inhabitants of France when the first Capet was crowned. The white man's burden contains very few Christmas presents for the colored brother.

#### Poor Business

THE nine largest American cities contain over twelve and a half million people, or one out of eight of the entire population. The small land area which they occupy, together with the buildings on it, is assessed for taxation at nearly fourteen billion dollars, which is probably somewhere from seventy-five to ninety per cent of its market value. More than half of this value attaches to the land alone.

The gross revenue receipts of these cities amount to four hundred and forty millions, two-thirds of which is derived from the general property tax, mostly a tax on real estate. They undertake the education of all children of school age within their borders, and a little more than a million and a half children daily attend their public schools. Ninetenths of these children are in the elementary schools, and on the education of each elementary pupil the cities spend forty-two and a half dollars a year. All these cities taken together have only one hundred thousand pupils in the secondary public schools.

We do not consider that a creditable showing. That the nine largest communities in the country, containing an eighth of the population and actually much more than an eighth of the total wealth, spend only seventy million dollars a year on public education strikes us, on the whole, as discreditable.

They are undoubtedly creating land values at the rate of three or four hundred million dollars a year. They grant many special and monopolistic privileges from which they ought to get more revenue. They are capacious mines of wealth for certain individuals. We should like to see them mine some of the wealth for the public schools.

#### Government and Business

ENGLAND and Germany are the commercial rivals with whom this country has seriously to reckon. Both those nations have adopted many so-called radical policies. In both the government is constantly intervening in private business affairs, by way of exacting rather stiff taxes, of requiring safeguards to life and limb in factories and sanitary conditions generally wherever a large number of people are employed. England fixes a minimum wage for certain trades and makes employers contribute to a fund for old-age pensions. Both nations enforce a system of compensation to employees who are hurt in industrial accidents.

In this country, however, we have something quite different from all that. We have a Government at war with business, not merely taxing and regulating but enforcing its own ideas as to how business should be organized. These ideas are mostly mere theory and are diametrically opposed to the tendency in business organization that springs from experience. The records of the Department of Justice show the extent of the Government's war on business during the last six years and the antitrust bills now before Congress will provide new and sharper weapons.

True, the Government says the business it is fighting is bad business; but when two great German steamship lines proposed to set up competitive rates the German Government said that was bad business and stopped it. In fine, it has never been proved that restraint of competition is necessarily bad in any other sense than that it conflicts with our Government's theory; and the records above referred to show how considerable a part of the actual business organization of the country comes under the Government's ban.

Every civilized government taxes and regulates; but the attempt to change the very structure of business is practically confined to the United States.

Under the new antitrust laws the attempt promises to be more far-reaching and drastic than ever. The fact strikes us as of considerable importance.

#### First Aid for Anarchy

THE police in the United States perform the same beneficial function for anarchy that the press agent performs for musical comedy, and they do it gratis. Without the extensive advertising and the implication of importance that the police so generously supply, anarchy in this country would be in the position of a variety show without a poster,

an electric sign or a line of reading matter. Whatever harm it did would be done merely to itself, and no one else would know of it.

If the police wished to discourage anarchy and acted with the intelligence that ought to characterize a corner peanut stand, they would exert themselves to get the largest possible crowd at every anarchist meeting and see that the acoustic arrangements were perfect.

For complete insurance against the spread of anarchy nothing could be better than a copious dose of anarchist oratory; in fact nothing else could be so good. Every suppression of an anarchist speaker amounts to an official and monstrously false statement that the speakers had something important to say. Every police raid is worth more to the cause than all its literature.

The right way to deal with anarchy is to get it out in the open and let it have its say. An almost universal sense of humor will do the rest. Any man who ever listened for an hour to anarchistic rhetoric, and thereafter took anarchy seriously, ought to be appointed a police censor of speaking for life, on the ground that he is a hopeless blockhead.

#### Easy Arguing

In the pages of the Congressional Record we find this and, with some variation of details, much the same stuff is repeated there several times:

The railroads of the United States are capitalized at twenty billion dollars, on which they earn five per cent a year; but they are capitalized at twice their true value. The Government can buy them at their true value, borrowing the money for that purpose at three per cent, and make a sure, immediate profit of the difference between twenty billions at five per cent and ten billions at three per cent, which would come to seven hundred million dollars a year, or nearly enough to pay its running expenses.

Except that the railroads do not earn five per cent on twenty billions, are not capitalized at twice their value, and the United States could not borrow ten billions, or anything like that sum, at three per cent interest, this argument is unanswerable.

#### What Washington Can Do

SAID President Wilson a little while ago: "When I think of the number of men who are looking to me, as the representative of a party, with hopes for all varieties of salvation from the things in the midst of which they are struggling, it makes me tremble."

A conscientious man in the President's position can hardly avoid that feeling, yet it is partly mistaken. The capital is always aswarm with men who think or pretend that the fate of the nation hangs on the particular project in which they are interested. The editorial office of every big publication is showered with appeals to benefit mankind by commending or condemning this or that bill; but of only about one measure out of a hundred can it be said, with anything like certainty, that in terms of concrete human experience it would do any particular good or any particular harm.

Even of so great a measure as the Tariff Act a candid man might well hesitate to affirm that any human life would be freer or happier or more open to opportunity on account of it. He thinks it will help, but his eye cannot follow the curve of its benefits.

To protect a man from dangerous machinery, to give him a dwelling free from tubercular germs, to tax him only ten dollars instead of twenty—in some humble matters of that kind, we can say positively: This makes life easier.

That is why the Mexican affair is probably the most important with which this Administration will have to deal. Getting men shot in that connection positively does not make people freer or happier, or more open to opportunity.

#### Our Lily-Robed Martyr

WHEN Walter Bagehot was editor of the leading financial journal of England be wrote a rather famous book called Lombard Street, the chief purpose of which was to demonstrate that the banking situation in London, from the Bank of England down, was tolerably rotten. To this day the sharpest criticisms of British finance are found where they ought to be—in the leading financial journals.

We need more of that over here. With few exceptions our financial journals devote their editorial energies to utterly futile attacks on the Government; a sheer wasted white paper and black ink, since the criticisms are never read outside a limited circle that is already of the editor's opinion. More free, pointed, intelligent criticism from the inside would be the best thing that could happen to Wall Street.

There is no lack of outside criticism, usually prejudied and often grossly misinformed. It carries no weight among people who know, because it is prejudiced and misinformed. Criticism by a man who knows is what counts. Financial journals ought to supply it, but seldom do. With the very few exceptions referred to, they regard American finance as a lily-robed and meek-eyed martyr at the stake.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Successful Specialist in Being Hated

SUPPOSE," said Henry Clay Hall when he retired as mayor of Colorado Springs, "that I have left office the worsthated mayor who ever lived."

Probably Henry Clay Hall was too egotistic about it. One of the inevitable little drawbacks about being mayor anywhere is the retirement accompanied by a large consignment of hate delivered f. o. b. by former admiring constituents for whom nothing was done or to whom something was done. When Henry Clay Hall said he quit in closer personal conjunction with more hatred. detestation, abhorrence, not to say, aversion and dislike, it was quite likely he was pinning a bigger medal on himself than he really deserved.

I do not mean, of course, that Henry Clay Hall was not exceedingly well supplied with the antipathy of his neigh-

bors when he returned to the more peaceful paths of private life, for my advices are to that general effect; but a great many mayors have retired, one way and another, since we began to have those adjuncts to our boasted civilization.

Henry Clay was boasting a bit. He was too personal, too much impressed with the ego of his execration. Well hated we admit; but worst hated—oh, fie! fie! Did he ever hear of—but why call the roll of mayors when discussing the latest addition to the Interstate Commerce Commission?

Mr. Hall has been placed on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The President picked him and he meandered past those stern censors in the Senate. So now he is sitting in on the rate cases and by this time has undoubtedly come to the conclusion that the only thing of importance in this universe is "per ton per mile." On the one hand, there are the railroads. On the other hand, there are the railroads. Also, on the neck, the midriff, the chest, the feet and the diaphragm. In short, there are the railroads.

But where are they? That, dear children, is what the railroads, the railroaded would like to know. So, along with the other gentlemen who are endeavoring to discover this, Mr. Hall has begun

his explorations. Life being short and time being fleeting, they impose limitations; but it may be predicted safely that by the time he has finished his term Mr. Hall will be adequately seized of the information concerning the difference between a preferential and a differential—and that will help some.

To return to the distressed period when he considered himself hated to such an extreme degree. They rather put that mayoralty over on Hall. He was away somewhere on a trip. Colorado Springs was in need of a mayor. The Henry Clay Hall set decided that, inasmuch as Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have a mayor, Henry Clay Hall would be the exact sort of a mayor Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have. They did not go to the trouble of asking Hall anything about his desires in the matter. Instead they elected him to the job and wired him: "Come back and begin mayoring immediately!"

He came back and began. The first thing that happened to him was the usual first thing that happens to mayors everywhere. He had a row over the chief of police. It is a well-known fact, proved by tons of municipal research and investigation, that almost any man could be successful as mayor if it were not for the police question, and that very few mayors are successful because of the questionable police. Eliminate the police problem and mayoring would be one grand, sweet song.

#### A Roundabout Route to the I. C. C.

AS THEY tell the story in Colorado Springs, a powerful person who was a client of Hall's law firm was interested in the chief of police then pertaining to Colorado Springs. As powerful persons who are clients will, he considered the new mayor an asset of his; so he strolled round one day and demanded—not requested, but demanded—that the new mayor reappoint the old chief of police. To make it good he brought along Hall's law partner, who proffered the same demand.

"Now, Hank," they chanted in close harmony, "get busy and reappoint our man."

Whereupon Henry Clay Hall, rising, said:

"When Pike's Peak, towering majestical yonder, becomes a hole in the ground, then, and not until then, shall I do this thing."

"You refuse us?"

began to have those adjuncts to our boasted civilization. "I refuse you, I confuse you, I diffuse you, I suffuse you!

And, looking at the matter judicially, it must be said that There is positively nothing doing along those lines."

Well, that was where Henry Clay Hall began to get the idea he would leave office rather well hated, as such things go; for the chief of police he did appoint was not much of a success, and H. C. Hall woke up to the fact that it takes more than a straight mayor to run a straight city—as, indeed, it takes less than a crooked one to run a crooked city. Hall had his hands abundantly full.

He is a serene person. Aside from his tidy accumulation of hate he has a large assortment of aplomb. Few persons exist who can fuss H. Clay Hall. He is an exact, painstaking and correct citizen. He is neat and particular and precise. When he makes a statement he makes said statement with a full supply of reënforcements in the way of authority, with abutments of references, pergolas of fact and cupolas of information. He has a habit of knowing what he is talking about. Moreover he is a good speaker, an orator, a fine campaigner. He is as fastidious with his attire as he is with his facts; and it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that he is the best dresser on the commission, and somewhat exclusive.

He was born in the city of New York and was graduated from Amherst and the Columbia Law School. He practiced in the metropolis for a time and then went to Paris, where he remained from 1885 to 1892, acting as counsel to the American legation part of the time and engaging in the law in that gay capital also. His health failed and he returned to this country. His idea was to go to California, but he dropped off at Colorado Springs to see a brother who lived there and decided to remain. This was late in 1892.

Likewise he announced himself as a Democrat. Now in those days Democrats were not good form among the social leaders in Colorado Springs, but Henry Clay Hall got away with it. He and Representative Seldomridge were about the only members of the select circles who had the temerity to stand by the varying principles of the Democracy, and both have their rewards. Hall did not become a politician. He was not so insensible to his social obligations as all that; but he preserved his Democracy, and was of party service as an orator and an adviser.

So there came vacancies on the Interstate Commerce Commission and the name of Hall was presented to the President by the Colorado contingent at Washington, including Senator Thomas. Naturally and immediately there was opposition. No person can be presented for office to the president without opposition arising from some point. If there was an office for every man in the United States, and every man were presented for office, you would

see a lot of folks scooting in from Porto Rico and Guam to oppose them.

"He's a dude!" said one.
"Well," replied the
President, glancing admiringly at a new gray suit,
"I've a rather advanced
taste in dress myself."

And so it went until an opponent came to the White House, eager with the news, and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. President,

this man is a theorist!"
"How about that, senator?" said the President to Senator Thomas, "They tell me Mr. Hall is

a theorist."
"No more than you are,
Mr. President," replied

the ever-ready Thomas.

And, as I have remarked, Henry Clay Hall is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which may give proponents of other candidates for other offices a line of procedure—or may not.

Suffice it to say, however, that Commissioner Hall's mustache is always in proper alignment, his language ever precise, and his manner always punctilious. If those railroad lawyers try any of their rough stuff on him he will rebuke them fittingly.



# THE CONTRACT By Josephine Daskam Bacon

'N ABOUT two minutes," said Dicky Varnham resolutely, "there'll be one more dead dago; this concrete's setting already."

"For heaven's sake!" Peter replied helpfully, "can't we yell at 'em or some-thing?"

"You can yell," his host agreed, with some bitterness; "but unless you can yell in Sicilian there's nothing doing. Hi, there, Angelo! Get busy, can't you? This damned stuff's gettin' hard!

A swarthy group midway down the hill waved, bowed and smiled; their teeth flashed in the sun. Dicky beckoned furiously.

"Come on! Come on!" he called.

The laborers smiled again and bent to their mysterious mixing; they appeared to be stirring and flavoring a huge witches' brew.

"There! What'd I tell you?" Dick snorted. "It would take Caruso to budge

'em! By George, I believe I'll hire some of that opera squad for the summer! Nancy, for the love of Mike, hop down and kick 'em up here, will you?"

Nancy Varnham unfolded her long legs aminbly and

dropped her book.

"If my hair was down I would kick them, pater," she said seriously; "but you don't kick men with your hair done up. In songs you say: 'O viêni! Viêni!'"

"Well, try it on, then-only hurry! What's hurry in

Allegretto, I suppose," she answered thoughtfully. "Oh, Andy! Andy!

"Hello!" came back in a rich barytone, and all the laborers lifted their caps politely.

"Vieni! Vieni!"

They laughed delightedly.
"Si! si!" they called, and started up the hill.

"And do it allegretto, please!" she shrilled excitedly, dropping the singing voice of a young lady for the frank yell of a sixteen-year-old tomboy. "Allegretto! Allegretto!"
"That's the stuff! Allegretto! Allegretto!" her father

bellowed; and Peter joined in happily, with a bass that had made his college glee club famous: "Allegretto!

"Sounds like some kind of candy to me," said Dick, mopping his dripping forehead, "but it seems to do the job. Know any more, Nance? You'll pay for your board yet."

The Italians fell on a pile of great cobblestones and began to fit them deftly into the stiffening concrete. Dick regarded them critically, fanning himself with a linen tennis hat.

"It's a queer thing," he observed, "but when they slam those rocks in they look as if they'd grown there; when I try it you'd think it was a German aquarium! I wonder why?

"Used to it, I s'pose," said Peter, lighting his pipe and

stretching himself lazily under a big box clump.
"Romans always had baths," Nancy suggested instrucvely: "so I suppose Italians know how to make swimming pools. Shall you really make it deep enough for a dive,

"Twelve feet," said Dick. "You can dive in that if you can dive in anything."

"This'll be bigger than the Girards', won't it, Dick?" Peter inquired idly.

"Gracious, yes! Won't it, father? Theirs is only forty feet-ours is sixty. But theirs is more even and square, and they have a sort of marble wall all round it and bay

trees for every corner. Can't we have bay trees, father? "Oh, Lord, no! This is a different style altogethermore rustic. It's a full third bigger and I'll bet you it costs



She Wavered, Dared Not Believe What She Read There

a third less. That's a regular molded edge of theirs. Betty offered me the molds, but I refused 'em.

"Aren't they spending a lot this season? Girard said something about a shower—off the tennis court."
"She's spending a lot," Dick corrected.

"Aunt Bet made that pool," said Nancy promptly. "Lucia Stanchon says it's her alimony pool."

"For heaven's sake, what do you-are you crazy, Pussy? Don't talk that way!"

"I am only repeating what Lucia remarked," said Nancy icily. "Well don't, then," her father returned very shortly.

"Hop along to the house and ask when is lunch-time-I want a bath before. Clear out, now!"

"I was going anyway," she assured him, "and luncheon is always at half-past one, as you know.'

What does the child mean-alimony pool?" "I tell you what, Peter Forsythe," his host returned, with some heat, "if you expect me to explain to you what a filly of that age means every time she opens her silly mouth you'll have to raise my salary!"

"I suppose so," Peter grunted; "ours is only nine, you see. Lord, how the time goes! To think she was only six when Mat and I had her in the cave! That was a great old summer, Dicky!"

"It certainly worked out all right for you; but you couldn't do it with all of 'em-Betty Girard, for instance.

"I didn't marry Betty," said Peter simply.
"She's a clever woman, all right—Betty."
"None cleverer, I imagine," Peter agreed promptly. "And, of course, you have to give 'em their head."

Peter stuffed his pipe busily.

"Hang it all, Peter, you never liked Betty; but you must admit that you can't treat a woman like that as if

she were the ordinary sort—you simply can't!"
"I don't see why you have decided suddenly that I don't like her-don't be an ass, Dicky!"

"Oh, well, all right; but alimony pool, you know, aunds like a game, don't it? Like coon-can. Say, Forsythe, that's one thing Betty can do well: she certainly can play auction!"

"She does everything well," said Peter Forsythe placidly—"that I ever saw her do, anyhow. Among other things she's brought up her son well," and he glanced significantly at his host's boy, who was just then engaged in teasing the Italian workmen by kicking out the stones from the farther end of the swimming pool as fast as they could put them in.

Dicky grinned.

"Hi, there, Stafford! Get out of that!" he called. "Go up for your luncheon. His mother spoils him, you know,

in vacations," he added. "You can't be as strict as Celestine is and not fall down somewhere."

Dicky whistled cheerily under his shower; but Peter, waiting patiently in his third-floor bath for a sufficient head of water, pursed his lips

as he mused.
"Alimony pool!" he pondered, testing the water with his toe. "Now what does Lucia Stanchon mean by that?"

The trickle of stream collapsed, gurgled, blew a few bubbles and suspended operations entirely.

"I always told Dicky that reservoir was three feet too low!"

Dicky's blithe ragtime melody ceased abruptly and a stream of cold water struck his guest's tub.

"Thank the Lord! There's the luncheon gong now."

Peter Forsythe dashed at his toilet, for his hostess had paid the penalty that lurks for every worshiper of

efficiency; and though the guests might delay in her house, the entrées never did. "Oh! Glad to see you, Betty!" Peter steered his course

to her side. "Walter with you? Hello! It's the doctor. How are you, Stanchon?"

"Timeclock's on the wall by the door," Dicky hailed him genially. "Punch your time, old man! You're docked your grapefruit anyhow."

They chattered through the Varnhams' broilers and praised the Varnhams' incubator; they laughed through the Varnhams' coldframe lettuce hearts and teased Celestine for failing to grow the salad oil; they devoured the Varnhams' rhubarb tart, dripping in Varnham cream, in appreciative silence.

Nancy, her braids bound demurely about her sleek head, whispered momentous confidences to Cynthia Girard, who had signally failed to inherit her gifted mother's brains or good looks, but presented at fifteen a very charming reflection of her father's quiet tact and good nature.

Betty's eyes, unlike her hostess', scarcely rested on her daughter. Celestine's quick, nervous glance fluttered from the clock to Nancy's table manners-to the service of the luncheon—to the gardener, eternally mowing the rich green outside-to the silver tablets by her plate; but Betty Girard, though she had personally administered a country estate from the day when Celestine lay under the heel of a tyrannous superintendent, listened to her friend's economic pronouncements with the polite detachment of a Washington Square cockney.

Though her daughter's training had been the pattern for many a mother with less excuse than a busy artist might claim for neglecting such domestic ties, she seemed as far from Celestine's adolescent problems as any slightly bored maiden aunt. Perfectly dressed, in the latest mode of French Revolution collars, Turkish seraglio skirts, a hat that subtly hinted at the latest European war shadow, and buckled shoes of marquise flavor, her charm of personality and ripe physical beauty actually made of this sartorial mixture an esthetic whole.

"Artists almost always wear kimono sort of clothes and do strange things with their hair," said Marie Fitch, of the sharp tongue and kindly deed; "but Betty pays her corsetière more than I will!"

She was forty-one; but only in his chisel, as he softened and dulled the padding surfaces of her cheeks, had the remorseless sculptor, Time, betrayed a fellow artist. The long line from cheekbone to chin had blurred and sunken here and there; and from her fine nostrils to the upturning corners of her flexible mouth a fold of flesh that had once been intermittent had come perilously near to settling-But her throat was the envy of her friends; and in a season of bizarre jewels and imitation pearls the melting curves of

her shoulder and upper arm, bare as any débutante's and incalculably more alluring, turned her neighbors' gems to

"Betty makes a bank president's wife look as if she had strings of coupons round her neck," said Marie.

And the bank president to whom the mot had been repeated had bitten his lips and replied:

"And little Fitch is right—dash it!"

Her eyes, which were large and heavy-lidded, were always expected-because her hair and skin were richly brown—to follow their natural type; and her husband has been quoted as admitting that he supposed them to be brown when he married her. But as a matter of fact they were grayish hazel, with a golden-flecked iris, though most of her sitters will deny this and assure you that they stared straight at her for hours, while she was painting them.

Her extraordinary detachment from people and things that might be supposed to hold her interest was the continual marvel of her friends, who had become convinced, after many years of skepticism, that it was not a pose.

"If Betty poses at all," said Marie Fitch, "which I'm beginning to doubt, it's when she practices the ordinary relationships-not when she forgets them!"

Today she seemed to have forgotten most of them. Even for her favorite, Doctor Stanchon, she had only a perfunctory smile; and the flippant replies she vouchsafed to the adoring young art student by her side, who had been awake half the right with the excitement of meeting her today, reduced the poor young man to dumb confusion.

"And she did the Girl With the Green Parrot," thought Bobby Du Long in amazement, "and the Portrait of Little Miss Abercrombie!"

"Mrs. Girard doesn't look well today," said Peter to

Doctor Stanchon. "You've noticed it? I doubt if the rest do. She's working too hard, I'm afraid."

"Oh-women!" said Peter.

"That's it. Still, she has a magnificent physique." "Nice-looking girl she has-growing up, aren't they?"

"Wait until you marry 'em off, my young friend," returned the doctor ruefully; "then you begin to get some idea! Yes, Cynthia's a nice child. She's no more like her mother than as if they'd picked each other up on the street, though."

He walked over to Betty, coffee cup in hand. She stood by the piano, one elbow on a blue Chinese robe that covered it, her eyes drifting over its lovely surface, lifting occasionally to meet the tall boy's, which never left her mobile face.

"How could I have thought her flippant? She's wonderful!" shone in his adoring glance; and her own face lighted as she basked in him.

"Now go and play with the children!" she told him as Stanchon approached. With a little shrug, he obeyed her, and she faced her physician defiantly. "Well?" she said.

"Not very well, I'm afraid, my dear—

"Only tired-that's all."

"You haven't been to see me of late,

"No time—and, anyway, there must be a limit to even your patience!"

"None, my dear child, where you are concerned."
"You're sweet," she said gratefully,

but she did not meet his eyes "You've been working hard?" he

asked. "On the contrary, I haven't touched

a canvas for two months."

Any plans for the summer?"

"Oh, no; we'll stay in this country, I suppose. Walter has the whole Leydendecker estate to settle and expects to work all summer at it, I believe.' "Ah—he's very busy these days, isn't

She shrugged one shoulder-a curious

wonderfully. "That's the Law, isn't it? Either you're worried because you haven't enough to do or because you have too much!"

"It's any profession, my dear girl. As a young man, I used to shudder if my office bell didn't ring, and now I shudder if it does."

"I suppose so." Her voice dropped wearily. "But then, Doctor Stanchon, how very much all over it will all be in a hundred years, won't it? I wonder what one would most want to do then!"

"Do it now!" he said promptly.

She started violently.

"What a thing to say!"

"I repeat it: Do it now!" he said gravely.

"You're like those mottoes they frame in mission oak and hang over desks," she began, a little unsteadily; but he refused to smile.

"Look at me, Betty!" said he, and she raised her eyes simply to his and met them through a bright film of tears.

"Take a year, my dear, and then come back!" he said quietly. "I'll see you through."

"Are you mad, Dick Stanchon?" She spoke through closed teeth and laid one hand on his arm. With him, as with the boy just now, the years between them faded out and they were of one age, though he was nearly sixty. "What are you advising me to do, exactly?" she asked,

waving her hand lightly to Nancy, who adored her.
"I am advising you to go abroad," he replied. "Go to France and paint; go to Italy for the summer, after the tourists have left; go to—oh, wherever you went ten years ago; it doesn't matter."

"Alone?"

"Not unless you wish. Take the children and drop them in Switzerland for languages. Send the boy with Max Fettauer: he'll put him with his father in Neustadt, and Lutie will bring him home when they come. It's a wedding trip, to show Lucia to his father and all the other German in-laws, you know."

"Lucia's very daring, isn't she?"

"To marry a foreigner, you mean? I don't know; as a matter of fact the international marriages that I know about personally have all turned out very well. About duchesses-I don't pretend to say; but Max is of my own trade, and Lutie hasn't enough to tempt a fortune hunter."

"I know. Still

"You think she's daring? For that matter-"Yes, of course. Any marriage is daring, Dick."

"Either You're Worried Because You Haven't Enough to Do or Because You Have Too Much!"

Why it was that she, of all the women of her age and social circle, called him-when alone with him-by his first name, neither of them knew; it was one of the many things that set her apart from others.

"You're making it daring, Betty-you self-supporting

ladies!" "Do you think that's it? Really, Dick?" Her light

voice and her troubled eyes touched him strangely. "I'm beginning to think so," he said slowly. "The old

rules are breaking up and we haven't the new ones formulated yet."

"And yet there have always been self-supporting ladies." "Yes, my dear; but with a difference—with a difference. There have always been actresses and dancers and operasingers, for instance. If they are at all successful it has always paid their husbands to become their business managers—or is it that their business managers always become their husbands? They are frankly meteoric. They go out to dinner these days more than they used to; but that's not because they've changed so much—the change is in

their hosts and hostesses! "I believe that's so," she agreed.

"Then there are the ladies whose husbands are ill or lazy or vicious or absent; they've always been self-supporting—they've always had to be."

"Of course."

"Then there is the working wife of the laboring class; she's always worked and her children have always workedthere's nothing new about her. And she's always-or almost always-the actual head of the house. So is the lady with the sickly or neglectful husband I mentioned before; but does either of them admit it? Never! Their dearest fiction is that he is the real lord of the manor, though temporarily obscured by circumstances-that is to say, their attitude would satisfy the caveman himself and there's no trouble.

"As to the opera singer, either her agent-husband is proud of her temperament and follows meekly in her wake, or he has a temperament of his own and it becomes a

simple endurance test. The working woman and the stage woman have existed practically since the Floodand probably before. And neither of them is of the class that makes history, though one underlies it and the other shoots across it."

"She certainly shoots across," said Betty. "You've heard about Ranny

Fitch, I suppose?" "He's an ass!" returned the doctor briefly. "And yet, my dear, Ranny-as you call him-is a perfectly typical male to this extent: If you should say to him, 'Look! There goes the woman that dug the Panama Canal!' he'd only grunt. But if you said, 'Look! There's

Sarah Bernhardt!' he'd turn round on the Subway steps to see her! "Oh, dear!" she cried, half laughing, half angry. "How can you all be so silly?—for I suppose you'd turn round

too.' "I suppose I should," he admitted. "But why? In heaven's name, why?"

"The glamour, my dear," he said; "only the glamour of the footlights. So long as man has a foot and the stage has lights, you will find us gaping at them as birds beat against a lighthouse.

"But you don't feel so about the other arts."

"Not at all. They are gulfs apart. A writing woman or a painting woman is no more like an acting woman than she is like a school-teacher or a housekeeper. That is the mistake most people make. The actress has no more influence now than she ever had; in fact Melba and Caruso together will probably bulk lighter than Patti fifty years from now. But you professional women-who have gained a public without becoming public property, who are at once independent and domestic, ho can send your works to repr you-you come nearer to eating your cake and having it, too, than any class of women has ever come. And you are growing every day-you are growing more conscious of it every day; but"he paused and looked meaningly at her-"no one in this world, my dear-or in any other, I believe-ever quite ate his cake and had it too!"

'Or her cake, either?"

"Or her cake, most assuredly. More assuredly, if that were possible!"



# For Your Child's Sake Get This Book

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"So it seems," said Betty Girard slowly; "so it seems, philosopher and friend!" They looked at each other and then away. To the curious roomful, watching them more or less covertly, their relationship was unguessable.

"Is Betty consulting him or enchanting him?" said Celestine Varnham imperti-nently. "I wonder!" "Both, maybe," suggested her husband interestedly; "she's up to anything—

Betty."
"Doctor Stanchon's crazy about Betty,"
remarked Nancy; "always was."
"Hush your nonsense, Nance!" Dicky
cried impatiently. "You talk like a phonograph!"
"We're going for a tramp," said Betty

"We're going for a tramp," said Betty shortly; "you stare at us so it makes us nervous. Wait for me, Doctor Stanchon, until I change these things." Stanchon smiled good-humoredly at them and punched Dicky as he passed by

them and punched Dicky as he passed by him.

"How does it feel when they begin to grow up, Dicky? Wait until she begins to march in parades, and writes to the papers, and tells you she's a Socialist!"

"Yes, I'll wait, all right," Dicky assured him grimly. "You watch me!"

"Or it may be worse yet," the doctor pursued instructively. "The daughter of one of my patients insisted on doing barefoot dances all last winter for charity in all the hotel ballrooms of New York; and just as her father decided that he'd lock her in her room if she did it any more, she took to room if she did it any more, she took to Anglican Catholic lectures and early serv-ices—masses, she called 'em—and founded a sisterhood where they all promised never to marry!

"For the love of Mike!" Dick gasped, glancing involuntarily and fearfully at his glancing involuntarily and fearfully at his daughter, pacing, entwined and giggling, with the sedate Cynthia along the tiled veranda. "Aren't there any asylums you can put 'em in while they're growing?"

"There are," Doctor Stanchon answered promptly; "there are, indeed, Dicky, my boy; plenty of them."

"Could you give a poor devil the addresses of a few?"

"With pleasure. But one will do your job pretty thoroughly; write it down."

Dicky stared at him quite seriously.

"It's called Hawkfield, situated on a fine, healthful ridge in the heart of Westchester

healthful ridge in the heart of Westchester County," Doctor Stanchon went on easily; "the country residence of Richard D. Varn-ham, Esquire. I recommend it heartily for your daughter, Mr. Varnham, and I assure you that there are as many asylums for the rising generation today as there are— homes. Precisely."

With this last sentence his eyes met Betty

Girard's, who stood silently in the door, staring at him fixedly. "Got you there, Dicky! Old Doctor Stanchon got you there!" cried Peter Forsythe, who admired the doctor beyond

They all laughed, but Betty still stood staring. She looked even younger than be-fore in her trim tailored skirt, high-laced boots and jaunty open-throated blouse, with a flowing scarlet scarf, knotted loosely. A little rough cloth hat, with a scarlet quill thrust through the side, framed her dark

thrust through the side, framed her dark hair with a charmingly school-girlish effect; a big collie thrust his heavy jowl under her hand, where the sapphire-and-emerald ring shot peacock flames.

She addressed him across the room, utterly unconscious of the others.

"My dear man, that's a beautiful idea, but will it really bear analysis? I got a hundred day-old chicks—incubator-bred of course—last month; and from the day they came to us they've outclassed those we raise ourselves—born the same day—in weight, height and strength! And as for cleverness—there's no comparison. After cleverness—there's no comparison. After a week of training they tumble into their boxes and cuddle down among the old newspapers and burlap, and are off to sleep before the old mother hen in the corner of the chicken yard has got her dozen together under the maternal wing!"

"There you are! Go it, Betty!" Dicky cried delightedly. "Hand him another! What've you got to say to that, Stanchon?"
"Merely that it's very interesting and I

"Merely that it's very interesting and I don't doubt it for a minute; I don't know anything about chickens," said the doctor.

"Ah, that's a scientist!" Betty complained scornfully. "Every time! Tell them anything about yourself and they begin to explain that it can't be so, because they did something to a guinea-pig! But take a leaf our of their book, and confide to take a leaf out of their book, and confide to

them your own discoveries in the chicken

them your own discoveries in the chicken yard, and they tell you scornfully that they're not interested in animals! Pooh!"
"That's it," Dicky agreed, rubbing his hands; "that's it exactly. Pooh! That's just what I say: pooh!"
"You're an idiot," said Stanchon, laughing, "if there ever was one! Don't let me keep you, Madam Betty." And he joined her at the door.
"To think that she's forty years old!" Nancy breathed adoringly. She had followed her divinity across the broad hall, eying her scarlet tie in ecstasies that Betty patiently endured. patiently endured.

"By George! She certainly gets away with it!" Dicky agreed. "Come back here, Nance, will you? You're not asked to that party, you little monkey!"

"Father! She said I might walk to the cottage with them; truly she did!"

"Well, you won't, that's all. Now trot along"

along."
"She told me herself she was forty-one."
Bobby Du Long murmured. "It doesn't

seem possible, does it?"
"Oh, nobody looks forty-one nowadays,"
said Celestine carelessly. "It isn't done.
And dark women always look well in sporting things, if they have any figure at all.
Are you driving down for Martha, Peter, or shall I send? It's the three-forty-six."

"I'll drive, thanks. Is Girard to be on

that?"
"Walter? I doubt if he's coming at all.
Betty hardly expects him. He says if he's to go into the country at all he'd rather be on his own place. You know what Walter is! You can't do a thing with him; he just wants to fuss round by himself nowadays. It's terribly hard for Betty. He'll walk out if he decides to come."

if he decides to come."
"I see." And Peter took out his watch. "I see." And Peter took out his watch.
"I thought we were going to get in some golf, Peter," said Dicky a little discontentedly. "Couldn't somebody else go for your missis?"
"They could, but they won't, thanks, Dicky," Peter replied placidly. "I'll get over to the club later, all right. I told her I'd meet her."

I'd meet her.

I know; but -

"I know; but ——"
"You're worse than Stafford Varnham,
Dicky," Celestine interposed, turning disgusted eyes on her husband. "Let Peter
alone, can't you? You'd better get after
those Italians and then go over to the club
together. There'll be plenty of time—we
won't dine until eight."
Dicky retired, murmuring something indistinguishable about honeymoons and tin
weddings, and Peter strolled imperturbably
to the stable. His hostess, relieved at once

to the stable. His hostess, relieved at once of her guests and family, bustled into the famous office of Hawkfield Farm, and applied herself to a mysterious system of spindles and vouchers, understood by no-body but herself—but reverentially ad-mired by all. Nancy Varnham and Cynthia Girard started a desultory game of tennis with young Du Long, which soon relapsed into a comfortable pretense of activity in training a collie puppy to retrieve tennis balls.

Later, the puppy having pursued his course of instruction not wisely but too well, which method led him through some weil, which method ted him through some very undesirable heaps of fertilizing ma-terial, his young mistress decided it was high time all the dogs had a good wash and that they had better get at it directly. An unsuspecting and correspondingly indig-nant young stable hand was routed out of the harness room, a tin of strong-smelling soap procured, the unhappy animal tied to

a tree and lathered violently.

After Cynthia and Bobby Du Long had been more or less thoroughly soused with rinsing water and the stable boy well smeared with the liquid soap, the harassed east, smarting from the thorough washing of his eyes, earnestly recommended by Miss Varnham, slipped his glistening head out of the collar and, with a convulsive shudder that sprayed her from head to foot, dashed furiously for the woods, dripping like a seal. They pursued him, shricking, for a mo-

ment, but, on the advice of the soapy stable boy, returned and lay panting in the sun to

dry.
"He's gone after his mother, I'll bet you,"
said the boy sulkily. "You'd never ketch
him in a week! She went off over that way with the lady and gen'l'man.

And he was quite right; for the insulted puppy, damp and determined, cannoned into Betty and the doctor, and all but knocked them over, to his mother's polite regret, as she paced gravely at the lady's





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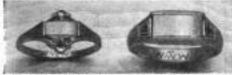
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"Ugh! You're wet! Get out!" Betty cried, laughing. "See, doctor, they've been washing him and he escaped! Fricks, teach

your son better manners, why don't you?"
"That's odd," said Stanchon reflectively.
"Do you know, I was just thinking of dog washing, child?"

washing, child?"

"Thought transference," she returned lightly. "Why were you? What dog?"

"Yours," he said. "The first time I ever saw you, Betty, you were washing your dogs; do you remember?"

"No. Really? How amusing!"

"When was it?" he went on thoughtfully. "Fifteen years ago? About that, I imagine. You were Miss Naldreth then. You were just engaged. Peter Forsythe was just married, and he and Mattie had dropped in to take me off in their motor—motors were new toys then, you know, and it was a treat to get off in one.

"Let's go up to Miss Naldreth's farm—wouldn't you like to meet her, doctor?" Mattie said. 'She's the most interesting girl I ever met. You know who she is, don't you?"

girl I ever met. You know who she is, don't you?'

"The girl who does those clever double-page things in Life?' said I. 'Yes, I'd like to. She has tremendous talent. Draws like a man. Cleverer than Gibson, I think.'

"She's engaged to Walter Girard, you know,' says Mattie, 'a sort of second cousin of mine; though what she sees in him I don't know, I'm sure. He's the last person I should suppose a girl like that would marry.'"

"I know. Everybody thought that," said Betty quietly.
They walked on a soft, pine-needled path, close and friendly, and all alone in the world but for the two dogs.

"And so we got to that little farmhouse up among the Connecticut hills," he went on, musing. "I fell in love with it on sight. I can see it now—long and low and latticed; all rag rugs and quaint old furniture, and blue china and camel's-hair shawls. And your garden—sweet peas and cabbages all jumbled together! You used to say that you thought pink and purple was the most beautiful combination in Nature. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said briefly. "I remember, Dick."

Dick."

"I thought you'd have been more what we call artistic," he said, smiling—"queer clothes, you know, and lanky. A 'greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery' young woman. And when we saw you—I wish I'd had a camera with me, Betty. I shall never forget you as you were that day—never!"

She laughed now.

"Oh, yes; I remember," she said, "how you all roared at me!"

you all roared at me!"
"And why shouldn't we?" he demanded. "If you saw a handsome gypsy of a girl, with a kitchen apron round her waist, a blue-and-white check sunbonnet on her head, silk stockings and high-heeled, buckled, bright red slippers on her feet, washing two

dogs, and singing hymns at the top of her voice—wouldn't you roar?"

"I always sing hymns when I'm busy," she explained defensively; "and high heels are much more comfortable for me, as a matter of fort, at least they need to be matter of fact—at least they used to be. Like everything else, my feet are giving

way with years."

"Nonsense!" said he. "You look younger than you did two years ago."

"Well, go on!" she said hastily. "What happened then?"

"Why, we stayed to luncheon," he replied reflectively; "and you made your famous mixed vegetable salad, and sang Paris street songs to the guitar, and showed Paris street songs to the guitar, and showed us your prize-competition sketches—and were very clever and amusing generally. When we went away dear little Mattie said she'd rather be you than any woman she knew—and Peter and I looked at each other."

"Oh! Peter and you looked at each other, did you? Meaning ——"

"Meaning that we were glad she wasn't you, my dear," he said quietly. "I should think so!"

"Peter meaning that you struck him as a rather dangerous young woman to marry, and I meaning that I had encountered your type of woman before and thought you a little too clever to be happy. Whereas Martha -

"Was a little too happy to be clever, eh?"
"Just so," he answered thoughtfully.
"Just so, my dear. And if you're fond of a woman you want her to be happy—naturally."

"Naturally," she repeated. "And you want me to be happy, don't you, Dick?"

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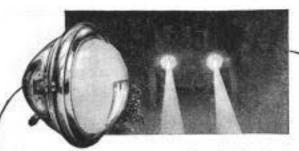
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"So much so, dear Betty," he said, "that I would do anything in my power to bring it about."

The sun struck through the great flat masses of the pines, and the balsam odor sent out puffs and clouds of incense round

sent out puffs and clouds of incense round them.

"Why, Dick Stanchon, I believe you're in love with me?" she cried softly. "Are you, by any chance?"

"I think I am, my dear, in a harmless, friendly way," he said. "Didn't you know it?"

"Sometimes I thought so—and then I decided it was nonsense," she answered, breathing quicker. "Oh, Dick, why weren't you when you came out to the farm that you when you came out to the farm that

day?"
"Perhaps I was," he said, "and didn't quite realize it. You interested me enormously; but I thought it was because you looked like the first woman I ever loved, and because your voice was like hers. We fall victims to the same type, you knowwe men. Blondes, for example, always look like dolls to me."

She stopped and, facing him, put her hand on his arm.

"Why didn't you, Dick? Why didn't you?" she repeated.
"Because I was twenty years older than you, my dear," he answered; "because you were a restless, brilliant young woman, and I was a settled, middle-aged man; because you were engaged to be married to a hand-some, successful lawyer, of your own artistic tastes and interests, and hardly likely to be attracted to a widower with a daughter ten years younger than yourself."

years younger than yourself."

"You always seemed young to me," she said thoughtfully. "I always liked older men, you know. You are younger today than Walter essentially."

"My dear girl!"

"I mean," she explained, "your mind is younger—more flexible. Walter hasn't changed since we were married, and ——"

"Then he's fifteen years younger than the average man of his age, you silly Betty!"

"No—you don't see what I mean. You've changed, I've changed, Mattie's changed—why, even poor old Dicky Varnham's changed; but Walter, never!"

"He looks younger than Dicky by five years," said Stanchon.

"I should hope so," she returned quickly.
"He's a temperate, sensible man, who has always had a steady income; Dicky Varnham's a reformed drunkard and was a plunging stockbroker for years."

Stanchon winced slightly.

"You don't mines your words do you

Stanchon winced slightly.

"You don't mince your words, do you,
Betty?" he asked.

"Why should I?" she said indifferently.
"You know all about all of us. What's the

"Your sex 'speaks out in meeting' more plainly than formerly, I know," he went

on reflectively.

"Bosh, Dick!" she said rudely. "All bosh! My sex has always spoken out—when it has an income of its own! Take your actress, or take that poor working woman you were telling me about: haven't they always spoken out—from Dickens to D'Annunzio?"

Why, yes, I believe they have," he admitted.

"More of them speak out now because more of them can afford to," she added, "that's all."
"You mean women never were really

shy?" she repeated, and stopped and stared at him. "Shy! Heavens above, stared at him. "Shy! Heavens above, Dick Stanchon! You see us bumped first-hand into every reality of life, from birth to death inclusive, and you ask me if we're shy! Disgusted, as we must be; reserved, if we can afford to be; timid, when you want us to be—but shy! And you a doctor!"

He took her hand.

"You're your alongs abild" be

"You're very clever, child," he said sadly. "What is it you want to do? Can I help you?"

"I believe you could have held me," said Betty Girard, "in spite of those twenty years. I believe you could have, Dick, if any one could!"

"Ab, that'sit." be caught ber up quickly.

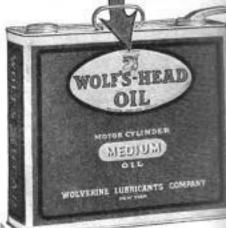
Ah, that's it," he caught her up quickly:

"Ah, that sit," he caught her up quickly:
"if any one could! Don't you see that's
the difficulty, child?"
"I know. I know—that's why I've kept
quiet so long," she said softly. "I suppose
if I wait a few years more it'll be all over
anyway, and I'll be sorry to have made
the fuss?"

She searched his face pathetically.

She searched his face pathetically.
"Betty, dear child," he replied after a
long moment, "I wish I dared tell you so!





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These natural cooks could show Oscar how they make their "Co'n pones" or their waffles a hundred times, and yet he could never quite duplicate them.

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But let me send you a 5c. one-ounce can of "Whip" to prove its own good-ness. I can only tell you the qualities of "Whip" and in doing so I must use words that you have read scores of times in the announcements of other tobacco manu-

After all, your pipe is the real test—and we rest "Whip's" case with your pipe. Just drop me a postcard, naming your dealer, and I will send you an ounce can free of charge by return mail.

"Whip" is sold in one-ounce tins at 5c., 2-ounce tins at 10c, and in pound hu-midors. Ask your dealer.

Pres't.

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Queed"-the big 21/2 oz. 10c. tin-a little stronger than "Whip."

It's a simple remedy and you have many resources; it isn't 'woman's whole exist-ence' any more, you see—is it?" She smiled with the scorn of forty years;

but her eyes had no age at all and he shook

his head.
"You see you're the sort of woman that never grows old," he said slowly. "The real constructive artist doesn't, in my experience. You're good for any amount of life

"Then, is any amount of life good for me?" She laughed at her mot, but he

barely spared her a smile.
"Now you've hit it!" he cried. "Now we're at the core of the thing, Betty.
Good for you—how? In what capacity? As an artist—as a woman—or as a member of civilized society?"
"Do you mean ——" she began, but he

interrupted her eagerly.
"Because—I'll tell you," he said: "As a productive artist you cannot have too much of life. That seems certain. As a woman it is doubtful whether you can have too much of life, but I think you can. That's modern psychology. As a member of civilized society we all know you can have too much of life. That's history and art and religion and horse-sense, and the Law and the Prophets. Now make up your mind."
"You mean which I'll be?"
"I wan which properly be?"

"You mean which I'll be?"

"I mean which you'll be," he said firmly. "And make it up thoroughly, my girl, for your art and your sex and the society you live in will take it out of you if you wabble! Take either of those lines—and Art will support you, or Nature will support you, or Society will support you. We all understand; we're not so stupid as you think. A price for everything and everything at its price. But alip between the three—and it's thumbs down all round, Betty!"

"I know," she said bitterly. "I know."

"I know," she said bitterly. "I know."
"You've got just so much vitality, my
dear: where will you put it? Which is your best investment? Pick out your bank and deposit—that's all."

But -

"But ——"

"Ah, yes; George Eliot! What has that to do with you, pray? Are you prepared to pay her price? Whenever a woman becomes the property of the public, if she has sufficient genius the public pays her well and gladly; she gives herself to it; it gives her plenty of sugarplums. But the public owns her, you know; and nothing will ever persuade it that it doesn't. It never has owned Strauss or Sargent or Meredith, and never pretended to. There's where you win—and there's where you lose, my dear!"

"You know I can't work any more," she said abruptly.

said abruptly.
"Then don't try."
"But I must try!"
"Why?"

"Because I'm restless and nervous if I go too long without it—and because I need

But surely, Betty -"Oh, that's all very well," she broke in bluntly; "but if I take Walter's money I must do as Walter wants!" "Dear me," he said, "you business women are astonishing! You really feel

"I really feel that—yes."
"Then why doesn't the fact that you practically support yourself leave you free to do as you want?"

She stopped abruptly and met his eyes.

"That's just what I don't know, Dick,"
she said frankly; "but it doesn't. If it did
I'd be in Italy today."

"You wouldn't miss him?"
She smiled gently and shook her head.

She smiled gently and shook her head.
"You miss what you depend on and what
depends on you," she said. "I never depended on Walter and I could never have cared for a man who depended on me. So

when I ceased to care

when I ceased to care

"The average husband, you know," said
Stanchon, "is his wife's oldest child. That
keeps her going when the springs slacken."

"I know. One reads about it," she
answered indifferently. "It always seemed
rather grotesque to me."

"Thet's heaves your grown up."

"That's because you never grow up," he said quickly.

"And yet I shall grow old."

"Ah, yes, that's different, dear."

"A sort of old baby, in short?"

"An artist, Betty."
"See here, Dick, do you really believe that

they oughtn't to marry—that sort—and all the rest of the old stuff?"
"I didn't use to, Betty, so long as you kept above water," he said slowly. "I always said you'd driven a nail into that



# Get the Personal Touch!

Sixes or fours-the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company makes both. Our idea is to suit the public taste. We are not trying to cram either down your throat. We want you to try them both, sit in the driver's seat, get "the feel of the car," note carefully the action of the engine, the brakes and the steering apparatus. You can get the pulse of any car by doing the driving yourself. And you can't get it any other way.

You ought to know your own car even if you hire a driver. You ought to know it before you buy it. That definite process of acquiring information will often save you a lot of money and worlds of trouble. It eliminates all element of risk. You buy with your eyes open, and you don't buy through the eyes of somebody else who might happen to be prejudiced. We believe that anything which costs as much as an automobile ought to be bought that way-and no other way.

We are asking prospective cus-tomers to buy Mitchells that way. We are asking them to drive the car themselves and get what is known as "the feel of the car." It can't be gotten by sitting in the tonneau or even alongside the driver. The only way to reach the pulse of a car is through the steering wheel. The matter of detail may be learned afterwards if the car behaves well enough to arouse your interest. We think the Mitchell car whether Six or Four is the buy of the year. Try it yourself and see how close we have come to the truth.

#### Here is the Equipment for all the Mitchell Models Which is Included in the List Prices:

Electric self-starter and generator—electric lights—electric horn—electric magnetic exploring lamp—mohair top and dust cover—Tungsten valves—lifty quick-action side curtains—quick-action two-piece rain vision wind-shield—demountable rims with one extra—speedometer—double extra tire carriers—Bair bow holders—license plate bracket—pump, jack and complete set of first-class tools.

#### Specifications of the Three Great Mitchell Models:

The Mitchell Little Six-fifty horse-power-132-inch wheel base- \$1,895 36 x 41/2 inch tires - two or five-passenger . The Mitchell Big Six-sixty horse-power-144-inch wheel base-37 x 5 inch tires -- seven-passenger . . . The Mitchell Four-forty horse-power-four cylinders-120-inch \$1,595 wheel base-36 x 41/2 inch tires-two or five-passenger All Prices F. O. B. Racine.



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can turn out all of your dictation without delays, interruptions or regard for anyone's convenience but your own. Your stenographer and an Edison can put that dictation into typewriting without errors, without assistance and without wasting a minute of time. You talk and the Edison gets it. The Edison talks and the stenographer gets

it. Not a hitch no lost motion every minute productive. That's efficiency.



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theory; but if you haven't—why, it's only one more, that's all."
"Only one more!" she echoed listlessly.
"Let's sit down—will you, Dick?"
She dropped lightly down on a flat, warm rock; he sat crosslegged, like a college boy, beside hav beside her.

"You sit like a girl," he said, "and you look like one for the matter of that. Do

look like one for the matter of that. Do
you really know what you want, my poor
Betty? Of course I know; but do you?"
She met his eyes unflinchingly.
"Of course I do," she said.
"Oh, well, if you know," and his eyes
narrowed thoughtfully, "then that's all."
"I want the old thrill, Dick," she began
suddenly, her your quite soft and colorless.

"I want the old thrill, Dick," she began suddenly, her voice quite soft and colorless. 
"I know—I know," he murmured.
"I don't want to hurt anybody," she went on monotonously. "I don't want to make any great row; but I don't believe it would hurt anybody, Dick. "I despise a bolting woman," she concluded abruptly.

He nedded.

He nodded.

"Of course you would," he agreed.
"I never could see why the whole fabric
of a family—an establishment, land, a position, children, the whole roots of the future
generation—should be torn up and scattered to the winds because the one emotion

that led us into it has died away."

"The trouble is," he corrected gently,
"it doesn't die away; it only dies away in
one direction!"

"Then why doesn't the capacity die,

"Aha! That's the question. A lot of trouble would be saved in this old world if it did, my dear!"

"Then it's badly managed!"

"Very badly, my child, for the individ-ual; but Nature has never been interested in the individual. He conserve already in the individual. He emerges almost in spite of her. What she has terribly on her inexorable old mind is the type, the human species—and, sooner than lose that, she practically overdoes the business. She is the first of the anarchists, that old lady; the first of the anarchists, that old lady; and if she overcharges every bomb, and you complain that less dynamite would have answered her purpose in any specific case, she will only tell you that in her laboratory dynamite is cheap, and that she can't afford to take any chances."

"But that's using a steam hammer to crush an eggshell."

"Precisely; but the old lady works in greatest common denominators, Betty. She is too large to potter about with details, though it is a favorite fiction of scientists

though it is a favorite fiction of scientists that she is always busy with them. She knows that her own big hammer will crush everything; her own big card will win every game; her own big language will pass every frontier; her own big tanguage will pass every frontier; her own big currency will cancel every account. And, with that great tool—the desire to live and create life—she has shaped the race out of the primeval slime and loosed a force so terrible that the greatest work of civilization has been to harness and standardize it." and standardize it."

"But I can't work harnessed, Dick!"
Her lower lip pouted unreasonably, like a child's; her eyes, almost black with resentment and troubled as he had never seen them, met his full and melted into his as

them, met his full and melted into his as only Betty's could.

"My dear," he said unsteadily, "when you married I said that no man on earth could hold you for ten years. Walter has done so much better than that that I began to believe in miracles. You know, of course, that I'm always your friend. If you are one of those who must beat the open sea in order to appreciate the harbor—well! But. order to appreciate the harbor-well! But, Betty, whatever you do, remember the price! You're a grown woman and you know that everything in the world is listed—it's all written down in the book."

"If you mean the children --- " she began stormily; but he patted her against

his shoulder firmly.
"I don't mean the children, stupid," he said. "As a matter of fact, there's no con-nection. I believe you to be quite capable of carrying on your excellent development of your little family, however widely you

might diverge from the conventional domestic code—just as I believe you would allow no such divergence to interfere for a moment with your relations to your chil-dren or your art or your establishment in life generally—if you could help it! Am I right?"

Quite right," she said briefly.

"Just so. Your life is one of many sections, Madam Betty, and no one emotion can flood them all, I believe. Artists and ocean steamers are equipped with watertight compartments, and

"And they don't always work in either use?" she interrupted maliciously.

He laughed in spite of himself.
"But this is what I mean, my child," he said, "and be sure you understand it: The cleverer the juggler, the greater the number of balls he can keep in the air at once, and the greater the crash when his eye relaxes and his wrist slips, and they all come down. He defies gravity and you may defy conventionality—in either case the world watches the feat with interest; but when he fails his audience is more or less indulgent. It is only a matter of picking up the balls and trying again. When you fail——"
"Oh, I know—I know," she finished

wearily.
"You see, dear," he went on, "you made a contract."
heavens and earth! how

"But, great heavens and earth! how did I know? How could I judge? How can anybody promise ——"
"Lie still, child; lie still. I don't speak of your contract with your husband. That seems to have been the best sailing chart we have at present, and insures the least number of obvious shipwrecks in human-ity's queer voyage across space and time." Betty leaned back on his arm and watched

his face closely. He had always interested her intensely; wherever she thought, he

had gone before.

"And here's another thing that's true,"
he said, looking keenly at her: "You made
a certain contract with society, with civilization at its present stage. You agreed to
become one of the body that holds it up—
that attempthens the stockeds between it that strengthens the stockade between it and the howling wilderness outside. You were one of the inside coral-workers to en-large the reef—not one of the waves that beat against it and eat it away from with-And for that the reef protected you

and your children.

"Does the reef—society—care tuppence whom you married? Not a bit of it; that's romance, fate, a sacred bond, a sentimental bait—whichever your special temperament and nationality and generation incline you to. It only cares that you marry. And it cares for stable courts of justice and good roads and adequate sanitation and stand. cares for stable courts of justice and good roads and adequate sanitation and standardized education for youth. These things have always gone with at least a theoretical monogamy. There are many exceptions to every rule; but when the exceptions outnumber the rule, then the rule changes."

"And you think it won't change—ever?"

"Well, this special rule has never changed yet. Though some of the greatest natures in the world have broken it, the world has consistently declared that they were great in spite of their defections, not because of

in spite of their defections, not because of them. And, with women, society has been necessarily superstrict. The race supply, like the water supply, must be beyond suspicion. It isn't what you promised Walter that we care about, my dear; it's what you promised us!"

"But you made me promise too much!"
"Well, well—we did the best we could,
my dear. You were a sort of necessary
luxury—one of those of which Doctor
Holmes said that if we could have enough
we could dispense with the necessities—
and we protected you and paid for you; and without us where and what would you have been? Now you are beginning to deal directly with the world and not necessarily with the world through us; and it is prob-able that we shan't be able to make you promise quite so much or hold you quite so

stiffly to it."

"Ah!" she murmured. "I believe you!"

"But, Betty"—he caught her wrists firmly—"mind that you stand ready to pay! You're a proud woman and you've always met conventional people squarely, though contemptuously. 'I can play your silly Philistine game, and better than most of you!' you've always beasted; so that of you!' you've always boasted; so that you've roused jealousy on every side. Don't expect any grace from either camp, my

"I know—I know!" she whispered.
"You are one of the frankest women I

ever knew; you can't keep your pride and your frankness both—and both are very dear to you, my child!"
"I know," she repeated.
"Intrigue in itself is far from appealing

to you; but such standards as you have set to you; but such standards as you have set up for yourself cannot be upheld without subterfuge somewhere."

"I know," and this time her voice was barely audible.

"I am not speaking sentimentally, my child. God knows I'm not throwing old

(Concluded on Page 37)



## Why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is Known as the World's Standard Tooth Brush

Because the seven features illus trated above were originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic. And the attempt of imitators to copy them proves that no tooth brush can claim really to clean the teeth unless it appears to be made like the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

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Way

(Concluded from Page 34)

Prompt and frank, she satisfied him with

She watched him wonderingly.
"You say you don't want much," he said
oruptly. "What do you want? To love

"Very well, then—to trust yourself again

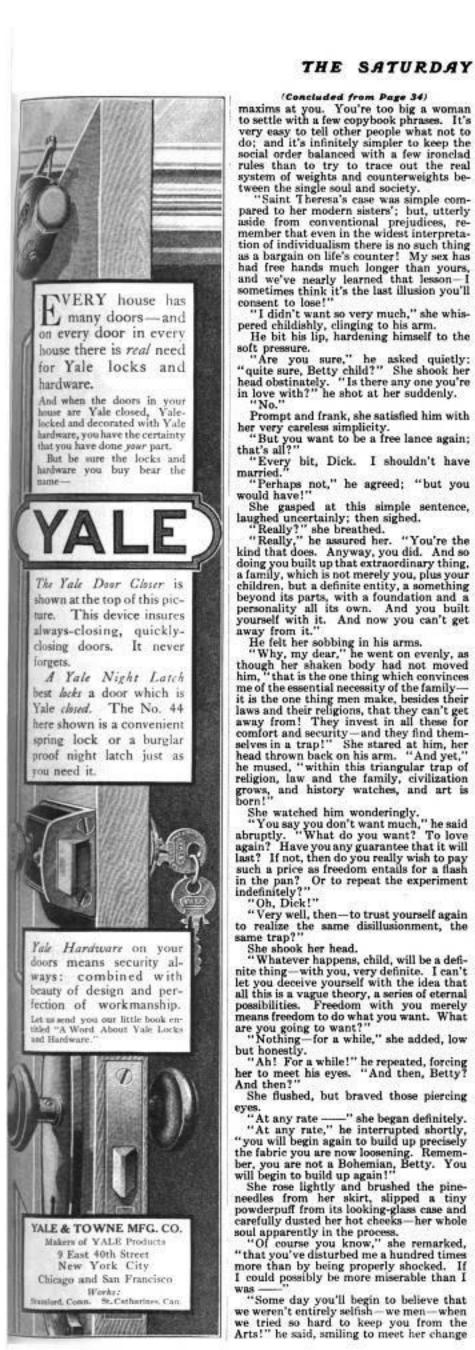
She shook her head.
"Whatever happens, child, will be a defi-

She flushed, but braved those piercing

"At any rate," he interrupted shortly, you will begin again to build up precisely

She rose lightly and brushed the pine-

'Oh, Dick!"



of mood and watching her deft movements as she smoothed her hair and shook her skirts. "It's hard enough, Betty dear, to be a successful woman and a successful member of society; to combine these achievements with those of a successful artist is more than one has a right to expect of any of you—not that you don't manage it now and then, of course."

You think I could?" "I think you could do anything on God's earth, Betty-if you wanted to!

She held out her hands to him.
"Get up," she said, "and come back!
As there's no one here to make me think otherwise, of course I see you're right. If

there were ——"
"Here they are! Here, Fricka! Here,
Fricka!"

Up from the ground, apparently, rose Nancy Varnham and Bobby Du Long, the girl's face all frank pleasure at this success-ful game of hide-and-seek—the young man's eyes half audacious, half timid, as they

met Betty's.

"I—we couldn't get along without you, so we came," he said.

"How perfectly jolly!" A quick flush brightened her eyes and her teeth flashed white. She had a dimple like a girl's.

"Take me home, Bobby—the doctor's been scolding me," she said gayly. "Let's lose him!"

He had seized her offered hand, they were all but away, when a quick glance at Richard Stanchon's strong, convulsed face caught and held Betty. She wavered, dared not believe what she read there—then dared

not doubt.
"Run along, children! Run along!" she said gently; and at the sound of her voice scampered off like two frightened rabbits. She took his clenched hands in her own

and forced them gently to her shoulders, so that she stood like a boy before him. "Dick!" she said softly. "Dear Dick!

You don't mean -

"God knows I do!" he groaned. "I—
I'm jealous, Betty! If—if you're really
going to do it—if you're really going to
make Walter set you free—oh, Betty, take
me! Take me!"

Her face grew steadily crimson, until it seemed that the delicate skin could contain no more of that quick, shamed blood. "You think I'm too old—no man any

younger could manage you, Betty!

younger could manage you, Betty! Do you suppose that boy — I've understood you for fifteen years! Don't you suppose I've always known that no man of Girard's type — "

"Hush!" she said quietly. "Hush, dear Dick—my dear friend, Dick! You make me so ashamed—and so proud! What is that boy to me? And if he were anything, do you think I would spoil his life? He's just beginning—I've had my first love! And do you think I would confuse your life? You have made it so fine and simple! life? You have made it so fine and simple! I should only excite and complicate it. It is quite true that you could manage me; but, Dick, I must manage myself—mustn t

He could not speak. His hands gripped

her shoulders until she winced.

"How strange it is," she went on, still in that quiet, even voice, her cheeks suddenly cool again; "how strange it is, Dick, that all those wise things you said left me so—so unreconciled—and the one foolish

so—so unreconciled—and the one foolish thing made me see how it must be!"

"Do you see?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, yes; I see," she said. "I see now, Dick. Nothing would succeed that was based on such selfishness, would it?" He sighed heavily. His hands relaxed. "But it was only when you were selfish that I saw!" she marveled. "Tell me, Dick, how can a man be so wise—and at the same can a man be so wise—and at the same time so foolish?"

'God knows!" he said bitterly. "You must forget -

"Never!" she cried, and smiled through her quick tears. "Never while I live! When I'm holding the fort in my triangle-trap, Dick, I shall always remember that the man I admire most in the world would have stood between me and that world if I had

Company

302 Aladdin

Avenue Bay City,

Mich.

run away out of that triangle-trap!"
"Always! Always!" he said deeply;
and then: "So you are going to hold the
fort, Betty?"

"You said I could do anything on God's earth!" she reminded him. "Didn't you mean it?" He looked at her-his old whimsical look.

"I thought it then-I know it now," said. "Let me take you home, my dear." Their path lay clear through the sunset.



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## SENSE AND NONSENSE

#### A Rising Temperature

DOWN on the Forked Deer River, in Western Tennessee, the trustees installed a hot-air plant in a small Baptist church. On the Sunday when the new appliance was first used a widow and her yellow-skinned, ague-stricken son came from their home, several miles away, to attend the evening services

attend the evening services.

As luck would have it, the usher escorted this pair to a pew that was directly over a register in the floor. Presently, as the jani-tor fed the furnace in the basement below,

tor fed the furnace in the basement below, the son began to wriggle and twist.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go! I ain't feelin' well."

"What's the matter?" inquired his parent. "Air you fixin' to have another spell?"

"Yessum; must be," said the sufferer.
"I kin feel the fever comin' up my laigs."

#### Fanning Cool Air

SIMPLE attachment to an ordinary L electric fan, so that the air it blows will be cool, has been worked out by the en-gineers of an East Indian railroad and in-stalled in the new sleeping cars of the line. It utilizes the old principle of cooling by evaporation of water.

A cloth-curtain arrangement is placed back of the fan and the cloth is kept wet by a small tank. The fan draws the air over the curtain in such a way that the cooling effect of the evaporation of water from the cloth is used to full advantage.

#### Sharing Honors

INTO a blind tiger in the North Carolina
I mountains stalked a tall and truculentlooking stranger. Halting in the middle of
the floor, he addressed the assembled company in threatening tones:

"I kin lick any man in this place!"
A man stepped forward instantly and
accepted the challenge by knocking the
challenger about fifteen feet. The newcomer dropped on his back in a corner. As
he endeavored to rise, the local champion
bowled him over flat again. Three times
this happened. Then, lying on the floor,
the newcomer spoke.

the newcomer spoke.

"Partner," he said, through his battered lips, "you and me both kin lick any man in this place!"

#### Bars and Bars

MR. JUSTICE LETTON, of the Ne-braska Supreme Court, went East one summer and left his house in care of friends. One morning the telephone bell in the Letton house rang and a woman asked for Mr. Letton. She was told the justice was not in town. She refused to believe that and asked where Mr. Letton was.

"He's on his way home now," the lady at the Letton house replied; "but he stopped off at Milwaukee to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association."

off at Milwaukee to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association."
"Evidently," said the woman at the other end of the wire superciliously, "there is some mistake. The Mr. Letton I know and want is not a saloon keeper. He runs a grocery store."

#### Safety Motor Signals

AUTOMATIC flashlight warning signals for bad curves or dangerous crossings on country roads have been suggested as an aid to safe touring in automobiles, and such a light is now being tried in England as an experiment. Such a light needs at-tention only once in three months, being allowed to burn night and day.

Acetylene from a tank at the top of a post by the roadside near the danger spot furnishes the light. Gas is fed to the flame every second or so and at each flow of gas the light flashes.

By regulating the length of the periods when the flame is low, and so making the flash once every second and a half or every two seconds, the lamp could be made to run without attention for a longer time than three months.

An improvement suggested is to attach a device similar to that now used generally for light buoys, which turns the flame down during the daytime and up at night, con-trolled by daylight.



When you go to buy a trunk, keep this one fact before you: that you are buying for now and for the future.

A trunk is the poorest thing in the world on which to try and save money. No trunk can be too good for you—too strong—too serviceable.

Pay enough for your trunk to get rea value, sure service, but see that you get what you pay for. That means, remember the Indestructo name.

Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the stores.

You will find that not one of them ha the distinctive features of the Indestructo—that not one of them give you the same solid assurance of rea worth and service-not one of them i so well able to care for itself in the crast and crush of hard baggage handling.

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading mer chants-the best and wisest merchant have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beaut and lasting value, and the special Fiv-Years insurance and Registry feature that are all yours with the Indestruct Trunk. It is worth your while to bu right and be satisfied.

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#### THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 5)

The boy needed some attention; he was tired and lonely and homesick. When after supper at the ten-cent restaurant under the lodging house Charlie proposed that they should visit Carney's, John accepted. He would have refused probably had he known that Carney's place was a saloon. His early training had taught him that a demon lurks in the glass. His father had warned him—the last thing—to shun strong drink. And Farmer Bill and the other heroes of modern romance always owed half their of modern romance always owed half their success to the fact that they avoided liquor

and evil companions.

It was only the fear of making himself ridiculous that prevented John from pulling back when he entered the swinging doors and found himself face to face with a bar—a bar fringed with workingmen like himself and Charlie, all talking and laugh-ing. He and Charlie found a seat at a table, where Charlie called over two or three men like himself and ordered beer. This proceeding astonished John. Charlie had told him on the way down from the grading camp that he owned in all the world only his blankets and the dollar and a half he had received from the timekeeper; and he must have spent some of that for food in the twenty-four hours since. John said that he would not have anything.

"Aw, come on! It'll make you forget your troubles," said Charlie.
"No; the kid's right. It never done anybody any good," said another man; but he himself ordered whisky.

After Charlie had his first beer, some one else paid; and on this round Charlie changed eise paid; and on this round Charlie changed to whisky. Now Charlie, who had been talking all the evening about his troubles, his wrongs and his black future, brightened up; so did the rest as drink followed drink. They talked for a time as the men had talked in the box car on the way up to the grading camp. John listened to this with less reversance now. Then they touched less repugnance now. Then they touched on politics. And finally they talked over their business in an interval before the fourth drink; after which the conversation became mainly foolishness.

#### After a New Job

John learned, rather to his surprise, that these men had ambitions just like himself. Charlie wanted to make enough money to get to the Klondike, that golden land the name of which was then a fetish in the West. He said he expected to get a steady job that winter and break North in the spring. The man who advised Charlie not to drink whisky expected to take up a farm in Montana—there was lots of unoccupied land in Montana if you knew where to look for it—and he intended to save the money for implements and tools as soon as he got the steady job he had been promised in

Then some one at another table began to sing in a rough voice a home-and-mother song, which affected John so much, what with his homesickness, that he had to turn his head away. This started the men at John's table to singing. They sang off the tune, rolling out the chorus louder and louder, until Charlie began thumping the table with his class and the homest table with his glass and the bartender stopped the noise. Charlie wanted to argue the question with the bartender. The man who did not believe in drink—for John—told John he ought to take his friend home; he had had enough. Presently John found himself outside guiding Charlie, with what tast he could master toward their ledging tact he could master, toward their lodging house. The inexorable clerk demanded his fifteen cents in advance. Charlie turned his trousers pockets inside out. He had just fifteen cents.

"Never mind, kid-steady job in the morning. You stick to me, kid, and we'll get rich in Klondike!" muttered Charlie, and he crawled into bed.

The next morning, of course, John drew on the little hoard in his inside waistcoat pocket for Charlie's breakfast. Charlie was flabby and pessimistic again; but through all his pessimism shone a ray of hope. There was unloading on the docks. A friend of his had given him the tip. He knew a lot of bartenders there. If John would put up for a drink now and then maybe they could get on as extra men.
"You stake me, kid, and I'll fix you right," said Charlie.





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All the morning they ranged the docks, interviewing bartenders. It cost John forty cents for drinks. Charlie drank beer; and with every drink the prospect for work looked brighter. John drank soda; and with every interview the prospect looked duller. In the fourth saloon, however, the bartender, who seemed to be an old friend of Charlie's, told them he might be able to fix it. He did a little telephoning and returned to say that if they would report at the Mamie G in the morning Burke would take them on. Charlie ordered another drink and included the bartender. John, of course, paid. He had a feeling that he was being swindled, but at any rate he had a job. Before they left, Charlie waited until the bartender was busy at the other end of the saloon and then jerked his thumb over his shoulder and whispered: "There's your dinner, kid."

They are rapidly, their eyes on the bar-tender. Then Charlie pocketed two sand-wiches, which they finished outside. That kept them until supper-time, when John paid for both.

"I'll pay you back, kid, as soon as my envelope comes, sure!" said Charlie. After supper Charlie borrowed a quarter and went to the saloon again. He wanted John to go along, but this time John refused. He was thinking of Farmer Bill, and remembering that if he was going to do a good day's work and get ahead he must have sleep. He found himself declining the invitation with regret. In two short days his views of saloons had changed. You met pretty good fellows there; they made you feel grown up. After all, you must have a good time once in a while. If you did go to saloons you did not have to drink. Nevertheless he made no mention of saloons in the brief boyish letter he wrote home that night. He felt that there were some things country people did not understand about the city.

The next morning John bought Charlie's breakfast, the quarter having gone for beer.
"It's the last!" said John.
"Oh, sure!" said Charlie. "I've got a
job now, kid."

The work at the docks was harder than scraping, but still not impossibly hard for a youth with a strong, farm-trained back like John's. What with a fine autumn morning and real work to do, John's spirits rose. He had changed his views a little on his own future. Wall Street or State Street attracted him less now than the prospect of working up on the docks to be a great freight contractor and vessel owner.

Only one thing disturbed his dreams. He was working next to Charlie, and as the morning wore away Charlie became some-thing of a burden. When they lifted a box together Charlie's end always sagged. When they rolled their loaded trucks from the pile on the wharf to the box cars there was always a break in the line between Charlie and the next man ahead; and that handicapped and annoyed John, who was trying to show the boss what a good work-man he could be. The boss overlooked John, but he did notice Charlie. Twice he ordered him to get a move on; after which Charlie began reproaching John.

#### The Last of Charlie

"You ain't workin' on a bet, kid," he would mutter as they picked up a box; or, "You'll kill yourself if you keep this up!"

John fell back on a boyish, sullen silence and made no answer; but as the morning grew old he really began to pity Charlie. He was trying his best apparently; but he could not keep up. It was a relief when, just as the twelve-o'clock whistle blew, the oss stepped over, tapped Charlie on the

shoulder, and said:
"Here, you! You're holding back the

job. Go get your time!

Charlie was such a mush of depression as they left the dock that John relaxed his resolve of the morning and gave him ten -Chun half-day's pay until night. Charlie spent the ten cents for beer and dined on the free lunch. As the whistles blew they parted, Charlie promising to pay what he owed John when he got a steady job.

"I guess that fellow's no good," said John to himself, as he laid his hand once more to his truck—"no ambition. I don't see how any fellow with any ambition could get that way." He never saw Charlie

The work on the docks lasted three days. John and Charlie owed the job in the beginto a temporary rush of late-season traffic. That was over now; the extra men and most of the regulars, if there are regulars on the docks, were laid off.

From his headquarters at the lodging house John started anew on the hopeless quest for work. This search lasted a week. at night, after a dreary and discouraging day, leg-weary, soul-weary, and oppressed by the burden of the wealth he saw all about him, homesickness and the longing for companionship would come over him. He went consequently to the only place he knew where he could find companions—the saloon. It was warm and cheerful there. He liked to listen to the talk. He drank no liquor and bought none; though to refrain gave him a slight feeling of asking something

for nothing. However, he was still remembering Farmer Bill and the maxim that thrift is the road to wealth. Besides, another fact was bearing in on him. Day after day he met more and more men in that saloon, all talking of the one problem—how to get through the winter. Day after day he found more applicants waiting in line for the few jobs that fitted his potentialities.

At the end of the week he had a stroke of luck. The same employment office that sent him to the grading camp gave him a chance on a rush job with a telephone line forty miles out of town. Here they set him to digging post holes. It was back-breaking work, but he stayed with it. As he delved and dug he still dreamed, but the tenor of his dreams had changed again. There was a future in the telephone business. He had read in a paper that the telephone was going to supplant the telegraph. He saw himself gang boss, head of con-

struction, general manager, president; then a house with gold dishes and—the broker's

daughter.

#### A New Acquaintance

Some of the men who came with him from Chicago dropped out. The work was too hard on the back, they said. They continually tried to persuade him not to set so hard a pace; but, though he found himself unpopular in the grub tent, he shut his lips and steeled his heart.

"They can't have any ambition!" he

At the end of a week a premature blizzard blew up, covering and freezing the ground. The gang waited for two days; then the boss discharged them all. John went with the rest back to Chicago. When he alighted at the La Salle Street Station he was only four dollars and ten cents ahead on the veek's work.

Pass over the three weeks that followed, during which he went through the same dreary old round of alley doors and employment agencies. Dime by dime he saw the little hoard he had brought to the city dwindling away. In the evenings he loafed in the saloons. At night he slept, packed twenty in a room, in the cheap lodg-ing house. Though he never knew it, those cramped quarters, with the roar of the Loop making sleep only half sleep after all, took toll of his vitality. Though he never knew it, the second-hand, sapless food at the ten-cent restaurant was no nourishment for such muscles as his.

In the third week came another of the tiny incidents that guided him on his way. One evening he went into Carney's, his heart bursting. He had received a letter from home that morning and realized that he dare not write home any more until he could send good news. Carney's had grown more crowded, more dingy and less cheerful during the month in which he had known it. A month before the workmen had been coming in from the logging camps

with money in their pockets.

Now it was late fall and the shoe was beginning to pinch. The human contacts of the place served no more to cheer him up. As he sat alone at the table a hoy of his own age came over and scraped ac-quaintance. His name was Mike. He had just come in from a lake vessel and he offered John a drink.

It was not the fear of ridicule that made John Smith take his first drink; his Sundayschool training had put him on guard against that. It was a longing, deep and indefinable, for something to break this hideous routine of depression—for a new atmosphere. It was a need, just as deep and just as indefinable, for a spur to nerves exhausted by sleep that was not sleep, depleted by food that was not food. drank his beer; he paid for another and

(Continued on Page 44)



just as long as there's ink in the pen. For when you close a Moore, the pen itself goes down into the ink-

keeps the point moist and the feed free from clogging-so that when you push the point up, it's ready to write at once and keep on writing. A Moore not only

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(Continued from Page 42) drank that also. He did not care much for the taste, but he did feel the effect. In spite of a queer feeling of confusion in his

head, the world became brighter. Mike's jokes appealed to him as the funniest things he ever heard. From that time forth he
was Mike's friend. In the morning they
started together on the search for work.
Two days later they fell into luck. The
Christmas rush had begun. In the cellar
of a department store they found a boss

who had been a country boy himself and who had been a country boy imself and therefore favored country boys in giving out work. He took them on. The job lasted a month, clear through the holidays. John had now established a connection with that great mysterious reservoir of wealth known as business. His early struggles, he felt, were over. He would rise from porter to clerk, from clerk to the office, to the management, to finance.

the management, to finance.

He had only six dollars when he went to work in the store. On Mike's advice he invested this money, after he received his first week's pay, in a second-hand suit of clothes. Shoes, shirts and other "chicken fixings" took the rest of his savings. During this period he visited the saloon only once or twice. In the evenings he read. And once one of the store girls, country-bred like himself, asked him out to her home, where the girls tried to teach him to dance. When the worst of the Christmas rush was over this the management, to finance. worst of the Christmas rush was over this same girl took him to a social at her church. Those evenings remained for years bright

spots in his memory.

The end of that Christmas rush and the stock-taking period, though, brought slack times again. John had foreseen that and had worked like a beaver to make himself a permanent place. However, the regulars were working hard to hold their places. On the second Saturday night in January the blow fell. John, Mike and all the other

extra people were laid off.
"I'm sorry too," said the cellar boss,
"and I'll keep you in mind when we need

Over and above obligations, John had at this moment just eight dollars in the world.

I have given so far the detailed incidents in the working life of John Smith. To enu-merate the rest of the jobs he held in his career would be monotonous. I must skim, touching a high spot here and there.

#### Seven Lean Weeks

In the seven weeks that followed his discharge from the department store he worked six days. On five of them he shoveled snow for the Street Department. On the other for the Street Department. On the other day he cleaned up a back yard. These jobs brought him nine dollars and he had eight dollars when he started. How he lived for seven weeks on seventeen dollars I do not pretend to say! There were whole days when he did not eat at all until night; then, driven by his ravenous young hunger, he accepted the charity of bread line or soup litchen or rescate house. He ate at the back kitchen or rescue house. He ate at the back doors of restaurants; he ate on the bounty of a girl of the streets, who penetrated his secret and fed him, with all the decent charity in the world, a good supper; he stole free lunches at Carney's.

He never allowed himself to go quite broke; for then the lodging house might throw him out—and he must have some place to sleep. He dreamed no more in this period of Farmer Bill. His mind was too busy wondering how he could fill that void in his stomach.

In March the department store prepared for the spring opening; that gave him a week of steady work. The first day he nearly fell out from weakness; but he stuck it out and ate well that night, and by the next day elastic, resilient youth bore nim out of his weakness. On the Saturday night when he got his discharge and his pay he visited Carney's again.
There was Mike, very much reduced in

flesh from a hard experience in the Northern woods; and after the second beer he thrust forth an idea. There was work in California all the year round. He produced a Chumber all the year round. He produced a Chamber of Commerce circular to prove it. Mike had six dollars and John almost five. With that they could make it on the underground Pullman. John was learning by now the trade of casual laborer, with its tricks and traditions. He knew about brake beams and surreptitious rides in box cars.

How they got to California would make a story in itself. By luck, more than by any cleverness of their own, they reached the banks of the Sacramento without seeing the

banks of the Sacramento without seeing the



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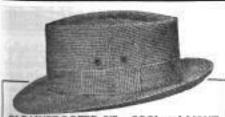
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inside of a jail—though once, out in Nebraska, a constable took a shot at them. There was a brief period in Utah when they begged at farmhouse doors. I should like, had I space, to tell you how John felt when he first asked for a meal, how he fought down the memory of those bums on whom his father used to set the dogs.

his father used to set the dogs.

Their pilgrimage landed them at length at a hobo camp on the banks of the Sacramento. I am using the word hobo in the California sense. The technical term elsewhere is, I believe, blanket stiff. They are the laborers who float from farm to farm, camp to camp, following the shifts of industry. John and Mike had not a cent when they joined the camp by the Sacramento; but the laborers were maintaining a community table with what they had and what they could get from neighboring farmers.

they could get from neighboring farmers.

It looked as though Mike were right. Planting was afoot; the pruning season was coming in the fruit belt. By the next week Mike and John were pruning at a dollar a day and board. Another hike when that was finished—and the hay harvest had begun. Two weeks of that; then they walked to San José, near which place they found easy work picking apricots. This was a pleasant interval. A lot of factory girls had come down from the city to cut fruit. At night Mike and John used to join them about their camp fire. On Saturday nights the cutters had a dance in the town hall of the settlement.

Then Mike and John walked into the San Joaquin country, where they piled sacks back of a harvester. When the San Joaquin country needed them no more, two weeks more of trudging the roads, of camping beside creeks, with other blanket stiffs, and the prune crop was on. They picked prunes for a fortnight, when the harvest was done. All summer John had received good pay at intervals. In the periods between jobs to live the prune for the present.

All summer John had received good pay at intervals. In the periods between jobs he lived, of course, from his reserve. When, at the end of the prune season, he drifted with the rest into San Francisco he had a little more than forty dollars.

little more than forty dollars.

In San Francisco John and the gang with which he had come up from San José spent a day or so playing, after their ewn fashion, about the Barbary Coast. Then he saw in a newspaper the advertisement of an employment bureau for miners in Nevada. He had never tried mining; the association of mining with gold revived in him his half-forgotten ambition to duplicate the career of Farmer Bill.

#### Wintering in California

"Transportation furnished," said the advertisement. John reported at the employment bureau and got his working card with suspicious ease. His train reached the camp at night. A squad of men met them; John noticed that they carried arms. The guards escorted the gang to a shed, where the men rolled up in their blankets for the night. The situation began to dawn on him.

on him.
"This ain't a strike-breaking job, is it?"
he seled the man next him.

he asked the man next him.
"Sure, or how'd we get the job so easy?"

replied the other.

That settled it for John. Member of an unorganized trade though he was, he had absorbed the ethics of labor. Next morning, while the guards were assembling the men for breakfast, he slipped away, wandered round town until he found the strike headquarters and joined the strikers. They made much of him and offered him a share in the strike-benefit fund; but he had nearly forty dollars, and young as he was he had kindness enough not to take the bread out of their mouths. They promised to take him into the union when the strike collapsed; but the companies, after a vain attempt to work with non-union laborers, closed mine after mine.

John saw the signs in the heavens. One night he found a freight car, gave the brakeman a dollar to let him crawl in among a load of sacks and got to Sacramento. There the new brakeman ran him out with a coupling pin. He bought his fare to San Francisco, arriving there with less than twenty-five dollars.

That winter, allowing for differences in climate and environment, was a repetition of his first winter in Chicago. There had been a dry year—those were the days when Northern California stood at the mercy of the rain—and times were a little hard. At the very time when he was tramping the streets looking for any job the orange harvest was on in the South, giving work to

(Continued on Page 48)



# Holphoint Week May 11~16

This is the fourth annual International Hofficint Sale—the fourth year that Lighting Companies, Dealers and Factory have co-operated to show why it is to your advantage to use electrical household appliances.

Several thousand distributers are prepared to demonstrate all the **Holpoint** "El" appliances (Look for the checkerboard signs.) and to explain how to make electricity your servant.

But why do they sell El Glostovo at half price next week?

Because we want you to use one in your home—we want you to see that **now** you can afford to cook with electricity. El Glostovo uses one-third less current than former types and you use your regular utensils. Think what this means to you.

## Your dealer will gladly show you how this electric stove works. You'll like it—and you can buy it at half—Hotpoint Week only.

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The heating element is guaranteed for 5 years. If it burn out within that period a new one will be sent free.

Regular price \$5.00 (Canada \$6.50). Special price Hotpoir Week \$2.50 (Canada \$3.25). Monday, May 18th, the special price will be withdrawn and the regular price will prevail.



Boiling On El Glostovo Costs one cent to boil water for six cups of tea.



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Boils vegenables for five people
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10 slices of bread crispy brown
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Let electricity transform the drudgery of ironing into a light, interesting operation for you.

Let a **Holpoint** iron save you half the time and most of the fatigue that follows older methods-and do it cheaper. Yes, you can iron in comfort.

The Holpoint iron possesses many distinct advantages.

The point of any iron cools below working temperature mless extra heat is provided. We do this with the Hotpoint ion and the point is always hot enough to iron with.

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New instead of lifting a Holpoint onto a separate stand every few seconds,

uply tip it onto the attached stand. There it stands, ready to your and. When on the stand it will not scorch the most delicate fabric.

On ordinary ironing the switch plug will be removed about half time, while you use the stored heat. So at ordinary rates you use only three or four cents' worth of current to do an hour's ironing.

Attach it to any electric light socket—use it on the porch if you want to. Eight feet of flexible cord is provided. The **Nothint** plug interchangeable on nearly all of the "El" appliances.

Heating element is guaranteed for ten years. If it burns out in that ine we supply a new one free. Anyone can put it in place.

The six pound weight is most used for general household use - \$3.50. Canada \$4.50. We also furnish a five pound iron at the same price.

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Gho Holfwint Electric Percolator

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It is light, with a never-wear-off finish.

Aluminum El Perco commences percolation in less than 30 seconds - simply put the ground coffee in the basket and cold water in the pot and slip in the switch plug.

The hot water drips thru the ground coffee, making a clear amber infusion with all aroma and flavor of the coffee. And it costs one cent or less to brew six cups of coffee.

The heating element is on the inside of the pot, which conserves the heat and makes it quick and economical. There are no floats, valves, or traps. It is guaranteed for five years.

Attaches to any lamp socket. Six cup size, price including eight foot flexible cord and interchangeable switch plug. \$7.50. Canada, \$9.75.

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If your dealer can not supply, we will ship prepaid from our nearest office. Give voltage.

Utility—traveler's iron and stove, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. Cooking Set—changes Hotpoint into stove, \$2. C. \$2.50. El Grillo—boils, broils, fries, toasts, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. El Tostovo—toasts two slices at once, \$4.00. Can. \$5.00. El Tostovo—toasts and cooks, \$3.50. Can. \$4.50. El Store, 65 with 3 host control \$7.00. Can. \$4.50.

El Stovo—6º with 3-heat control, \$7.00, Can. \$9.25. El Stovo—4º for travelers, \$3.50. Can. \$4.50. El Chafo—dishes for El Stovo, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. El Chafo—No. 5 with element, \$12.00. Can. \$15.75.

Cooko-electric cooker, \$30.00. Can. \$40.00. El Bako-lamp socket oven, \$12.00. Can. \$15.50.

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### ACCORDING TO GIRARD

This side-light upon the size of some of Philadelphia's industries is from Girard's entertaining daily column in the Public Ledger:

"What Philadelphia has done or could do if it wanted to:

"Weave in a year a nice strip of carpet a yard wide to encircle the globe.

"If all the regular soldiers of the world were to march to Philadelphia on that carpet, one factory here could during the year make a hat for every soldier.

"Our mills could knit stockings for every soldier to have a pair on his feet and another in his knapsack.

"Between 6 o'clock p. m. and midnight, all these soldiers could bathe in Philadelphia bathtubs, each taking half an hour for his ablutions,

"On their way over the ocean on that strip of carpet the world's armies would see that 70 out of every 100 ships bearing the American flag had been built in Philadelphia.

"After they landed here these same fighters would learn that over half of all the locomotives used in America had been built at a Philadelphia plant.

"But if Philadelphia didn't wish this stupendous conglomerate army to stop here, it is the only American city that could fire upon it from a home-made, fully-equipped battleship."

A city which can and does do this is a city of considerable moment to the national advertiser. It answers the question, "Why Philadelphia?" The medium in Philadelphia which includes the best of all this possible market is called the



(Continued from Page 45)

all applicants. He did not know that. Once he got a fortnight's work in a lumber mill up in the Northern woods. He lost that job because the mill shut down. Times were

hard and people were not ordering lumber.
But the farming season opened and by
March he was at work again.

He had now been an industrial factor for
a year and a half. He was settled for life in
his trade. He was an average man, as I
have said before; he had comparatively
little initiative and no power to originate.
The moment when the average boy leaves The moment when the average boy leaves school or home, and goes out to look for a job, is the great moment of his life. And at that moment the average man is

a pawn of chance. He sees in a newspaper an advertisement for laborers in a box factory; a friend of his father tells him of an opening with a bricklayer; his teacher knows a merchant who wants an office boy. So the boy becomes a boxworker, a brick-layer or a clerk for life. Because at the moment when he was ready to enter industry John Smith saw in a newspaper an adver-tisement for common laborers of the casual class, he had become a common casual la-borer for life. Only an uncommon run of luck would ever change the current of his life. That luck might have taken the form

of a steady job.

That steady job was now the web and woof of his dreams. The vision of Farmer Bill had grown dim and remote. Like most of us when we encounter cold actuality, he had taken the materials of his castle in the air and started to build a cottage with them; but when the season opened he en-listed with two hundred other laborers to work on an irrigating ditch. That job lasted three weeks. And the rest of his second summer in California was a repetition of

summer in California was a repetition of his first—work, tramp, camp, work, tramp, work—stampeding with his fellows from one job to another at the summons of a rumor. Only, just before work closed in the fall, the one greater than himself touched his life and nearly changed his fate. On the prune ranch where he finished the season he met the girl, a factory worker in the city of winter, a prune dipper at the drier in the summer and fall. They fell in love as young people do; he adored dumbly, as young men of his kind do; she egged him on to a declaration, as young women of all kinds declaration, as young women of all kinds do. Before they parted his flagging ambi-tion had revived in him.

#### From Romance to Jail

I must not linger on their romance; this I must not linger on their romance; this is a business story. When they took stock together he decided not to stay in California. The one dry year had been succeeded by another, a combination that Californians will remember for a generation. The city was very dull; already it was filling up with the unemployed. He did not know that the rains would come again the next winter; that for a few years building in California would provide, both summer and winter, work for all.

California would provide, both summer and winter, work for all.

John and Hattie decided that he had better make his trial in the East. He followed her to San Francisco; he spent most of his summer's savings for clothes to make himself presentable before her. When he was nearly broke he packed his blankets and started East. She saw him off at the station. He did not show her his ticket. She did not know that it read: "San Francisco to Sacramento." At Sacramento he left the train; a day later he was stealing a ride in a freight car.

At Ogden a railroad detective caught him

ride in a freight car.

At Ogden a railroad detective caught him red-handed stealing a ride from the railroad company. Fresh from his romance, he spent five days in jail.

Two years more in the life of John Smith. He has not found that steady job. He had

worked by snatches at many things. His longest job and his hardest lasted him three months. It was lumbering in the North Woods; but the lumber market fell off and the mill shut down. He has dug trenches, plowed, pitched hay, sunk telegraph poles, laid ties, piled scantlings; in the intervals

between steady employment he has done such small work as washing windows, clean-ing up back yards, shoveling snow. There were steady jobs in his world if he had only found them; but remember always that he was an average man and, as such, a prey to environment. He heard of work through his associates, all casual la-borers, or through the employment agencies, which were mainly interested in their turnover, and which got little profit from placing one man in one job for life.

#### Let Us Send You These

FREE - an unusual recipe book, "The Household Helper," Con-tains quite "different" cooking and menu suggestions. Free for a postal. Also, a Toy Stove, 16c (stamps). Harm-less, not to be lighted, but a dandy plaything. Gives an idea, too, of Florence Oil Stove appearance. Won't you write for both to-

#### No Wicks-No Valves-Clean - Safe

Here's the right oil stove at last, Absolute safety and reliability—as well as economy and simplicity.

### FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

Look for the Lever"

"The Turning Point in Oil Stove History"

Because of a new idea—patented—these oil stoves have no wicks to bother—no valves to leak. Their heat is regulated by a simple, little (putented) lever device. Oil supply is automatic. You can have a slow fire on one burner and a quick one on another—by setting the levers. The model shown here retails at \$25. Others as low as \$5.



6 Burner, High Frame Florence Automatic

pive visible hising—hence better and even
baking at a feel
saving. Asbestos lined. Rustproof. Grates
run front to
back—not
lengthwise.
Arched roofs
and bakers'
oven tops ensure even heat
distribution.

Florence Glass

Door Overs

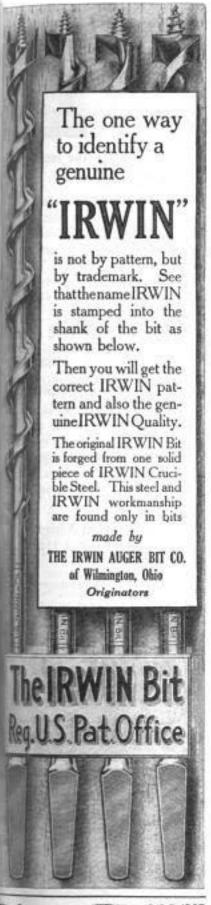
Florence Stoom and Owens are Fully Guaranted Write today for "The Household Helper"— REE—or Toy Stove, 16c (stamps)—or both. "case send us, also, your dealer's name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.



"Edwards. Genuine "Edwards." Ready-made, fire-proof garages, Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 andup. Postalbringsillus-trated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mig. Co., 341-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinneti, O.





TRAORDINARY OFFER -30 days, one month sires trial are first of biryeles - the "Ranger." We will ship to a spectroal, free in proposed, without a cent as spectro. This offer is obsoletely powning.

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MAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS Staty-five years' experience. Send sketch and short description of your invention. All patents services in the Scientific American. CON & CO., 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

He and Hattie, out in California, corresponded, she assuring him of enduring faith, he assuring her that the steady job was still in sight; but that romance rubbed against the hard realities of life until it wore pretty thin.

There was another thing that dimmed romance. A man must go with a woman. In every normal man dwells the craving for association, on some terms or other, with women. The best times of our lives, if we look at the thing honestly, are not our stag parties, or our man talks across bars, or our college reunions, but those occasions where

men and women meet.

Where could John Smith meet women?
In the back rooms of those saloons that
were his places of social contact, or in the worse places loosely attached to those saloons. He met such women—came to know them and imagine that he liked them. And

every such meeting made him a poorer lover for little Hattie out in California. It was late autumn, and he had crowded into Chicago with the rest, when he got a letter from Hattie, which hinted that she was tired of waiting. It was midwinter, and he had twice undergone periods of eating in soup kitchens, when she took the ex-cuse of something he had written in one of his letters to break with him. It was spring, and he was packing off to a construction camp, when she let the ax fall.

#### A Job Thrown Away

She wrote that she wished him well, but that she was going to marry a clerk in the factory. When, at the end of the week, he got his pay envelope he went on the first debauch of his life—and lost his job. At that, it was more injured pride and the memory of unfulfilled ambition that ailed him than the pangs of despised love.

Three years more, which differed only in detail from the years I have sketched before, and the casual, thoughtless observer of John Smith would have said that liquor was his curse, or soon would be. Often the class of a job was for him the heginning of a was no curse, or soon would be. Often the
close of a job was for him the beginning of a
debauch of greater or less intensity. Yet
the real physical craving, that hot demon
which demands stimulant and yet more
stimulant, did not as yet trouble him.

Had he been a human clod, a man with a

hoe, drink would not have tempted him at all. His trouble was the defect of his good qualities. Being an American, he was ambitious; and at times the old dream of Farmer Bill rose up to reproach him. The one thing that got him back to an atmosphere of hope—the false light of hope which alcohol throws on the world—was been and more been and finally whicky. beer and more beer, and finally whisky.

Three years more in the working life of John Smith. To detail the story of these years would again be a useless repetition. In them he traveled, by means of brake beams, surreptitious rides on freight cars and the bounty of railroad companies, from Albany in the Fast to Oranka in the West: Albany in the East to Omaha in the West; from Michigan in the North to Kentucky in the South. Then, had he only known it, he got the steady job for which he went looking when he parted with Hattie at San Francisco.

They were starting a new steel mill in Minnesota. Steelwork, with its automatic processes, comes more and more to demand common labor, less and less skilled labor. This company was destined to grow; and from the first it adopted the policy of re-taining its old capable men. Some of the younger laborers who went to work with John Smith are there yet. He worked and drew pay for two months. At the end of that time he developed a fierce, surly dis-satisfaction with the job. He quarreled with his mates; he growled at the foreman. And one day, when the shoveling was espe-cially hard, he suddenly threw down his shovel and quit.

The foreman attributed it to bad temper. self by this act naturally incompetent. Not at all. He was an average man-average in character and disposition and in everything else. This would not have happened in the first year of his industrial life or even the fifth; but habit gripped him now. Since he left his father's farm he had scarcely ever worked in one stretch so long as two months. The successive periods of work and loafing had become the rhythm of his life. So he threw away the luck for which he had been looking and passed on down the highroad.

It was late summer; and another blanket stiff, whom he met on the highway, told him a marvelous story. New automobile



## AT LARGE! \$500.00 Cash REWARD

A nameless blond young man, always smiling, likely to be seen anywhere. He will arrest you with his pleasant smile and invite you to have a drink. Once you see his face you will never forget it. His picture can be seen in the windows and on the soda fountains of drug stores and confectioners, and at grocers', fruit stands, etc., everywhere.

The Charles E. Hires Co., makers of "Hires" for Thirst, will pay \$500 in cash for a snappy name for this young man.

In case the name selected is submitted by more than one person preference will not be given to the first one received, but, in the event of a tie, \$500 will be paid to each of the persons who may submit the

Look for his picture and ask the man inside the store for details. No letters answered unless accompanied with stamped, self-addressed envelope. This \$500 is going to be pretty soft for someone. Why not you?

#### To All Soft Drink Dispensers:

There is something big for YOU in this year's Hires' proposition. Hires' salesmen are now out placing this before as many dealers as possible. Some of the smaller towns are not on their routes. Any dealer in soft drinks who is not a Hires dealer now can have the details of this contest and facts about Hires 1914 special deals that mean big profits by sending us the attached coupon properly filled in.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelp	
Please send me details of prize t	name contest and special 1914 deals.
I do (do not) sell Hires.	$I$ sell $\{fountain \}$ soft drinks.
Name	

City or Town

Street Number or Post Office.

## "Oh! I always use plenty of oil!" Does that insure correct lubrication?

A low-quality or wrong-bodied oil, no matter how freely it is used, can never do the work of the correct lubricant.

"Plenty" of too-light oil often leads to loss of compression and escape of explosion. This means loss of power and unnecessary consumption of gasoline.

"Plenty" of too-heavy oil will often fail to distribute properly through your feed system. Excessive friction, burnt bearings and carbon trouble will result.

"Plenty" of low-quality oil simply means plenty of imperfect protection for the moving parts.

The absolute necessity for oil whose "body" is correct for his motor and whose quality will show maximum lubricating efficiency is entirely overlooked by the motorist who says:

#### "Oh! I always use plenty of oil."

By guess-work and luck you may sometimes get oil for your motor which is correct in "body," and effi-cient in "quality." You should be using such oil continuously.

You can be sure of it by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Lubricating Chart on the right.

Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make sure that you get it. If your car is not mentioned, send for our complete Lubricating Chart.

This standard guide to correct lubrication was prepared after a careful analysis of every make and model of car. It represents the professional advice of the world-leaders in scientific Inbrication-the Vacuum Oil Company.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils purified to remove free carbon, are:

> Gargovie Mobileil "V" Gargovie Mobileil "B" Gargovie Mobileil "E" Gargoyle Mosticil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages. automobile supply houses, hardware stores and others who supply labor

It is safest to buy in original burrels, halfburrels and sealed five and one gallon care See that the red Gargovie, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

For I are the kindly address any in-- Fac. The city address



#### Correct Lubrication

Explantion: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Are," means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

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M OIL CO., Rochester, U.S. A. is in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for

There are a Philippers a

us of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world. 3,40%

So illica Vet

factories were starting over in Michigan. The company needed workmen—short hours and big money—not mechanics, but workmen. They joined forces; being in funds they paid their fare to Michigan. They found the town crowded with workmen who besieged the doors of the new factories. At those doors hung the sign: No help wanted!

Ten thousand idle men poured into town before the Chamber of Commerce, which had started the rumor, grew frightened and sent out the news that the labor market was swamped. John moved over to De-troit; there he settled down to a winter of

charity and odd jobs.

Five years more. Now any one could say with truth and certainty that liquor had John Smith. No longer was it a vicari-ous satisfaction of his ambitions, a means to revive the ambitions of his youth; it was a real need. After a week of his desultory work he felt depleted; he needed a jolt to give him the strength to feel like a man again. Back of this was the life he had led. All through there had been periods of starvation and half starvation. The resiliency of youth for years gave him the strength to rally from these periods; but when the first flush of youth was gone that reservoir ran dry. The liquor, with its overstimulation, drew still further on his strength the more so because it was drugged.

In the summer of 1913, having flopped down on the East and lacking the enterdown on the East and lacking the enter-prise to travel far, he held and lost more than twenty jobs. He did not have to wait now for the work to run out. He was nearly always discharged, or at least he was in the first gang to be laid off. When the late autumn departed he made for New York. Times were dull. The unemployed filled the city. By means of the Municipal Lodg-ing House, the Salvation Army Home, Charity Woodyards, occasional odd jobs and out-and-out begging, he filled in the time until the blizzard gave work to all. He lasted until the afternoon of the

He lasted until the afternoon of the second day. Snow shoveling is hard work; he had done no hard work since November and he had no reserve power. From the industrial point of view he was an old,

worn-out man.

#### The Army of Casual Workers

And yet the years of his life were only thirty-four. At that age the professional man has but begun to build his career; at that age the well-nourished workman may look forward to nearly twenty years of increasing powers. But John Smith had finished his course! Six months or a year of good food, of light, steady work with hope at the end, would bring him back. And he might as well have wished for a million dollars as for that!

And one conservative said of all those cases parallel to John Smith's: "You see, they don't want work!" And another said: "They're merely the degenerate fringe of humanity!" John Smith said nothing. He was inarticulate; and besides, none of his critics took the trouble to ask him.

This depressing story of John Smith would not be worth telling if his case were not typical or if the type were not common. But it is typical; in fact, I have here only constructed a composite story from hundreds of life histories gathered for the new Bureau of Industrial Relations by one Peter Alexander Speek. Of Speek and his work I shall have more to say another time.

And the type is common. gators who have set out very late in the day to study the casual, floating laborers stand appalled at their number. The census is appared at their number. The census is silent on this point; no one can do more than guess. "Two millions." says the most conservative guesser. "It's according to what you mean by casual." says Speek. "I say five millions." "Heaven knows—but millions!" says Commissioner Walsh, of the Bureau of Industrial Relations.

Not all of from turn out as budly as John

Not all of them turn out so badly as John Smith. Though his is not exactly an extreme case, it leans toward the extreme; but the tendency of them all is downward from ambition to hopelessness: from the efficient man to the unemployed man. the unemployable man. Years before the workman of normal, regular life begins to find his powers flagging, the average casual laborer has become useless.

What can we do about John Smith, both for his sake and for our own?

Editor's Note. This is the first of a series of articles by Williams. The second will appear in an \$47. y 159.48.



#### You Can't Dodge the Income Tax-The Decay Tax, Yes!

The decay tax is high. A worn out paint coat results in rot, repair bills, run-down, hard-to-sell houses and a bad neighborhood spirit. That's a heavy tax, but you candodge it. Paint in time and paint right.

### **Dutch Boy White Lead**

and Dutch Boy linseed oil preserve and beautify houses enduringly. Lead and oil make a waterproof elastic coat which expands with the wood and won't crack. Dutch Boy made-to-order paint saves dollars. Your painter will mix it to your house's needs and tint it any color.

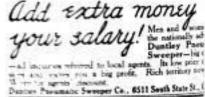
#### Write for Paint Adviser No. 67 A Group of Practical FREE!

Tells many useful things for house owners: how different wood surfaces need different paint combinations; how to choose attractive owns that go together and wear best; how to estimate amount and cost; how to test paint for purity. Write now—this book is yours for the

#### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston, Circlesson Gerell B. A. G. Chingo San Francisco St. Le J. in T. Levin & Bost, Co., Philablet National Levil & Oli Co., Physicalls







# A Talk to 40-year-old Youngsters

It's a funny thing—how at the very time in life when we should be most careful of our looks, we seem to care the least about them.

When the prancing fervor of youth tangoes in our veins, and we are handsome devils anyway we are precious particular to keep perked-up in toppiest regalia.

But as we near the forties and begin to widen at the front, we likewise begin to bag at the knees, wear tobacco cologne on our coat fronts and carry over last winter's overcoat until it's as thread-bare as an ancient meal-sack.

We treat our looks, in fact, a good deal as a man treats an automobile; when it's new and fresh, every brass screw-top on it must shine like a Tiffany setting. But when it's old, he doesn't care how it looks so long as the "old boat" keeps going.

Now the queer part of it is that we middle-aged fellows who dress passé are the very ones most sensitive about being considered passé. We expect the world to regard us as up-to-date even though we don't dress the part. Can you beat that for shrewd, masculine logic?

Many a man who bewails the fact that he's considered a back-number has nothing in the world to blame but his back-number clothes. His looks are advertising and emphasizing the very impression he doesn't want to give.

So let's look at the facts, fellows! We're just as live and young in our ideas today at 40 as we were at 20. But the point is—if we want to get credit for the youth that is in us still—we must look it.

## "Prime of Life" Week May 16, inclusive

A Special Week for 40-year-old Youngsters, to be held in 10,000 Royal Dealers' Stores

PALLOW youths have held the center of the stage in clothes pertisements long enough.

When you men of age and discernet set out to do it, you can give se lashion-plate infants cards and ides any day at showing off good the to advantage. Not one of them prompete with good old middle-aged hn Drew.

And so, beginning May 9th, ten busing Royal dealers-most of them middle-agers themselves-will ld a special week in honor of you me-of-life boys-

A week to demonstrate again the Juvenating wonders of custom Boring-

A week to show once more the ith of the world's oldest axiomtich is, that a man is just as old as feels and dresses-and not one

If Ponce de Leon had wanted a practical fountain of youth, he should have looked up a good tailor.

#### Hard to Fit? Nonsense!

Perhaps you feel that your figure no longer lends itself to the clothes vogues of the hour-to trim, erectmodeled garments? Nonsense! That's what custom tailoring is forto harmonize correct style to any

Of course, you need made-to-yourmeasure clothes! nation's best known "heavies," intellectual and physical, are Royal Tailored

ROYAL TAILORS **NEW YORK** HICAGO

When a man has reached the meridian of wisdom, he is not content to take pot luck in his clothes buying.

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good red blood of activity still runs bright.

this special week, and see his display of sprightly Spring and Summer woolens;

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Get that Royal Tailored Look! It's the only look worthy your activity!

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#### JOUR practical office man is using Stafford's Commercial in his fountain pen.

Stafford's Commercial was his choice for steel pens, and his shrewd commonsense tells him that this old reliable writing fluid is equal to any "special" fountain pen ink you can buy and costs

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For desk or traveling use, you want one of those new filler battles of Stafford's Commercial-complete with self-contained filler, handy and compact. Easy to refill from your

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## THE LAME DUCK

#### Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Did you ever stop to think DEAR JIM: Did you ever stop to think how sacred a thing may become when its sanctity, newly acquired or newly alleged—to put it straight—helps you to maintain your own high honor in the consecrated circumstances? Oftentimes we go along for years, taking no heed of the intimate relation a common and familiar article may have to the very highest motives, impulses and convictions of our lives, suddenly to be brought to a realizing sense of the direct bearing, not only on our morals of the direct bearing, not only on our morals but on our moralities, that object exerts. Then we find that this intimate, unconsidered and habituated object really is of the most inviolable and hallowed character, because we personally need the newly discovered sanctity for purposes of our own. This line of thought was developed by a

consideration of the vast and vociferous howl of a certain set of congressional and other patriots concerning the violation of the Democratic platform of 1912, as pro-posed by the President's plan to repeal the Panama Canal free-tolls law. To listen to them one would think that the repeal of this law, which was indorsed in that platform—the law, not the repeal—not only
stultifies a document on which are based all
the hopes of the Democracy for continued
approval by the people, but is party disloyalty and treason, and many other political high crimes and misdemeanors.

Shocked and indignant these patriots
protest against the repeal of the tolls law
and shudderingly point to the fact that
there is a plank in that platform advocating
free tolls for American coastwise ships.

"Is it possible," they ask, "that any man
or any body of men can be sunk so far in
party dishonor as to say that one plank this law, which was indorsed in that plat-

party dishonor as to say that one plank of this holy pronouncement shall be dis-regarded? Can it be that any legislator owing allegiance to the Democratic party— much more a president elected by the same—can so far forget obligations to this Magna Charta of the Democracy as to say that even a word of it shall not have the force of law?

force of law?

"What is the country coming to, and what especially is the Democracy coming to, when it is proposed to lay violent hands on this sainted language, to consider it as unsaid, to ignore it, to pay no heed to it? Oh, the shame and the sorrow of it; the deg-radation and the profanation of it; the unutterable treason and treachery of it! We are amazed and we protest, and we shall fight to the last ditch to preserve the immaculateness of this bill of party partic-ulars, this sacred platform, this grand and historic document!"

#### The Worst Excuse of All

And, knowing a few things about plat-forms, wouldn't that make you burst into laughter? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and say: "Prunes, prisms and piffle; guff, gargoyles and gumboils; rigma-role, rubbish and rot, rot, rot!"? It would, Jim, if you have a sense of humor. It would if you haven't a sense of humor. It would if you are any person other than a would if you haven't a sense of humor. It
would if you are any person other than a
member of this band of howlers who are
howling: "Woodrow, spare that platform!
Touch not a single plank!"
To think that in the spring of the year,
with the crocuses all up and the hedges
gay with Forsythia, and the magnolias in

bloom, and the trees newly green, and the blackbirds on the White House lawn, and the hyacinths fragrantly adding color to the circles, and the shad coming up the Po-tomac, and the dome of the library gleamng in the sunlight, a set of persons who have attained the right to sit in either branch of the Congress of the United States would deliberately spout that sort of stuff us an excuse and a justification for opposing the repeal of a law—no matter what law— any law at any time—or for any other reason whatsoever!

The gentleman who originally enunci-ated the doctrine that a poor excuse is better than none never heard of so poor an excuse as this, or he would have put on a footnote to the effect that when he designated poor excuses as being better than none he drew the line at violation-of-theplatform excuses, because they are entirely

too meager to excuse anything. Furthermore, no person whatsoever knows this better than the very persons who are making so great a point of the sacredness of the Baltimore platform.

Laying aside the merits of the contention, and making no argument as to whether tolls for a certain class of American ships should be free or not free, what do you think of a bunch who, actuated in their opposition to a repeal of the law by per-sonal and political considerations, seek to cloak their opposition with protestations that this thing must not be done because

it is a violation of a party platform?

The two most insincere things in this world, Jim, are the politics that dictate party platforms and the platforms that are the outcome of that dictation. For some reason there has grown up in this country a custom that demands, purely for advertising purposes, a declaration of political principles by a party that seeks to have its candidates put into office. Now the truth is that party principles change with popular demand. The truth

change with popular demand. The truth also is that each party, seeking to win its election, adopts all the principles it can find lying about loose and makes up a few new ones if it hasn't enough to complete a resounding declaration. It never is a ques-tion of what principles shall be adopted. It is always a question of what principles will be popular.

#### Who Wrote the Platform?

A platform has no binding power on any-body. It is a recital of what seems expedient at the moment for political purposes. It is a compendium of the political fads of the day, thrown together because the custom is to have such a pronouncement as an adjunct to a political campaign.

The only time a politician takes a plat-form seriously is when he needs it as a

bogie to scare a timid candidate or a timid official into doing something he wants done; or when an officeholder falls back on it as a reason or a justification for some action

of his own. Otherwise platforms are glued together and considered as part of the ephemera of the campaign, except, as in the present in-stance, when it becomes necessary to drag them out and wave them in the air as hallowed harbingers, potential precursors, pious promises and sacred sentiments, on which victory was won because the people believed what was said and the candidates

bound themselves to obey the provisions

A presidential platform is a joke played on the people once in four years, dictated by expediency and supposed to be demanded by custom. It is always written so as to have the largest popular appeal, and there-fore touches on all subjects, and strad-dles on most. It must offend nobody and please everybody. It must be fish, flesh, good red herring and vegetarian besides— and always is. and always is.

Have a look at the platforms for the past sixteen years, say. Who wrote them? In every instance save one the candidate wrote them or the men who made the candidate. Forgetting various vainglorious claims that are as bogus as they are vain, who put the gold standard into the Republican plat-form of 1896? Hanna. Who viséed the platform of 1900 for McKinley? Hanna. Who wrote the Republican platform of 1904? Roosevelt. And of 1908? Roosevelt for Taft. Who fixed up the Republican platform of 1912? Taft.

Similarly, with the Democrats Mr. Bryan forced his free-silver declaration into

Bryan forced his free-silver declaration into the platform of 1896, and he put it back and made imperialism the paramount issue besides in 1900. Parker and his managers fixed the platform of 1904, and Mr. Bryan

dictated it again in 1904, and Mr. Bryan dictated it again in 1908.

Now then, what happened in 1912 to the Democrats? Mr. Wilson didn't write the platform, because Mr. Wilson wasn't sure he would be nominated. Champ Clark didn't write the platform, because he was in the same case. Who did write it? A combination of politicians who were not at all certain who would be nominated and who certain who would be nominated, and who constructed a platform on which any per-son selected—Wilson, Clark, Underwood,



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Write today for Pamphlet No. 10, explaining construction, and con-taining that guarantee in detail.

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#### Tired of Buying "Cheap" Plugs?

THIS plug is made for the man who is tired of buying supposedly "cheap" plugs and finding them extremely expensive in the long run-to say nothing of the constant bother and frouble that such plugs cause.

It is a quality plug all through—and guaranteed to give quality service.

Not built to compete with ordinary plugs in price -but to eclipse them in efficiency and durability.

Only the finest materials used, regard-less of cost. Skilled workmen perform every detail of construction.

Extremely heavy insulating core withstands severest strain. Wide, well cushioned

Wide, well mushioned seat for insulator allows ample room for contraction and expansion.

Enaily taken spart, cleaned and re-assembled. Absolutely gas tight.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$4.00 for set of four prepaid.

Guarantee After using Master Spark Plugs for 3rdays, it you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, money will be referreded, it required, on return of plugs where purchased.

HARTFORD MACHINE SCREWCO. 66 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Coon. Fat. 1871 Bryan, or anybody else who might be named—could stand. To meet this de-mand, they went a bit further than the definite platform-makers of former years, and they put in about everything they could think of and some things they didn't think about.

It was a broad and comprehensive plat-form, fitted for a radical candidate, a con-servative candidate, a middle-of-the-road candidate, and for about any other kind of candidate except a female one. It was a catch-all platform and a carry-all platform. And now these outraged patriots of the Democracy stand up and wail over treason to party precepts, because they have rea-sons of their own for demanding that the tolls provision shall not be repealed, using as their wail-inciter the plank somebody stuck in that Baltimore platform, which

said free tolls are the right thing.

A person might respect a politician who would cite for his opposition to the repeal of the tolls provision any one of half a dozen reasons; but no respect is due to those injured souls who insist that there shall be no repeal because the Baltimore shall be no repeal because the Baltimore platform says tolls ought to be free. That shout is as bogus as a basketful of china

eggs.

Let us not despair, however. Right in the middle of the tolls row came a ray of hope for the salvation of the Republic—a ray of hope that was elegantly attired and had its whiskers curled to a tonsorial triumph. I refer to Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, who, after a period of incubation slightly more than a year in duration, hatched out and presented to a gratified world three several solutions of all the problems now pressing us down to disaster

and disruption.

Aside from daily visits to the White House, where he kept things in order for the President, and his arduous labors as whip on the Democratic side, which, of course, on the Democratic side, which, of course, demanded that he keep things in order for the majority, and his oratorical efforts whereby he kept his polysyllables in order for himself, the colonel was not in evidence more than sixteen hours a day. We wondered what he was doing; and suddenly and effulgently he emerged from this seclusion—for him—and laid before us the fruits of his sequestration, his study and his spats.

#### A Panacea With Whiskers

Briefly, the colonel, referring to his product as "the trinity of my labors while in the Senate," proposed three bills that, in his opinion, will cure all ills, industrial, economic and otherwise, from which we suffer at the present moment. These bills pro-vide, in the first instance, that the Govern-ment shall build a large fleet of merchant vessels, to be leased to individuals in order vessels, to be leased to individuals in order to promote the shipping trade. The second bill is for "A national commission of com-merce and industry, to consolidate the regulation and supervision in a single body of transportation, banking, finance and manufacturing"—and, of course, for the abolishment of all other bodies in conflict therewith. The third contemplates the ab-sorption by the Government of all common carriers and the highways over which they run, and the leasing of these by the Governrun, and the leasing of these by the Government to private operators, under strict regulations.

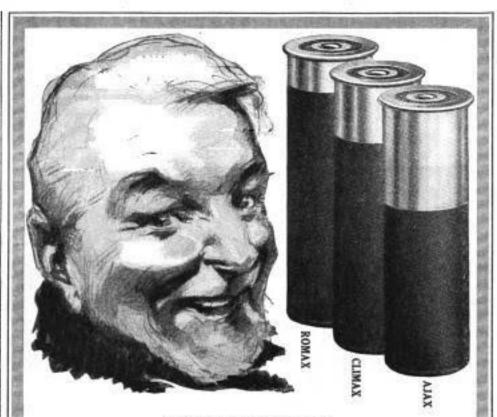
Apparently the colonel felt the need of a little publicity. Things were getting dull with him. Acutely conscious of the well-known law of physics that the bigger the rock, the greater the splash when it falls into the water, he thought that while he had it in mind to regulate things he might as well regulate them. He knew an ordi-nary little Government-control bill would create only a ripple; so he pushed in a rock. He decided he would have not only Government ownership but Government construction of what it owns, and, to control these properties, a commission of twenty-one members—which in effect, of course, means commission government as well.

The colonel, if he were running a news-

paper, would have no headline in it less than seven columns in width. He believes in big display. When he sets out to cure ills he offers no palliative. His is a panacea.

No remedy of such scopes as these bills has been proposed since the days of the late Senator Peffer. Peffer was long on stuff of this kind, just as he was long on whiskers. J. Ham's whiskers are not so ample as were Peffer's; but it would seem that they have

the same general effect.
Yours for a commission to regulate whiskerandoed legislation.
BILL.



I WANT SOME OF

## THE BLACK SHELLS

A lightning primer and a double-size flash pas-sage in The Black Shells are what do the business.

There are two reasons why The Black Shells primer is not made of heavy fulminate of mercury and light ground glass. Heavy and light are hard to combine in a perfectly uniform mixture. Also, glass absorbs heat and cools the flame. Our priming materials, being combustible, actually increase the heat.

The Black Shells primer flame has a doubly wide flash passage through which to reach the main charge. All of its terrific heat is applied to the powder, which, under such ignition, develops much more power than with slow ignition.

The shot drive out in a close pattern and sweep the air in front of the sights with a killing velocity and astonishing penetration. There's no need to "lead" your bird to any extent, because The Black Shells pop quick.

The solid brass head of The Black Shells gives the gases of explosion no chance to leak back through "battery-cup" crevices. Again, as mercury eats brass, all mercury primers use a copper cap. We use caps of the stronger metal, brass - which assures against the danger from a punctured cap.

The Black Shells are really waterproof. Days of exposure in wet, muggy, murky, foggy weather won't affect them. They will load and eject without a hitch-never swelling-never sticking in the barrel.

The uniformity of The Black Shells, the smoothness with which they "feed" in a pump or automatic-these are texts for interesting talks in a free book you will enjoy reading. Just ask for it on a post card.

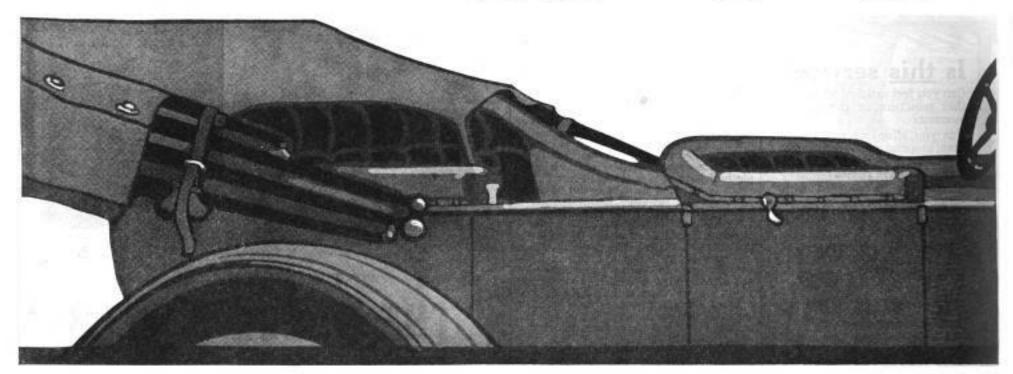


There are three Black Shells: Romax for black powder, Climax and Ajax for smokeless powder.

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# HUP



U. S. Prices—Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, \$1050. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, \$1200. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, \$1200. With electric starting and lighting, \$1300. Prices f. o. b. Detroit,

## Mark This:

It is a matter of common knowledge that a Hupmobile sold at "second hand" commands a price above the market average.

It always has commanded a higher price—ever since the first Hupmobiles were built.

Why do you suppose this is?

The best measure of value for any product is what a second man is willing to pay for it, after the first man has used it.

What the second man pays for the Hupmobile represents what he and thousands of others think about the value of the car.

## "Used" Hups 25% to 40% More

Every extra dollar he is willing to pay testifies that he thinks the Hupmobile is just that much better than some other car. Now, American buyers don't go on fooling themselves, year after year.

If thousands of people think the Hupmobile is worth more, you can bank upon it—it is worth more, first hand and second hand. It's worth more at second hand because it hasn't deteriorated.

And it hasn't deteriorated because of what's in it and the way it is built.

And the stuff that's in it "stands up" because it's the best money can buy—the best steel, the best aluminum, the best bearings, the best rear axle, and so on.

When you buy this new Hupmobile you're not indulging in an extravagance, but making an investment.

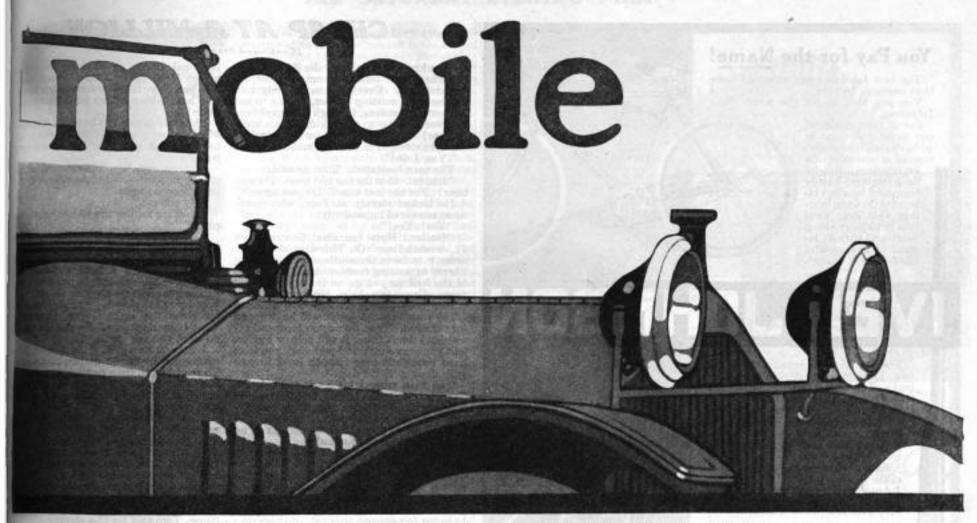
After you've had a world of pleasure and service out of it, the value will still be there - a real, monetary, cashable value.

And, incidentally, while you're enjoying the Hupmobile - it will cost you less to run.

Go to your Hupmobile dealer and let him tell you a host of things we can only hint at here.

Hupp Motor Car Company Canadian Plant

## The car of The



Canadian Prices —Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, \$1200. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, \$1300. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, \$1480. With electric starting and lighting, \$1630. Prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

## And This:

Once a Hupmobilist, always a Hupmobilist.

70% of Hupmobile sales are repeat sales, or-they result from owners' recommendations.

Thousands of people who do not own Hups shift from car to car.

Dealers—everywhere—will tell you that Hupmobile owners "stay put."

Mop and think a moment—consult your own personal experience.

## Hup Owners "Repeat" Year After Year

at it a fact that your next-door neighbor has had two or three or four Hups?

they change at all—and scores of them drive the same Hup year after year—isn't it a fact that they simply change to another Hup?

This is a fact—and you can satisfy yourself it is—isn't it a mighty important fact?

by are so many owners of other cars merely negative in their loyalty to these cars—while Hupmobile owners are uniformly enthusiastic?

My does the Hupmobile owner go out of his way to expatiate about the joys of his ownership?

by does he take it upon himself to urge others to buy the Hupmobile?

ou must know why it is, without being told.

con't be anything else but supreme satisfaction and continuous service at a lesser cost.

you think we are overly-enthusiastic - put it to the test.

to your Hupmobile dealer and ask him to give you facts and figures!

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The Policies of liquid, One cloth does the work of a gallon of liquid polish. Price 25c from agents or by mail. Agents, write for our proposition. Auburn Specialties Co., 27 Clark St., Auburn, N.Y.





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YOUR floor space is worth money and SNUC-SEATS will save money for you by saving your space. They occupy only one-half the floor space occupied by ordinary table sea. Left in sea of courtains, card season, april rooms, clark houses, etc. Chain fit savingly under table when not in use, the whole set then require locused four faith, card seems, gell roams, clab houses, etc., Chain for usingly under table when not in use, the whole set then requiring more only the area of the table. Very solidly and damely built, exceedingly confortable and beautifully rub-fourbed in malanguay, white enamel, mainten, oak or any other hardwood color you with. Price only \$25 a set—morthly payments arranged if preferred. Display glaw show-case tops if desired. Morey refunded if not pleased. Write for catalogue.

W. B. McLean Mfg. Co.

Main Office and Factory, 1060-86 Harron A
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

#### CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 25)

Tom knew he would not die if he did not meet her soon; but as for wanting her, he certainly did. Every cell in his body was on the alert, waiting for her, hoping to see her; and adventure, through a megaphone, was vociferating in the middle of his soul: "Come! Come!" Therefore Tom looked the man straight in the eyes and answered:
"Yes, I do!"

The man hesitated. Then he said:

"Listen! It is for the last time. Do you hear? For the last time! Do you agree?"
He looked sternly at Tom, who there-

upon answered impatiently:
"Yes! Yes!"

"Boston! Hotel Lorraine! Secure Room 77, seventh floor. On Thursday at exactly seven P. M. be in the southeast corner of the library or reading room, which is on the left norary or reading room, which is on the left of the hall as you go to the main dining room. Green armchair. Hold your hat be-tween your knees—bottom side upward. Close your eyes. A letter will be dropped into the hat. Then do as you please. Per-sonally I don't think it will help or hinder. But you are young: and perhaps if you wish

sonally I don't think it will help or hinder.
But you are young; and perhaps if you wish
hard enough it may happen according to
your desire. Good day!"

The man turned his back squarely on
Tom, leaving to the heir of the Merriwether
millions no alternative but to go out dissatisfied, excited, skeptical, hopeful, and
determined to go to Boston—danger or no
danger, swindle or no swindle.

The mysterious man, too mysterious to

danger, swindle or no swindle.

The mysterious man, too mysterious to be anything but a charlatan, who said he did not wish Tom's money and, for that reason, probably did—this man promised Tom he should meet a girl; a beautiful girl, the girl he would marry. If there was to be no compulsion about it; if they—the man and his accomplices—counted on her charms to capture Tom's heart and hand, why, the sooner she began the attack the better.

Also, it was one of those things that only an ass would talk about—since the telling would put an end to all doubts as to the teller's asininity.

Therefore, without saying a word to anybody. Tom went to Boston, not knowing that McWayne's detectives had orders to follow Tom wherever he went and to report in detail what he was seen to do and what he was heard to say and to whom.

Tom arrived in Boston, went to the Hotel Lorraine, registered, and asked the polite room clerk for Room 77 on the seventh floor. The clerk smiled pleasantly, as he always did whenever a guest-to-be asked for rooms that did not end in thirteen, disappeared to look at the index and

returned.
"I'm sorry, sir; but that room is taken.

I can give you ——"
"Taken!" said Tom, in such a disappointed tone that the clerk deigned to explain sympathetically:

"Engaged by telegraph."
"Who engaged it?"
Tom asked this so peremptorily that the clerk looked at him telly with raised eye-brows, turned his back on the New Yorker, made a pretense of once more looking at the index of rooms and guests, and said to him with a cold determination in his voice:

"I made a mistake. I thought we had a vacant room on the eighth floor. I find we have no vacant room anywhere. I'm sorry, sir. Nothing left!"

He marked something after Tom's name

on the register and turned away. He evidently considered the incident closed.

Tom was too surprised to be angry. Then he recovered himself. His business in Boston was to get a certain room in this hotel. He was a son of his father; so he said with a quiet determination that disturbed

the clerk:
"I must have Room 77 on the seventh floor! The price is of no consequence. I am Mr. Merriwether." "I told you it was engaged."

"And I told you I must have it. Don't you understand English?" "Don't you?" said the clerk, trying to

disguise his growing uneasiness with a

This made Tom calm. He said quietly:
"Will you be good enough to send my
card to Mr. Starrett, the owner of this
hotel? He knows who I am and who my
father is: but if he should have forgotten

y that he is to call up Major Wilkinson, ree, Wilkinson & Company, the bank-τ Mr. Blandy, of the Moontucket

National Bank, or anybody who knows where New York is on the map. Good heavens, there must be somebody in Boston who hasn't been asleep for the last twenty years!"

The clerk decided to be polite. The name Merriwether had a familiar sound, but he could not associate it. He said more politely:

"I am sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but the room you want—and three others with it— have been engaged."
"By whom?"
"You are asking me to break one of our

rules."
"Well, can you tell me whether it has been engaged since yesterday?"
"Oh, longer than that!" He disappeared, consulted a book and came back with the triumphant expression human beings put on when they do not wish to say
I told you so! aloud. "Engaged and pad
for since the eighth, Mr. Merriwether.
That's nine days ago. So, you see, we can't
do what you ask us to. Sorry!"
Wherever he went, Tom thought, he was

confronted by crude attempts at mystery. To send him to this particular room, 77 on the seventh floor, was merely the same as an effort to impress children by using the

magical number seven.

Who had engaged the room? Was it w

who had engaged the room? Was it as accomplice or some stranger guiltless of participation in the rather juvenile joke? Still, Tom was in Boston to do a particular thing; and, though much of the spring restlessness had gone from his veins, there remained the desire to see the affair through to the end, whether the end should be smile or a mild oath. Therefore, after a pause, Tom said to the clerk:

"Can you give me the room exactly

"Can you give me the room exactly opposite 77 on the seventh floor?"

The clerk hesitated, then said:
"Just a minute, please."
He consulted one of the bookkeeper from whom he must have learned whose so from whom he must have learned whose sor Tom was. And, though Boston is not New York, money is money, even in Massa chusetts; and the heir of fifty or a hundre million dollars is something, whether or no he is somebody.

"Certainly," said the clerk, and hande the key to a young man called in New Yor a bellboy. The young man now precede Tom to the seventh floor and ushered th New Yorker into Room 78.

Tom gave the studious youth a dollared the bill with a mixture of suspicion an alarm, put it gingerly into his pocket an

alarm, put it gingerly into his pocket an left the room, closing the door. To opened the door. The boy thought it has opened itself and returned to close it. To waved him away. The boy hastily r treated. He did not, however, throw awa the dollar. He had discovered it was n

The bellboy found the room clerk engage in conversation with two men. He, divi-ing that the talk concerned the genero-lunatic, flung at the room clerk that lo-of exaggerated perplexity which will cau-any normal human being inevitably to as "What is it?" "What is it?"

The room clerk saw the look and st kept on talking with the man; whereup the bellboy walked up to the desk, frown fiercely and muttered;

"He is in his room!"
"What's that, boy?"
"I said," retorted the studious you glacially, "he was in his room—78. I gave me a dollar and left the door open tried to close it, but he opened it again after he gave me the dollar."

The close area in his face, turned to be

The clerk, awe in his face, turned to t men and nodded confirmatively.
"Your man!" he said. "Of course

don't want any fuss -"We'll telephone Mr. McWayne, t private secretary. The young fellow is violent, you know."

The hotel clerk said the inevitable this

"Only son too—isn't he?"

"Yes. Over a hundred million dolls be heard." The detective, induced then by the invitation in the clerk's voice, h

vouchsafed inside information.
"Too bad!" murmured the clerk, this
ing of the hundred millions and Tom. "I
damned bad!" he almost whimpered, this ing of the hundred millions and hims To show that he was unimpressed by v wealth he added sternly: "No trouble, y understand!"



#### Your Great-Grandfather's Ink

was an inconstant mixture, thickened or threed, as it required. Since those days Cater has made the making of writing fluids

as exact a science as the grinding of a lens. Carter's Inx are for writer folks who are particular

about writing results. And now comes Carter's most recent ink discovery-

### Carter's Pencraft

Combined Office and Fountain Pen

lnk

-ose isk equally adapted to either fountain pens wishvell use. It has the famous Carter smoothness ad biliancy. It gums less than others, corrodes in, wites a deep blue and dries a time-delying black. Pound link is at all the best stationers' in various sun at prices from \$1.00 (qr.) to 15 cents per bottle.



After all, no ink like Carter's. THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY Boston, Mass.

hew York Chicago Montres Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhestoes, Type-seriter Ribbons and Carbon







rican Thermo Ware Co., 16 Warren St., Dept. P., New York

One of the men whom McWayne had instructed to shadow Tom sat in the lobby just in front of the elevator. The other, with the clerk's permission, went up to the seventh floor and sat down by the floor telephone operator. From there he could keep a ten-dollar-a-day eye on Room 78. Meantime Tom's impatience had reached such a point that he could not sit still.

Through his open door he could see the closed door of Room 77. The thought came to him to see who was in that room. Then it struck him that perhaps the mysterious man in New York had reckoned precisely on rousing the Merriwether curiosity. Perhaps an unpleasant surprise awaited the man who should enter Room 77. Perhaps the room was occupied by some one who had nothing to do with her—and therefore noth-ing to do with him. Perhaps he should put himself in a ridiculous predicament. Perhaps a million disagreeable things might happen, making it obviously the unwise thing to

do to go into Room 77.

All these reflections, however, weighed no more than a shadow with him. The more he thought of why he should not go into Room 77 the more difficult it became to resist the call of adventure. He walked across the hall and knocked sharply on the door. No answer came. He knocked again. A hotel maid approached him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—are you in the party?"

party?"
"What party?"
"In Room 77." "No. I am in 78."

"I am very sorry—but it is against the rules of the house, sir."

Tom had nothing to say to the maid; so he closed the door of his own room, con-scious that his actions must appear erratic, but not much concerned over it. Presently he went out for a walk and did not go to either of his Boston clubs. This omis-sion was duly noted by the clever Mr. McWayne's star sleuths.

Tom returned to the hotel feeling almost cured. He realized that he had come on a fool's errand; and yet there was something that told him it was not a fool's errand. It was too elaborate for a practical joke. So long as no motive was apparent the mys-tery remained a mystery; and no mystery

is laughable. So he decided for the tenth time to go through with his part, absurd or not. He walked about the lobby utterly unconscious that he was a marked man. He could not see that the clerks and the bellboys and the two men from the New York agency followed his movements, not only with the liveliest curiosity but with deep pity.

All he was doing was to wait more or less impatiently for seven o'clock; but im-patience is so natural a feeling, and comes so easily to most human beings, that it always rouses suspicion. Tom did not act right to the watchers. Any perfectly sane and intelligent man, accused of being mad, will confirm the accusation if he is watched for five minutes. People who never think and never imagine are never taken for lunatics. That nowadays is about the only

compensation for being an ass.

At six-fifty-six P. M. he walked into the hotel library and found that the green plush armchair in the corner by the window was occupied by an elderly woman. It annoyed him because he desired to sit in that chair at exactly seven o'clock. Absurd or not, the problem became how to get rid of the old woman quickly and without disturbing the peace or alarming the office.

His mind worked logically enough for a man under observation for insanity, and his sense of humor acted as a safety valve for his inventiveness. He merely drew his chair very close to the startled old lady and opened a magazine. He found a poem and began to read it in the exasperating undertone used by the demons who have the next seats to yours at the opera.

Presently he began to drum on his thigh ith the tips of his fingers, and at regular intervals of ten seconds he thumped it with his clenched fist bassdrumwise. Every twenty-five seconds he pulled out his watch, looked at it, exclaimed: "Gracious!"—and

blew his nose loudly and determinedly.

Within two and three-quarter minutes
the old lady glared at him, rose, looked at
the clock, glared again at him to make
sure and left the room. In the hall she stopped and spoke to the young lady who checked hats and coats near the entrance of the main dining room:

"I had to leave the reading room. perfectly horrible person came in! He simply drove me out."

Scottonurus rosmod the earth seven million years a le could not adapt himself to changed condition vature scrapped him. Evolution and the

Talks about MAZDA No. 4

Not the na of a thing but the mark of a Service."

BOUT seven million years ago, more or less, a stupid, slow-moving lizard known to science as brontosaurus roamed the earth. He stood thirty feet high on his hind feet and

was seventy feet long. He weighed over thirty tons. As he lumbered along, each of his pon-derous feet left a track that occupied one square yard. No one knows why he became extinct. Perhaps the earth shrugged her shoulders one day, as it were; in other words, a cataclysm occurred. Dry land became water and oceans became dry land. Brontoiaurus could not adapt himself to the change. Nature scrapped him.

This process of scrapping is what Darwin meant by "evolution", "natural selection", and the "survival of the fittest". It is a process that finds its counterpart in the scrap heap of human industry. There are mechanical fossils as well as fossil lizards. Look in the scrap heap of any industry and you will find them. The bigger that scrap heap is, the more marked has been the evolution which

it represents, the more perfect is the product of the industry. If an in-dustry has no scrap heap it is standing still; it is not evolving.

Next to agriculture and architecture the oldest of human industries is the art of lighting-Hence the scrap heap of light producers ought to be large. And it is. Think of the hairy, lowbrowed savage who rubbed two sticks to-gether, built a fire and thus made the first artificial light thousands and

thousands of years ago. Then think of the incandescent electric lamp. What an evolu-tion! What a scrap heap has been piled up of beacons, rush lights, candles and oil lamps, each with a little subsidiary scrap heap of its own, representing the evolution of its particular type of light-producer!

When the incandescent electric lamp was invented the height of the scrap heap was more than doubled. In a few years lamps which represented the illuminating methods of centuries were discarded. And the end is not yet. The height of the scrap heap is growing more rapidly than ever.

All the science of our time is epitomized in the incandescent lamp of today—the MAZDA lamp. If you knew its history you would know the history of modern science. Study its scrap beap and you learn how far the art of lighting has evolved, even in your

At the very bottom of the heap you will find a lamp with a strip of graphite in a poor vacuum, Farther up are hundreds of lamps with platinum filaments; still farther up lamps with filaments composed of the oxides of zirconium and titanium; and very near the present top, lamps with filaments of carbon, osmium, silicon compounds and tantalum. Then come many types of the metal filament lamp, including types of tungsten lamps.

All of them are as extinct as brontosaurus,

Let it not be supposed that the lamps of today marked MAZDA are the last word in incandescent electric lighting. Some day there will be other lamps, more efficient but still marked MAZDA.

They will be so marked because they evolved from the same unceasing systematic study and selection that gave us the MAZDA of today- a study and selection centered in

the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and supplemented by learning from the leading experi-mental lamp laboratories of the world what progress they have made in the same direction.

The results thus obtained are communicated to the General Electric Company's manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, and also to the other lamp manufacturing companies entitled to receive them. This scientific investigation and the communication of

stitute MAZDA Service. All the lamps made by the companies in accordance with this service are marked MAZDA.

A lamp marked MAZDA is always the product of a scientific evolution; whether you buy it today, tomorrow, or at any future time, it is selected from types devised after months and even years of research; it is the one that has survived all tests, because it has been proved the fittest; it is a lamp that represents the latest commercial advance in illumination of its time.



Comparing the spectra of two lights. MAZDA Service means the making of many such comparisons.

tests, experiments and se lections in order constant

to evolve better lamps. The aim is that MAZDA shall always be the mark of the furthest advance in



## Motorists Who Drove Haynes Cars in the Early Days Still Drive the Haynes

Twenty-one years ago, Elwood Haynes built the "horseless carriage"-the little machine that gave birth to the American automobile industry. Ever since then, Haynes cars have been built, year in, year out, without interruption.

And during these twenty-one years, Haynes owners have been demonstrating in "road races," "reliability runs," in "hill climbs" of every description, under all conditions, in this country and abroad with themselves the only "competitors," that the



is a good car, and that given ordinary care and attention, the Haynes remains a good car, a mighty good car-indefinitely.

That's why these owners, after years of service, again purchase a Haynes. That's why such a large percentage of the Haynes annual production is sold every season to owners of old Haynes cars. That's why you should investigate the Haynes before you buy any car.

Elwood Haynes was ahead of the times when he built the first Haynes, back in '93. He is ahead of the times now in adopting the greatest automobile refinement in recent years—the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift. This device eliminates the hand-shift lever entirely, and so simplifies the control of the Haynes that anyone may readily drive it. With it, the Haynes is electrically controlled throughout, inasmuch as gear-shifting, starting, lighting and ignition are accomplished by electricity.

The Haynes "Four"—118 inch wheelbase . \$1785 and \$1985 The Haynes "Six"—130 inch wheelbase . . 2500 and 2700 The Haynes "Six"—136 inch wheelbase . . 2585 and 2785

"The Complete Motorist" by Elwood Haynes, Father of the American Automobile Industry, fully describing the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, will be mailed upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Write to

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Is your present concern.

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THE SALES DIVISION, BOX 294

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Yes, madam. The young gentleman is insane. It is a very sad case."
"Goodness! What a narrow ——"

"Oh, you needn't fear; he is quite harm-

less, madam."
"It's a wonder a first-class hotel, such as

this claims to be, allows ——"
"You are right!" agreed the wise young woman, whose business it was to encourage

generosity.

The old lady went away muttering.
Thomas Thorne Merriwether sat down in the vacated chair, put his hat between his knees and waited. The mahogany clock on the mantel presently began to chime the hour and Tom felt a pang of angry dis-appointment. Nothing had happened— except that he again had made an ass of

A tall, strongly built man at that moment entered the room, looked at Tom, saw the hat held between the knees, and turned away as if the last person in the world he wished to see was young Mr. Merriwether.

Tom saw him stretch his hand toward a panel in the wall. Instantly the room was in darkness. It occurred to Tom that this would be a good way to attack him; but there instantly followed the reflection that it

was not a good place in which to do any robbing or murdering.

Therefore young Merriwether sat on quietly. He felt something drop into his hat. A faint odor of sweet peas came to his nostrils-the odor he had associated with his youth until he began to associate it with her, and therefore with love.

This evanescent perfume that made vague memories stir within him; that made him desire to see the woman who was to be his wife; that made him thrill obediently at the call of adventure-made him feel that the mysterious man of 777 Blank Avenue was not a cheap charlatan.

Suddenly the light was turned on again. Tom saw a slip of paper within his hat, fished it out, and, without stopping to see what it was or what it said, rushed from the room into the corridor.

He saw men and women coming and going. He could not tell whether she was among them or whether the man who had entered the library—who probably was the man that put out the light—was among the crowd. But the sleuths and the bellhoy and the coatgirl watched him. What doubt could remain? In their minds there was

Tom abandoned the chase. The key to the mystery eluded him, as usual. He was not clever enough to catch the mystery-manipulator in the act, as it were. He looked at the paper. It was an envelope. On it was written in a woman's hand:

For T. M.

He opened the envelope and pulled out a sheet of the hotel notepaper, on which he read, in the same handwriting:

He walked to the desk and spoke to the room clerk.

"I must ——" he began, but stopped.
"Yes, sir, Mr. Merriwether!" The clerk used the voice and manner of a man saying nice things to a child in order to propitiate its mother.

About Room 77 on the seventh floor," said Tom.

"We can give it to you now, if you wish.

What? Has she -- is it vacant?

"Given up this very minute. If you'll wait until we send up and see whether it is ready to be occupied, I'll ——"
"I'll take it; but I'd like to go up at

He wished to see whether there was any clew left by the previous occupants.
"Certainly. Front!"

Tom followed the bellboy. The room was empty and undisturbed. He thought he smelled sweet peas, and sat down in an armchair to think; but the odor, which made her recognizable in his dreams of her, prevented him from thinking as you would

expect a healthy young man to think. There was no sharpness of outline in the visions of her seen through the mist of dreams and longings.

He knew there was a girl somewhere whom he would marry. Indeed he often had wondered what his wife would be like. Every man, when he endeavors to look ahead, thinks that some day he shall have a wife—the mother of his children—the woman whose mere existence will influence his life more than anything else in the

world; whose love will make him a different man; whose necessities will give to him an utterly different point of view

Our lives depend on our point of view; and Tom knew that his point of view would be utterly changed by this girl he had never seen. Would she be the girl the man in 777 Blank Avenue said she would be? Was she the mysterious person with whom, of course, he was not in love, but with whom he might fall in love—adventuress or not? His love of love had not yet changed into love of somebody; but he was keen to enter into a definite love affair with a concrete being, and he rather suspected that this affair was being stage-managed for his benefit.

He would forgive everything so long as in the end something happened—something in which there was a girl, whether or not she was the girl. What most irritated him was the indefiniteness of the mystery so far. The spice of danger; the tragical possibili-ties; the lure of adventure; the call of the unusual; the attraction of the unknown and therefore of the interesting—were no longer quite enough. The glimpse of a face— of a living face—and a hand to shake, a waist to clasp and lips to kiss: these things

he now desired.

His irritability over his failure to develop an adventure in Boston grew keener until it became anger. He would have it out once for all with the mysterious man at 777

Blank Avenue. He went downstairs, paid his bill and took the midnight train for New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### Cold Comfort

THERE is a certain hotel up in British L Columbia that has a reputation for being reasonably cold. It is a frame structure and the walls are thin and shaky. One morning during a blizzard two guests who had been there the night before came out of their rooms, on opposite sides of the hall. The first man said:

hall. The first man said:
"Whew! I'm nearly frozen! I never
was so cold in my life. I slept with all my
was so cold on me,

clothes on and everything else piled on me, and I'm frosted through!"
"Same here," said the other. "I was on the windward side of this hut. I put on my buffalo coat over my clothes, and I don't

think I'll ever get warm!"

They went down to the hotel office.

There, huddled over the stove, was a stage driver who had lost his way and been out all night. His hair and whiskers were lumps of ice. His fur hat was frozen to his head. He shivered and shook with the cold, though he was practically sitting on the stove. The two guests looked at him for a minute. Then one of them asked:

"Which room did you have, partner?"

### Where the Money Was

THE Reverend J. Ashby Jones, of Augusta, the best after-dinner speaker in Georgia—always barring Colonel John Temple Graves, who does not live in Georgia any more—says that a negro woman in his town was a bride of only two weeks when a switch engine ran over her husband as he loafed about the railroad yards.

With the desire—so characteristic of

some of the legal profession—to do justice speedily, the claim agent rounded up the widow before any other lawyer could get at her, towed her to his office, and there spread before her dazzled vision five hundred vis dred dollars in new shiny bills.

The sorrowing one took one look at all that wealth, then grabbed for it with her left hand while with her right she signed on the dotted line A of the quitclaim. This done, she plucked a fragrant yellow twenty off the top of the pile of currency and after inhaling its aroma fanned herself daintily with it.

Clarissa." said a woman friend who had accompanied her, "whut you reckin you goin' do now sence you come into all dis

The widow exhaled a long and happy

sigh.
"Well," she said, "havin' dis yere streak
of luck comin' on me so sudden. I ain't
hardly made up mah mind yit jes' whut I will do. Course, when time is healed up my wounds I mout look round and tek notice. I mout marry agin; and then agin I mout not. But ef ever I does marry agin man secon husband is suttinly goin be a railroad

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mesh fabric on the market and thus combines real clasticity with the open-knit principle. It has the stretch and the give and the permanent elasticity that doesn't get lost in the tub. It will ensure your comfort in the scorching days of mid-summer.



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#### my roomy

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes," he says; and, without openin' it,

"Yes," he says; and, without openin' it, he tore it up and throwed it out the window. 
"Had a quarrel?" I ast.
"No, no," he says; "but she can't tell me nothin' I don't know already. Girls always writes the same junk. I got one from her in Pittsburgh, but I didn't read it."
"I guess you ain't so stuck on her," I

says.

He swells up and says:

"Of course I'm stuck on her! If I wasn't, do you think I'd be goin' round with this bunch and gettin' insulted all the time? I'm stickin' here because o' that series dough, so's I can get hooked."

"Do you think you'd settle down if you was married?" I ast him.

"Settle down?" he says. "Sure, I'd settle down. I'd be so happy that I wouldn't have to look for no excitement."

have to look for no excitement."

Nothin' special happened that night 'cep' that he come in the room about one o'clock and woke me up by pickin' up the foot o' the bed and droppin' it on the floor, sudden-like.

"Give me a key to the room," he says.
"You must of had a key," I says, "or
you couldn't of got in."
"That's right!" he says, and beat it to

One o' the reporters must of told Elliott that John had ast for waivers on him and New York had refused to waive, because

New York had refused to waive, because next mornin' he come to me with that dope.

"New York's goin' to win this pennant!" he says.

"Well," I says, "they will if some one else don't. But what of it?"

"I'm goin' to play with New York," he says, "so's I can get the World's Series dough."

"How you goin' to get away from this club?" I ast.

"Just watch me!" he says "I'll he

"Just watch me!" he says. "I'll be with New York before this series is over."

Well, the way he goes after the job was original anyway. Rube'd had one of his good days the day before and we'd got a trimmin'; but this second day the score was tied up at two runs apiece in the tenth, and Big Jeff'd been wabblin' for two or

Well, he walks Saier and me, with one out, and Mac sends for Matty, who was warmed up and ready. John sticks Elliott in in Brid's place and the bug pulls one into the rightfield stand.

It's a cinch McGraw thinks well of him.

It's a cinch McGraw thinks well of him then, and might of went after him if he hadn't went crazy the next afternoon. We're tied up in the ninth and Matty's workin'. John sends Elliott up with the bases choked; but he doesn't go right up to the plate. He walks over to their bench and calls McGraw out. Mac tells us about it afterward.

"I can bust up this game right here!"

says Elliott.

"Go ahead," says Mac; "but be careful he don't whiff you."

Then the bug pulls it.

"If I whiff," he says, "will you get me on your slub?"

your club?"
"Sure!" says Mac, just as anybody would.

By this time Bill Klem was hollerin' about the delay; so up goes Elliott and gives the worst burlesque on tryin' to hit that you ever see. Matty throws one a mile outside and high, and the bug swings like it was right over the heart. Then Matty throws one at him and he ducks out o' the way—but swings just the same. Matty must of been wise by this time, for he pitches one so far outside that the Chief almost has to go to the coachers' box after it. Elliott takes his third healthy and runs through the field down to the clubhouse.

We got beat in the eleventh; and when we went in to dress he has his street clothes on. Soon as he seen John comin' he says: ot to see McGraw!

John was goin' to the fights that night; but before he leaves the hotel he had waivers on Elliott from everybody and had sold him to Atlanta.
"And," says John, "I don't care if they

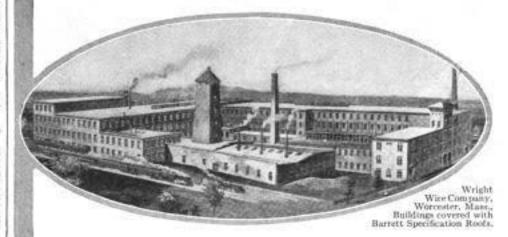
"And," says John pay for him or not."

My roomy blows in about nine and got the letter from John out of his box. He was goin' to tear it up, but I told him they was news in it. He opens it and reads where he's sold. I was still sore at him; so

I says:
"Thought you was goin' to get on the
New York club?"



Why you should be interested in Roofing



FREQUENTLY the build-ing of a roof on a factory or warehouse, or any building, is regarded as merely incidental to the whole proposition.

Great care and thought are spent in deciding whether to use stone or concrete for the foundation. Even the choice of materials for the fence about the place gets its share of attention.

But with many owners of buildings the roof is only a roof, and they take it as a matter of course that they must repair leaks every now and then.

Do you realize that this is the wrong viewpoint?

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"No," he says. "I got turned down cold.
McGraw says he wouldn't have me in his
club. He says he'd had Charlie Faust—
and that was enough for him."
He had a bind of proper look in his cases.

He had a kind o' crazy look in his eyes; so when he starts up to the room I follows

so when he starts up to the room I follows him.

"What are you goin' to do now?" I says.

"I'm goin' to sell this ticket to Atlanta," he says, "and go back to Muskegon, where I belong."

"I'll help you pack," I says.

"No," says the bug. "I come into this league with this suit o' clothes and a collar. They can have the rest of it." Then he sits down on the bed and begins to cry like sits down on the bed and begins to cry like a baby. "No series dough for me," he blubbers, "and no weddin' bells! My girl'll die when she hears about it!"

Of course that made me feel kind o' rotten, and I says:

"Brace up, boy! The best thing you can do is go to Atlanta and try hard. You'll be up here again next year."

"You can't tell me where to go!" he says, and he wasn't cryin' no more. "I'll go where I please—and I'm li'ble to take you with me."

I didn't want no argument, so I kep' still. Pretty soon he goes up to the lookin'-glass and stares at himself for five minutes. Then, all of a sudden, he hauls off and takes a wallop at his reflection in the glass. Natu-rally he smashed the glass all to pieces and he cut his hand somethin' awful.

Without lookin' at it he come over to me and says: "Well, good-by, sport!"— and holds out his other hand to shake. When I starts to shake with him he smears his bloody hand all over my map. Then he laughed like a wild man and run out o' the room and out o' the hotel.

WELL, boys, my sleep was broke up for the rest o' the season. It might of been because I was used to sleepin' in all kinds o' racket and excitement, and couldn't stand for the quiet after he'd went—or it

might of been because I kep' thinkin' about him and feelin' sorry for him.

I of'en wondered if he'd settle down and be somethin' if he could get married; and finally I got to b'lievin' he would. So when we was dividin' the city-series dough I was thinkin' of him and the sid Our I was thinkin' of him and the girl. Our share o' the money—the losers', as usual— was twelve thousand seven hundred sixty bucks or somethin' like that. They was twenty-one of us and that meant six hundred seven bucks spiece. We was just goin' to cut it up that way when I says: "Why not give a divvy to poor old Elliott?"

Elliott?

About fifteen of 'em at once told me that I was crazy. You see, when he got canned he owed everybody in the club. I guess he'd stuck me for the most—about seventy bucks—but I didn't care nothin' about that. I knowed he hadn't never reported to Atlanta, and I thought he was prob'ly busted and a hunch of money wight make busted and a bunch o' money might make things all right for him and the other songbird.

I made quite a speech to the fellers, tellin' 'em how he'd cried when he left us and how his heart'd been set on gettin' married on the series dough. I made it so strong that they finally fell for it. Our shares was cut to five hundred eighty apiece, and John sent him a check for a

For a while I was kind o' worried about what I'd did. I didn't know if I was doin' right by the girl to give him the chance to marry her.

marry her.

He'd told me she was stuck on him, and that's the only excuse I had for tryin' to fix it up between 'em; but, b'lieve me, if she was my sister or a friend o' mine I'd just as soon of had her manage the Cincinnati Club as marry that bird. I thought to

myself:
"If she's all right she'll take acid in a
month—and it'll be my fault; but if she's
really stuck on him they must be somethin' wrong with her too, so what's the diff'rence?"

Then along comes this letter that I told you about. It's from some friend of hisn up there—and they's a note from him. I'll read 'em to you and then I got to beat it for the station:

"Dear Sir: They have got poor Elliott locked up and they are goin to take him to the asylum at Kalamazoo. He thanks you for the check, and we will use the money to see that he is made comf'table.

(Concluded on Page 65)





are made of the purest ingredients in America's largest, cleanest, brightest, airiest candy factory. Made in nine tasty flavors and protected from dust and dirt by the familiar sanitary wrapper.

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#### Concluded from Page 62)

"When the poor boy come back here he found that his girl was married to Joe Sohop, who runs a soda fountain. She had wrote to him about it, but he did not read he letters. The news drove him crazy poor boy—and he went to the place where they was livin' with a baseball but and very pear killed 'em both. Then he marched down the street singin' Silver Threads Among the Gold at the top of his voice. They was goin' to send him to prison for assult with intent to kill, but the jury decided he was crazy.
"He wants to thank you again for the

money.

"Yours truly, JIM ---"

I can't make out his last name-but it don't make no diff'rence. Now I'll read you his note:

"Old Roomy: I was at bat twice and made two hits; but I guess I did not meet 'em square. They tell me they are both alive yet, which I did not mean 'em to be. I hope they got good curve-ball pitchers where I am goin'. I sure can bust them curves—can't I, sport?
"Yours, B. ELLIOTT.

"P. S .- The B stands for Buster."

That's all of it, fellers; and you can see I had some excuse for not hittin'. You can also see why I ain't never goin' to room with no bug again—not for John or nobody else!

#### AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 22)

m Englishman. It will be made most dear to you too-in the law courts-if you infringe mit by violence or otherwise. No; they have gentler system than that—one free from rese, excitement and all mussy work.

Along toward twelve-thirty o'clock the saiters begin going about, turning out the ights. The average London restaurant is some too brightly illuminated to start with, being a dim and dingy ill-kept place commend with the glary, shiny lobster palace that we know; so instantly you are made asset of a thickening of the prevalent

The waiters start in at the far end of the tom and turn out a few lights. Drawing ware and nearer to you they turn out more lets; and finally, by way of strengthening the hint, they turn out the lights imme-tately above your head, which leaves you the stilly dark with no means of seeing your food even; unless you have taken the recaution to spread phosphorus on your andwich instead of mustard—which, howreer, is seldom done. A better method is to order a portion of one of the more

Aminous varieties of imported cheese.

The best thing of all, however, is to take you hat and stick and go away from there. And then, unless you belong to a regular dtb or carry a card of admission to one if the chartered all-night clubs that have srung up so abundantly in London, and which are uniformly stuffy, stupid places where the members take their roistering snously—or as a last resort, unless you care wait for a tiresome hour or two in the grill of your hotel—you might as well be toddling sway to bed; that is to say, you might as well go to bed unless you find the scenes in the street as worth while as I found them.

he street as worth while as I found them. At this hour London's droning voice has stated to a deep, hoarse snore; London has become a great, broody giant taking rest that is troubled by snatches of wakefulness; London's grimy, lined face shows new wrinkles of shadow; and new and mexpected clumping of colors in monotone and halftone appear. From the massed-up tak of things small detached bits stand windly out: a flower girl whose flowers and whose girlhood are alike in the sere the pellow leaf; a soldier swaggering by, his ned coat lighting up the grayish mass about him like a livecoal in an ashheap; a policeman escorting a drunk to quarters for the man escorting a drunk to quarters for the hight-not, mind you, escorting him in s danging, rushing patrol wagon, which sould serve to attract public attention to the distressing state of the overcome one, but conveying him quietly, unostentationally, surreptitiously almost, in a small-wheeled vehicle partaking somewhat of the inture of a baby carriage and somewhat of the nature of a pushcart.

#### Tenderness to Drunkards

The policeman shoves this along the mad jailward and the drunk lies at rest in a stretched out full length, with a neat trate form to screen him from drafts and save his face from the gaze of the vulgar. Drunkards are treated with the tenderest

esideration in London; for, as you know, Britons never will be slaves—though some of them in the presence of a title give such mitations of being slaves as might fool even so experienced a judge as the late Simon Legree; and—as perchance you may also have heard—an Englishman's souse is his tastle. So in due state they ride him and his turreted souse to the station house in a Perambulator.

from midnight to daylight the taxicabs If the countless swarm will be charging

about in every direction-charging, more over, at the rate of eight pence a mile. Think that over, ye taxitaxed wretches of New York, and rend your garments, with lamentations loud! There is this also to be said of the London taxi service-and to an American it is one of the abiding mar-vels of the place—that, no matter where you go, no matter how late the hour or how outlying and obscure the district, there is always a trim taxicab just round the next corner waiting to come instantly at your whistle, and with it a beggar, with a bleak, hopeless face, to open the cab door for you and stand, hat in hand, for the

penny you toss him.
In the main centers, such as Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross, and along the Embankment, the Strand and Pall Mall, they are thick as fleas on the Missouri houn' dawg famous in song and story— the taxis, I mean, though the beggars are reasonably thick also—and they hop like fleas, bearing you swiftly and surely and cheaply on your way. The meters are honest, openfaced meters; and the drivers ask no more than their legal fares and are satisfied with tips within reason. Here in America we have the kindred arts of taxidermy and taxicabbery; one of these is the art of skin-ning animals and the other is the art of skinning people. The ruthless taxirobber of New York would not last an hour in London; for him the jail doors would yawn.

#### The Rules of the Road

Oldtime Londoners deplored the coming of the taxicab and the motorbus, for their coming meant the entire extinction of the driver of the horse-drawn bus, who was an institution, and the practical extinction of the hansom cabby, who was a type and very frequently a humorist too. But an

American finds no fault with the present arrangement; he is amply satisfied with it.

Personally I can think of no more exciting phase of the night life of the two greatest cities of Europe than the stunt of dodging taxicabs. In London the peril that lurks for you at every turning is not the result of carelessness on the part of the

the result of carelessness on the part of the drivers; it is due to the rules of the road. Afoot an Englishman meeting you on the sidewalk turns, as we do, to the right hand; but mounted he turns to the left. The foot passenger's prerogative of turning to the right was one of the priceless heri-tages wrested from King John by the barons at Runnymede; but when William the Conqueror rode into the Battle of Hastings he rode a left-handed horse-and so, very naturally and very properly, everything on hoof or wheel in England has consistently turned to the left ever since. I took some pains to look up the original precedents for these facts and to establish them histor-

The system suits the English mind, but it is highly confusing to an American who gets into the swirl of traffic at a crossing— and every London crossing is a swirl of traffic most of the time-and looks left when he should look right, and looks right when he should be looking left until the very best he can expect, if he survive at all, is cross-eyes and nervous prostration.

I lost count of the number of close calls from utter and mussy destruction I had while in London. Sometimes a policeman took pity on me and saved me, and again, by quick and frenzied leaping, I saved myself; but then the London cabmen were poor marksmen at best.

In front of the Savoy one night the same cabman in rapid succession had two beautiful shots at me and each time missed the





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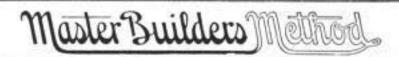


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It was soon found that the expense of getting this information in the usual way was prohibitive-but they had to know where they stood. Finally the



#### Adding and Calculating Machine

was called upon to do for the cost work what the efficiency man was doing in the factory—cut out waste effort and let machines do the machine work. How well the Comptometer fulfilled its mission is best told in their own words:

'Our output has been doubled and the business is correspondingly bigger. Still, thanks to the Comptometer, we do all the clerical work with the same sized force we had two years ago.

This concern is now using Comptometers on all of their bookkeeping and accounting work-balancing ledgers, footing trial balance, billing, estimating, payroll, costs, auditing, etc.

Such results are not exceptional. They have been repeated over and over again in the experience of Comptometer users-thousands of them. They all had to be shown, of course. They were shown-let us show you.

A thorough demonstration of the Controlled-Key Comptometer involves no obligation or expense—a word from you is all that is necessary-and it may lead to some startling economies in your own business.

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## Queen Margherita's Limousine

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bull's-eye by a disqualifying margin of inches. A New York chauffeur who had failed to splatter me all over the vicinage at the first chance would have been ashamed to go home afterward and look his innocent little ones in the face.

Even now I cannot decide in my own mind which is the more fearsome and perilous thing—to be afoot in Paris at the mercy of all the maniacs who drive French motor cars or to be in one of the motor cars at the mercy of one of the maniacs. Motoring in Paris is the most dangerous

sport known—just as dueling is the safest.

There are some arguments to be advanced in favor of dueling. It provides copy for the papers and harmless excitement for the participants—and it certainly keeps them out in the open air; but with motoring it is different. In Paris there are no rules of the road except just these twothe pedestrian who gets run over is liable to prosecution, and all motor cars must travel at top speed.

#### A Hair-Graying Ride

If I live to be a million I shall never get over shuddering as I think back to a taxi-cab ride I had in the rush hour one afternoon over a route that extended from away down near the site of the Bastille to a hotel away up near the Place Vendôme. The driver was a congenital madman—the same as all Parisian taxicab drivers are; and in addition he was on this occasion acquir-ing special merit by being quite drunk. This last, however, was a detail that did not dawn on my perceptions until too late to cancel the contract. Once he had got me safely fastened inside his rickety, creaky devil-wagon he pulled all the stops all the way out and went tearing up the crowded boulevard like a comet with a can tied to

I hammered on the glass and begged him to slow down—that is, I hammered on the glass and tried to beg him to slow down. For just such emergencies I had previously stocked up with two French words— Doucement! and Vite! I knew that one of those words meant speed and the other meant less speed, but in the turmoil of the meant less speed, but in the turmoil of the moment I may have confused them slightly. Anyhow, to be on the safe side, I yelled "Vite!" a while and then "Doucement!" a while; and then "Doucement!" and "Vite!" alternately—mixing in a few short, simple Anglo-Saxon cusswords and prayers for dressing. But nothing I said seemed to have the least effect on that demoniac scoundrel. Without turning his head he merely shouted back something unintelligible and threw on more juice.

On and on we tore, slicing against the sidewalk, curving and jibbing, clattering

and careening—now going on two wheels and now on four—while the lunatic shrieked curses of disappointment at the pedestrians who scuttled away to safety from our charging onslaughts; and I held both hands over my mouth to keep my heart from jumping out into my lap.

I saw, with instantaneous but photo-graphic distinctness, a lady, with a dog tucked under her arm, who hesitated a moment in our very path. She was one of the largest ladies I ever saw and the dog under her arm was certainly the smallest

dog I ever saw.
You might say the lady was practically out of dog. I thought we had her for sure and probably her dog too; but she fell back and was saved by a matter of half an inch or so. I think, though, we got two buttons off her shirtwaist and the back trimming of her hat.

Then there was a rending, tearing crash as we took a fender off a machine just emerging from a cross street; but my lunatic never checked up at all—just flung

a curling ribbon of profanity over his shoulder at the other driver and bounded onward like a bat out of the Bad Place. That was the hour when my hair began to turn perceptibly grayer. And yet, when by a succession of miracles we had landed intact at my destination, the fiend seemed to think he had done a praiseworthy and creditable thing. I only wish he had been able to understand the things I called him—

that is all I wish!

It is by a succession of miracles that the members of his maniacal craft usually do dodge death and destruction. The providence that watches over the mentally deficient has them in its care, I guess; and the same beneficent influence frequently avails to save those who ride behind them and, to a lesser extent, those who walk

Once in a while a Paris cabman does have a lucky stroke and garner in a foot traveler. In an instant a vast and surging crowd convenes. In another instant the road is impassably blocked. Up rushes a gendarme and worms his way through the press to the center. He has a notebook in his hand. In this book he enters the gloating cabman's name, his age, his ad-dress, and his wife's maiden name, if any and gets his views on the Dreyfus case, and finds out what he thinks about the separation of church and state; and tells him that if he keeps on the way he is headed he will be getting the cross of the Legion of Honor pretty soon. Then they shake hands and embrace, and the cabman cuts another notch in his mudguard, and gets back on the seat and drives on. Then if, by any chance, the victim of the accident still breathes, the gendarme arrests him for interfering with the traffic. It is a lovely system and sweetly

#### Cows and Cuttlefish

Under the general classification of thrill-ing moments in the night life of Europe I should like to list a carriage trip through the outskirts of Naples after dark. In the first place the carriage driver is an Italian driver—which is a shorter way of saying he is the worst driver living. His idea of getting service out of a horse is, first to snatch him to a standstill by yanking on the bit and then to force the poor brute into a gallop by lashing at him with a whip having a partic ularly loud and vixenish cracker on it; and at every occasion to whoop at the top o his voice.

In the second place the street is as nar row as a narrow alley, feebly lighted, am has no sidewalks. And the rutty paving stones which stretch from housefront t housefront are crawling with people an goats, and dogs and children.

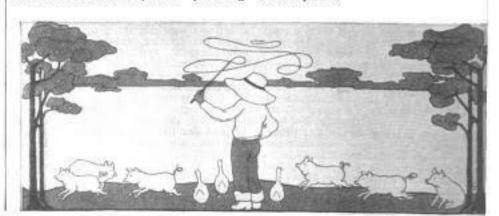
Finally, to add zest to the affair, ther are lots of loose cows mooning about—fo at this hour the cowherd brings his stock t the doors of his patrons. In an Italian cit the people get their milk from a cow, instea of from a milkman as with us. The milk delivered on the hoof, so to speak.

The grown-ups refuse to make way for you to pass and the swarming young on repay you for not killing them by peltin pebbles and less pleasant things into you

Beggars in all degrees of filth and d formity and repulsiveness run alongsic the carriage in imminent danger from the wheels, begging for alms. If you give the something they curse you for not givin them more, and if you give them nothin

they spit at you for a base dog of a hereti But then, what could you natural expect from a population that thinks a fri-cuttlefish is edible and a beefsteak is no

Editor's Note-This is the sixth of a series articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The seventh will appe in an early issue.



#### STAGING THE STYLES

(Continued from Page 13)

It is seldom that the producers of the fashion play forego that professional event, the retearsal. The reason for this is obvious. Negadays each type of gown must literally be acted out. The girl who wears a saucy little bolero suit is taught to stick her hands in her pockets and swagger forth like an impish young urchin; the tall mannequin draped in the lissome folds of an evening given must, on the contrary, walk with a ortain majesty of carriage, and each movement of her arms must echo something of classic grace. In order, therefore, to in-struct their thirty mannequins, the store decorator and the buyer of gowns and wraps superintended, on the day before the openng a regular dress rehearsal.

The processional started with the three neroyables and three merecillenses whose resumes, ordered from the famous French designer, were meant to show the audience how intimately the prevailing modes de-pended on the Directoire style. The six girls who wore these costumes passed off without citicism, but before the succeeding figure pit well under way toward the Palais Royal the store decorator held up his hand in frantic

"Lolita! Lolita!" he called to the tall namequin in the black-and-white evening govn. "For goodness' sake don't walk with your arms humped out in front, like you were wheeling a baby carriage! Walk with a lit: move your arms—so!" and he accompanied his words with a soaring motion

of his own pinions.

Nor did that tall wearer of the 1830 pantairts walking farther down the line escape vithout her meed of advice.

"Don't be ashamed to show 'em!" called the buyer of gowns and wraps. "Nothing to be prissy about—this is a gown any lady would wear. Every now and then you want to hold up your skirt a little—do a bit of

the coquettish, you know."

Meantime the figures in the Directoire restumes had been making for the end of the walk with anything but Directoire digthy of step. And, revived from his session with the 1830 garments, the director called out to them:

"Hey there! Do you people think you're being driven to market, huddling together like a herd of sheep? Keep apart; walk showly. You'll be sure to spoil the effect if you don't."

Frought back to a consideration of the frues immediately in front of them, the suce decorator and the buyer continued the instructions regarding the display of each costume. The Early Victorian mannequinin the white taffeta evening gown, with its skirt encircled by garlands of rosebuds, which looked as though they had been towed aside by the spiral billows of taffeta, was told that every now and then she must was told that every now and then she must briefly slowly—not like a top; no, no—but gracefully, just as the model in Paris had done. The girl in the Directoire suit was shown how she should step forth with her hands in the side pockets of her skirt. The mannequin cast for a beautiful velvet me was told with just what dramatic mo-tion the garment might be held out so as to reveal its sumptuous lining. There was a lick of gesture, walk and even facial ex-ression needed for each one of those imported garments, and the coaches saw to it that their actresses got it over.

#### Almost a Stock Company

In a great many instances the actresses them for the fashion play have trod the professional boards and have learned finesse movement from their duties in the first

"We like girls like this," remarked the "are decorator, who, by the way, has the reputation of knowing a good model if he s her on Broadway from the top of the Metropolitan Tower; and he pointed to a paceful blonde, who had just confided the act that she was taking two weeks off from the musical comedy in which she was then A girl who has been in the chorus knows how to walk, how to smile, how to move her time. Why, when this girl stops and tells some one in the audience, 'Yes, madam; his is a Premet gown,' she can do it so gracouly that the woman wants to buy it from her then and there.

Next to the chorus lady, the motion-ture actress and the artist's model are the most acceptable candidates for showing off a four-hundred-dollar gown or wrap, and as one stands there behind the scenes one hears such illuminating snatches as this:

"Jones isn't here this year, is she?" "No, I saw her picture in the Filmflam Review. She told me that last time she got five dollars for just clapping her hands in an act for the movies."

"Oh, there's Yama-Yama! I'm glad she's here. Hello there, old girl! Saw your

"Oh, yes! I've been sitting a good deal for Palit lately. Going to stop, though. He swears so much he makes me uncom-fortable."

From such conversations as this it is apparent that many of the same mannequins are employed at this store season after season. So institutional is their character, in fact, that the decorator has difficulty in cleaving some old links of sentiment. One model, for instance, refuses to wear anything but Premet gowns. Another has a sentiment for Beer, because she "always has worn his things." And all of them naturally enough claim, as recognition of their long association with the fashion openings, the association with the fashion openings, the most stunning importation of the season. The expense connected with employing these thirty models for a two weeks enter-

tainment is not an inconsiderable item in the total sum necessary to put on the fash-ions. Each model at the Directoire show was paid five dollars a day, and the entire thirteen days—including, of course, the rehearsal—cost the management nineteen hundred and fifty dollars. This sum does not include the minor expenses connected with equipping each model.

#### What Fashion Shows Cost

Of such incidental expenses there are very many. This year, for example, each manne-quin were bronze cothurnes and flesh-colored silk stockings, all of which were provided by the store at a total expense of three hundred dollars. Gloves, too, increased the cost of the equipment by a hun-dred dollars; and the daily dressing of each mannequin's hair in the style most becom-ing to her beauty is undertaken at a further cost of several hundred dollars.

In putting on the fashion show almost every department of the store is levied on for some supply; and if you had slipped into that room back of the garden of the Palais Royal you would have found something that looked like Ali Baba's Cave before the visit of the intruder. Bins of rhinestone pins, sheaves of walking sticks and parasols, tables crested with beautiful French hats, scarfs and collars—all these contributed to the triumphant finish of each imported gown; and in computing the expense of the entire fashion opening the wear-and-tear of these accessories must not be overlooked.

A dance without music would be no more conspicuous than a modern fashion play lacking that element; and during the prom-Royal three bands, concealed at intervals along the way, kept up a constant ferment of maxixe, waltz and operatic airs. To the hundreds of dollars paid out to musicians must be added also the expense of the twenty-five ushers necessary to handle the

two thousand people who attended nearly every morning and afternoon performance. The item, however, which swells the cost of the semi-annual fashion opening into real turbulence is the matter of the gowns themselves. Does the department-store buyer select practical models, which may be read-ily sold and aptly copied by the American manufacturer? Not at all. Unlike other fashion scouts—the dressmaking establish-ment and the manufacturing house—the department-store buyer selects at least half of his imported gowns with a view to the ctacular, and the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gowns represents a loss of perhaps half that amount. At the end of the season he is often glad to take fifty dollars for a gown in which he invested three bundred dollars.

It does not annoy him at all, in fact, to overhear a woman in the front row whisper to her husband: "Isn't that dress perfectly terrible? All right perhaps if you expect to do nothing but walk round to the sobbing notes of Pagliacci; but imagine going to market in that citron skirt and hussar's coat!"

It is not at all his purpose to provide suggestions for going to market. He wants



Mr. Bracker's ideal has prosperity in his pocket and brains in his head. He seems to be musing "I am glad I discovered these

The flavor is as good as I ever tasted, and I certainly feel better than I used to when I smoked strong, heavy fellows."

The Girard Cigar is made in fourteen sizes and shapes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

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Split fresh tea historica. Spread thin with butter. Then add a slightly thicker layer I relevanced Deviled Ham. Place under flares in gas even until ham heats through and spreads, and the blaculas crisp a little around edges. Delicious for functions. WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 52 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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from Electrical Industries from London Daily Mail HERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in Why is it that Government ownership the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill got so ansary over the french of the churchill got so and management of the telephones is Why is it that Government the telephones is an anagement of the telephones is an anagement of the telephones is other day that he fine freeks of the freeks of the telephone the gractically always a failure?

Why is it that throughout the anagement which telephone of the Government which telephone the flength and breath hardly a single efficient Office working can inflict. But the torture that post that form that post is it that it is raise. practically always a failure?

From "Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris

"But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning; the operator told me—though very amiably, I must confess—that I would have to wait thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Wendel, in the German Diet

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone conHerr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 11/2 hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Düsseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc.

Dr. R. Luther, in the Dresdner Anzeiger

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electro-magnetic telephone, in the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Ger-many, Dresden, with half a million inhabitants, is without adequate telephone facili-

something to amuse, to thrill, even to shock his mixed audience of men and women; and anything that gets people to talking is con-

sidered an excellent feature of his show.
Right here it may be explained, also, that
the models shown do not all conform to the
period selected as the prevailing influence. In this Directoire play, for instance, it was obviously impossible to exclude the 1830 and the Louis Quinze notes sounded in many of the new spring costumes, and the stage setting represented only the management's dogma that Directoire was the dominant inspiration of the season.

The establishment whose Directoire play has been described has the reputation of giving exceedingly lavish fashion shows. Such fame is based not only on the number of imported models and the great number of mannequins employed in its production but on the character of the stage setting itself. This point brings us at once to a consideration of the two kinds of fashion

show now being run in America.

One, of which the Directoire pageant is an excellent example, is the promenade system now being used, not only in New York but in Chicago and Boston. From the nature of such entertainments the setting cannot be dismissed with the painting of a bay or the throwing on of a spotlight. And to bestow proper atmosphere on such a long stretch demands not only diplomacy of workmanship but a comparatively large outlay of money.

That, however, it is an advantageous way of exploiting the modes is brought out by the advertising manager of that store which produced the Directoire play: "Whereas," says he, "the stage setting gives you only the most unsatisfactory glimpse of the new styles, the promenade's intimacy enables our audience to catch every detail of a cos-tume—the quality of the fabric: the design tume—the quality of the fabric; the design of the trimming; the cut of a sleeve." In spite of this fact there can be no doubt

about the artistic quality of the fashion play that is given on an actual stage. Evidence of this was afforded not only by the scene which has been described, but by the opening of this spring's styles produced by the same establishment,

Attention to Detail

This opening occurred several days after the Directoire play and was given in the auditorium of the store. Here, to an audi-ence of twelve hundred people seated downstairs and in the balcony, the mannequins played out two scenes of the fashion drama.

A startling bit of American enterprise, indeed, was this latter part of the program; for on the very day when the French play was having its première the American de-partment store was showing duplicates of the costumes designed for it. More startling still was the attention bestowed on each detail of the production—the Grecian twist to the letters on the program; the selections from Orfeo ed Euridice and Thais, played by the great organ; the statuesque poses of the mannequins, contrasting sharply with the swaggering, insouciant walk and the piquant expression of those mannequins who were the street suits of the first scene.

Man has recently set his profane foot on the productions of the store fashion play, and in many a dramatization of tea party and street scene the masculine model lends his clothes as a foil to the airiness of chiffon and the glimmer of silk. In the former part of this particular opening, for instance, nearly every spring suit was shown in con-junction with the masculine garment that had inspired it; and this novel presentation reached its climax when the last mannequin was met from the other side of the stage by a man wearing the overcoat of M. Poiret, on which garment the designer had piped the feminine variation shown by the accompanying woman model. That the play's the thing in fashions is

demonstrated by the fact that today nearly Importing shop has its miniature stage, Sometimes, indeed, the fashionable dressmaking establishment maintains a company of models all through the season. One such organization, presided over by a woman of title and ministering to the wealthiest women of New York, trains these models as carefully as any professional producer would train them.

The types of beauty represented by the four mannequins of this establishment are widely eclectic. One is a tall, Junoesque blonde: another is an equally tall and beaugray eyes; and the fourth is a petite brunette. With this staff at her command, the owner of the establishment refuses to attempt the experiment of permitting a customer to try out a gown.

On the contrary the moment Madame is

announced and questioned as to the type of gown she desires, one of the mannequins who best suits this model is ordered back of the scene. A few minutes later she walks slowly out to the right of the stage, raises her arms in a slow, rhythmic gesture, pro-ceeds to the left of the stage, and repeats this posture. This accomplished, she comes down and pirouettes before Madame. D6nouement-Madame buys the frock.

In speaking of this method of showing her owns one famous dressmaker assets: Most of the modern creations look like absolutely nothing when off the figure. For this reason a mannequin is almost indispensable. Why, one of my beautiful show girls can convince the most skeptical that a gown makes the beauty instead of beauty making the gown."

#### Expensive Selling Methods

The tea fan now has her inning at the opening of many a fashionable dressmaker's establishment; and a cup of oolong, with a plate of diminutive sandwiches, has even been embraced by a certain New York department store as a part of the advanced exploitation of the imported models in its dressmaking salons. The tea system pre-vails, of course, only in private views and in openings to which special invitations are extended.

Everywhere we look in modern merchandising we find this same expensive exploita-The first showing of spring dressgoods is often the occasion of special music and of a setting that summons up the lenfy summer destiny of these materials. Windows are trimmed with an absolute regard for association and frequently form perfect stage pictures of bridal parties, hunting scenes and garden parties.

The store decorator, on whom devolves the window displays and the practical control of the fashion shows, must supplement his knowledge of period furniture and con-tumes with that of the latest currents of foreign merchandising. Often he is sent abroad by his organization for the purpose of learning all the latest decorative schemes and always he is paid a salary ranging from five thousand dollars upward.

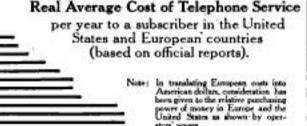
The expense of equipping a private dres-making establishment is brought out by a visit to a typical establishment. An ante-room fitted in exquisite blues and grays of the Louis Seize period, and concluded with the inevitable stage; a tiny room done in Adams stuff and hung deftly with electric lights for the special examination of evening colors; and a sumptuous consultation chamber-these three rooms cost the management, according to the director, not less than ten thousand dollars.

In the antercom one's attention is an rested by numerous small diplomacies of merchandise—hand-painted mirrors and fantastic bottles of imported perfume; ex otic little needle books lying on the carved gray tables; and, above all, by the insidi ous scent of verbena, which creeps from : translucent vase, there by the long divan

"To mesmerize your customers?" on asks regarding this last bit of atmosphere "Not exactly," replies the director with a smile; "but you have no idea how fa things like this go in a business like our Yes"—with an amused smile at one's con tinued interrogation of that transluous vase of incense—"we burn it by electricity Very delicate, isn't it; and it goes right along with these soft carpets and beautifu hangings and Watteau prints in taking woman right out of the struggle and unre of New York. 'So soothing!' is what ever customer says of it; and we spare n expense to make it so."

Many and costly as are these small detail utting on the fashions, there can be n doubt that artistry in this domain receive its proper toll. The department-store styl show, in particular, is so efficacious a put licity feature that the organization which produced the Directoire pageant is well con tent with its outlay of twenty-five then sand dollars. Of this one receives a fina assurance from the advertising manager.
"What good does it do?" repeats h

"Doesn't it bring eighty thousand people to our store every season? Don't they hav to come through our place, up to the eight floor, to see it? Don't they get the habits dealing here often through that very fashis opening? Well, I guess they do!"



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#### A STUDY IN CREDITORS

(Continued from Page 16)

fact that he has been caught in the landing net of a soft composition held at the four corners by his kindly and generous creditors; but if there is a latent streak of yellow in the man the composition treatment is admirably intended to develop it.

The bankrupt of this sort who has been let down easy is likely to wake up to the fact that the composition game, artfully played, contains possibilities for the bankrupt as well as for the creditors. Hence the soft composition has come to be regarded by bankruptcy officials as a consistent encourager of repeaters.

About four years ago a small merchant on the outskirts of a large city became insolvent. He was thoroughly scared and lost sleep until he became thin. His insolvency had been brought about by the usual combination of causes: loose business methods in general; easy extension of credit; losses by the peculations of clerks; indiscriminate buying; and a few strokes of personal hard luck.

When he saw he had reached the end of his rope he called his creditors together and put himself in their hands. At this hearing he made a decidedly pathetic figure. The creditors wished to see him continue in business and so an insolvency settlement was arranged. As one of the creditors put it: "Perhaps he'll pull himself together and learn something from this experience."

Evidently he learned several things. One

Evidently he learned several things. One of them was that goods settled for on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar yield a much larger profit than goods paid for in full. He also acquired a new idea of creditors—before, he had thought them shrewd, hard and grasping; but now he was inclined to feel that they were about as easy a bunch to handle as he had ever met. Insolvency was not so bad after all! It was something like a cold bath—mighty shivery in anticipation, but after the first plunge it had its compensations.

A little more than a year later this merchant made his appearance in the bank-ruptcy court with an extended volume of liabilities. Apparently he was just as distressed and despairing as before. He had given careful consideration to the selection of an attorney—choosing one of good standing, who at the same time thoroughly understood the possibilities of the composition.

Those of his creditors who had been parties to the former insolvency settlement were a little more inclined to be exacting this time; but they were finally maneuvered into line, and a composition settlement at a low percentage was eventually secured.

#### A Specialist in Composition

Evidently this storekeeper learned quite as much from his second experience as from his first. This was indicated by the fact that a little more than two years later he was again thrown into the hopper of the bankruptcy mill. This time, however, he had apparently centered his attention on the selection of creditors. Though his liabilities showed a modest increase over those listed in his former schedules, there was a decided dearth of old names among the creditors represented. Evidently he had considered that even a fairly credulous creditor might object to being hit three times by the same hand in the same place.

Consequently he had shifted his trade

Consequently he had shifted his trade from the old houses that had been twice lenient with him and had taken on a new and unfamiliar set. Also, he had a new lawyer, who was able so to pull the strings that a new receiver was appointed. Courts and referees occasionally have a disconcerting habit of remembering previous compositions in connection with the lawyers and the receivers handling them. At any rate there would be less likelihood that the court or the referee would recall the previous composition and the preceding insolvency settlement with a new attorney and a new receiver.

As a result of his discretion this experienced bankrupt once more demonstrated the possibilities of a soft composition. He had, in fact, become quite an adept, and there was nothing in his affairs that would give the court license to act on the presumption that fraud was being committed. Once more the advantageous composition was put over, and again the merchant started in business.

Whether he will again attempt to pyramid his liabilities and take another hand at the composition game remains for the future to unfold—but he certainly has acquired the composition habit; and in this he is representative of quite a large class of small bankrupts who, after having once tasted blood in the form of a soft composition, are wise to the possibilities of repeating the experience.

It would be a mistake, however, to class all repeaters in bankruptcy as deliberate manipulators of the soft-composition trick. Again, it should be repeated that the majority of failures are genuine and honest cases of insolvency. Judges, referees and receivers are apparently united in the opinion that creditors are quite generally responsible for the frequency of both soft compositions and repeaters.

One receiver illustrates this by the bankruptcy experiences of a certain large retail establishment handling a large volume of goods of a somewhat inexpensive character. It had been in business for forty years and was one of the largest of its kind in the country. About three years ago this house was thrown into bankruptcy. Practically all its creditors were large jewelry manufacturing concerns.

As soon as the failure took place their representative investigated the condition of the bankrupt's affairs. An experienced receiver was appointed, and it did not take him long to arrive at the conclusion that the estate would bring a very good percentage—perhaps fifty or sixty per cent. The estate was a large one and he felt that here was an opportunity to make a good record; but the creditors had a surprise in store for him—they appeared in court and offered to accept a settlement of thirty cents on the dollar.

#### The Receiver's Neutrality

In the accepted interpretation of the law the receiver is supposed to maintain a neutral position and to take as inactive a part as possible in the adjustment of relations between the creditors and the bankrupt. Unless it can be shown that the bankrupt has committed an offense against the bankruptcy act, or has done or failed to do something that would prevent his discharge—such, for example, as the concealment of assets—even the court feels impelled to sanction any composition that is demanded with practical unanimity by the creditors.

In this case the creditors offered to accept a composition of thirty cents on the dollar. The court was loth to entertain this settlement, believing that the assets, administered under the receiver, would bring much more; but as there was not a dissenting voice among the creditors he felt constrained to give his approval to the composition.

In the proceedings, however, the fact was clearly established that these creditors were influenced in their generous treatment of the bankrupt by two motives: The slighter of these was perhaps that of personal sentiment—long and pleasant relationship with the head of the bankrupt house had built up on the part of the representatives of the creditor concerns coming into direct contact with him a high personal regard for him; but undoubtedly the dominating consideration was a purely business one. He had sold enormous quantities of their goods in the past and would continue to sell them in the future if this stroke of adversity was sufficiently softened.

And the margin of profit to the manufacturers on practically all the goods he had bought from them had been very large, ranging from thirty to sixty per cent. In a word, if they had been in position to present their claims outright to him as a free gift they would have been well ahead of the game.

Again, it was of the utmost importance to these creditors that this big outlet for their goods should be continued without interruption and under the most favorable auspices possible. Therefore the percentage of the composition was evidently fixed at the lowest point to which it was thought the approval of the court could be obtained.

A few months ago this same house was again thrown into bankruptcy. Again the bankrupt prepared to put through a composition—this time at twenty-five cents; but he found the atmosphere so unfriendly to this proposition that it was not officially presented to the court.

There are times when the composition can be overworked and ways in which it



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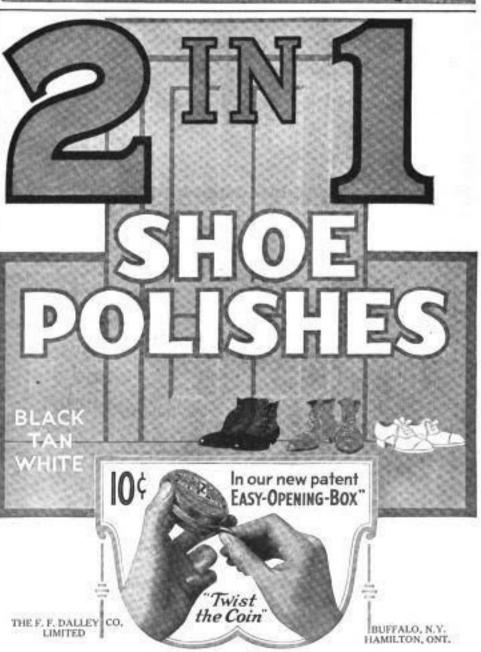
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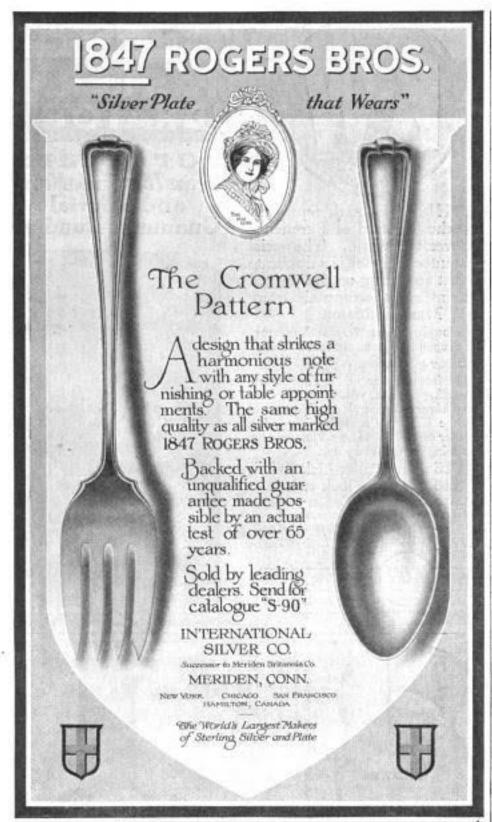
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may be quietly nipped in the bud. The court ordered the receiver to sell the prop-erty. With fifty thousand dollars less assets in the estate than at the first bankruptcy, it will pay out forty cents, accord-ing to the trustee, who has already paid a twenty-cent dividend.

If a party in interest in the case is able to prove to the satisfaction of the court that the bankrupt is guilty of any of the offenses which under the law would prevent his discharge, composition proceedings are speedily called to a halt. Any one of the following is held to be an offense sufficient to prevent the bankrupt's discharge and to bar a composition:

First—Committing an offense punishable by imprisonment, as provided in the act. Second—Destroying or concealing his books of accounts or records with intent to

conceal his financial condition.

conceal his financial condition.

Third—Making a false statement for the purpose of obtaining credit.

Fourth—Concealing or transferring property with intent to defraud his creditors.

When a wave of waivers surges in on a bankruptcy case the judge or referee, the receiver, and all concerned come to quick attention. The wave of the waivers is conattention. The wave of the waivers is considered a fairly sure sign that perhaps there is something doing. As a waiver is a voluntary offer on the part of a creditor to absolve the bankrupt from providing for the payment of his claim out of the composition funds deposited, such generosity is often received with suspicion.

Though a waiver is only an incident to a composition—and is often wholly justifiable—it becomes a significant incident when the composition involves deferred payments or settlement by notes. One able

referee declares:
"I cannot regard the waiver with friendly eyes save in somewhat exceptional cases. As a matter of law the waiver is designed to work out the ends of human justice. tice; but, as a matter of practice, it is often abused and made to serve the opposite pur-pose. In the mind of the experienced bankruptcy official the waiver too often implies an underground settlement of some sort that is more advantageous to the waiving creditor than the payment of his claim on the basis of the composition.

"In a certain well-known case, where the bankrupt had already put over two com-positions and was seeking a third, I was impressed by the number of waivers this bankrupt had been able to secure. Because of my suspicions I held up this case quite a long time and made an industrious search of authorities to see whether there was anything in the law or in its interpretation by the higher courts that would give a court the power to ignore and override a waiver offered in due form and without objections from creditors. Not finding any such authority I was obliged to accept the waivers offered, though my suspicions were not dissipated."

#### The Credulity of Creditors

"The possible inference is that when a composition has been perfected, and the bankrupt is again in possession of his prop-erty, he makes a secret settlement with the creditors who have filed their waivers— the settlement having much more tacked on it than that received by the other creditors under the composition. It would generally be difficult to prove to a court or generally be difficult to prove to a court or a jury that this unscrupulous and fraudu-lent misuse of the waiver privilege has taken place; but I am morally convinced that it does happen in altogether too many cases." According to the head of the bankruptcy department of a big trust company, the credulity of creditors passes the love of woman. It is the standing marvel of busi-ness, and the miracle that takes on a new phase at every repetition.

phase at every repetition.

"Not many months ago," declares this official, "I was hurriedly summoned to a meeting of creditors. They were a cheerful bunch, and even the two men at the head of the insolvent concern were far from being as depressed as one might expect. The liabilities were large—amounting to several hundred thousand dollars—and the principal assets consisted of a hundred or more contracts scattered throughout the Middle

West, "The main creditor was the largest manufacturer in America of the kind of supplies used by the contracting firm, and the repre-sentative of this establishment pointed out the fact that the contracts were perfectly good, being made with large concerns that were fully responsible.

"The proposition before the creditors was to the effect that the receiver should continue the business of the bankrupt and complete the contracts on hand. To this proposition I objected, unless it could be shown that there would be a decided margin shown that there would be a decided margin and I insisted that snown that there would be a decided margin of profit to the estate; and I insisted that the margin, if any, could be demonstrated only by an analysis of each contract by competent accountants and experts.

"The heads of the insolvent concern took

"The heads of the insolvent concern took up considerable time in explaining what a good margin of profit there was in every one of those contracts. This rosy view of the situation was apparently indored by the representative of the chief creditor.

"The natural inference was that this man ought to be able to spot a weak or unprofitable contract on sight. As he seemed to regard them as good, and as there were several other experts in the conference, my attitude was apparently regarded as de-

attitude was apparently regarded as de-

cidedly uppish.

"Finally I told them that if they felt so confident there was a good profit in all these contracts, which totaled something more than half a million dollars, they certainly should not object to putting up twenty-five thousand dollars in cash with which to finance the completion of those contracts that offered the best opportunity for quick return. If this were done and the results of the experiment justified further operations, then all the contracts could be

operations, then all the contracts could be filled.

"The other alternative I offered them was that they should furnish enough money to have these contracts thoroughly investi-gated by experts. Then, if such an investi-gation clearly disclosed the advisability of going ahead with the contracts, I would take hold of the enterprise—if the trust company were appointed receiver."

#### Loose Figuring Common

"Some of the heaviest creditors were in Some of the heaviest creditors were in favor of advancing the twenty-five thousand dollars and losing no time; but others held out for the other plan I had suggested and that was adopted. The results of that investigation were mighty interesting to me, especially in view of the fact that the best figuring talent in that line of industry was available to these creditors right inside their own houses: in fact, several of the their own houses; in fact, several of the men present at the meeting, who looked over the actual contracts, were considered wonders in that line.
"The firm of experts employed figured

every one of those contracts as carefully as though it were new business. To do this thoroughly they had to send their men to many of the places where the work was to be done. And what was the result? The investigation showed that forty odd contracts, if completed, would result in a loss of twenty, five thousand dollars to the estate. wenty-five thousand dollars to the estate that the largest margin of profit possible on the entire volume of business covered by all the contracts would be twelve thousant dollars, and that the deferred payments provided for in the contracts would string

the returns out over several years.
"A twelve-thousand-dollar margin on a business of more than five hundred thousand dollars is no margin at all, even on a cast basis. Any business man knows that. And here were more than one hundred chance to lose not only the twelve thousand dollar

but several times that amount along with it
"The optimism suddenly oozed out o
that bunch of creditors. They were a
astonished and rather shamefaced aggregation when all these facts were placed befor
them; but the two men at the head of th bankrupt firm were completely nonplused They could not understand how they ha made such figures, and neither could the representative of the great manufacturin concern that was their chief creditor. "To find this sort of thing among sma

business men, who have started on a short string and grown for a while because cor ditions outside of themselves forced then grow, is not surprising; but it no gives one a jolt to discover that wild an

incompetent figuring of costs is common.

"There are many businesses—both larg
and small—where costs are figured with a most marvelous accuracy; but, all the same thousands of enterprises go to pieces on the shoals of bankruptcy every year from loos figuring alone, and still other thousand survive by the skin of their teeth, as were—firms that are richly entitled to fai but which persist, in spite of their bad bas figuring, merely because they happen to b surrounded by conditions that are peculiar kind to them."

#### VANILLA

(Continued from Page 11.

However, when they landed at St. Joe bey stopped being serious and plunged perhapith into such gayeties as the amuse-ment park and the beach afforded.

Complete abandon was, indeed, not poside. A wooden signboard ten feet high established the tone of the place with the amountement that all persons acting other-rise than in a gentlemanly or ladylike manse would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law-just what the resources of the aw were for punishing the omission to be a gentleman or a lady were not stated—and other more specific directions for conduct tere posted here and there along the board-adk, in the roller-skating rink, the bowling aleys and the dancing pavilion. Indeed, in euple might not do, respectability reached

meestasy—an apotheosis.

Mike and Vanilla were a little overawed a first, but the resilience of holiday spirits resently asserted itself and they set about with a magnificent, thoroughgoing deter-mission to have all the fun there was, and

Part of their unearned increment of joyess came from occasional glimpses of the Vampire. They had never completely ist her. She had stalked by them, melan-noly and severe, up on the deck; had need at them laboriously while they ate their lunch; and the magnificent uncon-sisusness of their existence she achieved as be picked her way past them when they were burying each other in the sand on the beach, turning her basilisk eye on them without acknowledging that she saw them it ill, might have given them a foreboding of tragedy—but it did not. It only induced on their part new explosions of arontrollable mirth.

Well, then, at five-fifteen they were danc-right the pavilion. They had been dancing better for more than an hour, and I am imid their enjoyment of the exercise was mewhat heightened by the fact that they ad twice been warned, by a sort of master of eremonies, that their deportment did of come up to specifications. The rule posed bodies of all dancers had once been

crotten, and on another occasion they are accused of dancing what the man aspected was a tango.

Another thing that added to the piquancy the occasion was that the Vampire was tanting too. She had a partner with a pura necktie and an apparently unlimited apply of nickels—you paid one at the betraing of each dance—and was proceeding rassly about the floor in perfect harmony parently with the decorous regulations of the place—only, as Mike and Vanilla dis-overed, this harmony was only a pretense. the and her ductile partner were following them about, giving the Vampire a chance to take derogatory remarks whenever they

had presently, this method of attack be-oming inadequate to the rising tide of the lampire's emotions—and you could not wonder that the tide rose with the contem-pation of the pleasure Mike and Vanilla. were taking in each other's society and the obtious inferiority of her own partner, in spite of his supply of nickels—presently, I sy, she abandoned words and resorted to treet action.

"That's three times she's bumped into "said Vanilla, with an edge of justifiable edgnation in her voice. "She's doin' it on turpose. If she steps on me again I'm goin' tep on her toes. I believe she's got corns

You might think that Mike, being presmally wise to the ways and manners of public amusement parks and excursion rounds, would strongly have discountetanced this intention; but, for whatever rea-Timed and gave Vanilla a joyous spin.

"Go to it, kiddo!" he said; and then he tated her demurely into a corner to

it was an absolutely clear case. The impire came straight down into their corat rather higher speed than before and with Vanilla.

It was a bump that would have discon-ted anybody who was not ready for it; a Vanilla and Mike were braced, and the second the Vampire gave a squeal. French heels were small and pene-" of z and her surmise that the Vampire corns was right.

There are any number of people who will swear quite automatically when their feet are trodden on; so the fact that the Vam-pire did so is not very surprising. Also, I do not think it altogether to be wondered at that, when the stimulus of really excruciating physical anguish was suddenly added to a long-smoldering sense of outrage and dis-appointment, she should have slapped the cause of it. The really extraordinary thing is what happened next!

If she had slapped Eunice Leaventritt, Eunice, who had been brought up by an empirical psychologist on the most advanced principles, who had never been directly reprimanded in her life, let alone slapped—I think it likely that Eunice's astonishment would have inhibited any action whatever on her part—almost any emotion, at first. Then there would have been a slowly rising wave of disgust, quite as much with herself as with the person who had assaulted her; but that is a purely academic

question anyway.

Eunice had never been slapped and never would be so long as she lived. The person who felt the sting of the Vampire's fingers was Miss Vanilla Jerome—one day old, hampered by no supercivilized inhibitions, quite simply and primitively blazing mad.
What Miss Vanilla Jerome did was to slap
the Vampire. The rest of the nightmare
followed along, as a matter of course.
There were planty of people at hand

There were plenty of people at hand ready to cope with this sort of situation whenever it should arise. They were prepared to maintain a high level of gentility in that dance pavilion, even if they had to arrest a lady every now and then to encourage the others.

The flurry did not last a quarter of a min-e. Then Vanilla found herself walking out beside the master of ceremonies, while two earnest guardians of the peace, less formally attired, escorted the Vampire.

Horrified? Overcome with shame? Wish-ing the earth would open up and swallow her? Thinking of the disgrace that awaited her or asking herself incredulously whether it could indeed be she who had done this horrible thing? Not the least in the world!

On the contrary, from scalp to toes she was tingling with the delightful sense of a job well done. Never in all her life—well, she was only one day old—had she experienced anything quite so satisfactory as the smack her fingers had made against the Vampire's painted face. She drew deep breaths and walked as though on air.

The feeling—she had not begun thinking yet—lasted her all the way up the hill and along a rather shabby business street, and up a dingy stairway and into an office, where a man in his shirtsleeves, chewing tobacco, sat behind a deal table. The first stir of an intellectual process was the reflection that this man must be a justice of the peace who sat there all day to marry people. How would it seem to be getting married in a place like that?

She gave her name automatically as Miss Vanilla Jerome. Eunice had, for the pres-ent, simply ceased to exist. And she heard indifferently the recital of the complaint.

The justice seemed unmoved by it.

"Ten dollars each!" be said, and spat
expertly at the flange of a large spittoon.

She watched the Vampire sulkily open a
purse and produce a yellow-backed tendollar bill. The justice scratched something down on a piece of paper and put the bill in his pocket. The siren went away. The justice looked up at her. "Well?"

he said; and, at that, something inside her mind exploded with a bang and she woke to a realization that she had no ten-dollar bill to produce.

She had started from home that morning with precisely one ten-dollar bill and there was not such a lot of it left. She had suggested to Mike, with some trepidation lest it give her away, that the basis of their lark together should be Dutch; and, though Mike had looked a little disconcerted over it, he had accepted the proposition and had played fair. Nothing you do at an amuse-ment park costs much, but everything you

do—except breathe—costs a little.

Vanilla looked blankly into her purse.

Her knees began to feel wabbly and her hands to shake.

"I haven't ten dollars," she said. The ruminant gaze of the justice came into sharper focus on her face. He sat up a little straighter in his chair and remarked that he would "Swan to Guinea!"



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There is nothing to burn out or replace. No piping or pressure tank of any kind are necessary. This avoids expense and the need of cutting holes

and put the cook-

ing on at once-

just like a city gas stove. No waiting

for burners to gen-

burner. That's less than half the cost of kinchen range oce city gas stove. Detroit Vapor Stoves are made in fitteen differentiations. ntstyles and sizes from \$10 up. See one ut hardware dealer's or write us today for our FREE stove book.

Please send me your FREE stove book No. J-2. Detroit, Mich.

Stove Co.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO.

Detroit, Mich.

## Three Books that Have Stirred Up a Lot of Trouble

But it has been the kind of trouble that opens the eyes of business men-trouble that results in improvement.

Business won't go on by itself. It needs something behind it—to keep pushing.

These books have acted as a stimulus for hundreds of business heads. They have cleared up the mysterious side of advertising and selling. They have presented the subjects in such a way that it is easy to see their meaning. You can't mistake it.

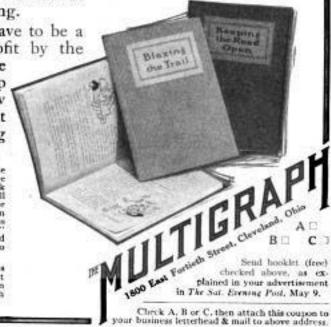
By pointing out the errors of others they tell you how to avoid the snares of unwise advertising.

You don't have to be a big gun to profit by the teachings in these books. They help the little fellow get started right and keep the big one on his feet.

If you check "A" on the coupon below, you'll receive "Blazing the Trail," a book for non-advertisers; "B" will bring you "Building the Roadway," a book for men who spend \$25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open," a book for those who spend over \$25,000.

One book —whichever 614

One book—whichever fits your needs—will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for each actional cone. additional copy.







## To San Francisco in 1915

PROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

The Agency Division, Box 292

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PA.

His surprise was natural enough. person who had said she had not ten dollars was Eunice Leaventritt—but the red hat, the red hair and the orange-and-white blazer were still Miss Vanilla Jerome's. The situation was embarrassing too.

"You ain't got ten dollars?"
"I'm sorry," said Eunice;

It seemed rather beneath the dignity of the court to ask her how much she had and then profess that justice would be satisfied with that. Another expedient occurred to

"Ain't you got no friends?" he asked.
"No," said Eunice; and once more she
added: "I'm sorry!"

She was still, you see, in the condition of a just-awakened somnambulist. It was an effort to remember the details of the dream that had landed her in this situation.

"Where," asked the justice, "is the feller you were dancin' with when you got into the fight?"

Eunice winced at the word fight, but it Eunice winced at the word fight, but it did not keep her from almost smiling over the memory of Mike McKeough. She had been aware of his walking out of the pavilion behind her, but somewhere in the proceedings he had faded away.

"I don't know where he is," answered Eunice, and she added: "He hadn't anything to do with it."

"Well, I should say he had!" answered the justice indignantly. "You just set down there and I'll send a constable out to find him."

find him.

But they adjourned the debate on that point until they should learn who it was coming up the stairs two steps at a time. It turned out to be Mike.
"Oh!" said Eunice.

Mike nodded at her reassuringly, then

turned to the justice.
"How much is the fine, judge?" he asked

cheerfully.
"Oh, please!" said Eunice Leaventritt.
"It's awfully good of you; but really you
don't come in this at all."

"Most assuredly I do!" said Mike. "I shouldn't have dropped out of it, except that I was afraid I hadn't money enough and had to go and-get it."

The justice, apparently discerning in the girl's face a disposition still to protest, came

"Let him loan you the money if you don't want him to give it to you. You can't go to jail." He turned to the young man. "Ten dollars!" he said.

Before the girl could protest further Mike

had handed over the money. They walked downstairs together in silence. When they reached the street they stopped and looked

reached the street they stopped and looked at each other.

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am!" said Eunice; but at that point the words faded away and the two just stood there looking at each other.

The sight of a puzzled perplexity in his eyes had been what stopped her. She had given herself away. Vanilla Jerome would not have said that.

not have said that.

Then, with another bang, she waked up a little further. The Mike McKeough she had been playing with all day would never have used the phrase: "Most assuredly!"

Indeed not.

They looked and looked; and then simultaneously and a little ruefully they smiled.

And then they both blushed.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that it's

"Flocked together?" suggested Eunice.
"I suppose so. It wasn't the real thing we wanted; it was our idea of it. That's rather sad, isn't it?"

The young man nodded and sighed

rather sad, isn't it?"

The young man nodded and sighed.
"But perhaps," he suggested, "we might begin again with—without the peacock's feathers, you know, and see how we'd like each other that way."

Eunice smiled. He was a nice boy.
"All right," she said. "There's a bench over there. Will that do to begin on?"

And really they had about as good a time on the boat going home that evening as they

on the boat going home that evening as they had coming over, though they did not exhibit any more fancy dances on the lower deck.

There was a satisfactory moon, and a pleasant place to sit and talk abaft one of the lifeboats. In that environment it proved queerly easy for the girl to tell him just why she had planned the adventure and to decide that, after all, it had been a

All the while she had somehow assumed that his reason for embarking on it had been the same as hers.

"I don't regret a minute of it," she said.
"Not even having slapped the Vampire?" inquired the nice boy—his name was John

"Not even that!" said Eunice. "Of course it would be horrible if anybody found out-especially father."

He looked a bit puzzled.
"From what you have told me about him," he said, "I shouldn't think he'd be

"Angry!" Eunice exclaimed. "He never was angry in his life! That's why I never had any fun getting into mischief. He'd just look interested and wait to see what I was going to do next—make notes right before my face. It's all in that child-psychology book of his. If he found out about this he'd write a special monograph on it."

"Well," said John Forbes, "it was lucky it happened to be me you picked out to play with! You see the powerapers watch St

with! You see, the newspapers watch St. Joe for features like that."
"Newspapers!" she gasped. "Do you

"You see, I'm a reporter myself," he went on. "This was my day off, and I thought I'd just breeze over to St. Joe and see whether I could turn up anything."

There was a long moment of frozen

silence.

"Well—you did," said Eunice at last.

"I hope so," said John Forbes.

"I suppose," she said, "you will make the front page with it, won't you?"

"I suppose I oughtn't to wonder you thought that," he said; "and, of course, if it hadn't been my day off—if the boss had given me a regular assignment — But, you see, this was my holiday—mine to do just what I liked with; and what I meant I hoped was that—that I'd find somebody to play with. Because really you aren't to play with. Because really you aren't phony after all."
"Oh!" said Eunice, and she held out a

hand to him. Presently, though, she thought of something. "But the other pa-pers!" she said. "Wasn't there anybody

"That's what I meant by saying you were lucky to have picked me," he told her. "You see, nothing that happens to a reporter ever gets into the papers; so the next time you want to run away you might let me know."
"M-my, but it's been a nice day!" said

Vanilla presently.
"You aren't cold, are you?" he asked

#### Back Fire

ALONDON advertising solicitor was sent up into the Midlands to get business for a special edition of a daily paper dealing with an important industry. The kingpin of this industry was a manufacturer of great repute, a baronet, whose actions determined policy in the trade; but it was said he had never spent a penny for advertising. The success of this special edition turned on Sir John. If this important personage could be landed for an advertisement others would come in, as a matter of course.

The solicitor went after Sir John first. He tried to see him, but failed. He wrote to him, but got no reply. Finally an arrangement was made with his private secretary whereby the latter was to doze for five minutes on a certain afternoon, and the solicitor was to slip into Sir John's office on his own responsibility, providing his own introduction.

This plan worked out all right. The advertising solicitor got in. Sir John looked up threateningly when the door opened to admit a stranger. It was a large office, and as the intruder hurried across to where the manufacturer sat he could see stormclouds rising. The moment he was within earshot he said:

"Sir John, I am a staff investigator for the Clarion, and in visiting the leading men of your industry here in the Midlands two things have impressed me particu--the uniform courtesy with have been received everywhere and the intelligence with which a survey of the industry has been comprehended."

The rising storm subsided. Of course Sir John was bound to be as courteous and intelligent as the rest of the trade after that, and he wanted to hear about this investigation. He listened as the salesman quickly explained his proposition. The word advertising was not spoken. Before the interview ended, however, he had given his order for a page; and, with that, everybody else in the trade worth while was brought into line.



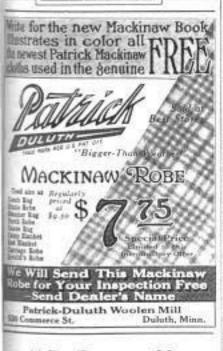
ONFIDENCE in one's attire adds to the pleasure of living. Begin at the foot-be certain it's right. Florsheim correct styles create a feeling of satisfaction. The welldressed man looks for the name—The Florsheim Shoe. Priced at \$5-and up to \$7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request "THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



entralizes all odors of the ody-whether from perspiution or other causes - and reserves the soap-and-water linhness of the bath.

25c at drug- and department-stores.

MIN' MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

#### 0-0-X-A-M-E-T-E-R

biscutticGesoltne Saverlarastocobio mater M. Israer power. Sa ves 255 Gesoltne autral mans mater. payers cost, tracech repro-tantet hents wanted. Satisfaction Guaranteed. SHANDING SALES CO., 2122 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

#### Out-of-Doors

#### Vacation Nuisances and Their Cure

If THERE is any one cause more pro-lific than another of disillusionment regarding camp life, it is the petty inconvenience inflicted by insect pests. The large discomforts we can endure, but it is the little ones that, as it were and in the vernacular, get our goat or goats. In the wilderness as in the city it is worry and not disaster that bulks most ominously. Nor does this annoyance always stop at dis-comfort. Disease follows the bites of some insects. Moreover, there are others that are distinctly poisonous of themselves. Once, after a bass-fishing trip in Indiana,

where we hunted bait-frogs round the marshes with lanterns at midnight, our whole party began to feel badly soon after

the return to the city.
"Malaria!" said the doctor.
"Frogs!" said we, with sudden recollection.

"No," said he; "it was anopheles. Anopheles is the name of a special brand of mosquito that bites you and gives you malaria—it is not the mists of the marsh

but the mosquitoes that carry malaria.

All over the world there are dangerous mosquitoes. We have learned the habits and attributes of the yellow-fever mosquito—the one that wears a felon's stripes. Everybody knows that the first thing done in building the Panama Canal was to kill the mosquitoes. Travelers in the tropics know the value of protection against these pests. For instance there is in Ceylon a certain small mosquito that flies only at night and perhaps is not suspected at all by the traveler. The bite is certain to produce a bad fever. The same is true of other species in different countries.

Under the microscope the mosquito is a monstrous and formidable thing. It is only under the microscope that one learns the many differences in mosquitoes, all of which look or sound alike to the naked eye or ear. You may learn easily to tell the difference between anopheles and stegomyia. One species will have a harp on his back; another white-banded legs; another white feet, and so on. There is none of them, however, which is altogether lovable; and, poisonous or merely inconvenient, they make more combined danger and discomfort in camp than all the wild beasts of the wilderness

#### Keeping Clean and Keeping Well

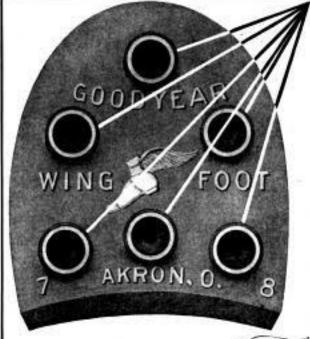
Nature has some kindness in her makeup though for the most part she is merciless. She paints some poisonous plants and poisonous fishes bright scarlet, so that we may be warned against them. She gives the rattlesnake his warning rattle and teaches us to detest the mosquito's whining note of warning; but there are many minor pests in the woods against which she has no warning at all—gnats, chigres, flies, tarantulas, centipedes, many bugs or buglets, on which we

realize after taking and not before.

Mankind is just beginning to wage intelligent warfare on many of these. The campaign against the house fly is world-wide. We know now that it was the Texas tick which caused Texas fever in range cattle in the old days—just as we know that it is a tick living on ground squirrels which causes the deadly spotted fever in human beings. It is well known that the flea is the immediate cause of the deadly Asiatic

Perhaps the aversion of some persons to camp life is a sort of hereditary fear of these pests and dangers of the wilderness, slight as they actually are when proper measures are taken against them. It is just as well to keep in mind a few things in the way of cure or prevention. Of course absolute protec-tion only can be obtained by absolute destruction of the entire insect species. It is a part of the landscape gardener's duties today to wipe out all mosquitoes from low and wet places round a country residence.

Malaria disappears as countries settle up, because the wet ground disappears, and hence because the mosquitoes disappear. Be clean—that is the remedy of Nature. When the West was young surgery could be performed there that is impossible there today. Germs come in with human occu-pation. Be clean and you will be well—at home or in the wilderness. When we shall



Six added factors of safety that hug the walk at every step.

Six air cushions that add to the heel-andspine comfort.

All built into heels of rubber of unusual life and action.

## Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Here rubber heels reach their highest point of service, safety and comfort. Here a won-derful construction is added to Goodyear quality. Here are the heels that give a "greater-than-leather" durability—and with the real cushion trend which people have sought for years. sought for years.

Easily Applied

Your dealer can supply and apply "Wing-foots." Price put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, for

Self-Lubricating Oil Cups

men and women, boys and girls—in red or black—for city and outing shoes. If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heel can take the place of "Wingloots."

Wingfoot Rubber Soles
Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light,
durable soles that make for added case and comfort at every step.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio Toronto, Canada; London, England; Mexico City, Mexico Dealers Everywhere. Branches and Offices in 103 Principal Cities (1511)

Every Detroit Spring A Wonder of Workmanship

When you see a Detroit Spring, it doesn't show its refined quality —its wonderful workmanship its great strength.

So exacting are the requirements in the Detroit Spring factory that the leading engineers and master workmen of the industry are gathered here — the survival of the fittest.

Look for the

DETROIT SPRINGSfrom the making of the steel to the final fitting of the leaves—are made by

the greatest experts in the country. The steel is analyzed to an absolute formula that never varies by 1/2% of any element.



The triple heat treatments are determined for each spring according to the requirements for which it is designed.

is an individual problem designed, tempered, and tested to do its particular work. Detroit Springs are guaranteed for two years not to settle, break or crack. This guarantee is good evidence of Detroit Spring quality and strength.

## Specify Detroit Springs

for your next car. They are self-lubricating. Never squeak. The resil-ience is just right for the car upon which they are found, for they were world for that care made for that car.

For perfect comfort and safety, specify Detroit Springs.

Write for the free book "From The Ore To The Motor Car." You will be surprised to learn of the delicacy of each operation in the making, and of the tests they undergo before leaving the factory. Write for it now.

Detroit Steel Products Co. 2250 East Grand Detroit, Mich.



#### Read Our No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaran-teed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment has follows:
"If any garment bearing the gen-uine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Im-perfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage,"

THEM FURNISH AND

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS DON'T HAVE TO BUY NEW CYLINDERS WHEN YOUR OLD ONES BECOME WORN OUT OF

I.B. UNDERWOOD & CO

US, WE WILL RE-BORE

errigerator

Metal Stamping C Dept. 69 Jackson, Mich.

Underwear may be made to look something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can give the genuine "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, coolness! None—now, and we doubt if ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label. Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all stylesfor man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your poresbreathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

The Union Suits are particularly comfortable. They cannot "cut in the crotch." There is full classicity in the seat. It gives. There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw."

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers."

#### Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men 50c Shirts and Drawers 25c For Boys per garment

Union Suits Any Style 50c Boys Man \$1.00

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.

1 Bridge Street

Amaterdam, N. Y.

### AGENTS! WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

18 Quick-selling Novelties for the Home, Office and Shop. Direct from Factory to you. Among them is

## This New Gas Lighter

Different from all others. Adjustable feed, using very little Sparking Metal. Great for Gas Stower and for Automobile Gas Lamps. \$1.25 per dosen 15c postpaid. Bampile by mail.



Cholcost quarter-sawed Oak—54-in, top, closed—90 inches extended. A beautiful, massive design. We are manufacturers. We make all our furniture—and sell it direct to you, the consumer. It is the famous "MASTER-BUILT" FURNITURE Shipped in Sections



Purniture for every ex-the house, club or office of the facest quality-al-BROOKS MFG. CO.

2805 Root Ave., Saylisaw, Mich.



KENOSHA HOSIERY CO. KENOSHA, WIS.



have become able to cope with the pests of the wilderness we shall acquire merit in the eye of Nature, in whose court only survival wins a smile and failure elicits not a tear.

From time to time mention has been made of insect-proof tents that are used in camp. In general it may even once more be said that tents will be better when they are made with more windows. Especially is this true of the waterproof tents known as silk or silkoline. Shut yourself up in one of these tents to keep out the mosquitoes and you will nearly freeze, even on a summer night, because of the condensation of moisture within it. A screened window, with a current of air blowing through it, will really make the tent warmer as well as safer against insects. Your tent should be flyproof, but not airproof.

A good head-net is sometimes essential, either by day or by night, in bad fly country. When you wear it you may feel like a dog with a muzzle; but you will soon get used to it, though you cannot well wear it on the trail in the woods. Have your headnet black, never white or green-you cannot see through anything but black. Perhaps the best net is one that draws in over the top of your broadbrimmed hat, comes down free of your face, and is tied under your arms. You can even get a head-net today with a hole in it for your pipestem, if you like.

Another item on which too high value cannot be placed is the long mosquito glove arranged with a sleeve and elastics, essential in some bad fly countries, such as Labrador or the Far North. Usually these gloves are made with the tips of the fingers cut out, so that you can work. By keeping the ends of your fingers well coated with dope, your wrists and hands can thus be rendered immune against all manner of biting insects. Sometimes on the salmon waters of Quebec the little gnats or "no-see-ums" are so bad that the angler also wears a havelock, or light linen neckcape, which tucks down under his collar. If one smokes a pipe all the time, usually that will be sufficient protection.

#### The Cedar Bark Smudge

Much of your comfort, as regards insects, will depend upon your clothing. You can get a beautiful suit of olive-green khaki or one of the light sporting cloths; but let it not be too thin—in bad fly country the mosquitoes will go through it easily. A looser garment of wool, with thick underwear, will prove a much better protection; and in general it is better to have on too much wool and too thick clothing than too little and too light. Light cotton under-wear, with thin stockings, has ruined many a vacation trip. Women especially dislike the clumsy look and feel of good sporting wear, and they are the ones that suffer most about the camp-they simply will not wear sufficiently heavy stockings. Short sleeves and gauze underwear are far better for winter than for summer.

Of course you can save yourself much discomfort by pitching your camp with judg-ment. In fly countries camp in the open and in the wind—a mosquito cannot make any headway against the wind, because he turns his wings up sidewise, and then he is

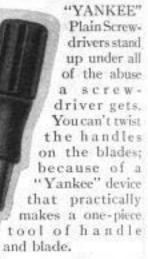
If you have no other protection try a smudge in camp—if the mosquitoes are bad. Perhaps the best one is made of cedar bad. Perhaps the best one is made of cedar bark, though it is very hard on the eyes. You may use grass or leaves if you can do no better. In the pine woods you may have seen the homesteaders' smudges—built in an iron pot in front of the door, mostly with bark. In many parts of Canada you will see a smoldering fire of damp hay, with a rail fence round it. The fence is to keep the horses and cattle from crowding into the fire when they are driven well-nigh mad. fire when they are driven well-nigh mad, as they sometimes are, by the swarms of mosquitoes or flies.

Besides these physical protections preventions, little remains but dope. some countries dope is no protection at all, so numerous and bloodthirsty are the mosquitoes. In the ordinary sporting country of the temperate zones, however, a good dope will do the trick. No one can tell you which is the best dope, for every sportsman has his own formula; but dope of some kind, in a box or a bottle, you ought to have with you—as paste or liquid—if you are going into camp in the mosquito season and in the mosquito country.

The stand-by of the woods is tar and oil. Some use sweet oil, but castor oil is more

(Continued on Page 85)

## These Handles NEVER Work Loose



#### YANKEE"TOOLS Make Better Mechanics

These Drivers are well-balance tools made with "Yanker" protools made with "takee pre-sion and of materials exactly untel to the work. Blade and ferrule are highly polished. Hardwood tall finished black handle, corrugated so as to permit of a firm grip.

#### "YANKEE" Plain Screwdriver

No. 90-Standard Style, in 14 sizes, 2" to 30" blades. No. 95-Cabinet Style, in 11 sizes, 2 12 to 15 14 blades.

Your dealer can supply you. Welle for "'Yanket' Tool Book," free, for mechanics and hontellid-ers, or "'Yanket' Tools in the Garage," free to mobility.

NORTH BROS, MFG. CO., Philadelphia

## Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor GREATER SPE

The only 2 cylinder rowboat motor. The latest, finest thing in detachable rowboat motors—beats anything on the market. A real engine. Powerful, fast—quiet and smooth running, wibraheafess. Starts on the first "Kick" and reverses easily.

#### KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

gare shall sell Weedless radder and opeller. Cost less for Aware forces, you are going to buy a resolute motor a in your best bet. Full particulars request. Agents montos.

KOBAN MFG. CO., 263 S. Water St., Milbrauker, Win.



#### SICK or WELL

POLE MILLER DRUG CO., Inc., 804 E. Main St., Echo

(Continued from Page 82)

distasteful to insects-nobody and nothing likes castor oil, not even a hungry mosquito. The usual formula is oil of pine tar, three The usual formula is out of pine tar, three parts; castor oil, two parts; and oil of pennyroyal, one part. Sometimes I add to the above as much oil of citronella, which also is very distasteful to mosquitoes and many other insects. This dope is liquid. The smell is not unpleasant, but the prescription requires that you put it on and do not wash it off, which to some persons especially fastidious ladies—is something of a hardship. Do not be afraid to use it; and do not get the idea that a little dab on your nose or ear is going to keep the mos-

your nose or ear is going to keep the mos-quitoes away from you—use plenty. If you perspire this dope will run.

All the resources of applied chemistry have been called on in the manufacture of fly dope. Some are cleaner than others and are as efficient. You can, for instance, take castor oil and citronella, or castor oil and oil of lavender, and look a trifle more ladylike than if you use the tar compounds, Most sportsmen agree that citronella is a

good repellent.

There is nothing so good as quinine to cure malaria, which comes from mosquito bite. From this fact one ingenious sportsman reasoned that mosquitoes do not like bitter things, and he concluded to put something bitter, like quassia, in a fly dope of his own. He used this dope successfully in all parts of the United States and in Central America, and claimed that it made

a good protection even against chigres.
This inventor was Colonel Crofton Fox, now deceased, but once a well-known Michigan sportsman. His recipe, which has been printed from time to time, was as follows:
"Fox's Fly Dope: Oil of pennyroyal; oil of peppermint; oil of bergamot; oil of cedar; third extract of quassia, of each, one dram; sum camphor four drams; year. one dram; gum camphor, four drams; vase-line, yellow, two drams. Mix. Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat; when cold add remainder." The druggist will understand this.

A Western firm makes a dope something like the foregoing, with the addition of oil of cloves and citronella. This is put up in collapsible tubes, convenient for use. Vaseline or mutton tallow is used as a body in

line or mutton tallow is used as a body in several of the pastes, some of which are very efficient and all of which are cleanly and convenient to use. Most of these pastes have pennyroyal as the main repellent.

A fly dope has been on the market for thirty years that has quite a vogue in black-fly country. I do not know the ingredients, except that oil of tar is one of them and very likely pennyroyal is used. The mixing oil is of less importance and we may classify this simply as one of the tar dopes. It is good against no-see-ums and black fly—those little nuisances that bite you along your hatband or back of the ears. you along your hatband or back of the ears.

#### Fly Dopes for Every Taste

If you are going on a long and hard journey the paste dope you can carry in a box has some advantages over a liquid dope—if you carry the latter in glass. It is better to carry a liquid dope in a little screw-top tin holding a couple of ounces or so. It is thus less likely to be lost through breakage.

A gentleman in Kentucky some years ago sent me the recipe for a dope he found very efficient in the northern woods—merely a variant of the old staple. It calls for pure pine tar, one ounce; pennyroyal, one ounce; vaseline, three ounces. The same gentleman sometimes used another formula: genteman sometimes used another formula; tar, two ounces; castor oil, three ounces; pennyroyal, one ounce. He always said that most of the volatile aromatic oils, or even camphor, lose efficiency through evaporation very quickly; but, from his hints and those foregoing, any woodsgoer can evolve a dope that will do the work as

well as anything.

Deer flies—the big green chaps—are keen cutters. Perhaps dope may help keep them Try it-at least on the necks and flanks of your horses; for you may save them much misery. The bite of these flies is very painful to a horse or to a man. The bulldog flies of the Rockies are well-known nulsances. Sometimes the high grassy meadows in the mountains, which look like fine camping grounds, are almost untenable by reason of these greenheaded flies. Sometimes on the prairies, or near the

mountains of the West, you may have been termented by swarms of flying ants, which hang round back of your head as you ride on horseback or in a wagon. They bite rather keenly and sometimes get in your hair. A head net is best for them, or a silk handkerchief will answer if you have no net.

We have with us tonight also the tick we have with us tonight also the tick and chigre, neither happily of general distribution, though sufficiently abundant. Ticks are bad things, especially in tropical countries. They constitute one of the menaces of hunting in Africa. Carefully fitted clothing, leggings and footwear make the best protection against ticks. A bodyband soaked in kerosene sometimes is used. The African hunter at night always wears mosquito boots-a soft, light footwear, which will turn ticks as well as mosquitoes

The worst tick country of the United The worst tick country of the United States is in the South; and still farther to the southward, in Mexico and Central America, the tick nuisance is yet worse. There you may find the pinolias or the garapatas. When you come into camp covered by the latter, each with his head buried in your system and each very much absorbed in the work he has found to do, the best thing is to get some one to touch the end of a lighted cigarette to each of the nuisances. He will then blow up and cease to trouble

Eternal vigilance is the only price of safety in tick country. Dope is not much good. Perhaps if one were liberally anointed with kerosene it might keep them off in good measure. If you get a bug in your ear pour in kerosene—it will make him back out. Sometimes it will have the same effect on a tick. Sometimes accombon has effect on a tick. Sometimes camphor has something of the same effect—or chloroform, or diluted ammonia. I am strong for a bottle or can of ammonia in camp. It is a sovereign remedy for the alleviation of insect bites. If a tick gets on you do not get excited and pull off his head—induce him to back out before he dies.

#### What to Do for Snake Bite

One of the worst pests of the woods, One of the worst pests of the woods, especially in a warm or moist country, is the minute little red spider, called the chigre, chigger or jigger. There is nothing more odious in all created Nature than this almost invisible pest. He lurks for you in the bark of the log where you sit down to rest, or drops on your clothing from the leaves or the grass as you walk. Nothing happens then for perhaps three or four hours. Then you experience an intolerable itching and begin to swell up in lumps about as big as a hazelnut—each lump about as big as a hazelnut—each lump being a place where a chigre has set up housekeeping. This irritation will continue for several days, and sometimes is bad enough to deprive one of all sorts of hap-piness in camp if one does not know how to handle the moledy. handle the malady. It is suggested that chloroform is excellent

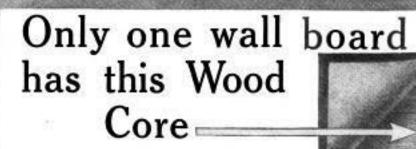
to allay the sting of chigre bites, and sometimes kerosene has been used for the same purpose. Perhaps you may have neither of these remedies with you, but you are almost sure to have a good piece of rusty bacon rind—and that is the standard remedy of the woodsman. Rub the bites—and the places that are not yet bites—thoroughly with this grease. You will find it alleviating and in most cases a specific. Mercurial ointment, no doubt, would be better, but bacon rind is always handy. It will do for prevention as well as cure. Happily the chigre is not very common in a pinewoods country. Usually you will find him in hardwood country or in the warm and moist parts of the prairie country. If you are afflicted by insects in camp do

not sit down and moan because you have not a drug store at your command—use the remedies you have. What you want is something alkaline. If you have no ammonia use strong salt and water. Try kerosene, but not too copiously. That very thorough-going woodsman and woodswriter, Mr. Kephart—by all odds the most recurred and informing of the book writer. accurate and informing of the book writers on these topics—suggests that you can kill a mosquito bite by touching it with indigo-or, if you have not indigo, by rubbing it with a raw onion. Even whisky-used externally-sometimes will take part of the sting out of the bite.

There are sandflies that walk by day and midges that stalk abroad just at dusk. Dope will do for them. Nets do not always keep them out perfectly, but they do not

fly so much by night.

Some people have a great horror of snakes. It is not of much use to point out to them that the percentage of danger is very slight, indeed, and that it annually grows less—in the temperate zone at least—as the few poisonous species more and more



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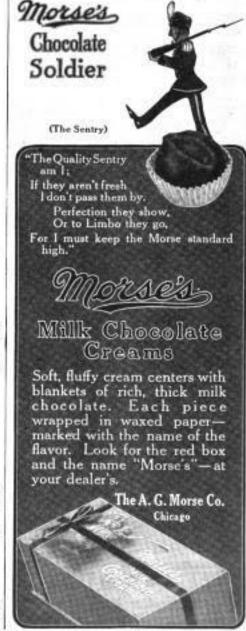
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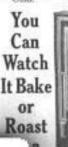
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approach extermination. The copperhead snake, once of the North, now infrequent even in the South, is poisonous. So is the moccasin snake of the South, mostly found round the bayous or in the wet country. The several species of the rattlesnake, very widely distributed at one time and even yet to be found occasionally over a great part of the United States, are very poisonous.

The bite of any one of these snakes might, but very rarely does, cause death. It would be certain to produce great danger and distress. Any American hunter of many years' experience hasseen one or all of these species. I have killed many of them all, but never personally knew of but two cases of snake-bite. One was that of a bird dog, bitten by some snake-we never knew what. The dog's head swelled up a great deal and for some days he suffered very much, but did not die; and eventually he recovered en-tirely. The other case was that of a child bitten by a rattler, and death resulted in a few hours-no remedy being used.

The usual remedy for snakebite is whisky and then some more whisky. Doctors say it is of no use; but if you have nothing better and are snakebitten it may help you to forget the snakebite if it does not cure it. If you have courage to cut deeply into the wound as soon as the bite is inflicted, and to squeeze the poison out, you will need less whisky. It would not do much good to cauterize the wound if the poison were left under the scar.

I remember reading an old book of boys adventure, long since out of print, which told of a rattlesnake bite that was cured by the application of the bodies of many fowls split open along the back and applied to the wound. A sort of cupping glass can be made of a bottle, heated quite hot with hot water, and then applied empty with the mouth to the wound.

When bitten by a poisonous snake you will want a doctor and probably cannot get one. Therefore cut the wound deeply with a knife that has been sterilized by passing through a flame.

#### In Case of Scorpions

The real remedy for snakebite is potas-sium permanganate. If you are in a bad snake country it is just as well to have along a few of the crystals and a hypodermic syringe for this solution-you can get the outfit, with instructions, at any good sport-

ing outfitter's.
In the Southwest we used to have centipedes—sometimes in our boots, sometimes in our coatsleeves of a morning. They had a way of crawling into your blankets at night also. The cowpunchers always said the bite of a centipede would drive a man crazy, and that if one crawled across a man's flesh its feet were like hot needles with

poison in them. There are scorpions, also, even pretty well to the northern edge of the Southern states; and there are tarantulas in a great part of the dry West and Southwest. The bite of none of these creatures is apt to be fatal, but it is certain to be the cause of great suffering. Cut the bite open; press out the blood the best you can—cup it if possible. Drench it with ammonia if you have it; use tobacco and whisky if you have nothing better.

If you are timorous about any of these things, and are in a country where they are found, carry a hair rope with you, such as the Mexicans make out of horsehair. Put this down on the ground in a loop round your bed. The cowpunchers always say that no scorpion, tarantula or rattler would crawl over a hair rope. That may be superstition, just as the whisky antidote may be superstition. And perhaps, also, you may remember the old saying that a rattlesnake would not cross a little streak of the ashes of the black ash if you mark that round your bed. I presume a great many rattlesnakes have not crossed either a hair rope or a streak of ashes.

As a matter of fact, man is the shiftiest and most resourceful of all animals. You very soon learn the discomforts in any given camping locality and very soon learn to overcome them, so that you can be quite comfortable in camp under almost any circumstances—usually with simple reme-dies close at hand. And, of course, what applies to the camp proper applies also to the summer resort or country hotel.

Many a vacation has been unpleasant

or unsatisfying when a little knowledge of some simple things and a little personal re-sourcefulness would have brought in quite a different story.



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#### THE REQUITAL

(Continued from Page 8)

Her voice flickered into a tenderness at word, as new as the new color in her tek. Her mother drew a long breath. dughter-Ellen, the poised, the balanced, the reasonable, the controlled? If this was is influence already! thought Mrs. Hadley.

"There is always a certain shame in any possial defect," she replied, a little the more only for that warmth of Ellen's; "but I am

oot blaming Pierre."
"No," blazed Ellen; "Pierre is not to

But it is a very serious question whether he has any right to marry!" and espe-mily my daughter, was what Mrs. Hadley ment; she might have found excuses for here smarrying somebody else's daughter, het precisely hers ---- "Such things are at precisely hers ---

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," aid Ellen; "but I can't give Pierre up." Mrs. Hadley looked at her daughter, spalled. Could she be under the sway of ist dreadful thing called passion? Mrs. Hadley turned hot to her finger-tips; she was ashamed to look at her daughter with such a thought in her mind; but when she id look she was equally unable to keep her Elen's whole face and figure seemed

daged-dilated with an inner eestasy she vis incapable of hiding wholly, though her mother divined she was doing her best to ide it—that what shone through her was he nerest glint of the shining within. Even so she glowed with it, as if some

one had suddenly lighted a lamp within the day. And it was Pierre who had lighted t-Fierre! Mrs. Hadley remembered the tow cadence of his phrase and his eyes: Elm has such a beautiful figure!

She shut her own eyes and shuddered; mewhether Ellen's columnar throat could mean an overdevelopment of the thyroid! he had heard that could change your whole mrader.

'I-I'm afraid"-Mrs. Hadley spoke with extreme gentleness, as one speaks to a invalid—"you are not judging this is nost important matter with the calm-

It is all judged, mamma; and as for tany-why, we have always been in love!" Mrs. Hadley made a movement of open mustion.

"Been in love! My dear Ellen, what an excession!" she repeated with genuine

And the climax of the whole-for heruse when Ellen, after one astonished three at her, threw back her head and eighed-laughed, even as Pierre might lave laughed, or any other girl of any other

Her mother sat stonily regarding the wrek of a lifetime's teaching; and sud-

only Ellen stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry," she said gently; "but relly-I'm afraid there isn't any other phrase for it." She looked at her mother and the last twinkle died from her eyes; she rew sober-a recognizable Hadley again. Have you anything else, mother, against Ferre, besides his lameness?"

Mrs. Hadley wanted to say that she had verything else—that the entire family and bevery natural bent were repugnant to her: but these were antagonisms so irra-tional that she would have blushed to own then verbally—so she answered:

"No. I will not pretend I should not have preferred a man of more serious time of mind and profession; but I am lad of Pierre himself, as you know—and pity him very much," she added, dealing miscously or unconsciously the sharpest possible thrust.

Ellen's chin went up in the air imme-

"Idon't think you need do that, mamma."
"Do what?"

Pity him so much. He is already firinguished—has made a place and a Postion for himself among musicians."

"Exactly - among musicians," mured her mother.

Well, would you expect him to make anong chemists?" asked her daughter bey, softening instantly to add: "And twy happy." She did not need to add: "am !!"

Mrs. Hadley, looking at her, suppressed and half-sighed sigh. She had her

moment of maternal prescience and suddenly knew the value of words. She got

up from her chair.

"I only ask you, Ellen, to weigh well what you are doing; not to—to decide on blind impulse," she said almost apologetically. "Of course, if you have really thought this over-if it is the judgment of your-your highest conscience, then, no matter what we may feel or think, you know we shall do our best to—to——"
"To——" said the implacable Ellen.
"To make the best of it," Mrs. Hadley

concluded limply.

Ellen walked over to her mother.

"Thank you," she said. "And—please begin making the best of it right away." She kissed her mother's cheek, passed a hand of unwonted tenderness over her moth-er's hair, and walked calmly and unabashed from the room.

It was dreadful! Mrs. Hadley, whom her husband found trying to wipe away an unwonted and surreptitious tear, could only

phrase it thus:
"It didn't seem to be Ellen at all. It was as if I had never known my own daughter. If this is Pierre's influence——"

Mr. Hadley, confronted with another problem as serious as frames and about which he felt no wiser, thought rapidly

rapidly for him:
"At least it is an irreproachable family eonnection; and Pierre has no-no bad habits."

Privately his wife felt inclined to retort that living at all might be called a bad habit—in some people.

Aloud she said: 'But it is a dreadful blow, with our wellknown views—everything we are known to stand for. Ellen—to marry a cripple!" "That, of course, is deplorable," assented her husband; "but there is absolutely

nothing else

"Isn't that enough? Lame people ought not to be allowed to marry!" exclaimed his wife tragically.

"True; but if Ellen holds out ——"
"Oh!" said Ellen's mother. "Ellen will hold out!"

"Then, my dear, I really see nothing but o—to make the best of it." "There is nothing," grouned his wife, 'but to make the best of it."

They looked at each other, and in the look were all their patient years of loyaltyof selfless devotion and steadfast bannerbearing; but no lightest wavering. It was wordlessly understood between them that even if their eldest flinched from the standard they should not; they would go right on and somehow make their flying banners cover even Ellen.

Though they might deplore, they would not forsake. Out of that silent communion they emerged not only able but almost eager to face the worst and make the best of it—only as they turned together to leave the room did Mrs. Hadley voice her last

misgiving:
"And Henry Kilvert -

Mr. Hadley shook his head in answer. He added the brief commentary:

We shall never know! Meantime in the Garnett household there was consternation. Being the Garnetts, they did not dream of interfering with their son's choice; but they looked at each other in silent dismay. Marry Ellen Hadley!—that very commonplace girl, of an utterly commonplace family!-with a whole world of girls to choose from! Pierre—their Pierre—who had had their own dream-romance always before him and

of it in blood and brain! What can be be thinking of?" exclaimed Mary Garnett, propping a Rossetti face on one long hand.

was himself the very quintessential flower

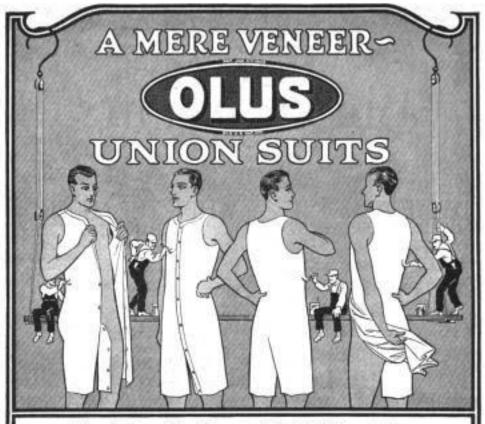
My dear, he isn't thinking," smiled her husband, and sighed. "Certainly it isn't what we would have dreamed or wished for He stroked the cloud of Rossetti hair, down which his fingers found their instinctive way to hers and clasped them sympathetically. "But, after all, since he loves her-

"Oh, of course, since he loves her!" repeated Pierre's mother.

Yes-since he loves her!"

"And since she loves him," added Pierre's mother hopefully, "there must be some-

"There must be something; but whether there is or not," said Pierre's father with a



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little shrug and a growing twinkle, "clearly the only thing we can do is just to make the best of it."

"Yes," assented she: "we must make the

best of it. But-Pierre and Ellen Hadley!

They were married—with all the dignity due the bride's traditions, and so much of the grace of a pagan, yet divine, festival as the bridegroom's family could import into it. They had offered their rose garden; but the ceremony took place decorously in a drawing room.

"Never mind!" Pierre had whispered. "This is their wedding; there will be silver and golden and rainbow and moonbeamy and starshiny ones-and we'll have those as we like."

They behaved, in fact, as though it had as though they were only being married at all to gratify their families. Henry Kilvert, who acted as best man, showed a far more conscientious interest. He went about heavier applications are applications. about beaming, explaining to everybody, with a singular lack of his usual reserve, what an auspicious event it was-Pierre being the only man in the world fit to be intrusted with Ellen; and Ellen the only girl in the world capable of nourishing a genius so precious as Pierre's.

Mrs. Hadley, listening to him, was al-most convinced—until she caught sight of his face during the ceremony, his gaze fixed on Ellen. Her husband had been right they should never know!

After the wedding the two lovers went to live in a honeymoon cottage a long way from anywhere—unless you had a motor. Mrs. Hadley had found a much more ad-vantageous one, socially and domestically, as she pointed out, nearer at hand; but Pierre had found this, and he pointed out values in viny porches and thick-set lawns.

"It will be damp," Mrs. Hadley foreboded.

"It will be delicious," replied Pierre. The married lovers sat in the big hammock on the porch a few months later, swinging softly. Pierre's arm was about Ellen and her hand in his.

"It is like living in a fairy tale to live with you!" said Ellen softly.

"It is like living in a comfortable heaven to live with you—a comfortable heaven!'
emphasized Pierre.

"Do you suppose"—Ellen lifted her eyes to his—"it will always be like this?" Pierre looked into those eyes.

"No; much better!"

She had on the barbaric embroidered jacket, and he rolled back deftly one of the wide sleeves and kissed her bare arm. You are-music!" he murmured.

Ellen's eyes glowed.

"And isn't it wonderful that I'm not a bit musical—really—except that I love yours? Any more"—she glanced down at the gorgeous jacket—"than I'm really bar-baric; though I love this."

"That's why I said it suited your style," Pierre smiled. "I shouldn't want you to be really barbaric. It's because you're all those other straight, stiff things your parents taught you—and which they are— that I love you. You are like a straight, severe Greek goddess—that's why I love you and why I needed you."
"And you," excluimed Ellen, "are like

the wonder prince in the fairy tale, who marries the plain peasant girl. Oh, you are like everything I've ever wanted in my life—you are you!" Another pause. "Pierre!"

"Yes-well?" Looking down, he was struck with something inscrutable in those pellucid eyes.
"When Christmas comes, and every

single hirthday, and on our marriage anni-versaries—all of them—will you

little, perfectly foolish and useless and

unnecessary thing?"
"Why of course I will!" replied Pierre

promptly.

Ellen laughed softly; her wise eyes were

shining like a child's.
"All my life I've had all the things I needed—my parents were so splendid!— and I've simply longed for things I didn't need. I've had everything that was wise and right and sensible—and I've just ached for something perfectly foolish."

"Was that why you married me?" asked

Pierre unmoved.

"Maybe!" laughed Ellen. She caught her breath. "All my life I've so envied children who had hardly anything—but whose parents gave them gifts. If ever we have children —

"Of course we are going to have chil-dren!" Pierre interrupted her calmly.

The child that was born to them at the end of the year was as straight as Ellen, with Pierre's flaming forehead—as Henry Kilvert called it—and Ellen's eyes, deep-ened to a fathomless blue, darkly fringed

and full of both their dreams.

Of course he might have been crooked and devoid of imagination—but I tell the

facts.
"Pierre has the most wonderful little son!" the Garnetts joyously proclaimed everywhere.

"He is really a most remarkably fine child—Ellen's boy!"—the Hadleys went about complacently telling every one they

met.
"See here! Have you seen my godson?" Henry Kilvert beamingly demanded of all his acquaintances, rubbing his hands with glee—"Henry Hadley Garnett! He's simply the greatest thing on earth-perfectly great!

Pierre's sonata—the first of his famous Fatherhood series—was finished the very week after his little son's birth, and was dedicated—like all the others—to Ellen, his unmusical wife.

#### Birds as Transmitters

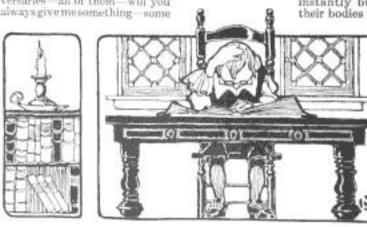
BIRDS are becoming so injurious to the high-voltage electric transmission lines now so common in the country, carrying their great power from some river to a dis-tant city, that engineers have been forced to devise protection for the lines at considerably increased cost.

At the least excuse electricity will come across from one of these wires to another or to the ground, and perhaps put the whole system out of service and necessitate ex-pensive repairs. The body of a bird, or the bodies of a flock of birds, may give the electricity just the opportunity it requires to make the jump, like stepping-stones in a wide brook.

A California company has had great trouble with eagles, the bodies of which have enabled the current to jump from the wires to the steel towers of the transmission line, and so to the ground. An Eastern company is now building its lines with wire so far apart that the current cannot make the jump through the body of a greatbuzzard flying with wide-spreading wings between the wires.

A German company that has had much trouble because birds sat in chains on the crossarms of the poles or towers, and thus gave the electricity the stepping-stones it is always seeking, has rebuilt its lines with crossarms so oblique that the birds do no find them convenient for roosting; and over the insulators are placed conical cap so sharply pointed that a bird would slip Of course while the birds are danger ous to the transmission lines, the electricity is fatal to the birds, not only killing then instantly but usually burning

their bodies to a cinder.





## Good as Gold

WHAT is the soundest guide in buying clothes?

Here you see the answer: Look for this Kirschbaum Guarantee and Price Ticket on the sleeve of your next coat.



It guarantees over our signature that the suit is all-wool, fast in color, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, tailored by hand and sewn at all points of strain with silk thread. And—

It promises to return your money or give you new garments should you find reasonable cause for dissatisfaction in your purchase.

Will your Summer clothes be fully insured against the fading power of the hot summer sun, the shrinking power of the unexpected shower, the wear and strain of summer activities?

If you find the Kirschbaum Ticket on the sleeve of your coat—yes!

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO., PHILADELPHIA

## Kirschbaum Clothes \$15-\$20 Clothes \$25 and up

"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve"



(Photo of bolt of clotk)
Every bolt of Kirschbaum
woolen is placed between
wet canvas. Rolled this
way, it stands over night.
This is only a part of our
London cold-water method
of shrinking—the most thorough shrinking process
known. The only wrinkles
your Kirschbaum Seit can
get are the harmless kind
whichare easily iron claway.



(Strength lest)
Gripped by the metal hands of this machine, a sample of each Kirschbaum woolen is pulled from above and below until it breaks.

The hand on the dial of

The hand on the dial of this nuchine registers the strain. Every Kirschbaum woolen must above standard strength or the fabric is rejected.



(Silk thread)
Pull a piece of cotton
thread until it breaks.
Then pull a piece of silk
thread. You prohably
won't be able to break the
olik

That shows you the importance of that part of ourguarantee which states that your Kirschhaum Suit was sewn at all points of strain with silk thread.



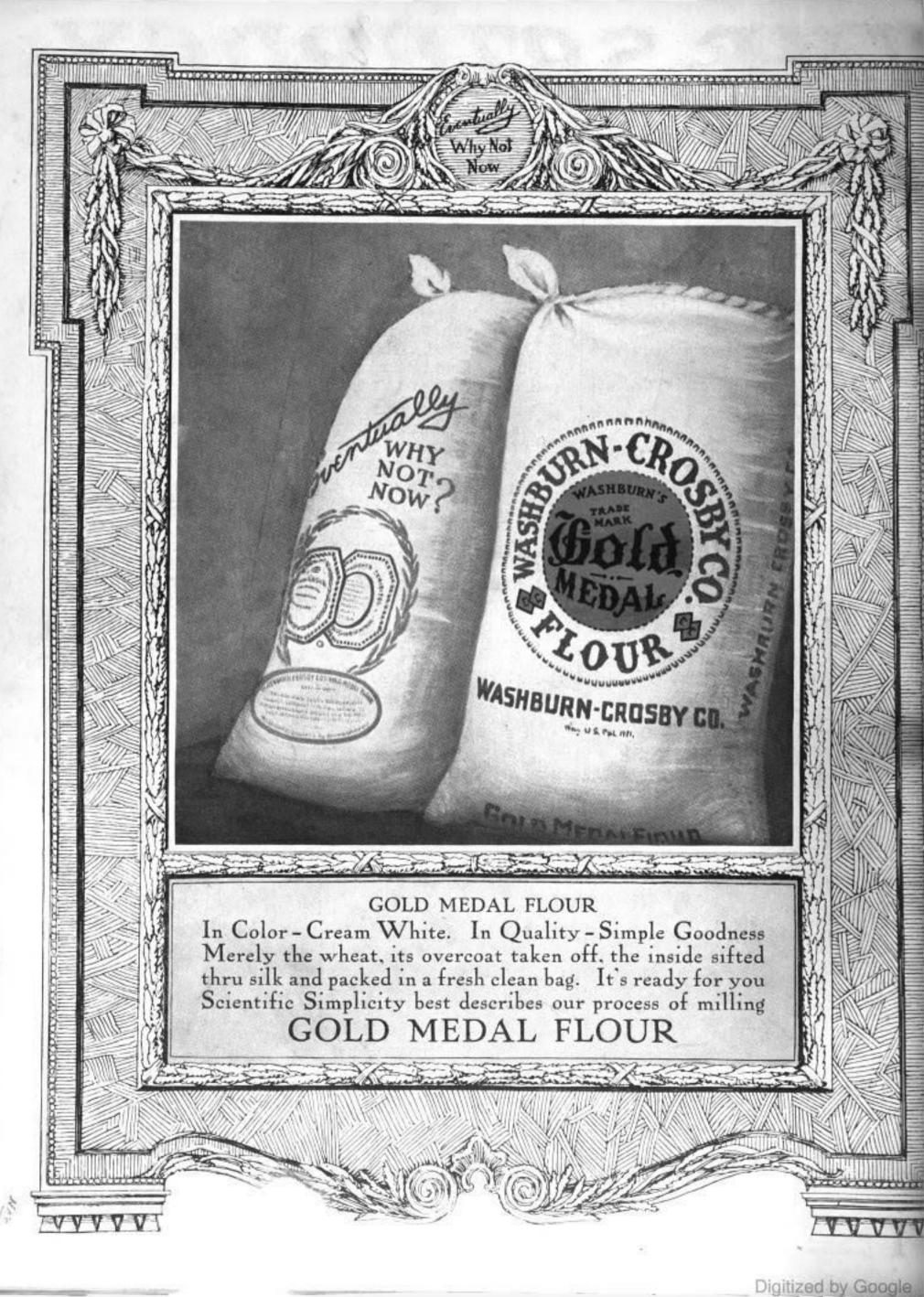
(Battonholes)
Here you see a Kirschhaum buttonhole being carefully sewn by one of our tailors.
The careful workman-

The careful workmanship we give to all our buttonholes keeps them from wearing through or "picking loose." They stay stout and trim throughout the life of the coat."

Copyright, 1414, A. B. Kirjchhaum Co.

WALL ST."

MODEL



# THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty-By David Jayne Hill

# Good Looks Make Dreams of Success Come True "Believe in me—in my ability—in my goods!" is what your eyes telegraph daily to someone, as you try to make this or that dream come true.

"I-I-I'm not sure I can trust you," telegraphs Suspicion to the other person's brain.

Then you often put Suspicion to flight solely by your looks. Look as good as you are, and Success will meet you half way. Pompeian Massage Cream will make you look as good as you are. Try it.

#### "You're the salesman I want because you look as good as you are"

"I chose you because your good, clean looks match up with your ability and the character of our house.

"A good impression is a good start. A salesman must not merely get attention before he can get an order. He must get favorable attention. Always look as good as you are."

A clear, clean Pompeian skin will help make your Dream of Success come true, because Pompeian makes you look as good as you are. Try Pompeian Massage Cream.

## "Do you know why I chose you as my secretary?"

"First, because of your ability, of course. But a close second reason is your appearance. I won't have a man about me who is not 'clean cut.' Any other kind irritates me and decreases my own efficiency. My motto is 'Clear the way for the man with a clean record and a clean, wholesome appearance!"

Moral: A good, clear skin helps a good, clear brain win success. Make your own promotion easier. Use Pompeian Massage Cream. You'll be surprised how it will invigorate and improve your skin.



to the Secretary

#### Look as Good as You Are—Use Pompeian

The President

says-

The Salesmanager

says -

Pompeian Massage Cream produces the wholesome, clear-skin complexion of health by collecting all the minute impurities which the skin holds. Pompeian literally rolls them out of you, while at the same time it exercises the skin, vitalizing it, keeping it well-looking. Pompeian Massage Cream is the foundation of the "clean-cut business look" which begets confidence—the secret of all success. Try Pompeian. Clip the coupon now.

Cut off, sign and send

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen: — Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coins, for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Address

City

State



A Pompeian Complexion Wins Admiration

## BEAUTIFIES and YOUTHIFIES

Pompeian will make your complexion clear, fresh and youthful. And not by covering up, but by cleansing and exercising the skin. A Pompeian massage also refreshes the face and subdues tired lines of worry and work. Try Pompeian, Clip coupon now.

Warning Shu a cheaplymade imitations. Insist on Pompeian. It has improved complexions for 12 years. All dealers sell Pompeian—50c, 75c and \$1. Get it and no other.

Get Trial Jar

Sent for 6c, stamps of coins. Clip coupon now.

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# The Meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—By David Jayne Hill

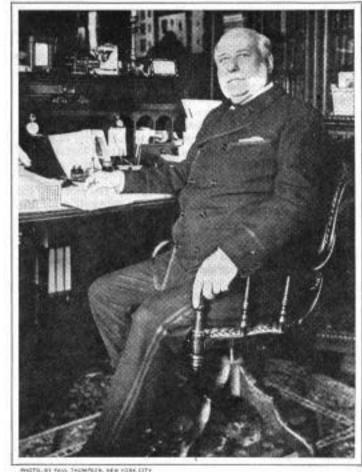


John Hay, Who, as Secretary of State, Represented the United States in the Treaty Negotiations

touching on the expediency of either affirming or surrendering such rights as the United States may possess in the Panama Canal, it may be useful at this time to inquire what are the respective rights of the United States and Great Britain under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY -In 1850 the occupation by Great Britain of territory in the vicinity of a possible future canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific led to the negotiation of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed on April nineteenth of that year, which contained the following provisions: the fifty years that had elapsed since the signing of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, might consider it expedient to denounce that treaty, on the ground that treaties, even when alleged to be perpetual, are morally binding only rebus sic stantibus, and cease to be so when conditions have essentially changed. In the conduct

of the negotiations Mr. Hay discovered that Great Britain was deeply interested in the construction of a canal at the expense of the United States, and would readily consent to it on condition that the general principle of neutralization, which had been definitely specified in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, should be recognized in a new



Lord Pauncefote, England's Ambassador to the United States at the Time the Treaty Was Made

Accordingly a new treaty was signed on February 5, 1900, designed to take the place of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which it was agreed that a canal might be constructed "under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations, or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares."

THE FIRST HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY—Though the treaty of February 5, 1900, released the Government of the United States from some of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, it did not release it from all.

In the second article it was declared:

"The High Contracting Parties, desiring to preserve and maintain the 'general principle' of neutralization established in Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, which convention is hereby superseded, adopt, as the basis of such neutralization, the following rules."

The rules, substantially as embodied in the Suez Canal Convention, signed by nine Powers in 1888, then follow. The first one reads:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic or otherwise."

The seventh rule reads:

"No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

Evidently here, as in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain shared with the United States the power to determine the conditions under which the canal should be used. It was distinctly agreed that all nations, without qualification of any kind, and therefore plainly including the United States, were to be treated on terms of entire equality with the United States.

The language is plain and explicit, and can have no other meaning. So complete is the condominium in the control of the canal that Great Britain in the first Hay-Pauncefote

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America," and so on.

So long as this convention remained in force—that is, down to the year 1900—it was impossible for either Great Britain or the United States to build an isthmian canal over which it could, without a violation of the treaty, exercise such rights of control and defense as would justify the expenditure of the cost of construction by either nation.

Meanwhile, under rights obtained from Colombia, a French company began, but afterward abandoned, the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

In 1900 the Government of the United States desired to construct an isthmian canal for the purpose of connecting its Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a waterway through which its ships of war and its domestic commerce might be transferred from ocean to ocean. This was to be an American canal, constructed and controlled by the Government of the United States. The obstacle to procedure was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which the United States was solemnly bound not to exercise the control it now desired to exercise.

THE ABROGATION OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY—The task was intrusted to the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to open negotiations with Great Britain for the purpose of liberating the Government of the United States from its agreement with Great Britain, in order that it might be free to proceed with the construction of a canal under its own exclusive control.

Would Great Britain agree to release the United States from the then existing obligations? That was the question which Secretary Hay was called on to face. On the one hand, Great Britain might be reluctant to permit the United States to construct and control a waterway between the two oceans, through which American ships might at all times pass freely and from which British ships might sometimes be excluded.

On the other hand, Great Britain, as the greatest of maritime powers, might profit greatly by the construction of such a canal; and there was the possibility that the United States, whose position in the Western Hemisphere had been profoundly modified in

Treaty still possessed and exercised the right to forbid the fortification of the canal, as well as to share on terms of entire equality all the privileges of the United States, both in war and peace.

THE SECOND HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY—Though it is well known that the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was not ratified by the Senate of the United States and was returned to Secretary Hay with several proposed amendments, the language of that treaty has so impressed itself on the memory of many persons that they persist in quoting its words as constituting the present obligations of the United States, unmindful of the fact that it was never ratified.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance to a comprehension of this subject that we should not only distinguish between the unratified treaty of February 5, 1900, and the treaty of November 18, 1901, which was duly ratified and is now in force, but that we should closely follow the steps of the transition from the one to the other by which the relations of the two Governments were radically modified.

Without encumbering this brief exposition with the discussion of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty before the Committee of the Senate, it may be sufficient to point out the nature of the modifications actually adopted, with the reasons for making them.

When the Senate declined to ratify without amendment his first treaty, Secretary Hay reopened the negotiations with Great Britain on the understanding that the canal was to be exclusively American; that the right of fortification was not to be denied; and that neutralization as a general principle could not be interpreted as excluding the owners of an object from unlimited control over it, so long as all neuters were subjected to equal treatment. Great Britain and all others were to be treated with strict equality, but the Unifed States was to have a free hand in the management of its own property.

In pursuance of this purpose the draft of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty withdrew from the obscurity of a merely parenthetical clause the statement that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was superseded, and brought to the front, as the first article, the plain declaration:

"The High Contracting Parties agree that the present treaty shall supersede the afore-mentioned convention of the nineteenth of April, 1850."

It is, therefore, useless to look back of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of November 18, 1901, for any light on the present rights and treaty relations of the United States and Great Britain. So far as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty are concerned, they have no existence and no effect. The rights of the two countries respecting the canal are, therefore, to be determined solely by an interpretation of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which alone is still in force.

Happily we have clear and authentic written evidence of the intentions of both sides in this negotiation. In communicating the new treaty to the Senate for ratification Mr. Hay says:

"The whole theory of the treaty is that the canal is to be an entirely American canal. The enormous cost of constructing it is to be borne by the United States alone.

When constructed it is to be exclusively the property of the United States, and is to be managed, controlled and defended by it. Under these circumstances, and considering that now, by the new treaty, Great Britain is relieved of all responsibility and burden of maintaining its neutrality and security, it was thought entirely fair to omit the prohibition that 'No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent.'"

There are then, from Mr. Hay's point of view, no limitations whatever on the enjoyment by the United States of "all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal," as provided for in the second article of the new treaty. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty casts no shadow on the new convention, which is based on a new conception of the relations of the two Governments to the canal.

That the British Government took the same view is evident from the difference between the two Hay-Pauncefote Treaties and the statements of Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his communications to Lord Pauncefote.

THE CHANGES IN THE TREATY AS RATIFIED— Lord Lansdowne's memorandum for the instruction of Lord Pauncefote, dated August 3, 1901, reveals how completely the British Government had modified its point of view since the negotiations began,

"In form," says Lord Lansdowne, "the new draft differs from the convention of 1900, under which the high contracting parties, after agreeing that the canal might be constructed by the United States, undertook to adopt certain rules as the basis on which the canal was to be neutralized. In the new draft the United States intimate their readiness 'to adopt' somewhat similar rules as the basis of the neutralization of the canal. It would appear to follow that the whole responsibility for upholding these rules, and thereby maintaining the neutrality of the canal, would henceforth be assumed by the Government of the United States. The change of form is an important one; but in view of the fact that the whole cost of construction of the canal is to be borne by that Government, which is also to be charged with such measures as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder, His Majesty's Government are not likely to object to it."

In brief, the rules for the use of the canal, instead of being laid down, as in the first treaty, by the United States and Great Britain jointly, in this new treaty are now to be laid down by the United States alone; the reason for this being that the cost of constructing, maintaining and defending the canal is now to be borne solely by the United States. The bilateral agreement becomes a unilateral regulation. In exchange for the added burdens assumed by the United States, Great Britain surrenders all rights in the canal except those explicitly accorded under the rules adopted by the United States.

This radical change in the ground conception of the treaty seemed to Lord Lansdowne to require a corresponding change in the phraseology of the rules. Accordingly, in the draft of the treaty sent by the British Foreign Office to Lord Pauncefote, Lord Lansdowne proposed to change the expression in the first rule from:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic, or otherwise"

to the form:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations which shall agree to observe these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation so agreeing," and so on.

The significance of this change is evident. The rules in question were now to be adopted by the United States alone. The canal was not to be thrown open to "all nations," but only to "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules." Not only so, but the expression, "in time of war as in time of peace," which appeared in the first treaty, is now dropped, thus giving the United States in time of war the right, if necessary, to close the canal, even to those nations that agree to observe the rules laid down by the United States.

Clearly the United States Government in this new treaty occupies an entirely different position from the one it occupied in the previous treaty. It now possesses the right not only to fortify the canal but to close the canal in time of war. It is recognized as sole proprietor, and as such is empowered not only to adopt rules but by its own means and at its own cost to enforce the observance of them.

What, then, is the position in the new form of the treaty of all other nations, Great Britain included? "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules," now adopted by the United States alone, and no others, are, according to

David Jayne Hill, Former Ambassador to Germany

Lord Lansdowne, to enjoy the use of the canal. A distinction is here made that did not appear in the first treaty. In the first treaty the United States and Great Britain together adopted rules that opened the canal to "all nations, on terms of entire equality." In the second treaty the United States alone adopts the rules; and, as sole owner of the canal, offers terms of entire equality to all nations that shall agree to observe them.

Does the equality here referred to mean equality with the Government of the United States or equality among those agreeing to observe the rules? This is, without doubt, the critical point in the interpretation of the treaty, and it is necessary to proceed with extreme caution and absolute

freedom from prejudice of any kind.

It would appear that the right to fortify the canal and to adopt rules for its use, with the power of closing it in time of war for purposes of defense, places the Government of the United States in a position quite different from that which it occupied when all these prerogatives were denied. The consideration offered by the United States to Great Britain for these new advantages was the assumption of the whole burden of maintaining and defending the canal as a piece of national property, thus relieving and discharging Great Britain from any obligation whatever, except observance of the rules.

A close examination shows that not one of the rules the nations were to agree to observe could be regarded as applying to the owner of the canal; so that the expression, "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules," can hardly be regarded as including the United States.

The purpose and character of the rules seem to forbid such inclusion. They are almost exclusively prohibitions that could not well apply to the United States as sole proprietor of the canal, whose whole interest would be to secure the observance of the rules and could not in any way be promoted by violating them-such as blockeding the canal; committing acts of hostility within it; the revietualing of belligerent vessels; delay in transit; the treatment of prizes of war; the embarkation or debarkation of troops and munitions of war, and so on; and the occupation of waters adjacent to the canal by belligerent vessels all of which relate to acts interfering with the control of the canal. Such rules have from their very nature no application to the United States, which, therefore, cannot fairly be regarded as included in the expression: "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules."

We have, then, apparently two classes of Powers designated in the provisions of this treaty: 1—The sole builder, owner and controller of the canal, on the one hand; and 2—The nations that agree to observe the rules it has adopted, on the other. Does the United States consent in this treaty to extend to other nations entire equality with itself in the use of the canal, or only entire equality among themselves as equal and neutral Powers?

The answer to this question is to be found in the statements relating to the effect of the treaty by those who commented on it at the time when it was negotiated. Lord Lansdowne, in his instructions to Lord Pauncefote, states very clearly his reason for changing "all nations" into "all

nations which shall agree to observe these rules."

His reason is—with the new conception of the treaty as giving to the United States complete control of the canal, thus making it exclusively American—that Great Britain would be placed at a disadvantage if all nations, without distinction, were to enjoy the privileges of the canal without any obligation to observe the rules.

"The omission of the words under which this country"—Great Britain—"became jointly bound to defend the neutrality of the canal, and the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," Lord Lansdowne admits, "would materially diminish the obligations of Great Britain." "This," he adds, "is a most important consideration." "But," he continues, "having assumed the whole burden of defending the canal, the United States would have a treaty right to interfere with the canal in time of war or apprehended war. Great Britain alone, in spite of her vast possessions on the American continent and the extent of her interests in the East, would be absolutely precluded from resorting to any such action or from taking measures to secure her interests in and near the canal," though other Powers not bound by the treaty would be free to take such action as they pleased.

"I would, therefore, suggest," he concludes, "the insertion, in Rule One, after 'all nations," of the words 'which shall agree to observe these rules." This addition will impose on the other Powers the same self-denying ordinance as Great Britain is desired to accept, and will furnish an additional security to the neutrality of the canal, which it will be the duty of the United States to maintain."

What, then, is the substance of this self-denying ordinance on the part of Great Britain and this new burden assumed by the United States? Is it not the complete and unrestricted surrender of the control of the canal to the one Power that takes the place of the

(Continued on Page 81)

# SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

T WAS after the affair of the Prime Minister that I left Daphne. We kidnaped him, you remember-only it arned out to be some one else; and Violet arcourt-Standish got in awfully wrong nd had to go to the Riviera. I really did ot wish to kidnap him, but the matter me up at tea at Daphne's one day-and se hates to stay out of things.

Poppy Harmsworth was going on a otor trip just then, and when she asked e to go along I agreed. I was spending Sunday with her.

"I'm not running away, Madge," she plained; "but I'm stony broke, and at's the truth! I'll have to get back to ork."

Poppy paints and makes a lot of oney-mural decorations, you know, mels for public buildings, and all that et of thing; but she never has any money, matter what she makes.

"I want sea-sea with mist over itid rocks. And a cave -

"Caves are damp. There are plenty of stels."

"A cave," she said, examining her rings eamily, " with the tide coming in against setting sun, and the spray of every dor in the world—I think it's Tintagel,

Poppy is terribly pretty and this is her cry—not mine. I did not think at first at she was serious.

"That's a sweet frock," I said. "Did m bear that man today when you were eaking at the Monument? He said: lless its pretty 'art! If the rest of them oked like that they could 'ave the vote, c all of me!""

Poppy's hair is the softest, straightest ir you ever saw and her nose is short id childish. Her eyes are soft too, and g profile is so helpless that the bobbies ap her across the streets; but her full ce is full of character.

"Was he in front of me?" she demanded.

"At the side." We both understood—it was her profile

min. She fell back in her chair and sighed. "If you could address the House of Lords in profile,"

said, "you'd get the vote."
"That's rot, you know!" she retorted; but she colored. She knew and she knew I knew that her new photographs

ere profile ones. And we both knew, too, that they were ken because Vivian Harcourt had demanded a picture

"You're not doing the right thing, Poppy," I accused r. "For one day in the week that Viv sees you full face ere are six days for him to look at that picture."
"He isn't obliged to look at it at all."

"So long as women beg the question like that," I said verely, "just so long do they postpone serious considerain for the Cause."

She leaned back and laughed-rather rudely. The iglish can be very rude sometimes. They call it frankness. "The ridiculous thing about you is that you don't know ything about the Cause," she said. "With you it's a i. It's the only thing you can't have; so you want it, tle Madge. With some of us it's-well, I can't talk out it."

That made me furious. The idea of dedicating your life

a thing and then being accused

"I think enough of the Cause to stand out all day in a oiling sun," I snapped, "and be burnt to a cinder! dn't I pass out your wretched literature for four hours d make six shillings?"

"Don't call it wretched literature," she said gently. 3ut—now think a minute! If it came to a showdown ur own expression, isn't it?-a question between one of ese men who are so mad about you-Basil or any of the hers-and the Cause, which would it be?"

"Both!" I replied promptly.

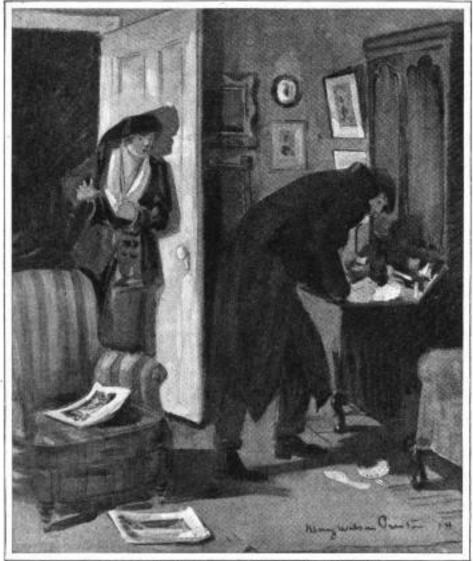
She laughed again.

"You delightful little hypocrite!" she cried. "A comomise, then! Not victory, but a truce! Oh, martyr to ie Cause!"

"And you?"

"The Cause!" she said, and turned her full face to me. Well, of course that was Poppy's affair. I believe in ving up to one's conviction, and all that; but when you link of the lengths to which she carried her conviction,

### By Mary Roberts Rinehart



The Burglar Was There, Going Through Vic's Desk

and the horrible situation that developed, it seems an exceedingly selfish theory of life. I believe in diplomatic compromise.

I wrote the whole conversation that night to father and he cabled a reply. He generally cables, being very busy. He said:

Life is a series of compromises. Who is Basil?

I had been in England for six months visiting Daphne Delaney, who is my cousin; but visiting Daphne had been hard work. One started out to go shopping with her and ended up at a counter in a big shop demanding of a mob of women hunting bargains in one-and-six kids—gloves—why they were sheep.

"Sheep!" she would say, eying them scornfully. "Silly sheep, who do nothing but bleat-with but one occupation or reason for living-to cover your backs!"

Then two or three stately gentlemen in frock coats would pull her down and I would try to pretend I was not with her.

Now, I believe in suffrage. I own a house back home in America. Father gave it to me so I could dress myself out of the rent. But between plumbers and taxes, and a baby with a hammer, which ruined the paint, I never get much. The first thing I knew, the men voted to pave the street in front of the old thing, and I had to give up a rose-colored charmeuse and pay for it. But that is not all. The minute the street was paved some more men came along and raised my taxes because the street was improved! So I paid three hundred dollars to have my taxes raised! Is that reasonable? Is that government?

Well, that made me strong for suffrage. And of course there are a lot of other things. But I am not militant. You know as well as I do that it is coming. The American men are just doing what father does at Christmastime. For about a month beforehand he talks about hard times and not seeing his way clear, and all that. And on Christmas morning he comes downstairs awfully glum, with one hand

We always play up and tell him never to mind-maybe he can do it next year. And we are always awfully surprised when he brings his hand round with checks for everybody, bigger than they had expected.

And so, just as soon as the men realize that we are really in earnest about the vote, and will not just smile and look tolerant when we try to learn something about politics, they will give it to us, with bells on it. Of course I am speaking of the American men. They will have to extract the vote from the English with forceps.

I have really thought a lot about it, though Daphne once said I had enthusiasm instead of intelligence, politically. But how am I to learn? Men always talk nonsense to me instead of politics. I tell you it gets on my nerves sometimes. Now and then one does tell me a little; but he is always elderly and not alluring.

Well, Poppy and I got started at last. Poppy left in a raging temper over something or other—a bill before the House, I think. I was so busy getting packed that I forgot what it was, if I ever knew-and she hardly spoke for twenty miles; but at Guildford she recovered her temper. It was during the assizes and the sheriff was lunching at the hotel. His gilt coach was at the door, with a footman in wig and plush, white stockings and buckles, and a most magnificent coachman. Poppy's eyes narrowed. She pointed to the footman's ornamented legs.

"The great babies!" she said. "How a man loves to dress! Government, is it? Eighteenth-century costumes and medieval laws! Government-in gold lace and a cocked hat! Law in its majesty, Madge, with common sense and common justice in rags. That can vote, while you and I ——" She stopped for breath.

The footman's calves twitched, but he

looked straight ahead.

I got her into the building somehow or other. She looked quite calm, except that she was breathing hard. I reminded her that she had promised to be quiet on this trip; and she powdered her nose and looked penitent and distractingly pretty.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's this parade of authority that gets on my nerves—this glittering show of half the people ruling all the people."

When she came back from ordering the luncheon she was smiling. I thought it was all over.
"Luncheon!" she said cheerfully. "With strawberries

as big as a teacup, and clotted cream!"

I think my mind was on the clotted cream, for I followed her past one dining room to a second—a long, low room full of men. She pushed me in ahead. "I-I think it's the wrong room, Poppy," I said.

"There's the -It was the wrong room and she knew it! The sheriff was at the center table and near him was a great serving stand with hot and cold roasts and joints. I tried to back out, but at that moment Poppy slammed the door and locked it.

"Don't yell!" she said to me under her breath, and dropped something ice-cold down my back—the key! About half the men started to their feet. Poppy raised

"Gentlemen," she said, "you need not rise! I have a few things I would like to say while you finish luncheon. I shall be entirely orderly. The question of the suffrage

They dodged as though she had been loaded with shrapnel instead of a speech. They shouted and clamored. They ordered us out. And all the time the door was locked and the key was down my back!

"Poppy!" I said, clutching her arm. "Poppy, for the love of heaven -

She had forgotten me absolutely. When she finally turned her eyes on me she never saw me.

'The door is locked, gentlemen," she said. "If you will give me five minutes –

They would not listen, however. The sheriff sat still and ate his luncheon. Time might come and time might go, tides flow and ebb, old eras give way to new—but the British lion must be fed. But once I caught his eye and I almost thought it twinkled. Perish the thought! The old order wink at the new?

They demanded the key. The lunch hour was over. The assizes waited. In vain Poppy pleaded for five minutes to talk.

"After that I'll turn over the key," she promised. The only way she could have turned over the key was, of course, to take me into a corner, stand me on my head and jounce it out! I was very nervous, I will confess. No one had laid a hand on Poppy as yet. She was so young and good looking—and the minute anybody loomed very close she turned her baby profile to him and he looked as though he had been caught gunning for butterflies!

Finally, however, the noise becoming a tumult, and Poppy and I forced back against the door, the sheriff approached. The crowd made respectful way for him.

"Now, young ladies," he said, "this has been an agreeable break in our long day; but—all pleasant things must end. Open the door, please."

"Will you give me five minutes?" Poppy demanded. "I'm a taxpayer. I help to pay the people in this room. I have a right to be heard."

"Open the door!" said the sheriff.

"No!"

"Then give up the key and one of my men-

I caught his arm. I could not stand it another minute. It is all well enough for Poppy to say it was cowardly and that the situation was ours until I gave it away. The key

was not down her back!
"Break the lock!" I said frantically. "The—the key is where I can't get it."

He was really twinkling now, but the crowd round was

outraged on account of him and his dignity. "You didn't swallow it, did you?" he asked in an

undertone. "It's down the back of my waist," I replied.

Poppy said afterward that I cried on the sheriff's breast and made a scene and disgraced her generally. It is not true. I only leaned my head against his arm for a minuteand he was not angry, for he patted my shoulder. I am terribly fond of Poppy, but she is not always reasonable.

There had been a great deal of noise. I remember hearing echoes of the dining-room excitement from the hallway beyond the door and some one pounding. They were breaking the lock from the outside. All the time Poppy was talking in her lovely soft voice. Finally she said:

"Since woman is called on to obey the laws she ought to have a voice in making them

"Hear! Hear!" cried somebody.
"Since she doesn't make them, why should she obey them?" demanded Poppy, lifting violet eyes to the crowd.

"I didn't make the Ten Commandments," said a voice from the rear of the room, "but I'll get hell just the same if I break them! What have you got to say about that?" Poppy was stumped for once. I believe it was the most

humiliating moment of her public life. She went quite pale and opened her lips, but no retort came.

Luckily the lock broke just then and we were hustled out of the room. There was a crowd in the hall and it was most disagreeable. I expected to be arrested, of course; but the crowd, feeling it had the best of things with the Ten Commandments, was in high good humor. They let us by without a word and the sheriff himself stood on the steps while we got into our car.

Just as Poppy's chauffeur got the engine started the landlord ran out and demanded the key. Poppy told the chauffeur to go on in a frantic voice, but he hesitated. All the majesty of British law was there on the steps and the gold coach was waiting. Of course to be arrested for

disturbing the peace with a suffrage speech is one thing, but theft is another. I threw a pleading glance at the sheriff and he came slowly down the steps. Men with wands kept the crowd back. The fat coachman with the wig did not turn his head, but the footman at the coach door leered and avenged his calves. Even Poppy flushed.

"Quick!" said the sheriff feroclously in a low tone. "Give me something that looks like a key, and then get away as quickly as you can.

I opened my pocketbook. The only thing that was even the size of a key was my smelling-salts bottle. So I gave him that and he covered it with his big hand. Then, still frowning savagely, he made a lordly gesture for us to move on.

Have you ever been in the Wom-Clubhouse that Poppy orated? The staircase walls are wonderful-crowds of women, poor and old, young and rich, with clouds round them, and so on, all ascending toward a saintly person with a key-Saint Peter, or somebody. Well, the saint looks like the sheriff at Guildford, and the key does not look like a key!

We slept at Bournemouth that night-or, rather, we did not sleep. Poppy sat up half the night trying to think of an answer to the Ten Commandments thing. She said she should get that again—she felt it—and what was she to say? I had recovered the key and my good humor by that time, but I could not help much. Seeing her so disturbed I had not the heart to tell her what I suspected; but I was sure I had seen Vivian Harcourt on the edge of the crowd at Guildford. It would have made her furious to think that she was under any sort of espionage; but Vivian was following us, I felt confident, with money to bail us out if she did any-

thing reckless. He knew her, you see. Poppy slept late in the morning, and I got up and went down to the pier, a melancholy place, wet with morning mist and almost deserted.

There were rows of beach chairs and overturned boats littering the beach, and not a soul in sight but a few fishermen. I sat there and thought of Atlantic City on a bright July morning, with children and nurses on the sand, and nice young men in flannels. I was awfully homesick for a minute. And it came over me, too, that I had no particular business helping the Cause in England, and having keys put down my back, and giving up my gold-topped salts bottle, which was a present from Basil Ward, when all the time the Cause at home was fighting just as grimly and much more politely.

Vivian was on the pier. He was sitting looking out, with his finger booked round his cigarette which is Cambridge fashion, I believe, or maybe the king does it—and looking very glum.
"Where is she? In jail?" he demanded.

"She's asleep, poor thing!" I said.

He snorted.

"Lots of sleep I've had!" he said. "Look here, Madge, is she going to take her vacation by locking up sheriffs all along the route? Because if she is, I'm going back to London."

"I think it very likely," I replied coldly. "You'd better go back anyhow. She'll be murderous if she knows she's followed."

"I can't leave her alone, can I?"

"I'm along."

He laughed. It was rude of him.
"You!" he said. "Madge—tell me honestly—where was the key?"

"She put it down my back."

He fairly howled with joy. I hated him! But he calmed before long and offered me a cigarette as a peace offering. I declined.

"You'd better go along," he said; "she may need the back again. Madge, is there any chance for me-with her?"

"Well, she likes you—when you are not in the way." "I'd be in the way now, I suppose, if I turned up tonight

Where do you stop?"

"At Torquay. Look here, Vivian, I've just thought of something. She's put out about a thing a man said yesterday. She wants an answer. She's got arguments, but what she wants is a retort. If you could give her one she'd probably forgive your hanging round, and all that."

Ousebreaking it is; I Watched You in and Hout"

So I told him about the Ten Conmandments, and Poppy knowing she should get it again and sitting up to worry it out. He said it was easy. He would have something to break his appearance in Torquay. But it was not so easy a it seemed at first. I left him sitting there looking out to sea, with a notebook on his knee. He called after me that he would follow us—a few miles behind; but he should not turn up until he had thought of some thing worth while. We did not see

Vivian at Torquay. Poppy was tired that night and went to bed early. Her faith in herself had been shaken, l could see, and not even the newspaper

accounts of her having locked up the sheriff at Guildford could cheer her. But she brightened that morning when she made a clever retort to a man in the Torquay public square. She was speaking from the machine and there was : splendid crowd.

"When the women go to vote, miss," said the man, touching his cap, "who is going to mind the children?"

"We intend to establish a messenger service."
"A messenger service?" The crowd was listening.

"Yes-to summon the fathers home from the pubs to hold the babies."

That gave her a laugh and we drove on in triumph. It helped Poppy, reinstated her in her own esteem, gave her a little peace-though the T. C. thing was still in the back of her mind. Then Dartmoor Forest put her into a trance—the heather was in bloom; and she made sketches and color bits, and lay back in the car in a sort of dream. planning the next winter's work.

If she thought of Vivian she never mentioned him, and she snapped me off when I spoke of him. I had a fright at Dartmoor Forest. We had climbed a long hill and Poppy had turned the glasses back along the road. Suddenly I saw her straighten and she gave the glasses to me.

"Who are those men in that car down in the valley The car below had stopped also. I looked. It was Viv and Basil Ward. Poppy's lovely eyes are shortsighted; and, with her mind on color

schemes and things, I knew Vivian had no business to appear. "Well?" she snapped.

"One looks as though he might have a beard," I said slowly, "and the other-the other's driving-He's a chauffeur, isn't he?"

"I dare say!" said Poppy, and eyed me; but I looked my blandest and gave her the glasses.

She did not glance at the men again, but climbed into the car rather grimly. All the rest of the way to Tintagel she never turned her head to look behind.

Poppy was tired and went to bed early. I walked out on the terrace and Basil was there. He said Viv had sent for him on the T. C. matter and he had something in

"He gave it up, poor chap!" know. As a matter of fact he and Poppy are both so bally serious that it makes me wonder how they'll hit it off."

"If she's as earnest about matrimony as she is about suffrage." ! said, "she'll be a sincere wife."

Basil said nothing. We had walked out to the edge of the and were leaning against the rough stone parapet.

"It's rather nice, isn't it?" be said suddenly. "Here we are



"You Haven't Got a Headache - You Have a Pain in Your Disposition"

almost at Land's End and the old Atlantic. Madge, will you give me a perfectly honest answer to a question?"

I braced myself. "Yes."

"Did you stay over here in England because your whole eart is in the Cause?" "Ye-es."

"Your whole heart?" "Our motives are always mixed, Basil," I said kindly. It would have been awfully silly to have endured that niserable spring and not have stayed for June and July."

"You get a great many cablegrams from America." "That," I said with dignity, "is, of course, my own

"About the Cause?" "Not-always."

"From a man, of course?"

"Yes," I said sweetly, and went back to the hotel.

I broke the news to Poppy about Vivian and she stormed; ut suddenly she stopped, with a calculating light in her eye. "He's a fool to follow me," she said; "but he has gleams

f intelligence, Madge. I-I shall put

he T. C. matter up to him!" So I sent Viv a letter that night. You æ, one must manage Poppy.

Dear Viv: She knows, and the worst over. Breakfast early and keep out he way until noon. She is going to work. I you have a good retort to the T. C. usiness don't give it too soon, when he asks you. It would humiliate her. 'hen, if she's pleased, you can ask her he other. MADGE.

P. S. Make her promise to let you and think as you like about suffrage. le sure! Get her to write it if you can. happen to know that if she marries you he hopes you'll take alternate Sundays ith her at the Monument, so she can peak at Camberwell.

Poppy came down to breakfast in her est morning frock, looking stern but wely, and sat with her profile to the oom.

She took only an egg, though she sually has a kipper also.

Once or twice I caught her watching he door, but Viv did not appear. She sitered over the Times for quite a while, ut at last she got her sketching things nd we went out to the cliffhead, where here was a bench. It is a long tongue I rock, about twenty feet wide or so; nd far below, on each side, is the ocean. here was a rough-haired pony out there lso, and the three of us were crowded. he pony wanted sugar or something ad kept getting in the way. Poppy ketched, but her heart was not in it; nd at every new hello! from some tourat exploring King Arthur's ruins—the astle of course-she looked up ex-

After a time she grew impatient and illed the pony a beast, and asked what as the use of her trying to paint the lace anyhow when one could buy ten plored postcards of it for a sixpence. t was one of her difficult mornings.

At last I caught sight of Basil waving me from the hotel and I went back. left Poppy there alone, pretending to cetch, though it was perfectly clear to very one that the only view she had as of the pony's mangy side. Shortly

fter, I saw Vivian, in walking tweeds, going along one of sesheep paths, and looking very handsome and determined. Basil and I sat on the terrace and concentrated. It was

ly idea. "Will her to take him!" I said:

"I will," said Basil, looking at me.

"She's so pretty," said I. "Lovely!" said Basil.

into a corner.

"And it's such a natural thing," I went on. "He has a of character and he's gentle as well as firm."

"I thank you," said Basil; and, rising, he bowed. "I don't believe," I said, "that you are concentrating." The pony had got round behind the bench and we lost bem for a moment; but the little beast moved off just ben, and it was like lifting a curtain. Poppy's head was on

vivian's shoulder. "Good old Viv!" said Basil. And he sighed. I met Vivian as I went down to luncheon. He was comng up three stairs at a time, but he stopped and drew me

"Right-o!" he said. "You're a trump, Madge! The

T. C. did it. She's promised all sorts of things.

"And you?" I demanded. I thought he evaded my eye.

"I?" he said. "Well, I've agreed not to interfere with her career. That's only reasonable."

"And—suffrage?"

"She's going to be less militant," he said. "Of course her conviction is the same. I want her to stand by her principles. I wouldn't respect her if she didn't.

That did not quite satisfy me. I knew Poppy. But he was so happy I said nothing. After all, what could I say? Viv had never opposed suffrage except in its militant form—though I don't believe he had felt the necessity for it; but the trouble was that Poppy was a born militant. And he had promised her the strength of her convictions!

I wrote it all to father that afternoon, and his cablegram came when I was back in London again and settled. It was:

No great revolution was ever accomplished without bloodshed.

WHEN Poppy and Vivian had been married and gone to Brittany I went back to Daphne's. Daphne was very discouraging about them. I remember her standing by the fire and orating, with her teacup in her hand.



"Of Course," Said Poppy. "Nothing Should Interfere With the Freedom and Right to His Opinion of the English Voter"

"There's a loss somewhere—bound to be!" she said. Daphne is short and stout, and wears her hair short and curled over her head with an iron. "Either suffrage loses her or she loses a husband. I've watched it. It doesn't do, Maggie!"-which is her pet name for me. "A suffragist as valuable as Poppy should not marry. You remember what Jane Willoughby's husband said to her-that he expected the Cause for his wife to be himself, and that if she'd rather raise votes for women than a family of children she would have to choose at once. When she asked him why she couldn't do both he went to Africa!"

"Without giving her an answer?"

"Bless the child! There isn't any answer! Of course she could do both. Does a man neglect his business to vote? Of course not. Raising children is a woman's business and there's no need for 'em to neglect it. It's idiocy that takes refuge in silence-or goes to Africa."

"Viv isn't an imbecile," I said feebly.

"He's a male," she snapped, and ran her fingers up through her fringe, so that she appeared to stand in a gale of wind. "A lord of creation! What rot!"

The first blow fell about a week after. Poppy and Vivian came home from their wedding trip. They were settled in Viv's house in Lancaster Gate, and one of the wings was being turned into a studio for Poppy, with a glass roof. Vivian is a playwright, you know, and his study was to be beneath the workshop, with a private staircase connecting. She was most awfully happy. She had brought home some stunning sketches and her first work was to be his study

Basil and I were asked to dinner. Poppy wanted to talk over her plans with us—and there was no one else. Poppy was radiant. We drank to the pony at Tintagel, and to the key at Guildford, and to the new play and the new paintings. The thing was a great success until halfway through the dinner, when suddenly Poppy said:

By the way, Viv, the income-tax man was here today." I felt, for some reason, as I had felt when the key went

down my back. Viv smiled and went to his doom.
"Just imagine, Basil!" he said. "The sweet young person across the table made more than I did last year! Four thousand pounds!"

"I'm too commercially successful to think I have any real genius," said Poppy complacently.

And some small sum the same sweet young person will have to pay over to the tax man," Basil observed.

Poppy raised her violet eyes. "I don't intend to pay it," she said. Vivian put down his glass.

"That's what Madge would call a bluff," he said, with his eyes on her. "You'll be obliged to pay it, dearest. You know that."

"Taxation without representation is what it amounts to!" Poppy's face was dangerously agreeable. "The American Colonies seceded, didn't they, for something like that? I paid it last year; but I made up my mind then I'd never do it again."

Basil was looking very uncomfortable. "I gave you the privilege of your conviction," said Vivstiffly. "Of course, if that's your intention there is nothing more to be said."

Poppy looked puzzled.

"But it is wrong, isn't it?" she demanded.

"The principle may not be entirely equitable. Few laws work equally well for all." Vivian now was a little white about the lips. "But, such as it is, it's the law of your country."

"I didn't choose my country or make its laws!" Poppy cried. "I have a right to protest. I'll not pay it!"

Now, as I have said before, motives are seldom unmixed. I think what Poppy meant to do was simply to register a protest-to make a lot of fuss about it. If they sent her to jail, being the prominent person she was—she was the Honorable Poppy; I think I forgot to say that before—it would make a lot of feeling. Then, having asserted her principles, she could get sick or go on a hunger strike; and Vivian would pay the tax and get her out. Basil laughed with assumed cheerfulness.

"Then Viv is stuck for the tax," he said.

Vivian looked across the table and met Poppy's eyes.

"That's hardly what you are getting at, is it?" he asked. "Your protest is against the imposition of the tax, isn't it? It's a matter of principle."

"I have not asked you to pay it."

"As a matter of fact I haven't the slightest intention of paying it, Poppy. You put me in an absurd position that's all.'

Well, we talked of other things and pretended not to notice Vivian's strained eyes and Poppy's high color. She took me off after a time to see the new studio, and it did not take me long to tell her what I thought.

"It's absurd!" I said. "Do you expect to break down iron bars by banging your head against them?"

"It's my head!" she said sulkily.

It was rather a ghastly evening. We were all most polite and formal, and Basil took me home. I told him about my house at home in the United States and the way I'd been treated, and about having nothing at the end of a year but plumbers' bills and tax receipts.

"I'm glad you haven't any particular income," he said at last. "That's one element of discord removed."

"I don't understand."

"Yes, you do," he said calmly. "You know exactly what I mean, and what I hope, and what I feel. I don't dare to say it, because if I start I'll - Madge, I shall not propose to you until my Uncle Egbert dies. I don't

want you until I can support you comfortably — That's a lie! I want you damnably all the time.'

I do not remember that we said anything more until we reached Daphne's. Then, as he helped me out I said:

"How old is Uncle Egbert?"

"Eighty-six!" he replied grimly, and went away without shaking hands.

Well, to go back to Poppy—for, of course, it is her story I am telling, not mine-mother came over soon after that and I went with her to Mentone for two months. Then she went back to America from Genoa, and I went back to London. Mother is the sweetest person in the world and I adore her; but she represents the old-fashioned woman and of course I stand for the advanced. For instance, she was much more interested in Basil Ward than in the Cause and she absolutely disapproved of Poppy's stand about the income tax.

"I don't care to discuss the Cause," she said to me. "We have trouble enough now, with only the men voting. Why should we double our anxieties?"

"That's silly, mother!" I retorted. "Because one baby is a trouble should one have only one child?"

Basil met me at Charing Cross and I knew there was something up the very way his stick hung to his arm.

"How's everything?" I asked when he had called a cab and settled me in it. "How nice and sooty it is, after the Riviera!"

"Filthy hole!" said Basil grumpily. "Haven't had a decent day since you left."

"And Poppy?"

"Poppy's a fool!" Basil broke out. "I'm glad you're back, Madge. Maybe you can do something with her."

He refused to tell me anything further however. He asked whether I would mind going directly to Lancaster Gate and sat back in a corner eying me most of the way.

"You make me nervous!" I said at last. "If you can't look at me pleasantly, why look at all?"

"I can't help looking at you; and I'm blessed if I can look pleasant! Madge, just how much is your heart and soul in the-er-Cause?"

Well, I was pretty tired of being questioned all the time and having people insinuate that I was only posing about suffrage. And, more than that, I'd seen women carrying bricks in hods up ladders for new buildings on the Continent, and being harnessed to milkcarts to drag them about; and it seemed to me that they should be able to stand up

under the fearful exertion of going to the polls to vote! "There isn't any sacrifice I wouldn't make for it."

"Why should you have to make sacrifices? Why not let—some willing male go ahead of you through life, clearing away the difficulties, smoothing the path?"

"Not shoulder to shoulder," I observed, "but the man a little ahead!"

"The man always has gone a little ahead, hasn't he?" "I don't remember," I replied, "that, when Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden, Adam went ahead and got everything ready, carpets down and stove connected—and all that. They went hand in hand; and, dollars to cents, Eve carried the spade!"

He seemed to drop farther back into his corner. The whole thing puzzled me. For Basil looked dejected and beaten somehow. And yet he had always believed that women should vote.

We found Poppy in her studio, but Viv's workroom below was empty and the door into the passage stood open. His desk was orderly and his pens in a row. Poppy was painting; she gave me a cheek to kiss-and she was positively thin!

"You're looking fit, Madge," she said without a smile.

"We've missed her, haven't we, Basil?"

Basil grunted something. Suddenly it occurred to me that he and Poppy hardly glanced at one another, and that he was still holding his hat and gloves.

"You'll stay, won't you, Basil?"

"Sorry!" said Basil. "I'll-I'll drop in again."

"Crumpets for tea!" said Poppy. They had engaged the cook on account of her crumpets.

"Thanks, awfully!" Basil muttered; and having said something about seeing me again very soon he got out.

I stared after him. Could this be Basil-this brooding individual who did nothing but stare at me as though he were trying to work something out? Poppy came over to me with her fists in the pockets of her painting apron.

"Frightened, like all the rest!" she said. "They say I'm responsible for hundreds of broken engagements! They made the law themselves-and now, when they see it is operation, they squeal."

It came over me then-Poppy's strained eyes and Basil looking so queer!

"Then Viv

"Viv is in jail, my dear," she said. "He made the law of course; but I wish you'd hear them! The Husbards' Liability Act, child! A married woman's husband is responsible for her debts. I refused to pay my income tax as taxation without representation. Viv got stubbern and said he wouldn't. Result—the entire male population screaming for help; engaged men breaking with suffragist fiancées; the population prospects of the country poor; and-Viv in jail!"

"That-that's what is wrong with Basil?"

"Of course I'm sorry, Maggie. The men have banded together. They call it the Husbands' Defense League! They take turns at visiting Viv and sending him books and things. It's-it's maddening!"

Poppy asked me to stay with her. She was really in a bad way. She was not eating or sleeping; and that very night a crowd of men gathered in front of the house and hissed and called her things. One of them made a speech, He said his wife was holding out her taxes on him and he expected to go up the next day. Poppy went out on the balcony and tried to tell them why she had done it, and that it was a matter of principle—and all that.

(Continued on Page 57)

# Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries By James H. Collins

THEN the insurance man undertakes to sell you an accident policy he dwells on the big disasters that might happen to you-such as being caught in a railroad wreck or a sinking ship—and gives you a graphic schedule of what the company will pay you for each arm and leg you lose, and for fractures of such odds and ends of anatomy as your ribs, fingers and

When you get your policy, however, probably none of these well-paid disasters will happen to you. The only claim you ever make may be for something like injuries due to falling from a stepladder while taking down the stovepipe; for such minor humdrum mishaps cause a large proportion of the losses paid by an accident company. If you can manage to get hurt in a big disaster-like a trainwreck or a boiler explosion—the company will pay you double indemnity; but it is not so easy as you may imagine.

The business world has now seriously set about eliminating certain things connected with its affairs that are not needed. Among these unnecessaries are industrial accidents.

Until quite recently industrial accidents were thought of as big, dramatic affairs, like the major disasters that help insurance agents to sell accident policies; also that most of them happened away off somewhere and happened to the other fellow anyway; and that, therefore, the average workman and employer could not do anything about it and were not concerned.

Today, however, all business is out for safety first; and the most hopeful phase of this new movement is a mental one—the general recognition by everybody that the industrial accidents which really matter are the little ones; that even the big disasters usually have very trifling causes; and that everybody is in some way responsible.

A railroad engineer took out an extra locomotive instead of the engine he was used to running. He is a careful man and inspects everything before pulling out; but this time he neglected to inspect the whistle rope. Two hours later, while he was bowling along downgrade, a man stepped on the track right ahead, with his back turned to the approaching train. The engineer reached for the whistle rope and



In the End. No Matter Who is to Blame, the Accidents Come Down to Jo Many Little Causes

gave a yank, and the rope broke—it was rotten. Fortunately he got one good blast and that toot saved the

Another case that turned out less happily happened in the construction of a building. The contractor had hired a hoisting engine from a near-by factory. One day while a six-ton load of lumber was being lifted with this engine

the load fell and killed a man. Investigation showed that the hoisting engine had a bad habit of reversing when too heavy a load was put on it. At the factory where it was owned the engineer had taken off the cylinder heads and found the piston rings worn; so that under a heavy load the steam escaped past the rings and the load simply turned the engine backward.

Instead of fitting new rings, however, he had reported to the superintendent and replaced the cylinder heads. The superintendent did nothing about it; so thereafter the engineer ran that engine with allowance for its eccentricities, splitting heavy loads and doubling up on the pulleys and purchases. When it was handed over to an engineer ignorant of its personal equation there was a tragedy.

Little causes lead to most accidents, large as well as small, and everybody is responsible-

including the public. About a year ago an alarming increase in mishaps to women began to attract attention at the terminal of a big railroad. It seemed as though women had suddenly taken to falling down the stairs, tripping as they left or entered trains, and finding similar ways of hurting themselves and boosting the accident statistics. Investigation revealed the cause—one already familiar to trolley people in connection with the alighting and boarding accidents that make up a large percentage of trolley mishaps.

The cause was high heels or hobble skirts. The railroad company announced that it would not be responsible for injuries to foolishly dressed women, and that when they were hurt through their own freak clothes it would publish their names, addresses and ages.

In the end probably some of these high-hed and hobbleskirt mishaps would get into the statistics showing the number of people injured and killed by our railroads. That is what might be termed a very popular schedule. Many an editor has written about the terrible toll of human life exacted by our railroads, contrasting our statistics with those of Europe and ignoring the fact that about every other person killed in this country is trespasser.

Last year, out of ten thousand five hundred and eightyfive fatalities on all American railroads, only three hundred and eighteen persons killed were passengers and three thousand six hundred and thirty-five employees. The rest were chiefly trespassers—six thousand six hundred and thirty-two persons-leaving about five thousand trespassers after deducting for grade-crossing accidents. Figures gathered by an Eastern road show that four out of ive lived near the scene of the accident; so it is not the ramp who suffers. They were people walking on the track or crossing the right-of-way instead of using the crossovers provided for safety.

In Europe it is against the law to walk on railroad tracks; out in this country, where railroads have tried to stop respass by arresting offenders, there is a disposition among ourts to dismiss the case because the offense seems trivial.

Now that it is understood how accidents arise from rifling causes, that many are due to heedlessness or ignoance, and that everybody must help reduce the number, here is much fine prevention work going on everywhere. accident prevention is like playing baseball with a good eam. The statistics of mishaps in a given plant or industry an be studied like a ball score and better play developed o make a better showing.

About thirty accidents in every hundred appear to be up o the boss. On the whole the boss realizes this and is rying to play better ball at his end. Automatic safeguards are being devised very rapidly. Gears, belts, wheels, harged wires, and so on, are being screened; dangerous

nachinery made afe or self-feeding: lefective equipment epaired or sent to he scrapheap.

Exhibitions of afety devices are eing held and mueums established where men reponsible for the nanagement or intallation of plants an see what is availble to reduce the isks in every line. mproved apparatus ends to eliminate such danger-the lirect-drive motor m machinery, for zample, has abolshed dangerous hafts and belts, and is tiny switch close t hand permits intant stopping of sachinery when nything goes

rong. Not only is machinery safeguarded but industrial lants are studied as a whole to provide safer working onditions.

Last year in one great electrical works more than twelve undred unsuspected danger spots were found and abolhed—improper grouping of equipment; narrow passages; ark corners; slippery places, and the like, where a man light safely pass ten thousand times and be hurt the next me. During the past five years a big steel company as spent three-quarters of a million dollars for accident revention, and reduction in serious and fatal mishaps has flected the saving of life and limb for more than eleven bousand employees in that period. In money it works out t a cost of sixty-five dollars to save a man; but ultimately he cost will fall far below this, because much of the work permanent improvement.

#### Accidents the Result of Vanity

DESPITE popular belief, it is not machinery that causes most industrial accidents. An orderly German invesgator has looked into the records and finds that men at ork are hurt chiefly by the crude forces of Naturespecially by the force of gravity. Accidents come largely om using men to carry burdens, lift loads, climb heights. be cure for many such accidents is to stop making mules nd monkeys of men and turn the work over to mechanical ppliances. In just about the degree that mechanical quipment is employed man is in control of the situation nd fairly safe. Seventy accidents in every hundred are aid to be due to shortcomings that lie outside the boss' eld and often beyond his control. Therefore they are up o the organization; and at this end of the team, too, good all is being played.

When the organization runs down the first causes of this ig percentage of accidents it finds all sorts of important rifles. Hobble skirts and high heels are large items, for

Mechanics are not supposed to be vain; yet in machine hops many workers are hurt by flying metal chips and the dust from grinding operations, simply because they will not wear the goggles and respirators that would give protection. Factory inspectors say the chief reason is appearance! Goggles make a man look like a guy! And the inspectors themselves admit that in visiting shops where these devices ought to be worn they seldom wear them and for the same reason.

In one plant the men thought the boss childish when he advised them to cut their shirtsleeves off at the elbow, turn them up and fasten them with rubber bands, always to wear shirts tucked into trousers and never to wear neckties at work. Some of the men followed this advice, however, with such a reduction in the number of hurts received by being caught in machinery that the whole force soon adopted the boss' fashions.

In a foundry men were being burned by hot metal and laid up for a week or so at a time. By adopting hardwoven overalls and old-fashioned gaiter shoes the number of severe burns was cut down eighty-five per cent-the hard cloth turned chance splashes of metal; and the shoes, clinging tightly to ankles, did the same-while in an emergency they could be slipped off in an instant. Lace shoes, dangling shoestrings and frayed trousers were found to be responsible for so many hurts in another plant that they were abolished by rule.

How important it is to dress properly for work was shown when the foreman in an electric-light plant, pointing out to some of his men a joint in a charged wire, touched it with the rim of his hat and was fatally shocked. Ordinarily

of this Y and the rear trucks on the other branch a car would foul the wall. This had been known by all the motormen for some time, but accepted as a matter of course, nobody considering it his business to tell the engineering staff its business.

Ignorance as a cause of mishaps lies partly with the rganization and partly with the boss.

The organization can instruct and caution fellow employees likely to bring about a mishap through lack of knowledge or experience, and particularly it can report the man who, through persistent carelessness or incurable stupidity, is apt to hurt himself or others. The false sense of honor that often makes workers hesitate to report that man is being replaced with the understanding that he had better be out of the organization and in some other line of work; for the man he ultimately hurts or kills may be one who is too conscientious to report him.

Other forms of ignorance come within the province of the boss. He can instruct men put into responsible positions and safeguard dangerous places where they are apt to

One very essential thing in accident prevention is clear labeling about every plant, with warning signs on all the danger spots that cannot be abolished. Apparatus is marked with red paint or signs. For foreign employees these last must be in several languages or reduced to symbols that will convey Danger! Hands off! without words.

One ingenious device for this purpose is a round card, to be hung at danger spots, with a terrifying red-and-black

skull printed on both sides, furnished by a big machinery house to any of their customers who want it.

Don'ts

#### HOWEVER, after the warning has been reduced to pictures there is still a chance that the foreigner may be colorblind and, because this red-and-black sign is not seen in its true colors, may touch a charged electrical conductor or turn a valve that will burn somebody with live steam. For that reason it has been suggested that all such warnings be printed in blue

and yellow.

Then comes in the public, which complicates the accident situation in many ways through ignorance of the hazards in transportation and the use of public utilities of various kinds. This has lately led to systematic campaigns by corporations to reach people through moving pictures, advertisements and pamphlets, with clearly illustrated Don'ts! for their protection, and to teaching safety principles in the public schools.

Sometimes the purpose is accomplished in a roundabout way. The division superintendent of a Western railroad found that there was a bad record in accidents to boys on his part of the line, due to their love for hopping trains. This superintendent was an athlete, having formerly been a physical-culture teacher. Don't! had never made any impression on the boys; so he worked out a successful scheme based on Do!

Opposite his office there was a fine swimming hole in the river, and this was fitted with a platform, steps, springboard and a dressing room. Then he called the boys together, told them that was their swimming pool, and that he would teach them to swim and do other athletic stunts; but they must stop hopping trains-any boy caught hopping trains would be barred from the pool. In a year the personal-injury accidents at that point dropped sixty-three per cent and not a boy was hurt on the railroad.

In the end, no matter who is to blame, the accidents come down to so many little causes that-after all the machinery has been safeguarded, and all the inspection provided, and all the workmen's compensation laws passed, and all the indemnity insurance taken out-the big part of the accident problem still remains to be reckoned with.

That is the human equation. It persists. It turns up unexpectedly in strange places and is such a negligible factor—until it really matters.

A railroad can be bulldozed into safe operation for a year-two years-five years. Workers can be coached to be careful for a while and the public held to safe habits so long as it is interested; but by and by, if accident prevention is undertaken spasmodically, the idea becomes (Concluded on Page 70)

Many Accidents are

clothing is pretty good insulation if used in the right waymen who work round electrical apparatus use it as such in an emergency; but the foreman's hat was a derby, and in the rim of a derby hat there is a perfect electrical conductor—the steel wire that reënforces it.

Carelessness and ignorance on the part of employees are responsible for many accidents.

In the factory-inspection bureau of one city a study was made of mishaps due to bursting grinding wheels—a class of accidents long thought to be mysterious and unavoid-

Step by step each mishap was classified by its general cause, and the general causes were carried out into a larger number of secondary causes, and these into still more remote causes, until all the big accidents were split up into as many small final causes as one of the burst wheels itself had been split into pieces.

They looked like a genealogical tree turned upside down, with the one child in the present generation a serious mishap, in which somebody had been hurt or killed, and the great-great-grandparents of that mishap a group of very commonplace and unpretentious persons of the following

Improper size

Ignorance.

Carelessness Thoughtless increase Horseplay of speed Lack of oil

About two-thirds of these items were chargeable to workmen-a good many to foremen; and very few could be carried all the way up to the boss. This genealogical tree of grinding-wheel-accident causes was published for general

One day a trolley car being taken into the shops over a certain Y was smashed against a wall that was too close to the rails for clearance. This hurt the professional feelings of the engineering staff, because it thought ample clearance had been provided over every track for every piece of rolling stock the company owned.

An investigation was held and it was discovered that when the forward trucks of a few cars were on one branch

# WITH TABASCO SAUCE



"Plerrot, He Walts Like Some Chicken at Coney Island"

a wizard at his craft and a disturbing element. Just then his attention was wholly centered on the activities of one of the canvasmen, who was chasing a persistent razorback hog from the fodder pile.

Callahan admired Barker. He admired Barker's resourcefulness, his resiliency and his vocabulary. He related incidents of each quality and acquirement—how, for instance, in 1889 Barker had taken a bale of hay and stuffed Ajax, the decrepit lion who had "died on him," and had done it in such a manner as to improve on life and delude the most sophisticated of his public; how Barker had painted the spots on the hyena, so that, until the ferocious animal had got into a fight with another dog and had the pacifying hose turned on him, it had been one of the main attractions of the menagerie.

He told of Barker's apt reply to the old gentleman who complained of a marked discrepancy between the melancholy monkey in the three-by-four cage and its pictorial representation as a man-eating chimpanzee of the African jungles tearing up a banyan tree with one hand and abducting a beauteous savage maiden with the other in the face of an infuriated but terrified native population. Nevertheless, Callahan admitted that Barker had a vindictiveness of character that was often allowed to interfere with business.

Here the razorback emitted a rasping squeal as a fourfoot tent peg came into violent contact with his prominent spareribs. Then he trotted briskly off in the direction of Main Street, grunting disgust as he went, while the grinning canvasman leisurely recovered his missile. Frenchy wiped his dyed mustache with the sleeve of his shirt and twisted the ends upward.

"That pig, he squeals C sharp," he remarked. "For a squeal that has not been cultivated, it is magnifique!" "Yes; Barker's all right," concluded Callahan; "but

"Yes; Barker's all right," concluded Callahan; "but he'll bite off his nose to spite his face any old time and he's no contortionist at that. That's his weakness."

Frenchy's black eyes glittered.

"That's Sam Barker you talk about, eh?" he said in a harsh voice. "I tell you what I do to him some time: I cut that nose off his face for him all right, by blue! And I do it with a blunt knife and I do not hurry. Then I take his skin off and I stuff him with hay like your Ajax; and I say: 'How you like that, Mr. Barker—eh? R-remember R-roland and Tou-tou and Dagobert and Pierrot and Henriette and Mimi, big animal that you are!' That's what I do to Sam Barker. You wait!"

"Don't you let him find out you're doing it or he'll get peeved and hurt you in several places," advised the old clown. "What did Barker do to you, Frenchy?"

The animal trainer made a gesture that sprinkled the company with tobacco from the cigarette he had begun to roll.

"Only he r-ruin me," he declared; "that's all! Knock me out of six the declared; and more'n that, sacd papier!

If you like I tell you about it. You see that pig with the C-sharp squeal, that r-razorback Bill soak with the peg—eh? You see him? Eh, well; wait, and I tell you.

"I come through this country sixteen, maybe seventeen year ago, with Joe Collins. That Joe he bust up the same year. His boy, Henri, he's doing ground-and-lofty stunt for Rosbeck now and he keep the old man like sick monkee. He's good boy, that Henri. Well, then I got some dog. Not much good, those dog. They have not the capacity for learn, and it is with dog like folks—some you can't learn damn thing, no matter. So I feel sick. Right then my luck fell from the sky—bing! But I do not know my luck.

"He sport ginger whisker on his face"—Frenchy, with rapid pantomime, indicated a flowing and irregular beard— "and his pants, they have patch to beat the band. He is sad, this rube, most sad, because he want to see the show and he have not the mazoum. He have in his wagon one old sow and six leetle peeg he will sell, but nobody want to buy him.

"'S'pose you come see those peeg, mister?' he say.

"Well, I don't care, me, and I go to his wagon with him; and there is the mamma peeg and six leetle peeg. You can hear them three mile. François de bas bleu! They make r-racket. They is r-razorback. I lift up one leetle one by the ears, and his nose go down and his tail go up—comme cela; but all the same they are très chic, cunning as leetle red-spotted pup.

"I let you have them peeg cheap,' he say, this old rube.
"I shake my head. 'Mon Dieu! What you think I do
with them peeg?' I say; but I have g-grand idea all the
same. 'Heich, heich, heich!' go the leetle peeg; 'Harumph,
harumph, harumph!' go the mamma. With that, I know
what I shall do. Also, I think it is good thing when the
most heft of those animal is above the ear. Napoleon, he
say: 'Give me the man with the big nose. Those man is
the smartest.' And, by blue! Napoleon he know what he
is talk about, you bet you! Your friend Barker, he have
nose like shoebutton—only it is red.

"Eh, well, I buy those six leetle peeg. I give two bit each for them; and that old rube, he is tickled to death. I guess when he get that dollar and half cold cash he feel so rich he would start a bank if there was not a show in town. Me, I take those peeg and I put them in a spare cage, and all the boys laugh to beat the band. Joe Collins, he say: 'What you think this is, a packing house?'

"'All right,' I say. 'You watch the smoke I make. Wait and see! I bet you I make thousand dollar out of them p'tits cockons. You see!' Then they holler and laugh plenty; but I tap my nose and I wink my eye. 'Nous persons,' I say. 'Watch me!'

"So I go to work with those peeg. I call them R-roland, Pierrot, Tou-tou, Dagobert, Henriette and Mimi, and I tr-rain them all the time I get; I wash them and currycomb them every day, and I feed them like they was my child. I tell you they was smart. I have tr-rain dog and and drive Dagobert and Henriette round the ring. It bullee act, I tell you! None of them peeg talk ——" "Why didn't you learn 'em?" demanded Call:

rather surlily.

"No, they do not talk," Frenchy continued, ignoring interruption; "but they do 'most everything else. \ Joe Collins, he bust up and I take my leetle peeg to N' and I make good money there with Bloodgood & Co till we go to Chicago. I make good money in Chic They are all crazy about my peeg there; but I like tr-me, and I go back on the road to N'York and get cor sion at Dreamland. While I am there Pete Grunewale come to me and say: 'How you like take them pee yours South for the winter—eh, Frenchy?' 'Well, I d care, me,' I say; 'but I am from Missouri and you've to show me how much I make.'

"'One hundred per and expenses for the tour,' he
"Well, I make more as I am, but I got leetle tout
rheumatism and Pete, he's most crying he want m
much; so bimeby I say all r-right, we go.

"We show at Memphis and Vicksburg and New Ma and Natchez and Baton Rouge; and finally we get d to New Orleans and make a pitch over by Bayou St. J Well, we do land-office business there and have b time. I tell you that New Orleans has got the finest pe what there is—big heart, open hand, très gentil—and t is the opera and Bayou Cook oyster. Me, I have the of my life. I say to Pete: 'We stay here till after M Gras.'

"We are sitting in the St. Charles lobby, smoking good feefteen-straight cigar. Nothing is too rich for blood, you bet!

"'Sure thing,' Pete say. 'Pretty smoot'! I ain't at nobody, me.'

"'And you make that hundred dollar a week hun and twenty-five,' I say.

"'Make another guess,' Pete say. 'Maybe you get r-right the next time.'

"I do not like that. Here we are jam full—the pe bulge out the side of the canvas, by blue! And Pete can't shut the lid of the cash box after the performs. The Picayune give my peeg half-column notice and story for lagniappe. Me and my leetle peeg, we are whole show. I bite my teeth, I am so enrage; but I nothing, and just then there come up to us one big and with red face and fancy vest, and he slap Pete on shoulder. It is Barker. He have come in from Hamm with two-ring show and he pitch 'long out by Carond

with two-ring show and he pitch 'long out by Carond
"'Plenty room for us both,' he say. 'The more,
merrier. Come up and see me sometime.'

"Sure thing," Pete say. 'You come over and see We got the swellest line of attraction ever you lay eyes "There is more talk, and then we take friendly drin the bar and Barker go away. Pete, he is mad. Two ci in one town make punk business for one of the two. insw-ch? Still, he have me and R-roland and Pierrot nd Dagobert and Mimi and Tou-tou and Henriette, and

us do land-office business just the same.

\*Bimeby, in two, three day, Barker he come up to Bayou it loan for see our show. He sit in the front row and I me my eye on him sharp. Fine! Splendide! He like maything. He clap his hand and stamp his feet to beat the band. When the clown come on he laugh fit to bust basel and the clown is punk-r-rotten! Then I come with my leetle peeg. I give the concert unique. Barker, is like stone image. They sing ensemble. Barker, he is hick of his old mother who is dead. Tou-tou, he spell his me. Barker have still expression of sorrow. The seesaw now and the waltz, and Mimi drive Dagobert and Hennette in the little cart. Everybody is crazy. They holler; by dap; they yell 'Encore! Encore!' Only Barker is bore. He yawn behind his hand. He would like stie sleep, eh? I smile in my sleeves. 'Aha!' I say to

Sure enough, the next day I meet Barker in oyster sion on Royal Street and we talk long time round the mb but himeby he say:

Frenchy, what you take for them peeg?'

"I do not sell those peeg, me,' I say. 'I have affection is them because I br-ring them up from babee; but if I moder five thousand dollar maybe I sell them."

"Five thousand dollar, my foot!" he say. "Talk sense." "I talk dollar," I say. 'If you do not like that talk, ng off"

He look at me. Bimeby he say:

"Igive you two thousand for them. Take it or leave it." There it,' I say, and I walk out of the saloon. But he ent follow: so after minute I go back and, by blue! he reals tabasco sauce on his oyster. 'I am sick of peeg, eeg peeg all the time,' I say. 'I like the variety. Give two thousand dollar and the peeg is yours."

But till I have finish these oyster and we go fix it n'bessy, and he shake more tabasco sauce.

Well, then I go back to Pete and I tell him. Pete is ui. He shake his fist and he swear blue streak. By gosh! se would think he have lose an act worth hundred and msty-five dollar a week. I tell him that.

"I'll get your goat just the same. I impourrest for breaches of contr-ract!

"Rectain your shirt on your back, whichd, I say. 'Maybe if you wait at while you will see something what mass.' Then I talk some more to him. m bimeby he see reason and he say he

"After that I take leetle holiday. I buy swill r-rag and diamond ring. I have inge my apartment at the hotel. I put its coat red paint several place back of is. Louis Cemetery. I am at the opera. liv sutomobile. I r-raise Cain! I have

Then come Barker. He is more red the face than ever and his voice is like

"What kind of bleeding swine you sell "teh!" he say. 'Those sacré peeg, they tething-only eat and fight and squeal. m. f'un nom, d'un nom!' he say. Sam! He is hot under the collar. 'They lot work for sour apple," he say.

"Maybe you do not understand them Tisay. 'They work for me all right.' Youromeand make 'em work,' hesay. 'Just now I take holiday,' I say. no, lam sick of peeg! I would not take bfor less than two hundred and fifty a

"You ought to understand them peeg," http-'you talk their language. I give trans hundred for one week."

"I stake my head and blow rings of

"I am capitalist now,' I say. 'Two indred and fifty."

"Et, well, I have him by the short in: so be come down off his perch and

ike hawk. He is wonderful tr-rainer. watch me with eye l #Bll Jordan-eh? Oh, mon Dieu, yes! You know him, ! Well, when my week is up he take hold, this Bill Jordan; ## is to laugh. He can do nothing, no more than before. 🛚 📨 I have my method, scientific, psychic, and I stand

"Eh well, again I take my holiday and all time I wait. May seen again comes Barker to my apartment and he t that I take for steady job, season contract, with the to I press the button for the bell boy and I consider. Two bundred fifty dollar a week, I say presently. of one damn cent less, by gosh! Take it or leave it.' The by he come. 'Br-ring me some Bayou Cook oyster,' my, and tabasco sauce also."

"Barker laugh fine laugh; but I feel a leetle nervous and I sit light on my chair, ready for jump.

"'I get you,' Barker, he say. 'You win this hand. Eh, well, how much you give me for those peeg back? They are no use to me.

"'I am sick of peeg,' I say. 'If you have good tr-rain sheep, that is different; but I give you five hundred dollar cold cash for them. Not one cent more will I pay you, by blue!"

"Barker, he say --- Well, no matter what he say. He is angry man and I make allowance. But he go away and I smile and tap my nose. I can wait. I eat my oyster, but he does not come back. Instead, comes Pete. He is not polite, Pete, no more than Barker is. I explain to him that he is most unreasonable.

"'You make me pain in the neck,' he say. 'One week you have play me this monkee business. Now you get them peeg back right away and you pay me fifty dollar for each those six night-three hundred dollar. If them peeg is not back in the show for the evening performance I have you arrest, and I soak you couple thousand on the con-tr-ract. You know me!' he say.

"I explain some more. At last he agree he wait two day if I pay him fifty dollar each day. That make hole in my profit of four hundred dollar; but I figure to myself I make Pete take that four hundred in installment when I get the peeg.

"I wait one day, two day; then there is note from Barker.

"'Come up to pitch and see me. Maybe you like buy them peeg now?' the note say.

"Well, I wink my eye, and I make toilet and take Carondelet car. Where I get off it is one block from the empty lot where Barker have his circus. I swing my cane and hum leetle tune, and step out along the banquette. Then-what you think?"

Frenchy glared round the circle, his leathery, wrinkled face working with tragic grimaces and his hands clenching and unclenching spasmodically.

"I am approach the corner. I stop! I choke! My head go r-round. I am transfixed with horror! Before me is



"Mon Dieu! What You Think I Do With Them Perg?""

wit for one week. The tr-rainer he have, Bill Jordan, butcher shop. Just inside, Barker gr-rin like hundred devil: and on ong bar outside, hang corpse! The hair is scr-rape off and the inside of them is open with leetle stick; but I know them corpse: R-roland! Mimi! Tou-tou! Dagobert! Henriette! Pierrot!"

### Comfort in Camp

IN NORTHERN winter travel, when the temperature I is low, the Indian or any other man must have a fire at night or perish. He builds it then of as heavy stuff as he can get to hold the heat. Sometimes he will use a rock or an upturned root as a background, and sometimes he will rig a lean-to shelter back of his bed to reflect the heat. Of course in this sort of camp he will be apt to have a fur robe, a blanket or so, and perhaps a tarpaulin from his sledge. In this way he can stand very cold weather and keep going. For a camp of this kind you need both a good fire and a good robe. A robe made of lynx pads is as good as any, the fur of the foot of a lynx being deep and springy.

In the Northern woods birch makes a good backlog. Perhaps you can get dry pine or cedar for your light woodcottonwood or aspen for your smaller wood. Again you may be in some country where there is plenty of hardwood oak or ash or hackmatack. Use what you can get and begin your camp early, so that you may have time to get plenty of wood. It will take two or three times as much wood as you think, because the nights are very long.

When you go into camp in the wintertime things may look pretty snowy. Your firewood sinks down in the snow and it does not look as though you could start a fire. The first thing to do is to kick away the snow and get your firelogs as close to the ground as possible. Pile up two or three for a sort of backlog if you can. Go to the nearest spruce or pine tree and you will probably find near the bottom some dead twigs or branches sticking out-perhaps with dry moss on them. Get one of these large enough so that you can make a shaving stick out of it if you can find no birchbark. Start your fire going as soon as you get into camp. Then go to the other end of your scooped-out place and build another fire at right angles to it.

You will find that these two fires will keep you warm much better than one. If there are two of you in camp you can sleep at right angles and each have a fire to keep his back warm. When the thermometer registers thirty degrees below zero it gets cold very quickly when the fire begins to drop. Have some logs where you can reach them handily in the night and so avoid that dreaded chill-the rigorso uncomfortable or dangerous when one wakes in a cold night and finds the fire gone down.

Your bed should be made to keep the cold out. Pile up all the boughs you can get. Put your fur robe or thick blankets on top of them and rig yourself a shelter of boughs back of your bed. Sometimes one can use a strip of canvas back of the bed in the winter camp, with snow piled in

behind it. The heat is reflected consider-

ably in this way.

In short, the things to be remembered about the winter campfire are that it should be long, that it should be reflected in from a backlog, and also reflected down on the bed.

Such a campfire implies regular use of the ax by a skilled axman. That breed of man is passing away, along with those who knew how to build a kitchen fire. Never rely on a small ax in winter camping, but have a good one-man-size and sharp. Your belt-ax is useful none the less; and every man who goes hunting alone or who camps out at all ought to have a belt-ax with him all the time-in case of an emergency at least. It may save his life, and it certainly will save time and lessen discomfort.

In spite of the general advice not to build a circular or conical fire, there are exceptions to the rule—as there are to all rules. Suppose you are traveling on snowshoes in deep snow and stop at noon to boil the kettle and warm your feet. You do not want to dig down in the snow and you do not need a long fire. Go, therefore, to the nearest dead pine tree, cut it down, log it out into six-foot lengths and split each section once or twice.

Now take your splits to a nearby tree and stand them up on end in a cone, as men do cordwood when they are drying it in the woods. Touch this off, and you will have a sheet of flame in front of you higher than your head as you sit on a nearby log. It will warm you very soon and is very quickly built.

As to the material for your fire, that depends on where you are and what you can get-driftwood, downwood, willows,

alders. When you have a selection it is another matter. For any cold-weather fire you want some dry wood

A time-honored fashion among woodmen is to put two or three green logs one on top of the other, slanting back slightly, and supporting them by stakes at the rear. This practically makes a backlog. Cut a couple of short logs, say six inches through and a couple of feet long, for handlogs or forelogs, and lay these at right angles to the backlog. Build your long fire, supporting your long firewood on these handlogs.

This will give a good draft and soon make a big bed of coals. The heat will be reflected to you by the backlogs, which ought to last all night. Green birch makes a good backlog. Get anything green and heavy and thick that you can find.

# WRITING FOR THE MOVIES





A Moving - Picture Company in the Field

Director Rehearsing a Ballroom Joene

HOUGH a police-court justice in Los Angeles recently declared that moving-picture scenarios had no value and dismissed the case against a producer who had used the written ideas of a photoplay writer without paying for them, the amateur and professional moving-picture scenario writers of America-and that means almost everybody in the country-are not a whit discouraged; in fact they are very much encouraged, for the prices paid for photoplay ideas have gone up tremendously in the past few years.

Up to four years ago the producing photoplay companies paid from five to ten dollars for plots of moving pictures. Since then the prices have gone up to twenty-five and fifty dollars a reel, and in some cases more; and in consequence, as I said, everybody is writing for the movies. A thousand moving-picture plays are written and sent to moving-picture companies every day in the year.

However, though everybody is writing moving pictures, everybody is not selling them; in fact the business of writing photoplays is almost entirely in the hands of salaried staff writers with the moving-picture companies, and there are not over one hundred free-lance writers of moving pictures in the country who sell enough photoplay plots, or scenarios, as they are called, to make it worth their while.

A dozen moving-picture magazines and countless correspondence schools of photoplay writing encourage the amateur to take up this alleged profitable field of scenario writing. Yet so worthless are the majority of contributed photoplay manuscripts that many producing companies will not consider manuscripts except from trained writers. Other companies welcome manuscripts from whatever source they may come, but have practically decided it is hardly worth while to read them. Mr. Frank Woods, head of the manuscript department of the Mutual Film Corporation, one of the large combinations of producing companies, received and looked through contributed manuscripts at the rate of a thousand manuscripts a week for six weeks, and found only seven manuscripts worthy of filming!

#### The Silent Drama to the Fore

ON THE other hand, the vast army of amateur moving-picture writers are encouraged to persist by the continued announcements of prize offers for film stories of exceptional merit. The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Rome, offers five thousand dollars for the moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-best writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the thirdbest, five hundred dollars; the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.

The Cines Company is the producer of the most famous of all picture plays, Quo Vadis? To take this picture, it is said, cost three hundred thousand dollars, and it has already earned five millions, for it has been exhibited with great success all over the world.

Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a The first prize is one thousand prize photophy-

### By Roy L. McCardell serials, The Adventures of Kathlyn, was written for

dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country. They have also delighted the overworked staffs of readers of the many producing motion-picture companies, as these contests are deflecting tens of thousands of more or less hopeless manuscripts these people would otherwise have to read.

The interest taken by newspapers all over the land in motion pictures during the past year is significant of the tremendous impression the moving pictures have made. For years the newspapers ignored the silent drama. Now, in conjunction with the moving-picture companies, many newspapers are running serial and complete movingpicture stories contemporaneously with their showing in the local picture theaters.

The contention held by experienced photoplay producers that only trained fiction writers can conceive and execute moving-picture stories to any extent worthy of attention is proved by the success and popularity of the big moving-picture serial films. The first of these, What

arranged for the screen by Lloyd Lonergan, the sale photoplay author of the Thanhouser Company. The Men Who Make the Money THE Thanhouser Company buys few if any pic I from outside writers, Mr. Lonergan having been pr

Willets, also a noted fiction writer.

cally the sole writer of this company's pictures for the four years. Previous to his becoming a moving-pic author, Mr. Lonergan was on the editorial staff of the York World, and was known as a writer of adventure for for the magazines.

Happened to Mary, put out by the Edison Comp

second and biggest of the successful moving-pic

was the work of a trained magazine writer.

Selig Polyscope Company, by Harold MacGrath,

novelist, and was then arranged for the film by G

ceived twelve thousand dollars. He receives a larger

for another serial in twenty-six installments, which wi

For writing The Adventures of Kathlyn, MacGrat

Mr. Frank Woods was a newspaper and magwriter of note, and had been successful as a freephotoplay writer before he was made scenario edit the Mutual Film Corporation. The same may be

of Russell E. Smith, son of Edgar Smith, the wright. Russell E. Smith is one of the youngest of photoplaywrights; but he made a name for himsel brilliant short-story and vaudeville-sketch writer b he went into the movies.

Bannister Merwin is one of the best-known photo authors and writes almost exclusively for the E-Company. He lives in England in an old Tudor ! on the Thames. William H. Kitchell, Ernest Cam Hall, James Oliver Curwood, Edwin Ray C Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, C. B. Hoadley, Geor Hennessy, E. Boudinot Stockton, Marc Edmund. and Lawrence S. McCloskey, all leading photo writers, were each and all experienced and succe journalists, novelists, stage playwrights and maga fiction authors before they took up motion-pi writing almost exclusively.

Epes Winthrop Sargent, noted as a writer of se as well as farcical photoplays, and also as an auth on the technic of photoplay writing and authtextbooks on the subject, is a magazine editor short-story writer of established reputation. U the nom de plume of Chicot he was a vaudeville ing New York newspapers.

Clay M. Greene was one of the first of the establ dramatic authors to take up writing for the drama. His success as a writer for the stage has followed by equally gratifying success in photop

Mrs. Hartmann, who writes under the nam Elizabeth V. Breuil, and Miss Marguerite Bertst the Vitagraph Company, are generally considered foremost of women photoplaywrights. They were and are fiction writers of reputation. The may be said of Mrs. F. Marion Brandon. She is a lawyer and was an advertising writer of promin-Mrs. Louella Parsons was a short-story writer of 1 as was also Miss Peggy McCall. Two other a



Dustin Farnum, Jtar; Augustus Thomas, Dramatist; Richard Harding Davis, Author, Discussing a Point During the Taking of Moving Pictures of Joidlers of Fortune

women photoplaywrights are Miss Gene Gautier and Mrs. Lois Smalley. These two began as and still are film-drama actresses, and as such are known to all the moving-picture fans who are not sware that these ladies write most of the pictures they dominate as heroines.

Captain Charles Kiener, an ex-army officer, now in the Library of Congress Copyright Department, is also one of the most successful photoplay writers. Calder Johnstone, scenario editor of the Universal Film Company, is also a newspaper man and a writer.

These names comprise practically the entire list of people who make a good livelihood by writing moving pictures. Four out of five of them are salaried staff writers.

The truth is, though almost everybody s writing for the movies, the movingpicture producing companies saw, as far 
back as five or six years ago, that of the 
undreds of manuscripts they received 
only about one out of a hundred was 
worthy of consideration, and these were 
he work of trained newspaper, magazine 
and stage writers. Immediately the 
notion-picture companies secured the 
acclusive services of these writers on a 
generous salary basis. The duties of 
nany of them, as salaried scenario writers, 
nclude scenario editorship—that is, they

ook through the manuscripts of outside or free-lance vriters, and select and adapt for the camera such as may cossess any novelty of plot or theme.

Sad to say, the ratio of acceptable manuscripts from intrained writers is just about one in a thousand. The writers mentioned, and some few others who may have sen inadvertently omitted from the list, comprise the ames of those who have furnished the bulk of movingácture plays for the past six years or more.

Now, however, following the lead of Harold MacGrath he big names of fiction are coming into motion-picture laywrighting. Already Rex Beach and Richard Harding lavis are under contract to write moving pictures, as are ames Oppenheim and Jack London. Percival Gibbon, fontague Glass, Irvin S. Cobb, George Randolph Chester, and other contemporaneous writers of note both here and broad are being approached by the motion-picture cople to furnish stirring stories for the film.

#### Laughing When You Say Good . By

THE books and short stories of every writer of consequence, living or dead, have been or are being dramazed for the motion-picture camera. There are twenty-five tousand moving-picture theaters in the United States and anada alone, and it is estimated there are a hundred tousand in other countries. Their demands are insatiable, or at least one-half of them have a daily change of promum—new films every day.

The price of admission being so modest in the majority moving-picture theaters throughout the world, their stronage consists of the same people night after night, specially is this true of what are known as community suses—the little five and ten cent theaters that are



Daniel Frohman, Madame Bertha Kalich, J. S. Dawley and a Supporting Company in Cuba, Going Over the Manuscript of Marta of the Lowlands, Produced in Motion Pictures

conspicuous in residence neighborhoods of the large cities and the main streets of small towns.

So pressing is the demand for more and new pictures, and so critical have the audiences of even the lower-priced moving-picture theaters become, the film-producing companies are at their wit's end to supply good pictures. Of bad pictures and dull pictures there is no end; but of good pictures, especially good comedies, there is a disheartening dearth.

The little exhibitor, whose name is legion, clamors at his exchange, as the film-supply bureaus of the various producing combinations are called. He clamors for comedies, one-reel comedies, to close his show. The little exhibitor is a protagonist of that shrewd young showman and playwright, George M. Cohan, who lyrically voiced the axiom of the amusement world when he wrote and sang: Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Good-By.

An average of a hundred letters a day are received by the big producing combinations' film exchanges demanding one-reel comedies. Many write to the effect that deathbed scenes and horror pictures are all well enough in their way to get the crowd interested and its emotions stirred up until toward the end of the film show; but, say the little exhibitors, if audiences do not go away laughing and pleased at a good comedy at the end of the show they do not come back the next night. "Anybody can tell a hard-luck story," say the little exhibitors—"and most everybody does," they add. "And hard-luck stories are all right for the first films; but if you do not hand your audience a laugh in the last one, then it is good-by to good business until you get a feature film to pull the crowds again."

This mention of feature films brings to attention one of the remarkable phases of the moving-picture craze. A feature production is a multiple-reel story, either part of a weekly serial or a complete show in itself in two, three, four, and even six reels, shown continuously at the same performance.

These feature films were first taken and gained popularity abroad; and until Quo Vadis? was shown in this country the American photoplay producers gave little attention to them. After the remarkable vogue of Quo Vadis? the American producer sat up and took notice.

Among those first to recognize that feature pictures were in demand in the United States were Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman. Mr. Frohman was long one of America's leading producing theatrical managers. Mr. Adolph Zukor was connected with the Marcus Loew Vaudeville Enterprises. These two men secured the services of Mr. Edwin Porter, an experienced and notable moving-picture director. They formed what they called the Famous Players Film Company and turned their attention to securing famous plays and famous players for film production.

Their first effort was putting out Sarah Bernhardt in Queen Elizabeth. This picture was taken in Paris and Madame Bernhardt was paid thirty-five thousand dollars for appearing in it. Next followed James K. Hackett in The Prisoner of

Zenda, and Mrs. Fiske in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. These feature films were a success from the first and were put out in the beginning exclusively in the moving-picture houses; but meantime, as everybody was going to the movies as well as writing for them, the attendance at the regular theaters at regular theater prices fell off alarmingly.

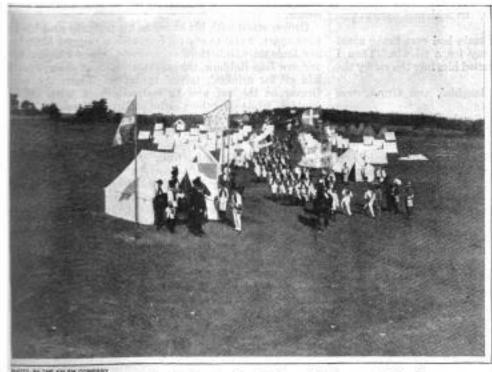
#### The New Line-Up of Movie Magnates

THEATER after theater in New York and other cities throughout the country was compelled to close through lack of patronage, while many of those that remained open were conducted with a disheartening decrease in receipts. One by one half the big theaters throughout the United States went into moving-picture shows. It was in these theaters that the big feature productions were found most suitable. At prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar the established theaters that had closed were opened again with moving pictures; and they found the feature productions profitable attractions. Feature-producing companies sprang up like mushrooms.

In one month alone over two hundred moving-picture feature companies were incorporated in the state of New York. All the theatrical managers in New York went in for moving-picture features. Some of the managers arranged with established film companies to reproduce their old dramatic successes in motion photography and some of them formed companies of their own for that purpose.

Klaw & Erlanger combined with the Biograph Company; Liebler & Company allied themselves with the Vitagraph; the Shuberts negotiated with the Mutual Film Corporation; and William A. Brady went it alone. At this writing Charles Frohman has joined with the Famous

(Continued on Page 68)





Scene From Love's Old Dream, Photoplay by Roy L. McCardell

# THE HEAD OF THE FAMBI

ANIE was seventeen then and Grover five, and me only eleven. We three was all Pa had to take care o' him when the old wreck wounds made him leave the engine and come home to live as long as he

could. One night he called out for us all to come visit him, and we huddled in the doorway lookin' at his old lantern, which he kept lit and hangin' to the head o'the bed. He'd wound a piece o' red cloth about the globe so it signaled danger.

Pa's face showed white even in that light and his eyes were blazin'.

"Stand in line," he said, very low and plain; "Cole first; you hold fast to him, Grover; and now, Janie, you hold to the little feller."

Even Grover knew this was no game, and they both held fast.

"Take your orders!" said Pa to me. "Those two are your trainyou're the engine. Run to the card, Cole, but mind your signals; here, move up and down, stoppin' at this red lamp. Hold fast to him, Grover, and he'll get you through - understand!"

The little feller, trippin' over his nightgown,

had hitched it up with his teeth. Now he let go and looked back at Pa, with his forehead scowlin'.

"Mogul," he answered, meanin' I was that kind of engine.

Pa looked hard at me, sayin':

"I'm glad you're 'fraid o' nothin'."

And Grover said:
"Nussin!" just as plain.

Three days later, when pore Pa was gone, we three came home and walked up and down the room; and it was mighty good to feel them two orphans holdin' so fast to me, which they've been doin' ever since, for two years.

The old superintendent had made me night call boy, and we got along fine on the salary and Pa's insurance, which came in every three months.

One payday mornin' I was comin' back to the dispatcher's office after callin' the last crew for the night runs, when Second Thirty-six slowed down for yard limits, and the engineer, leanin' out o' the cab, signaled me to board him for the ride down.

But I gave him the high sign and, it bein' daylight by then, put out my lantern. The engineer called to know if I wanted him and the fireman to stop and help me aboard, but I didn't answer. They was used to seein' Smoke Fish, the day call boy, swarmin' over the trains like a wildcat, and I was thirteen years old and pretty near as big as Smoke; but I didn't have his nerve.

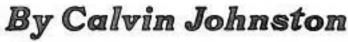
Down at the office Mr. Charley Barrens, the new superintendent, stood inside the rail smokin' a cigarette; he was watchin' me over a trainsheet and listenin' to the engineer and Smoke Fish ask if they might give me lessons in boardin' a stationary engine. My! but he was a fashionable, flabby young man, who was kin to big folks and said he'd taken to railroadin' 'cause playin' polo was such a hard life; and besides, in polo, you didn't have any chief clerk to buck the game for you.

All at once the chief dispatcher bawled out the engineer. "You let Cole alone!" he said. "The boy only plays 'em safe, like his daddy; though old Flynn would run on time with only a teakettle for an engine."

The engineer, who'd just signed thirty minutes late, bawled him back, with eight good reasons for it, and asked the superintendent if he wasn't right. No engineer would have dared to bawl out the old superintendent that way.

O' course everybody grinned, knowin' that Mr. Barrens couldn't tell whether water made suds or steam in the boiler. But he answered, "One excuse is enough, if it's a good one," and went on studyin' the train-sheet.

The engineer went out swaggerin'; and then I saw Brother Grover standin' in the corner, havin' come down to see me sign the roll along with the men in the paycar.



about due, ought to go on the old account. He splained that Pa would sure want to have it paid up; so I had to promise, though Janie needed a new dress pretty bad. O' course every head of a fambly has to stand such things; Pa had never worried me

bout debts, so there wasn't any reason for me to worry my folksby tellin' about this one. When I got home Janie showed me in the

catalogue a picture of the new dress she'd picked out, and I hadn't fallen asleep yet at noon when Grover got home with his eye.

"Is it mighty black?" he asked, comin'in; and then I knew how I must have worried Pa and Ma by fightin' when I was at school.

Janie thought we ought to go to the mat'nay without'im.

"Look at Cole; he never is such a disgrace to the fambly!" she told him; and Grover was all broke up 'cause she didn't praise him for fightin'. He came up is his temper to yell at her:

"Cole's scared o' everythin'-SmokeFish and the engineer said so."

Janie gave me a quick look and her eyes snapped:

"Cole ain't 'fraid-none of us Flynns is 'fraid; but we don't go round huntin' trouble."

In all the two years I'd never seen 'em in a temper afore and it scared me.

"There's no use quarrelin' over me," I said. "I won't fight-you might as well know it now, Janie, 'cause you'll hear it anyhow."

I noticed for the first time how tall she'd grown, with dresses comin' down to her shoetops like a young lady's. Janie tried to look pleased, but her shoulders set back a little and her under lip dragged in a sulky way.

"You used to fight sometimes—just a little bit. You wasn't 'fraid," she said, with a kind o' blush, as though shamed o' sayin' it.

"I'm 'fraid now," I answered; and they both looked at me and then down at the floor.

We all started uptown pretty soon, with a quarter spice to treat each other, as we always did on payday; then we went to the mat'nay, but didn't talk or laugh at everything as we used to. And when the time came for me to go to work the others didn't start home as they'd always done

Grover stood with his hands in his pockets and his feet wide apart, tryin' to start a fuss with a ragged little boy. and Janie stared into the shopwindows. Once I looked back and saw Dan Robbins, the operator who was always getting laid off for drinkin', talkin' to Janie. Then she boxed Grover on the ear and he walked ahead with his fatt doubled, while the others came on laughin' and talkin'.

There was sure trouble on the line now and already my chest seemed achin' with wreck bruises, though maybe it was only the scare. There's nothin' to do 'cept follow orders, and I'd had mine from Pa not to run by signalsthe red sign was up against me; but in daytime things are all hard and unfriendly, and I thought the color might come out white in the night shadow pretty soon.

There wasn't many trains that evenin' and after calling two crews I sat on the upper platform, where pretty soon thought just what to do about us Flynns, and was all right and whistlin'.

The yards was still and I could hear some boys played over in the town. A feller can't be always playin' about his job, and at home your fambly spects somethin' else of yve besides foolin' with games, or they wouldn't have no trust in you.

But I kept a top under the toolhouse up the platform and right in back was a cinder bed, hard as a floor; so got the top, which was rubbed over with wet matches, and spun it like a white-hot coal-it was 'bout the same # playin' with the other boys.



"Run to the Card, Cole, But Mind Your Signals"

He was just old enough to go to school with his primer, but he's wise, and his face was so red I knew he'd been listenin' to 'em roast me.

Grover ain't 'fraid of nothin', and he went up to Smoke Fish and said:

"Cole rides on engine pilots and he grabs hold o' cars goin' miles a minute!" Then he kicked Smoke on the shins.

"What a lie!" said Smoke, whistlin'; and, havin' his first crew to call, he went out and caught a freight roarin' past with the exhaust open.

The little feller looked at me so worried that I was sorry for him; you see I was the only head he had to his fambly and it was pretty tough to hear everybody sayin' I was so scary, though it was a wonder he hadn't heard it before.

He asked me right out if I was scared o' the cars, and I had to tell him yes. Grover was pretty well broken up by the news and stood lookin' at me without speakin' till the paycar came in; and when I whispered to him to hold fast and the Mogul would pull him in to the payroll he shook his head.

"You ain't Mogul any more," he said, and wouldn't go with me.

This was the first time our train had ever broke apart and I didn't know what to say for a minute. Then I splained it wouldn't do and hustled him into the car by the shoulders.

Mr. Barrens watched us, laughin', and Grover was pretty mad.

"I bet you'd be 'fraid to grab Smoke Fish!" he said; and after we'd come out to the platform again: "Well, ain't you 'fraid to grab Smoke Fish?"

I had to tell him yes, with Mr. Barrens still grinnin' and listenin'. Then the superintendent threw down his cigarette and stepped in front of Grover, leanin' over with his hands on his knees.

"Wha' d'ye mean, tryin' to get my men to fightin'?" he said.

Grover was so sulky that I said:

"I'll tell Janie you ain't had any bringin' up; I'm 'shamed of you." "I'm 'shamed o' him too," he told Mr. Barrens, pointin'

to me, and wouldn't say anything else. "Now you trot on to school while I go home for a nap,"

told him; "and this afternoon we'll take in a show." He pretended not to hear; but after a while I saw him start up the street to school, where he got into a fight and come home with a black eye.

I stopped at the store to pay the bill for that month, and the groceryman said the fifty dollars' insurance, which was An engine slid down the track soft as a big black cat with one eye, and stood opposite purrin' a little, with a big private car coupled on. A porter ran over to the superintendent's office and Mr. Barrens hurried out. He was dressed in white fannels in that sooty place, and the car bein' dim it I could see him meet a lady inside. After a while they come out and walked up and down the upper platform, taughin' and talkin' o' polo and old times.

Her voice was low and soft, but so clear I couldn't help tearin' her ask, as she went back to the car:

"And how do things go here with you, Charley?"

"Ripping!" he answered.

Then she said good-by and stepped aboard, and the big asseger engine flew on down the main line, whistlin' for rossin's. I couldn't help runnin' to ask Mr. Barrens, who jidn't know nothin' about railroadin' yet:

"Have they got orders for right-o'-way? I mean a clear

He looked down at me s'prised and held my lantern to

"They have," he answered, laughin'. "Do you think a alread superintendent would send the car o' the president the board o' directors into a smash?"

"I wasn't sure if you understood," I answered, and new I'd been too fresh.

"What are you scared about now?" he asked, still oldin' up the lantern; and my face was pretty white. "I don't want to lose my job," I told him.

He asked:

"Why are you 'fraid o' losin' such a job? The boys and here lead you a dog's life." I splained I wanted to sep it 'count of us three Flynns, and he said: "Then se't have a cold chill every time one o' these blackguards swis you out, you know."

The dispatcher came to the door o' the office, looked and and, seein' my lantern, screeched out:

"Where's that pinwheel?"

"Down the main—West—five minutes," I told him. He rushed back inside talkin' o' God, and I heard the nummin' o' his sounder, which had a piece o' zinc over it, it would wake him up any time.

"What's the matter o' that feller?" asked Mr. Barrens. I knew so well what was the matter that I could hardly swer that he was always rushin' about excited.

O' course by pinwheel the dispatcher meant the lightdin' passenger engine which was drawin' the private car.

I. Barrens, knowin' the young lady wished to visit him
st thirty minutes, had made out the train order himself
d given it to the engineer. Before leavin' the office he
d hung the duplicate on the hook; but the dispatcher,
pposin' the engineer himself would come in to sign the
gister and ask for orders, had let a stock train in on the
e. Now the two trains were headin' into each other
stty fast! Things sure were runnin' wild on that division.
"By the way, I told that engineer I'd sign the book for
n," said Mr. Barrens, and we went into the office.

The dispatcher was leanin' over his key, white as paper.
raised his hand as Mr. Barrens spoke.

"Shut up!" he said in a kind o' croak.

Mr. Barrens stood stonestill, and then went through the te after him.

"I'm a good feller with all the boys, y'understand," he d; "but I guess you've overshot the mark a bit ——"

Just then the sounder began drummin'—it was the O. K. to an order just given. The dispatcher wrote it down on his sheet, and then for a second leaned back limp, with his hands over his face. All of a sudden he broke out with what had happened:

"I caught that stock train by yards—feet—inches!" he said. "That engineer on the special didn't come in to sign."

The superintendent stared and, after hearin' him out, walked back to the platform. I went out to call a crew and about midnight found him still sittin' there on a truck.

"If you hadn't answered the dispatcher like a flash," he said, "that stock train wouldn't have been caught by inches." He splained that the lady on board the special was Miss Cloud and he thought more o' her than he did o' anybody.

People sittin' together in shadow are always talkin' friendly. He asked 'bout the Flynns, and I told him how nice Janie kept house and Grover went to school.

"But you're the head o' the fambly," he said. "What do you do when little brother kicks over, as he did this mornin'?"

I told him I could hang up Pa's lantern, burnin' red, and it would be all right. He thanked me for answerin' the dispatcher and rose, lookin' up at the stars.

"Miss Cloud might have been lyin' under 'em white and cold!" he said, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

Then he went in to the dispatcher again, and said that he was to blame for the engineer's not signin' the book. When I went home next mornin' Janie and Grover watched me without sayin' much, 'cept "Howdy?"

"We'd better meet in Pa's room," I told 'em; and lightin' the old lantern with the red cloth wound round I hung it on the bedpost. That room was always kept dark, and Grover's eyes were right round watchin' me by danger light.

"Pa said to mind signals; and now we're in trouble I know be'd want this lit up," I splained;

"it'll warn us that we must hold fast together to keep out o' wrecks." Janie watched me very close, with her chin in her hands; but Grover sat straight without touchin' the back of his chair.

"Hat you goin' to do if we won't hole fast?" he asked. "I can't do anything 'cept leave the lantern burnin' and

keep close as I can with you," I answered.

"Ain't you goin' to call us on the carpit, or rough us up, or nuffin?" he asked, frownin'; and Janie tossed her head.

I had to answer that I wasn't any fighter and Grover said, very earnest:

"It ain't hard, and when you're mad it don't hurt. You just hit a feller like Smoke Fish in the eye and he hits back ——"

"Fightin' is all you think about!" said Janie, sniffin' at him. "Cole's got somethin' else to do. But I don't see why I should hold fast to him ——"

"Pa's orders," I minded her, and Janie stood bitin' her lips.

"Oh!" she said, pantin', and then, with a quick motion she threw up the curtain.

The daylight came in, showin' all our faces white and angry, so that we moved still farther apart; and I guess Pa lost us with the shadow, for we began to quarrel.

"Pa didn't stop to think that I was most grown up," said Janie then; "and he might have thought you'd turn



Well, Ain't You

out bolder. And I'm goin' to do as I please and have my party dress, and go to the dance-hall next week with Mr. Robbins!"

"He ain't fit company," I said; but Janie's face set hard and pink against me. It was a terrible danger signal itself.

"I'm a young lady," she told us, "and I'm goin' to have my good times and you can ——"

my good times and you can ----"
"Go to sunder!" said Grover.

"I don't mean that," said Janie; "it ain't nice. I'll keep house the best I can and be polite to Cole; but I'm my own missus from now on and he must understand it." "I understand," I told her.

She bowed and was always polite to me after that. Grover, he went out right away and beat his drum all

round the house; and then he went off to play hooky from

So there was nothin' to do but darken the room and keep the lantern burnin', though the other two never did go in there any more.

That evenin' was pretty busy; but 'bout midnight I was sittin' on the platform eatin' my lunch when Mr. Barrens came up. He said that Miss Cloud and her father were comin' through on their way back East. Mr. Cloud was figurin' for the directors on buyin' a short line which had a junction with ours, and the lady just traveled with him for company.

"I dropped my fortune and somebody had to give me a job," explained Mr. Barrens; "so she told the old gentleman to offer me this one for a starter."

Pretty soon the special came slidin' in and he boarded it to speak to Mr. Cloud; then the lady came out on the station platform and walked up and down with Mr.

Barrens.

Once they came up to me and Miss Cloud shook hands.

"Your name is Cole, and I know that you saved me from a wreck last night," she said. "How are little brother

and sister?"
I couldn't see her face very plain, but liked her anyhow,

and answered that they was well.

"They're lucky to have such a head to the fambly," she said, "and I know you're just as brave as you are quickwitted. Now hold up your lantern so I'll know you next

time we meet."

I did so, and could see her face a little; she was very pretty, with big gray eyes.

"Wouldn't you fight for such a lady?" asked Mr. Barrens, jokin' me.

"O' course he would!" she said; but I told 'em no, though I'd like to. And Mr. Barrens laughed right out; but Miss Cloud stood watchin' me a minute before sayin' good night.

"Papa hasn't finished his business and we'll be back next month," I heard her say; and then:

"Oh, Charley, I'm so glad you like railroadin' and are makin' good!"

Then the engineer ran out with his orders and the special began slidin' through the yards. We stood watchin' the tail-lights swing out o' sight round a long curve.

"Damme! Damme! Damme!"said Mr. Barrens, louder and quicker each time, and walked up and down wavin'



his stick. I asked what for, and he said: "I am a rascal; she has backed me for a winner and I am left standin'! Can I ride an engine, you know, and hammer trains up and down the division like polo balls?"

I answered, "No, sir!" and he grinned at me with all his teeth, like a skull.

"Then I am a rascal," he said, " 'cause that's the only way I can run a division. And she thinks I'm makin' good!"

It was time to go callin' then, and I went down the main street thinkin' of the danger light burnin' in my home night and day, and hopin' the folks remembered it afore goin' to sleep. I b'lieved they would, and was whistlin' when I came under the windows o' the dance-hall and heard Janie's voice and laugh. Then the music started up.

I climbed the stairs and asked the ticket taker to let me stand in the door; and when Janie came waltzin' by I called that I'd come to take her home. The crowd was pretty noisy, but she heard; and walkin' over to the door she whispered for me to go 'bout my own business; but I set my lantern by the wall and just waited.

O' course Janie was too proud to quarrel before people; and without sayin' anything to Robbins, who had brought her to the dance, she got her wrap and followed me to the street, but wouldn't speak any more.

At the gate I told her she would have a new dress to go to the neighbors' parties in, which were nicer than the dance-hall. Janie laughed and said:

"Thank you."

She pretended it was polite of me to bring her home, and hoped I'd call at the hall for her every night. Then she danced up the walk to the porch and went inside, without seemin' to notice the dim red light shinin' on the curtain.

I had to run fast to call the crew and got to one of the brakemen so late that he gave me a fierce call down.

Janie was polite as ever next mornin', but went to the dance again after Grover was in bed that evenin', and between callin' crews and takin' her home I had to hustle every night. She did look mighty pretty when dancin', bein' slim and light as a feather. Her black eyes would shine, too, and her cheeks flush pink; so it wasn't s'prisin' Robbins was always at her heels; but she pretended I wouldn't let him walk home with us.

In about a week I missed a fireman spite of all the runnin' I could do, and was reported to Mr. Barrens' chief clerk, who called me on the carpit and swore at me.

"One more break like that and you're fired!" he said, and the superintendent heard him.

The insurance fifty came that mornin'; so I gave Janie twenty and told her that all the neighbors would want to see her new dress. Then I paid the old account at the groceryman's, and there wasn't any left for Grover's suit, who was wearin' out a terrible amount o' clo's fightin' and playin' hookey. As they didn't know what had gone with the other thirty dollars I didn't blame' em for accusin' me of spendin' it on myself.

Next night bein' Sunday there was no dance and only a few trains; so I sat on the upper platform 'bout midnight, wonderin' where I'd be this time next month if things kept a-comin'.

Mr. Barrens, who seemed to walk round a good deal at night now, stopped long enough to say that the chief clerk would not fire me.

It was that very night, while we were standin' there, that a flathead, inspectin' an oil-tank car just below the

depot, found a leak with his torch. It didn't blow up loud—just split the rusted old tank; and the flathead hotfooted it with a wave o' fire behind him. O' course everybody in the yards started down there on a run 'cept the superintendent.

He thought a minute' and said:

"Demmed if I'll go down where the light's brightest to show my ignerance."

Now the whole yard just below the depot was swimmin' in fire and a stream of it was runnin' under the rest o' the string o' cars, the oil tank bein' in a train made up to go East. The fireman had even brought the engine down from the round-house and it was standin' just above us.

It was one of our big new engines which, bein' too heavy for the old turntable, had its own stall built over one of the switch tracks at the end o' the roundhouse. The track must have been a little downgrade from the fire, for the oil came pourin' in a flood between the rails—it ran under a car with a red powder-card nailed to its door which stood just opposite the superintendent and me.

O' course if that blew up it would wipe out the comp'ny buildin's; and it would wipe out my home, too, which stood facin' the yards only a block away. I yelled for the fireman to couple up and found enough slack to cut the train just back o' the powder car. The oil was under the engine now, burnin' red, with clouds o' black smoke, and runnin' down to the roundhouse, only about two hundred yards away. The rails held it banked up, and some twist of the tank which had wrecked itself sent a new flood down.

As the engine didn't move I ran up, to find the cab empty—the fireman had gone down the track to see what was goin' on. So I started the Mogul backin' and dropped down to make my own couplin'—it was terrible smoky in there by that time, but I was lucky and made it. The Mogul kept backin' till I climbed up and shut her off.

All this time Mr. Barrens had been follerin' in and out of the smoke, and across the engine and back in again learnin' what was goin' on. He'd seen how I started it and how I stopped it. The powder car seemed to be smolderin' from the heat below, and I'd have to move fast to get her out o' the blazin' oil in time.

As I held the lever, Mr. Barrens shoved me away.

"Sportin' chance—one to three!" he yelled, and I nodded in such a scare that he saw I'd never take her through; so, catchin' me by the back o' the neck, with a laugh, he leaned out and dropped me clear—then threw her wide open, I guess, for the wheels spun, the rails beginnin' to grow slippery with greasy smoke. Then the big drivers caught—and she lunged straight at the roundhouse, where, the stall doors bein' closed, she went through 'em like paper, and then on through the back door, strippin' off the dome and stack and cab. Lucky Charley Barrens stood low behind the boiler head! But he must have been as cool as ice, for he shut off steam at the very moment o' the first crash, and the Mogul, holdin' to the rails, beat her way clean through and stopped up by the blacksmith shop.

When I got there I found Mr. Barrens pullin' himself out o' the wreck o' the cab; he leaned on me some comin' down the gangway and said in a weak voice:

"Old chap, you miscalled the odds a bit—it was one to a thousand!" Then he grinned and settled to the ground. I'd forgot to tell him that he would have to take his run through the roundhouse.

The foreman and two or three wipers, who had been watchin' the oil spread toward 'em, came runnin' up; and when I splained they doused the smokin' powder car good before goin' to fight their own fire. Mr. Barrens staggered to his feet agin and, holdin' to my shoulder, managed to walk across the yards and down the street to my house.

I called to Janie that it was only me, with a hurt friend; and I had him lie down on Pa's bed. Mr. Barrens kept talkin' a little dazed till we come in on the red lantern; then he went perfeckly still and stared at it from the pillows till I set it in a corner and lit a lamp. I remember his sayin' that he didn't want to get his signals mixed again.

Janie, who'd helped in accidents before, asked if there was anything she could do and came to the door with her street cloak over her nightdress. I told her she might go to the neighbors and telephone the comp'ny doctor that Mr. Barrens was hurt at our home.

Janie's black hair was wound loose and her face was pale, so that Mr. Barrens stared as though seein' a ghost. Then he began pullin' himself together and asked in a waker voice:

"Have you brought me home, old chap? It's awful good of you!"

He was watchin' Janie and seemed fightin' to keep his eyes open; but the lids sank down and closed tight. Then Janie ran to fix the pillows so his head wouldn't slip down and I went to the neighbor's telephone.

When Janie heard me comin' back she tiptoed out to learn 'bout the wreck and if anybody else was hurt. Mr. Barrens seemin' to be in a kind of deep sleep; she said that smashin' through the roundhouse with that powder car, over burnin' oil, was a brave thing to do. Then we went into Pa's room and watched till the doctor came.

I helped put Mr. Barrens to bed; he had three broken ribs and a bruise on the head and some sprains, but noth; dangerous; so after telephonin' the doctor's 'sistant to bring splints and things I went back to the office.

They were just clearin' away the blockade o' bursel cars so trains could get through and I was in plenty o' time to call the first crew out.

Next mornin' Mr. Barrens told me to take a layof and let somebody else do the callin' for a few days. He brand up on the pillows and pretended he'd just come to visit as. He grew 'quainted with Janie and Grover right away, and was so funny that I never had so good a time since I was little.

Once I played a joke. It was on Grover and was played by puttin' a dynamite cap in the head of his drumstick. The first beat blew in the head o' the drum and he pover did understand how he struck such a hard blow. He guessed he'd better be careful how he hit anybody else in the eye and kept measurin' up his muscle.

Janie was always good in times o' accident and she played cards with Mr. Barrens; he said he'd never forget her standin' in the door, with face pale and her black har tangled, the night he was hurt.

"You thought you was seein' ghosts," I said; and he answered: "A angel!" So we all laughed—Janie most of all.

O' course everybody was talkin' 'bout the run he'd made with the powder car; it was a short run, but somethin happened every second. The dispatcher and two roadnet came down to thank him for savin' their lives, and Grove stood by frownin', and puffed up that he knew such a braw man.

Mr. Barrens told 'em square that he didn't know he war runnin' into the roundhouse.

"Cole was the one who coupled up, and he was startif the engine when I took it away from him—and Cole keet what he was gettin' into," said Mr. Barrens.

They all looked at me; Janie's eyes shone, and Grove left Mr. Barrens to come over and hold on to my coat I never did want to lie 'bout anything so bad and might's done it if I hadn't known they'd always expect me to b reckless after that—and my nerve wasn't good for it.

"I was only goin' to start her and then jump," I splained
"All I'd been figurin' on was to send that powder car out o
the fire and take chances on what might happen to it am
the engine after that."

"And I didn't have wit enough to think o' that," said Mr. Barrens, feelin' his ribs; and the men, laughin', said was all right, and they wouldn't take out a smokin' powde

car, either—even with a clear line and rights ove every train on the system

Janie looked down as Grover went back to M: Barrens; but that evenin' while I was standin' in the shadow o' the porch, the both came up.

"Cole, it's all right bou your not bein' reckless, said Janie. "You handle me just right by bein patient, and I'm not gon to the dance-hall an more."

She said she'd only don it in contrariness an never did like it much.

"I knew that all slorg."
I told her; and what
Grover spoke up and sa
he wouldn't play hooky
went in to take the re
lantern from the corns
and put it out.

Mr. Barrens had been too polite to notice it b'lievin' it was kept burnin' 'count o' trouble between Grover and me but when I put it out be (Continued on Page 62)



'You Mustn't Come to Our House Any More," I Told Him

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

## That Gay Paresis!—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON





Gallus Mr. Fly, From the U. S. A., Walks Debonairly In

Moldy Old Whiskerados Hoper About You, Watchful as Chicken Hawks

As YOU walk along the Rue de la Paix\* and pay and pay, and keep on paying, your eye is constantly engaged by two inscriptions that occur and recur with the itmost frequency. One of these appears in nearly every hopwindow and over nearly every shopdoor. It says:

English Spoken Here.

This, I may tell you, is one of the few absolutely truthful ind dependable statements encountered by the tourist in he French capital—for invariably English is spoken here. It is spoken here during all the hours of the day and until in into the dusk of the evening—spoken loudly, clearly, listinctly, hopefully, hopelessly, stridently, hoarsely, lespondently, despairingly and finally profanely by Amercans who are trying to make somebody round the place inderstand what they are driving at.

The other inscription is carved, painted or printed on all sublic buildings, on most monuments, and on many pritate establishments as well. It is the motto of the French

Republic, reading as follows:

Liberality! Economy! Frugality!

The first word of this—the Liberality part—is applicable of the foreigner and is aimed directly at him as a prayer, n injunction and a command; while the rest of it—the leonomy and the Frugality—is competently attended to y the Parisians themselves.

The foreigner has only to be sufficiently liberal and he is saired of a flattering reception wheresoever his straying sotsteps may carry him, whether in Paris or in the provness; but wheresoever those feet of his do carry him he all find a people distinguished by a frugality and inspired of an economy of the frugalest and most economical character conceivable.

#### The Frugal Habits of Good Saint Denis

N THE streets of the metropolis he is expected, when going anywhere, to hall the fast-flitting taxicab‡, though he residents patronize the public bus. Indeed, the distinction is made clear to his understanding from the noment he passes the first outlying fortress at the national rontier§—since, for the looks of things if for no better reacon, he must travel first-class on the de-luxe trains||, whereas he Frenchmen pack themselves tightly but frugally into he second-class and the third-class compartments.

Before I went to France I knew Saint Denis was the atron saint of the French; but I did not know why until heard the legend connected with his death. When the zecutioner on the hill at Montmartre cut off his head the cod saint picked it up and strolled across the fields with tucked under his arm—so runs the tale. His head, in hat shape, was not of any particular value to him any sore, but your true Parisian is of a saving disposition.

'The x being one of the few silent things in France.

Free translation.

Stops on signal only-and sometimes not then.

Flag station.

Diner taken off when you are about half through eating.

And so the Paris population have worshiped Saint Denis ever since. Both as a saint and as a citizen he filled the bill. He would not throw anything away, whether he needed it or did not.

Paris—not the Paris of the art lover, or the Paris of the lover of history, or yet again the Paris of the worth-while Parisians—but the Paris which the casual male visitor samples, is the most overrated thing on earth, I reckon—except alligator-pear salad—and the most costly. Its system of conduct is predicated, based, organized and manipulated on the principle that a foreigner with plenty of money and no soul will be along pretty soon.

Hence by day and by night the deadfall is rigged and the trap is set and baited—baited with a spurious gayety and an imitation joyousness; but the joyousness is as thin as one coat of sizing, and the brass shines through the plating; and behind the painted, parted lips of laughter the sharp teeth of greed show in a glittering double row.

Yet gallus Mr. Fly, from the U. S. A., walks debonairly in, and out comes Monsieur Spider, ably seconded by Madame Spiderette; and between them they despoil him with the utmost dispatch. When he is not being mulcted for large sums he is being nicked for small ones. It is tip,

brother, tip—and keep right on tipping!

I heard a story of an American who spent a month in Paris, taking in the sights and being taken in by them, and another month motoring through the country. At length he reached the port whence he was to sail for home. He went aboard the steamer and saw to it that his belongings were properly stored; and in the privacy of his stateroom he sat down to take an inventory of his letter of credit, now reduced to a wan and wasted specter of its once plethoric self. In the midst of casting-up he heard the signal for departure; and so he went topside of the ship and, stationing himself on the promenade deck alongside the gangplank, he raised his voice and addressed the assembled multitude on the pier substantially as follows:

"If"—these were his words—"if there is a single, solitary individual in this fair land who has not touched me for something of value—if there be in all France a man, woman or child who has not been tipped by me—let him, her or it speak now or forever after hold their peace; because, know ye all men by these presents, I am about to go away from here and if I stay in my right mind I'm not

And several persons were badly hurt in the crush; but they were believed afterward to have been repeaters.

I thought this story was overdrawn, but, after traveling over somewhat the same route which this fellow countryman of mine had taken, I came to the conclusion that it was no exaggeration, but a true bill in all particulars. On the night of our second day in Paris we went to a theater to see one of the topical revues, in which Paris is supposed to excel; and for sheer dreariness and blatant vulgarity Paris revues do, indeed, excel anything of a similar nature as done in either England or in America—which is saying quite a mouthful too.

In the French revue the members of the chorus reach their artistic limit in costuming when they dance forth from the wings wearing shabby lingerie over soiled pink fleshings; and any time the dramatic interest begins to run low and gurgle in the pipes a male comedian pumps it up again by striking or kicking a woman—but to kick her is regarded as much the more whimsical conceit. This invariably sets the audience rocking with uncontrollable merriment. Howsomever, I am not writing a critique of the merits of the performance; I am thinking now of what happened to us on our entrance into that theater.

#### The Whiskered Sisterhood

AT THE door a middle-aged female, who was raising a natty mustache, handed us programs. I paid her for the programs and tipped her. She turned us over to a stout brunette lady who was cultivating a neat and flossy pair of muttonchops. This person escorted us down the aisle to where our seats were; so I tipped her. Alongside our seats stood a third member of the sisterhood, chiefly distinguished from her confrères by the fact that she was turning out something very fetching in the way of a brown vandyke; and after we were seated she continued to stand there, holding forth her hand toward me, palm up and fingers extended in the national gesture, and saying something in her native tongue very rapidly. Incidentally she was blocking the path of a number of people who had come down the aisle immediately behind us.

I thought possibly she desired to see our coupons, so I hauled them out and exhibited them. She shook her head at that and gabbled faster than ever. It next occurred to me that perhaps she wanted to furnish us with programs and was asking in advance for the money with which to pay for them. I explained to her that I had already secured programs from her friend with the mustache. I did this mainly in English, but partly in French—at least I employed the correct French word for program, which is programme.

To prove my case I pulled the two programs from my pocket and showed them to her. She continued to shake her head with great emphasis, babbling on at an increased speed. The situation was beginning to verge on the embarrassing when a light dawned on me. She wanted a tip—that was it! She had not done anything to earn a tip that I could see; and unless one had been reared in the barbering business she was not particularly attractive to look on, and even then only in a professional aspect; but I tipped her and bade her begone, and straightway she bewent, satisfied and smilling.

From that moment on I knew my book. When in doubt I tipped one person—the person nearest to me. When in deep doubt I tipped two or more persons. And all was well.

On the next evening but one I had another lesson, which gave me further insight into the habits and customs of these gay and gladsome Parisians. We were completing a round of the all-night cafés and cabarets. There were four of us. Briefly, we had seen the Dead Rat, the Abbey, the Bal Tabarin, the Red Mill, Maxim's—and the rest of the lot to the total number of perhaps ten or twelve. We had listened to bad singing, looked on bad dancing, sipped gingerly at bad drinks, and nibbled daintily at bad food—and the taste of it all was as grit and ashes in our mouths.

We had learned for ourselves that the much-vaunted gay life of Paris was just as sad and sordid and sloppy and unsavory as the so-called gay life of any other city with a lesser reputation for gay life and gay livers. A scrap of the gristle end of the New York Tenderloin; a suggestion of a certain part of New Orleans; a short cross section of the Levee, in Chicago; a dab of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco in its old, unexpurgated days; a touch of Piccadilly Circus, in London, after midnight, with a top dressing of Gehenna the Unblest—it had seemed to us a compound of these ingredients, with a distinctive savor of what was essentially Gallic permeating through it like garlic through a stew.

We had had enough. Even though we had attended only as onlookers and seekers after local color, we felt that we had a-plenty of onlooking and entirely too much of local color; we felt that we should all go into retreat for a season of self-purification to rid our persons of the one and take a bath in formaldehyde to rinse our memories clean of the other. The ruling spirit of the expedition, however, pointed out that the evening would not be complete without a stop at a café that had—so he said—an international reputation for its supposed sauciness and its real Bohemian atmosphere, whatever that might be.

Overcome by his argument we piled into a cab and departed thither.

This particular café was found, in its physical aspects, to be typical of the breed and district. It was small, crowded, overheated, underlighted, and stuffy to suffocation with the mingled aromas of stale drink and cheap perfume. As we entered a wrangle was going on among a group of young Frenchmen picturesquely attired as art students—almost a sure sign that they were not art students.

An undersized girl dressed in a shabby black-andyellow frock was doing a Spanish dance on a cleared space in the middle of the floor. We knew her instantly for a Spanish dancer, because she had a fan in one hand and a pair of castanets in the other. Another girl, dressed as a pierrot, was waiting to do her turn when the Spanish dancer finished. Weariness showed through the lacquer of thick cosmetic on her peaked little face.

An orchestra of three pieces sawed wood steadily; and at intervals, to prove that these were gay and blithesome revels, somebody connected with the establishment threw small, party-colored balls of celluloid about. But what particularly caught our attention was the presence in a far corner of two little darkies in miniature dress suits, both very wally of eye, very brown of skin, and very shaved as to head, huddled together there as though for the poor comfort of physical contact. As soon as they saw us they left their place and sidled up, tickled beyond measure to behold American faces and hear American voices.

#### Homesick Pickaninnies

THEY belonged, it seemed, to a troupe of jubilee singers who had been imported from the States for the delectation of French audiences. At night, after their work at a vaudeville theater was done, the

members of their company were paired off and sent about to the cafés to earn their keep by singing ragtime songs and dancing buck dances. These two were desperately, pathetically homesick. One of them blinked back the tears when he told us, with the plaintive African quaver in his voice, how long they had been away from their own country and how happy they would be to get back.

"We suttin'ly is glad to heah somebody talkin' de reg'lar New 'Nited States talk, same as we does," he said. "We gits mighty tired ob all dis yere French jabberin'!"

"We gits mighty tired ob all dis yere French jabberin'!"
"Yas, suh," put in his partner; "dey meks a mighty fuss
over cullud folks over yere; but 'tain't noways lak home.
I comes from Bummin'ham, Alabama, myse'f. Does you
gen'lemen know anybody in Bummin'ham?"

They were the first really wholesome creatures who had crossed our paths that night. They crowded up close to us and there they stayed until we left, as grateful as a pair of friendly puppies for a word or a look. Presently, though, something happened that made us forget these small dark compatriots of ours. We had had sandwiches all round and a bottle of wine.

When the waiter brought the check it fell haply into the hands of the one person in our party who knew French and—what was an even more valuable accomplishment under the present circumstances—knew the intricate French system of computing a bill.

He ran a pencil down the figures. Then he consulted the price list on the menu and examined the label on the neck of the wine bottle—and then he gave a long whistle.

"What's the trouble?" asked one of us.

"Oh, not much!" he said. "We had a bottle of wine priced at eighteen francs and they have merely charged us twenty-four francs for it—six francs overcharge on that one item alone. The total for the sandwiches should have been six francs, and it is put down at ten francs. And here, away down at the bottom, I find a mysterious entry of four francs, which seems to have no bearing on the case at all—unless it be that they just simply need the money. I expected to be skinned somewhat, but I object to being peeled. I'm afraid, at the risk of appearing mercenary, that we'll have to ask our friend for a recount."

He beckoned the waiter to him and fired a volley of rapid French in the waiter's face. The waiter batted his eyes and shrugged his shoulders; then reversing the operation he shrugged his eyelids and batted his shoulderblades, meantime endeavoring volubly to explain. Our friend shoved the check into his hands and waved him away. He was back again in a minute with the account corrected—it was corrected to the extent that the wine item had been reduced to twenty-one francs and the sandwiches to eight francs.

By now our paymaster was as hot as a hornet. His gorge rose—his freeborn, independent American gorge. It rose clear to the ceiling and threw off sparks and red clinkers. He sent for the manager.

The manager came—all bows and graciousness and rumply shirtfront; and when he heard what was to be said he became all apologies and indignation. He regretted more than words could tell that the American gentlemen



Try as Hard as You Picase to See the Real Paris, the Paris of Small, Mean Graft Intrudes on You

who deigned to patronize his restaurant had been put to annoyance. The garçon—here he turned and burned up that individual with a fiery sideglance—was a debased idiot and the accursed son of a yet greater and still more debased idiot. The cashier was a green hand and an imbecile besides.

It was incredible—impossible—that the overcharging had been done deliberately—that was inconceivable; but the honor of his establishment was at stake—they should both, garçon and cashier, be discharged on the spot. First, however, he would rectify all mistakes. Would monsieur intrust the miserable addition to him for a moment—for one short moment? Monsieur would and did.

This time the amount was made right and our friend handed over in payment a fifty-franc note. With his own hands the manager brought back the change. Counting it over, the payee found it five francs short. Attention being directed to this error the manager became more apologetic and more explanatory than ever, and supplied the deficiency with a shiny new five-franc piece from his own pocket.

And then, when we had gone away from there and had traveled a homeward mile or two, our friend found that the new shiny five-franc piece was counterfeit—as false a thing as that manager's false smile. We had bucked the unbeatable system—and we had lost.

Earlier that same evening we spent a gloom-laden quarter of an hour in another café—one which owes its fame and most of its American custom to the happy circumstance that in a certain famous comic opera produced a few years ago a certain popular leading man sang a set extolling its fascinations. The man who wrote the set must have had a full-flowered and glamorous imagination, for he could see beauty where beauty there was not.

To us there seemed nothing particularly fanciful about the place except the prices they charged for refreshments. However, something unusual did happen there once. It was not premeditated though—the proprietor had nothing to do with it. Had he known what was about to occur undoubtedly he would have advertised it in advance and sold tickets for it.

By reason of circumstances over which he had no control, but which had mainly to do with a locked-up street wardrobe, an American of convivial mentality was in his room at his hotel one evening, fairly consumed with loneliness. Above all things he desired to be abroad amid the life and gayety of the French capital; but unfortunately he had no clothes except boudoir clothes—and no way of getting any, either, which made the situation worse. He had already tried the telephone in a vain effort to communicate with a ready-made clothing establishment in the Rue St.-Honoré. Naturally he had failed, as he knew he would before he tried.

Among Europeans the telephone is not the popular and handy adjunct of every-day life it is among us. The English have small use for it because it is, to start with, a wretched Yankee invention; besides, an Englishman in a hurry takes a cab, as his father before him did—takes the

same cab his father took, if possible—and the Lam races dislike telephone conversations because the gestures all go to absolute waste. The French telephone resembles a dingus for curling the hair. You wrap it round your head, with one end near your mouth and the other end near your ear, and you yell in it a while and curse in it a while; and then you slam it down and go and send a messenger. The hero of the present tale, however, could not send a messenge—the hotel people had their orders to the contrary from one who was not to be disobeyed.

#### The Episode of the Borrowed Pants

FINALLY in stark desperation, maddened by the sounds of sidewalk revelry that filtered up to him intermittently, he incased his feet in bedroom slippen, slid a dressing gown on over his pajamas, and negotiated a successful escape from the hotel by means at the rear way. Once in the open he climbed into a handy cab and was driven to the café of his choice, it being the same café mentioned a couple of purigraphs ago. Through a side entrance he made a hasty and unhindered entrance into this place—not that he would have been barred under any circumstance inasmuch as he had brought a roll with him.

A person with a cluster of currency on hand is always suitably dressed in Paris, no matter if he has nothing else on; and this man had brought much ready cash with him. He could have gone in figleaved like Eve, or fig-leafless like September Monit being remembered that as between these two, as popularly depicted, Morn wears even less than Eve So he whisked in handily, and when he had hidden the lower part of himself under a table he felt quits at home and proceeded to have a large and fulevening.

Soon there entered another American, and by the mental telepathy which inevitably attracts like-spirit to like-spirit he was drawn to the spot where the first American sat. He introduced himself as one feeling the need of congenial companionship, and they shook hand

need of congenial companionship, and they shook hard and exchanged names, and the first man asked the secont man to be seated; so they sat together and had some thing together, and then something more together; and a the winged moments flew they grew momentarily monintimate. Finally the newcomer said:

"This seems a pretty lachrymose shop. Suppose we get elsewhere and look for some real doings."

"Your proposition interests me strangely," said the first man; "but there are two reasons—both good ones—who I may not fare forth with you. Look under the table and you'll see 'em."

The second man looked and comprehended, for he was married man himself; and he grasped the other's hand is warm and comforting sympathy.

"Old Man," he said—for they had already reached the Old Man stage—"don't let that worry you. Why, I've got more pants than any man with only one set of legs has all right to have. I've got pants that've never been workyou stay right here and don't move until I come back My hotel is just round the corner from here."

No sooner said than done—he went and in a surprisingly short time was back, bearing spare trousers with him. Beneath the shielding protection of the table draperies the succored one slipped them on, and they were a perfect fit. Now he was ready to go where adventure might swall them. They tarried, though, to finish the last bottle.

Over the rim of his glass the second man ventured at opinion on a topic of the day. Instantly the first man

challenged him. It seemed to him inconceivable that a person with intelligence enough to have amassed so many pairs of trousers should harbor such a delusion. He begged of his new-found friend to withdraw the statement—or at least to abate it.

The other man was sorry, but he simply could not do it. He stood ready to concede almost anything else, but on this particular point he was adamant; in fact, adamant was in comparison with him as pliable as chewing taffy. Much as he regretted it, he could not modify his assertion by so much as one brief jot or one small tittle without violating the consistent principles of a consistent life. He felt that way about it. All his family felt that way about it.

"Then, sir," said the first man with a rare dignity, "I regret to wound your feelings; but my sensibilities are such that I cannot accept—even temporarily—the use of a pair of trousers from the loan collection of a person who intertains such false and erroneous conceptions. I have the pleasure, sir, of wishing you good night."

With these words he shucked off the borrowed habiliments and slammed them into the abashed bosom of the abstinate stranger and went back to his captivity pantless, 'tis true, but with his honor unimpaired.

The majority of these all-night places are singularly and nonotonously alike. In the early hours of the evening the nusicians rest from their labors; the regular habitues lay side their air of professional abandon; with true French rugality the lights burn dim and low. But anon sounds he signal from the front of the house—Strike up the band; sere comes a sucker! Somebody resembling ready money as arrived. The lights flash on, the can-canners take the loor, the garçons flit hither and yon, and all is excitement.

Enter the opulent American gentleman. Half a dozen unctionaries greet him rapturously, bowing before his riumphant progress. Others relieve him of his hat and is coat, so that he cannot escape prematurely. A whole eception committee escorts him to a place of honor facing he dancing arena. The natives of the quarter stand in ows in the background, drinking beer or nothing at all; at the distinguished stranger sits at a front table and a served with champagne—and champagne only. It is afferior champagne; but because it is labeled American frut—whatever that may denote—and because there is a oster on the bottle showing the American flag in the correct olors, he pays several times its proper value for it.

From far corners and remote recesses coryphées and ourt jesters swarm forth to fawn on him, bask in his resence, glory in his smile—and sell him something. The shole thing is as mercenary as passing the hat. Cigarette irls, flower girls and bonbon girls, postcard venders and onfetti dispensers surround him impenetrably, taking him ront, rear, by the right flank and the left; and they shove heir wares in his face and will not take No for an answer—at they will take anything else.

#### Pearl and Her Wonderful Ears

TWO years ago this coming fall, at a hunting camp in North Carolina, I thought I had met the creature with he most acute sense of hearing of any living thing. I refer Pearl, the mare. Pearl was an elderly mare, white in color nd therefore known as Pearl. She was most gentle and ind. She was a reliable family animal too—had a colt very year—but in her affiliations she was a pronounced factionary. She went through life listening for somebody say Whoa! Her ears were permanently slanted backard on that very account. She belonged to the Whoa odge, which has a large membership among humans. Riding behind Pearl you uttered the talismanic word in he thinnest thread of a whisper and instantly she stopped.

ou could spell Whoa! on your fingers—and she would stop.

For the Looks of Things, if for No Better Reason, He Must Travel First-Class

You could take a pencil and a piece of paper out of your pocket and write down Whoa!—and she would stop; but, compared with a sample assortment of these cabaret satellites, Pearl would have seemed deaf as a post. Clear across a hundred-foot dance-hall they catch the sound of a restless dollar turning over in the fob pocket of an American tourist.

And they come a-running and get it. Under the circumstances it requires self-hypnotism of a high order—and plenty of it—to make an American think he is enjoying himself. Still, he frequently attains to that happy consummation. To begin with, is he not in Gay Paree?—as it is familiarly called in Rome Center and all points West? He is! Has he not kicked over the traces and cut loose with intent to be oh, so naughty for one naughty night of his life? Such are the facts. Finally—and

herein lies the proof conclusive—he is spending a good deal of money and is getting very little in return for it-

Well, then, what better evidence is required? Any time he is paying four or five prices for what he buys and does not particularly need it—or want it after it is bought—the average American can delude himself into the belief that he is having a brilliant evening. This is a racial trait worthy of the scientific consideration of Professor Hugo Münsterberg and other students of our national psychology.



She Had Not Done Anything to Earn a Tip That I Could See

So far the Münsterberg school has overlooked it—but the canny Parisians have not. They long ago studied out every quirk and wriggle of it, and capitalized it to their own purpose. Liberality! Economy! Frugality!—there they are, everywhere blazoned forth—Liberality for you, Economy and Frugality for them. Could anything on earth be fairer than that?

Even so, the rapturous reception accorded to a North American pales to a dim and flickery puniness alongside

the perfect riot and whirlwind of enthusiasm that marks the entry into an all-night place of a South American. Time was when, to the French understanding, exuberant prodigality and the United States were terms synonymous; that time has passed. Of recent years our young kinsmen from the sister republics nearer the Equator and the Horn have invaded Paris in numbers, bringing their impulsive temperaments and their bankrolls with them. Thanks to these young cattle kings, these callow silver princes from Argentina and Brazil, from Peru and from Ecuador, a new and more gorgeous standard for moneywasting has been established.

You had thought, perchance, there was no rite and ceremonial quite so impressive as a head waiter in a Fifth Avenue restaurant squeezing the blood out of a semi-raw canvasback in a silver duck press for a free spender from Butte or Pittsburgh. I, too, had thought that; but wait—just waituntil you have seen a maître d'hôtel on the



Samples is the Most Overrated Thing on Earth—and the Most Costly

Avenue de l'Opéra, with the smile of the canary-fed cat on his face, standing just behind a hide-and-tallow baron or a guano duke from somewhere in Far Spiggottyland, watching this person as he wades into the fresh fruit—checking off on his fingers each blushing South African peach at two francs the bite, and each purple cluster of hothouse grapes at one franc the grape! That spectacle, believe me, is worth the money every time.

There is just one being whom the dwellers of the all-night quarter love and revere more deeply than they love a downy, squabbling scion of some rich South American family, and that is a large, broad negro pugilist with a mouthful of gold teeth and a shirtfront full of yellow diamonds. To an American—and especially to an American who was reared below Mason and Dixon's justly popular Line—it is indeed edifying to behold a black heavyweight fourthrater from South Clark Street, Chicago, taking his ease in a smart café, entirely surrounded by worshipful boulevardiers, both male and female.

#### The Paris That Will be Glorified

NOW, as I said at an earlier stage of these remarks, there is another Paris besides this—a Paris of history, of art, of architecture, of literature, of refinement; a Paris inhabited by a people with a pride in their past, a pluck in their present, and a faith in their future; a Paris of kindly aristocrats, of thrifty, pious plain people; a Paris of students and savants and scientists—of great actors and great dramatists. There is one Paris that might well be burned to its unclean roots, and another Paris that will be glorified in the minds of mankind forever.

And it would be as unfair to say that the Paris which comes flaunting its tinsel vice and pinchbeck villainy in the casual tourist's face is the real Paris, as it would be for a man from the interior of the United States to visit New York and, after interviewing one Bowery bouncer, one Tenderloin cabman, and one Broadway ticket speculator, go back home and say he had met fit representatives of the predominant classes of New York society and had found them unfit.

Yes, it would be even more unfair; for the alleged gay life of New York touches at some point of contact or other the lives of most New Yorkers, whereas in Paris there are numbers of sane and decent folks who seem to know nothing except by hearsay of what goes on after dark in the Montmartre district.

Besides, no man in the course of a short and crowded stay may hope to get under the skin of any community, great or small. He merely skims its surface cuticle; he sees no deeper than the pores and the hair-roots. The arteries, the frame, the real tissue-structure remain hidden to him. Therefore the pity seems all the greater that, to the world at large, the bad Paris should mean all Paris. It is that other and more wholesome Paris which one sees—a light-hearted, good-natured, polite and courteous Paris when one, biding his time and choosing the proper hour and proper place, goes abroad to seek it out.

For the stranger who does at least a part of his sightseeing after a rational and orderly fashion, there are pictures that will live in the memory always—the Madeleine with the flower market just alongside; the green and gold woods of the Bois de Boulogne; the grandstand of the racecourse at Longchamp on a fair afternoon in the autumn; the Opéra at night; the promenade of the Champs-Elysées on a Sunday morning after church; the Gardens of the Tuileries; the wonderful circling plaza of the Place Vendôme, where one may spend a happy hour if the maniacal taxi-drivers deign to spare one's life for so unaccountably long a period; the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, with their exquisite shops, where every other shop is a jeweler's shop and every jeweler's shop is just like every other jeweler's shop-which fact ceases to cause wonder when one learns that, with a few notable exceptions, all these

(Continued on Page 77)

# THE VORTEX By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman

# One Way Out for the Unemployed Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

F YOU were on the ragged edge of nothing; if you had no home but such as you made for yourself; if you had no savings and had never had wages that permitted savings; if you had not much strength and were gradually losing your nerve from fear of want; if you had no security against want and lost your job, and could not get another-what would you do? Particularly what would you do if you were a woman past forty, physically a good deal the worse for the wear and tear of city life, with streaks of gray in your hair that put you at a discount against the nimble agility of youth? Having through no fault of your own started wrong, is there any vocation where you could begin again, where your mature experience would count against the nimble fingers of youth?

Because there is such a chance for every woman out of the vortex of the city's great unemployed, I am going to set down, with as strict accuracy to detail as I can recall, word for word, the story told me by one who found a way out which every woman in like case could follow if she would.

The other day there was a meeting in New York of the city's unemployed women; and women who had never before in their lives faced an audience stood up and voiced the cry for work, for a chance to live. Among the white-goods workers alone it was found that more than twenty-two thousand were working on half time—that is, at wages from three and a half to four and a half dollars a week. Among the shirtwaist and kimono makers ten thousand were entirely out of work, fourteen thousand on half time. Of the seventy-

five thousand women workers allied with women's trade unions twenty-two thousand had been permanently out of work for the winter. When you consider that of all industrial workers among women not a tenth are allied with any trade unions whatsoever, it is a pretty safe estimate to say that at least one hundred thousand women workers in industry are out of work in the big cities of the East today. This estimate is considered under the mark by the union women of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

What is the cause of it? Not hard times; for this country has never at any era in its history had hard times as that phrase is understood in other lands. Transition in styles, such as the present narrow skirts that prevent women from wearing yards and yards of white petticoats, may have something to do with one trade; but that is only a surface shift of the great economic current, throwing such multitudes adrift. If you look for the real cause you will find it not in shifting styles but as one woman, who began life at fourteen as a capmaker, expressed it, in the perfection of the machine.

#### The Age of Machinery

ONE machine today does the work of five cashgirls; one typewriter, the work of a dozen longhand secretaries; one sewing machine driven at top speed by electricity, the work of fifty women at handsewing; one canning factory, with machinery self-driven and almost automatic, supplants mother's homemade pickles and preserves in ten thousand families. Do the workers, then, curse the machine and mob the inventors, as the weavers did a hundred years ago in England? Not a bit of it! I have never heard the faintest shade of resentment in tone toward the machine. Workers today realize that the machine has become the burden-bearer of the age, a thing making possible ease of production in a way ancient wizards never dreamed and fairy tales could not invent.

Meantime what happens? Fingers fourteen, fifteen, sixteen to twenty years old are nimbler, quicker, safer with the swift-speeding shuttles, or steel cutters, or plaiters, than fingers of thirty-five to forty. Also, in an age when competition is as fierce as war of old and overhead expenses the heaviest ever known, fingers of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen are cheaper than the fingers of a mature and experienced woman, who has a right to expect to be paid for her knowledge as well as her mechanism.

Good! Turn on the power! Whirl the wheels! Watch the shuttles flying so fast they are a blur to the eye!



The Men of the Family Drift to the City, While the Women Stay On in the Factories

What happens? Those nimble fingers, age twenty-five, do not go so fast! The machine power has flagged and fagged the nerve power. At twenty-eight there is an accident, a broken finger, or a functional smashup from exhausted vitalities. At thirty-five and forty—is it to be the scrapheap? That is the question these armies of women in industry are asking themselves; and the fact that there are one hundred thousand women out of work who want to work is more than the sign of an economic transition! It is the century tragedy of a machine age.

Is it necessary? Granted these out-of-works are drifters on an economic tide they can't control! Are so many hundreds of thousands a year to be permitted to become the flotsam and jetsam of humanity? If so it will come high in cost for hospitals and asylums and places of refuge. It will come still higher in bitter social discontent and hatred. Socialists say: Take over all instruments of production for the public! Doctrinaires say: Let the Government give these people a job! Philanthropists say: Let us give these people immediate help! The first two suggestions accomplish nothing; for they are years away and the out-of-works are hungry. The last remedy relieves immediate need, but it does not get down to fundamentals and it offends self-respect; it is like bailing out water thrown in by the waves of a continuous tide. It helps, but it does not stop!

Then there is the system being tried out succeasfully in Germany and New Zealand and Australia—government insurance against old age and want through a system of small weekly deductions from earnings; but this, like the remedies suggested by the socialists and doctrinaires, does not relieve immediate want. This system is not in vogue yet and requires years to bring its beneficiaries any returns. There is no use saying these people are unfits or they would have hoisted themselves out of their predicament by their own efforts. They are not unfits—they are misfits. You show how and they will do the hoisting all right. It is not, What can a woman do?—which implies a victim in a trap. It is what a woman can do, which implies a way out of dilemmas. So I shall tell the story of the woman who found her way out as nearly in her own words as possible.

I belonged to that type of family from which so many girls who have to earn their living come. We were neither rich nor poor. We were never in debt; but we never saved. My mother did not believe in the new fashion of women going out to earn their living. She believed that every woman should marry early and settle down, with a little family of her own. She did not believe in what you call women-in-industry. Neither did I. I did not think that was what women were for; and I used to feel alitie bit of superiority and contempt when my old girl friends of the high school began going out to work in offices and factories.

We lived in a little New England fartory town. If you know anything about factory towns you will know that the successful men of the family drift to the city. while the women stay on in the factories. You can think anything you like about marrying; but there simply are not enough men to go round in these little villages. Now that it is all over and done with I know where I made my first terrible mistake and sinned, and have paid in sufering for my sin; but lots of women do the same thing and it does not turn out a mistake. I believed I was doing what it was the duty of every woman to domarry-and it seems a poor sort of joke now; but then I should rather have died young than have my name go on a tomistone as an old maid. That used to be one of the jokes at our house.

Well, I married. I suppose at the time I thought I was marrying for love; but I know now I was not—that I married for a home, for a man to support me; and I was too young to realize that the man I had chosen married me as a sort of protection against his own waywardness. He needed support that I could not give, that I was not old enough to give him. I think we both unconsciously tricked each other. He thought if he married a good girl it would keep him straight. I thought if I married a smart fellow it would protect

me from the blasts of the world. You see we were both simply loving self and did not know it.

My brother and I had gone on an excursion to New York for the day. The man I was to marry was one of the old boys from our high school. We met him by chance on the street and he asked us to have lunch with him in one of the big Broadway restaurants. Jokingly my brother turned to me as we were going to meet him in the restaurant and said "There is a catch for you, Sade! Mack earns twelve had dred a year as bookkeeper in Wall Street; and you can judge from his dress and style of living how much he must earn on the side." I did not answer, but I thought a let

#### The Savers and the Spenders

HE WAS the best-dressed man I had ever met, and he looked prosperous. You could see the waiters jump is serve him the minute he entered.

Though I was a country simpleton, I had eyes in my head and could not help seeing how the necks of all the women in the restaurant craned as he passed. The check he paid for our lunch amounted to seven dollars, and he tipped the waiter fifty cents. Then he took me to a matinée. At the train, saying good-by, he told us he intended to spend his holidays back home for the first time in years My brother looked at me queerly. On the train he said "Mack always was a fourflusher on spending. Only thing I have against him is that diamond ring he wears on his little finger."

How could I confess that diamond ring was on my own finger under my glove, where I had promised to wear it till he came up for his holidays? We were married at the end of his holidays. The only inkling of anything amis came from an old-maid aunt, who threw cold water of everybody and everything. She was knitting in the corast by the chimney the day before our wedding.

"So he is a free-spender!" she said. She always dicket her needles when she was going to say something herrid "It's all right for them as has it"—clicking very fast and hard—"but them as has it don't usually spend it; and them as spend it don't usually have it."

It shocked my country ideas to find we were paying a rent of fifty dollars a month for our small apartment east of Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street. It seemed a great deal to pay half of one's income in rent. At home, when my father earned sixty dollars a month, we never paid more than ten dollars for rent; but when I spoke to my husband about it he told me to leave business matters we

him and he would leave household matters to me. It would affect his standing with the fellows if they thought he couldn't afford as good an apartment for his wife as these bachelor boys had for themselves. Who the fellows were I didn't know. Not a soul came to see us that first year in New York. It was fearfully lonely. I used to be riad to pass the time of day with the hallboy or the milkman; and there did not seem to be any way to form friends or make acquaintances. I used to clean the apartment and reclean it, and walk the streets, and parade the department stores to keep from being physically sick with loneliness; but in the evenings and on Sundays, when my husband was home, we were very happy.

I really think it is that kind of loneliness drives so many young people out to the dance-halls and the moving pictures and the cheap restaurants. We got into the way of going to the cheap shows on Saturday nights and to the cheap restaurants for dinner on Sundays. That was all we could afford. Really we could not afford that; but I did not know it. I used to long for the birth of our baby for company. I had intended to go up home for the baby; but my father died that winter and my mother went to live with a married brother.

"So you won't go up home for the arrival of His Little Royal Highness?" my husband asked. "How can I?" I answered.

He seemed terribly worried. I asked him if finances were not all right. He answered: "Of course!" Would I never learn to leave finances to him? Business was for men-and so on, like that!

It was a day or two after that the diamond ring was missed-the one he had given me that afternoon at the matinée. I wanted to have the police question the hallboys but my husband would not hear of it—that would only put the thief on guard. He would employ a private detective to rake the pawnshops.

That night he was late coming home to dinner. I was wild with anxiety and nervousness; and I could not go out for him. I tried to telephone the Wall Street brokerage firm, but the office had closed for the day. It was a miny summer night that brought back the very smells of the rose gardens up home. A hurdy-gurdy was playing in the street below our window and a lot of ragged children were dancing round and round in the gutter. A faint feel-ing came over me. What if anything happened so that our thild would be a poor youngster like those below the window? Had I done all my part? Was the woman's part to let the man support her? I can never hear a hurdy-gurdy get without that same faint feeling—it was a sort of horror.

#### Getting Ready to Go to Work

THERE is no use going back over that night. It cripples I me to think about it. I wanted to send for the policeind was afraid. I sat paralyzed all night listening and listenng for steps. By-and-by all the steps stopped and there vas nothing but the roar of the Third Avenue L. By norning I was walking the floor with terror. The minute be clock pointed to nine I called up the brokerage office. The boy who answered did not know who was speaking and iid not catch the name for a second. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, Mack-he ain't been here for weeks. He was red for swoipin' office funds!"

I was stunned. I could not believe it. I would not let myself think of the missing ring; but the morning mail killed my last hope. It was a little, curt note. It said:

Don't try to trace me. There has been a mixup in the office checks. If you trace me it will end in my arrest and your disgrace. Better go back home.

Home! There was no homeand he knew it. I, who had married to escape facing life and earning a living outside the home, had now to earn a living for two! I was untrained. I was unskilled. I was temperamentally unfit for

any kind of work but in a home. I was one of the thousands of helpless women thrown in the big cities—the very fate I had married to escape. I was ashamed to go back to my native place humil-

iated and disgraced. There was no place for me there. My brothers had married. One was supporting my mother, and his wife resented that. Our home factories were running slack. There was no work there.

I did not come to my senses enough to know what to do till I was convalescing from the birth of the baby in the maternity hos-

pital. I used to think I should be so happy when the baby came; but now I could not look at him without crying out as if something stabbed me. Furniture we had paid twelve hundred dollars for I sold to the second-hand shops for three hundred dollars. Of that, fifty dollars went to the maternity hospital and fifty dollars for the rent of the apartment the month I had been away. That left me two hundred dollars. While I worked I arranged to have the baby cared for in the daytime at a church nursery. Then I paid fifty dollars for a special course in stenography and typewriting, with the use of a machine for practice.

That left me one hundred and fifty dollars. I rented a little back hall bedroom with the use of a bathroom, where I could do my own washing and light cooking. This took three dollars and a half a week. Try as I would, I could not get my living expenses down lower than thirty cents a day-five cents for breakfast, coffee and a roll without butter; ten cents for lunch near the shorthand school, sandwich and coffee; and fifteen cents for supper, coffee and a roll and soup, or a small piece of meat, a cheap cut. And when it rained so that I had to take the car to and from the shorthand school, I had to skip one meal to keep my expenses down to thirty cents a day.

That made my living five dollars and sixty cents a week. I used to count and count at night-that, at this cost, my



Try as I Would, I Could Not Get My Living Expenses Down Lower Than Thirty Cents a Day

principal would not last thirty weeks; and I had made up my mind never to spend my last ten dollars. I always wanted enough left to reach my brothers. What if I were unable to learn shorthand in thirty weeks? What if I could not get a position?

It is right here that if some of the able rich women who want to help really would, they could save so much suffering and waste. If I could have had some one who was not knocked silly with fright to advise me in the hospital I should not have studied stenography at all. I should have done then what I did two years later after such suffering that I hate to recall it. I was not cut out for a stenographer. Spelling and punctuation always bothered me. A sharp word from the person dictating rattled me so I lost my head and made more blunders than

ever. The only thing I loved doing and wanted always to do and had looked forward to doing as my lifework was homemaking, cooking, sewing and housekeeping; but there was no one to tell me there was any market value for these things. I had not the faintest idea, any more than any other young girl has, that though every other vocation is crowded with more workers than there is work, the one vocation where there is always more work than there are workers-the one vocation in which a capable girl can get pretty nearly any price she asks-is homemaking.

#### The Manicurist's Ambition

SUPPOSE, if I thought of it at all, I thought of housework as being a servant, stuck away in a basement bedroom off a dark hall next to the ashcans. I did not know there was such a thing as domestic science. I did know there was scientific nursing; but I did not take up nursing because I did not know what to do with my baby during the years of training. A woman who was worldly wise would have known all those things and could have told me.

The other way in which rich women could help is in training such misfits as I was to find and fill and fit a special place. Why should any girl at the very end of her resources have to pay out fifty dollars to learn her job? I had thought of dressmaking, but at one dressmaking school where I applied the cost would have been sixty dollars; and at a school of design, where I wanted to learn millinery, the charge was forty dollars. If the women who form clubs for struggling girls would provide training for various vocations-yes, even training in cooking-they would have thousands of applicants a year and could save girls from the employment sharks and fake design schools, where they are bled to their last dollar.

One other point for the women who want to help: Many a girl, when she has finished her training, has not enough money left to furnish carfare, and there begins a weary tramp over miles of city streets to places of possible employment. I have walked ten miles a day-say, from Sixtieth Street to the Battery and back-and gone to a dozen different shops and offices, and found the same sign out on each door: No Applicants for Work Needed.

At the end of four months' training and searching I did get a position in one of the big department stores, where one hundred and fifty other stenographers were employed in the out-of-town mail-order department. I got this position through the girl who shared the bathroom with me as a place to cook and wash. She was a manicurist, who received one dollar and fifty cents a day in the ladies' parlor of the same store. She heard of a girl who was leaving, and really had me slipped in before I knew it.

She was a wonderful little thing-French, I think. She had come from San Francisco, working her way across the continent from point to point by manicuring. She had paid her Pullman fare from Omaha to New York by manicuring ladies' nails on the train. I asked her why she had come to New York. She said she wanted to see life and she "meant to land some swell guy with money." I asked her what she would have done in my case. She said before any man "got" her he would have to settle so much money



on her "snug and tight" before the ceremony. Her views left me sort of sick; but then had my motives been any better? She was full of catchwords she had heard at lectures about efficiency and average and subaverage and superaverage; about plans to get on. She said she herself was only an average; but she meant to be a superaverage.

She told me one of our women who was a foreign buyer had a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year; and that the head cashier or auditor on the main floor, a married woman about thirty-five years of age, got five thousand dollars a year and had never been caught in a mistake in ten years. She said that both these women had begun in the Chicago branch of the store at one dollar and a half a week. They had come to work with their hair in pigtails tied in a shoestring. They were pointed out as examples of what we might become; but the hitch in that was, they were perfect fits. We were misfits. They were cut out for exactly the work they were doing. I was not fitted for the work I was doing. I had always been called a perfect housekeeper; and in the matter of buying house supplies and clothes I could make a dollar go as far as most women make ten; but in stenography my fingers were all thumbs. I did not think quickly, so I was always slow.

In my work I was very much a subaverage. I was a foreordained failure. My wages were six dollars a week; and looking back now I know that was more than I was worth. I broke my machine on an average once a month. Twice the repairs cost two dollars. I was not docked for them. I often had to do the simplest letters over twice, and, though I was reprimanded for erasures, I was never dismissed for my blunders. I think that was because it was so plain that I was trying hard. I had to take a cheaper room, this time at two dollars and a half a week, so near the store that I should never need to take the street car.

Later I found a room far over on the East Side below Twelfth Street at one dollar and a half a week. I was now able to cut my living expenses down to one dollar and a half a week. This left three dollars to clothe the baby and myself. After that first winter I left the baby with a German woman who lived in the same tenement. She took care of that baby in the daytime for nothing. I want to tell that, because that is the kind of help which counts far more than the investigations of vice committees or the lectures of philanthropists.

We are told that girls who work in the factories and stores should save for holidays and old age. If any one can tell me how I could save any of that salary I wish he would. One day, I remember, I was sent from the stenographers' department to pilot an out-of-town customer round the store. She asked me what I was paid, and when I told her she threw up her hands.

#### The Struggle for Existence

"WHY in the world don't you go West?" she asked.
"Out West they pay apple and orange pickers two
and three dollars a day. You girls are like our orange growers before they learned how to distribute their oranges in the
markets. Oranges used to lie and rot on our ranches. Then
we found out how to distribute oranges, and now no orange
grower loses. Why do you stay in these congested big
centers like rats in a cellar?"

I looked her straight in the eye.

"Lady," I said, "I don't go West because I can't walk."

I think she did not hear me. She was talking in blue streaks, like this: "Perfect outrage to pay such wages! Don't wonder girls go to the devil." I wanted to tell her they did not—not half so much as idle women—they did not have time; but she never stopped for breath. "Women should boycott stores that pay such wages." She had just bought a sealskin sacque from us. "A law ought to be passed establishing a minimum wage of twelve dollars at the least for every girl who works." What difference would that have made, I wonder? There were lots of girls in our store getting more than twelve dollars. It was because I was a misfit that I did not earn more. If such a law was passed the stores would simply be compelled to throw out us subaverages and double up high-speed work for those who were left. "Why, there are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and board! Why do you stay in these city ratholes? Why don't you go West?"

She might as well have asked me: Why don't you jump over the moon?

"Lady," I said, good and hard this time, "I don't go West because—I can't walk."

And that is another way the strong women could help the weak if they wanted to; but, after all, we have to work it out for ourselves. Several things impressed me more and more the longer I was in that store. We girls and women were on the wrong tack. You cannot get joy out of work unless it is a sort of personal service. Unless you own your job in some sort of permanent way you will not sing over it. My grandfather was a shoemaker and he always sang as he cobbled. My father went into a factory and he never sang. He got crusty and short over his work.

Then, speed is the keynote of modern work. You work up speed; then you speed up more. If the machine breaks

a new one is bought. If the operator breaks a new operator is employed. It eats up your youth. The more experienced you are, the less value you are. That is why so many women workers call themselves Miss when they are Mrs. and wear false bangs and dye their hair. I began to call myself Miss in my second year. The forewoman told me: "We don't like customers to think we are an old ladies' home." Then, rich men can talk of savings to the crack of doom. There is no save, or safe either, for us subaverages.

When I moved from our first apartment to the back hallroom I was still in a decent neighborhood. When I moved to the dollar-and-a-half room the neighborhood was decent enough, but it was not sanitary. There was no elevator in the tenement and there was no ventilation. There was only one dirty bathroom for each floor and perhaps twenty-five tenants lived on each floor—subrenters I suppose the little manicurist would have called sub-averages like myself. The windows of the inner court were littered with milkjars and plates of butter and meat placed on the ledges to keep cool; and Monday's washing always hung on lines stretched from window to window of the inner court. A wind would blow washdrip across our food.

Some of the faces leering round the doors were terrible—
fat, half-dressed drunken women and fat, half-dressed
sottish men. I have no judgment or blame for either the
girls or the men. They were desperate for life. I used to
feel, after the end of the second year, that if I did not have
a holiday or change I should scream out with hysterics at
night. I used to waken myself moaning in my sleep. I
suppose these girls and men felt the same. They all looked
as though they craved terribly for something. Where
uptown folks drank champagne over beefsteak these people
had beer over chop-suey. I suppose they were as much
God's children as the uptown folks too!

Once the German woman who kept my baby told me how the priest in her home village used to have his people come and dance on the village green every Sunday afternoon. For us there was no village green. There were only the movies, the dance-halls and Coney Island.

One evening when the beerdrinkers grew screaming noisy I took my baby, now a wee toddler, and went out for a walk. I wandered from Third Avenue over west across toward Madison Avenue along the brownstone fronts. A colored cook stepped from one of the basement doors and threw a tin of potted beef in the garbage can. Before I knew it, I had the most terrible hunger for that can of potted beef, for ice-cream, for a fizz drink, for beer-for anything with a taste, a lift, a kick to it-in place of the soupslops I had been living on for two years. Then I knew what sent the girls in the tenements to the beer gardens and back rooms of saloons. It was a craving of systems that were-well, you cannot call them starved, but not nourished. It frightened me, with the same faint sick feeling I had had that night the hurdy-gurdy played below the apartment window.

Here are two other places where the strong women can help if they want to—I mean with decent apartments and



Let Us Banish the Word Jeroant and Jubititute the Words Domestic Help

hotels for girls who work, and with cheap caféteriss, with nourishing food for ten cents.\*

I had been working now for over two years and had saved not a cent; and I knew other women more competent that I was who had worked for twenty years and saved not a cent. I was now twenty-three. I had never been really hungry, but I craved everything a woman should have—nourishment, rest, fun, security. I was only twenty-three, but I was losing my nerve. Why? Because I was not unit, but a misfit! And I was lonely with a loneliness that was sometimes a terrible, deep, black pit.

If I had not had the baby—but no, I will not admitthat, though Heaven knows if I had not had the baby, and any man had asked me to have either beer or whisky with him that night, I might have joined the noisy screams and dancers next door. I do not want to shock you and I to not suppose you would publish it if I did say it, but after that night I somehow never could find it in my heart to condemn a girl in the big city even if she went seventy times seven times straight to hell!

I made up my mind I would place my baby in one of those church nurseries again, so he would be well nouished. I wonder whether in the bottom of my heart if wanted to be free to have my fling! There was a shirtwast factory down Fourteenth Street way where I decided I would try for a position at ten dollars a week, if I could only keep up with the speed of those machines.

I know you are wondering how I could be so stapid as not to learn that all these experiences were simply driving me from where I did not belong to where I did belong, and where every woman belongs, into the one thing I was it for; but I figured this way: one dollar and a half a week would pay for my baby's keep; one dollar and a half more would pay for my room. I should have to raise on the cast of food and clothing. I was going under. Put these at three dollars a week. I could still do my own washing and cleaning on Sundays. That would leave four dollars a week. Four dollars a week might mean two hundred dollars a year saved—if I did not mangle a finger or break down, or lose my job in slack seasons. As I said before, I am not quick. I am subaverage. I am faithful and thorough. Could I risk my certain job for an uncertaintry!

#### The Trained Nurse's Advice

KEPT thinking of it all week till Sunday, when I went to I arrange for the baby to go out to the country with the church nursery. That last ten dollars I had faithfully kept all these two years, tucked in an envelope pinned inside my dress. If I were a misfit and subaverage, at any cost I must find the place I could fit and reconstruct my life. I nut quit being a round peg in a square hole. I must stop drifting or I should end a wreck. I skipped lunch and spent my ten cents taking the bus out Fifth Avenue. At Eighty-Sixth Street where the conductor calls All out! I noticed a handsome girl in the costume of a trained nurse, wheeling a baby carriage and leading another child, about three years old, by the hand. No! Don't you think help came rushing out of the rich house to me like the fairy godmother! It did not-and it never does; we have to work it out ourselves; but just as I came down off the bus that little three-year-old dived away from his keeper straight in front of a big touring car.

No, I did not save his life. It is no fairy story. I grabbed him by the neck and humped him back kicking to the trained nurse. He fought and screamed; and for a minute I held the little carriage to keep it from blowing over in the wind. The costumed nurse thanked me without looking up; but a thought had come to me in a flash.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you a trained nurse?"
Then she looked up. She must have sized up in one glance my sallow, gaunt face, and shabby-genteel pride and draggled dress. There were tags on my petticosts. Being a nurse, she must have known I had skipped meds.

"Sure, I am," she laughed. "I began as a trained has pital nurse; and here I am ending up a baby nurse for this naughty pair! Where do you work?"

I mentioned the name of the big store.

"And get about twenty-five a month, and spend it all slaving your life out! Well, I'm not sorry for you. Yes might as well be in a good home, saving as much as the Quane of England had for spending money. If I could spend five years and seven hundred dollars on my education and don't consider it a comedown to do what I'm doing, you girls who are between the devil and the deep set shouldn't consider your dignity such fine china that it would go to smash over domestic science." †

\*Mrs. Belmont's splendid lunchroom, the Vacation Commine Headquarters for Workers, Tremont Inn. the Women's Trais Union Restaurant, and other similar club homes, did not exist if this time; though it should be emphasized very strongly that I there were a thousand such clubrooms they would not begin to fill the need today.

†Whoever the nurse was, she enunciated simple truth. To Queen of England had less than twenty-five dollars a month for an allowance as a girl; and the new system of nursing established in many European cities, combining kindergarten, Montess of for tures and hospital training, costs about seven hundred dollars and takes nearly five years.

(Continued on Page 52)

#### By Edwin Lefèvre CHEAP AT A MILLION

COME men are so picturesque they do not need publicity agents and so intelligent they wish to be let alone by the public prints. E. H. Merriwether was one. He employed the ablest experts for his corporations, and they got more than their share of publicity; but for him-

self-nothing. Possibly he realked that ungratified curiosity is a valuable asset; and, of course, he knew that in a democracy the less a man raises his head above the level of the mass the better it will be for his comfort.

He took pains to make it plain that he cared only for his work, because that proved he had no thoughts for mere moneymaking; and, since he was not interested in moneymaking, he could not be primarily concerned with despoiling the public-which, in turn, dearly proved he was not dangerous. And, of course, the more he kept himself out of the papers the more the papers wanted to see him

in their hospitable columns; so everything he did or thought was news. Anecdotes about him were so hard to get that the brightest minds in the profession manufactured a few. They had to be very good anecdotes-and they were.

To the metropolitan reporters, however, E. H. Merriwether was known to be mute, dumb, silent, constitutionally incapable of speech and, besides, devoid of vocal cords. His office was always free from reporters, because they had learned to save themselves time by the simple expedient of writing their interviews with him in their own offices,

Mr. Merriwether refused to discuss the matter. Neither confirmation nor denial could be obtained at his office.

The financial editors of the newspapers fared no better. He was never too busy to see them; but all news about his vork came from his bankers.

On the same day Tom went to Boston a young man went o the Merriwether offices in the Transcontinental Trust building. A stout, rather high railing fenced off the booksepers' room from the general and unwelcome public.

At a small flat desk near the gate sat not a freckle-faced oy, but a man, powerful of build, keen eyed and quick nuscled. He was writing a letter on a very good quality f notepaper. He said: "Well?"-but kept on writing. le did not look up. This always discouraged strangers, by sking them feel their utter insignificance. The effect on sillionaire magnates, who similarly found themselves mored, also was salutary.

"I wish to see Mr. E. H. Merriwether," said the young an pleasantly and unimpressed.

The gatekeeper wrote two paragraphs and then, still

riting, asked wearily: "Got an appointment?" "No: but

The over-mature officeboy, in one breath and in a voice at dripped insolence, said, still without looking up:

"What do you want to see him about? He is very sy. Cannot possibly see any one today. Good day!" There was a laugh, not at all ironical or in the nature of rexaggerated and audible sneer, but full of amusement; id then the stranger without the gate said:

"When I tell you what I am you will bring Mr. E. H.

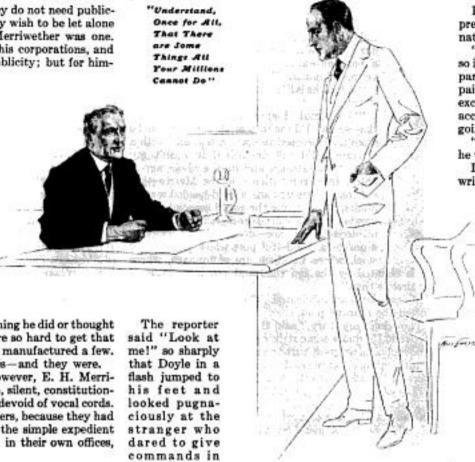
The voice was not menacing at all or cold, but there was assurance about it that made the Merriwether hireling ok up. He saw a young man, of about thirty, with very telligent gray-blue eyes, a straight, well-modeled nose d a determined chin. His square shoulders and general of muscular strength made him look as if he could give good an account of himself in a rough-and-tumble fight in a battle of wits.

The Merriwether gateman felt his entire being permeed by a feeling of hostility. This was neither a crank to m over to a complaisant police nor an alms-seeker to be ooed away; nor yet a millionaire in good standing. He ust be, therefore, a reporter of the new school made ssible by the fortunes of politics.

"My good James," said the new-school reporter with mocking superciliousness, "I would see your boss. Be

The gatekeeper, whose name was not James but Doyle, shed dangerously; but his wages were high and he forced mself to keep his temper under control. For all that, his ice shook as he said:

"If you have no appointment you ought to know it's no e. No stranger from a newspaper ever sees Mr. Merrither. I—I'm sorry!" Here Doyle gulped. Then he ished: "Good day!"-and resumed his writing.



that office.

"My Celtic friend," pursued the reporter in a voice of such cold-blooded vindictiveness that Doyle listened with both astonishment and respect, "for years the domestics of this office have been rude and impolite to my profession. Mr. Merriwether never cared how angry the reporters might feel or what they said about him; but today I am the one who does not care, and E. H. Merriwether is the man who is vitally concerned. I don't give a damn whether he sees

"And as for you, in order to avenge the poor chaps to whom you have been intelligently rude I, to whom you have been unintelligently impolite, shall have you fired. I've got E. H. Merriwether where I want him. If I can end your boss I can end your job—can't I? Oh, no, Alexander! I am not crazy. I simply have the power. It was bound to happen, for Waterloo comes to all great men who are not clever enough to die at the right time. Now you go and get McWayne-and be quick about it!"

Doyle at times saw things through the top of his head,

which was red. He said, a bit thickly:

"When you tell me in plain English, so I can understand .

"You are not paid to understand; you are paid to use common sense and discrimination. You go to McWayne and say to him a reporter is here and wishes to speak to him about a sad Merriwether family matter."

Doyle knew from the office gossip that something was supposed to be wrong with Tom Merriwether; so, his heart overflowing with anger because chance had put the one weapon in the hands of an insolent newspaper man, Doyle went off to tell the boss' private secretary. Presently McWayne, walking quickly, came from an inner office and

"You wish to see me?"

"No!" answered the reporter flatly.

"Then --- " began McWayne.

"I don't wish to see you. I wish to see if you have the sense to understand that I wish to do Mr. E. H. Merriwether the favor of letting him talk to me. Do you want me to tell you what I wish you to tell Mr. E. H. Merriwether?"

The reporter looked as though he hoped McWayne would say no. Reporters did not usually look that way, therefore McWayne was perturbed. He replied, with a polite anxiety:

"If you please

"Tell Mr. Merriwether that I wish to see him about his son's marriage. Tell him that if he does not wish to talk about it he needn't.

"You might add that there is absolutely no use in his trying to keep it out of the newspapers. Make that plain to him, McWayne."

McWayne did not dare deny the marriage. Tom was, alas! capable of even worse things. He did the only thing possible while there was still a chance to suppress the news; he said:

"And you represent which paper, please?"

Reporters do not always know why or how news is suppressed, nor the price; but this reporter laughed goodnaturedly and replied:

"McWayne, the trouble with you Irish is that you are so infernally clever that plain jackasses like myself are prepared for you. I represent myself and I don't want to be paid to suppress. No blackmail here; no threats; nothing except amiability and good will. Have you begun to accumulate a few suspicions that your taciturn boss is going to talk to me?"

"I'll see!" promised McWayne noncommittally; but he was so perturbed that he could not help showing it.

Doyle, who had made a pretense of resuming his letterwriting, noticed it and felt uncomfortable.

"And—say, McWayne," pursued the reporter, "could you let a fellow have a photograph or two? You know we've got some, but we'd prefer to publish those you think the family consider the best. Some people are queer that way."

McWayne shook his head and went away convinced of the worst. He returned and beckoned to the reporter, who thereupon said sharply to

"Open the door-you! Quick!" And Dovle. who saw McWayne beckoning, had to do it.

Four hundred and seventeen reporters were

Doyle was so angry that he was full of aches. He was tempted to throw up his job. Then he hoped E. H. Merriwether, who was a very great man, would order him to throw the insolent dog out of the office. Doyle would earn a bonus.

E. H. Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, fearless fighter, ironnerved stock gambler, but, alas! also a father, was seated at his desk. He turned to the

reporter the inscrutable poker-face of his class: "You wished to see me?"

"Yes, sir," said the reporter and waited: two could play at that game. The great financier was compelled to ask: "About what?"

"About what McWayne told you." The reporter spoke unemotionally.

"About some rumor concerning my son?"

"No?" E. H. Merriwether looked surprised.

"No. I wished to know what statement you desire to make about your son's engagement and marriage. If you do not care to say anything we shall not publish any fake interview, no matter what opinion I personally may form as to the real state of your feelings."

"I take it you are from one of the yellow papers, young E. H. Merriwether spoke coldly; but, within, his heart tragedy was being enacted.

"You usually take what you wish if it isn't nailed down, I have heard; but that doubtless is one of the slanders that automatically grow up about a great man, sir," said the reporter, without the shadow of a smile or frown.

"If I am mistaken about the newspaper you repre-" Here Mr. Merriwether paused, as if to allow the young man to introduce himself; but the young man

"If I told you the name of the newspaper that honors itself by playing fair with you I suspect you would set in motion the machinery that you-er-men of large affairs use to suppress news. You couldn't reach my city editor, who is a poor man with a family of eight, or the reporter, who is penniless; but you could reach the owner, who is a millionaire. This is my first big story in New York and it will make me professionally. It means a lot to me!"

"About how much does it mean to you, young man?" asked E. H. Merriwether with a particularly polite curiosity.

"Speaking in language that should be intelligible to you and using the terms by which you measure all things down " He paused and then said bluntly: "You mean in cash, don't you?"

"Well, I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that this story is - Let me see!" And he began to count on his fingers, like a woman. This habit inexpressibly angers men who find no trouble in remembering numbers of dollars. "I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that it is worth about three thousand two hundred and eighty-sixmillions of dollars! If I am to stop being a decent newspaper man to become a blackmailer and general damned fool I'd want to make enough to endow all my pet charities and carry out a series of rather expensive experiments in philanthropy."
"But ——" began the magnate.

"No, sir," interrupted the reporter; "no money, please. Just assume that I am a fool and therefore refuse to consider

"I have not bribed you," suggested E. H. Merriwether calmly. His eyes never left the reporter's face.

"Then I misjudged you and I apologize abjectly; but permit me to continue to be an ass and blind to money. What about Thomas Thorne Merriwether, only son of the railroad king of the Southwest?"

"Well, what about m?" The face of him?" E. H. Merriwether showed only what you might call a perfunctory curiosity. The reporter looked at him admiringly. After a pause he asked:

"Do you know her?"

"Do you?" "Then you don't!" exclaimed the reporter triumphantly. "This is better than I had hoped!"

When You Tell Me in Plain English, Jo I

Can Understand -

"Better?"

"Certainly; it means a better introductory article. The first of the series will be: To Whom is Tom Merriwether Engaged? Think of it, sir," he said with the enthusiasm of the true artist-"the heir of the Merriwether millions! By the way, could you tell offhand how many millions I might safely say?"

Whatever Mr. Merriwether may have thought he merely said, with the cold finality that often imposes on young

reporters:
"Young man, if you begin your career by being vulgar your ruin will be of your own doing."

"My dear sir, vulgarity never ruined any career. All the great men of history were at the beginning accused of hopeless vulgarity-by those on whom they trod. I tell you it is not vulgarity that prompts me, but mastery of the technic of my trade. Do you care to have me tell you about my article?

What Mr. E. H. Merriwether really wished to hear was that Tom was not in love-that he was not on the verge of brutally assassinating all the hopes and dreams of a fond father. What he said to the unspeakable reporter was:

"Yes."

"Well, I start with this basis-my knowledge of your son's engagement."

Where did you get that knowledge?"

"One of the few things a reporter is incapable of doing is betraying a confidence. To tell you the source of my information would be that. Starting with that one fact my problem is to make that one fact so important as to enable me to write several thousand words. To justify this I must make your son very important. He is not really very important, but you are. I shall slightly over-accentuate here and there"—he waved his hand in the air and repeated dreamily-"here and there! You will be the Napoleon of Railroads, the Von Moltke of the Ticker, doer of deeds and upbuilder, indisputably the greatest Captain of Industry that America has yet produced!"

"Heavens!" burst from the lips of the imperturbable

little magnate.

"You are a stunning study for a novelist. Yours is the great romance of the American business man! Having made you romantic I wave my magician's wand and quadruple your millions. Yours, my dear sir-if you don't happen to know it—is one of the great fortunes of the world! You've got Crossus skinned to death and John D. whining over his lost preëminence!"

"Now look here --- " interjected E. H. Merriwether

sternly; but the reporter retorted earnestly:

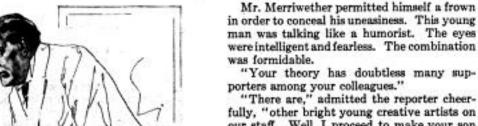
"Hold your horses!" And the great millionaire did. The young man continued in his enthusiastic way: "It is much to have the hundreds of Merriwether millions, but it is infinitely more to have all the Merriwether millions and such a father and youth. I thus make Tom, who is really of no importance, of even greater importance than the great E. H. Merriwether. Do I know my business?" And he bowed in the general direction of the elder Merriwether.

"I begin to suspect," replied the elder Merriwether,

"that you do."

He was watching the reporter closely. He always had found it profitable to let men talk on. A man who talks is apt to show you what he is; and that furnishes to you the best available weapon. You also may learn when it is better not to fight.

"When it comes to picturesque writing about people I do not know, I can assure you, Mr. Merriwether,' young man said modestly, "that I haven't an equal in the United States. In your case I shall not be handicapped by either facts or knowledge, which are always fatal to the creative faculty. I shall be free-absolutely free to write!"



misdeeds! You are-do you know what?-

song is chanted by the ten thousand purring wheels of

"My carwheels are lubricated. They don't purr," mildly

objected the railroad poet. "They do in my story," said the reporter firmly. "And to prove it I'll quote some striking lines from one of those unknown books we great writers always have on tap. Your romantic nature expresses itself in the creation of an

"That sounds good to me," said Mr. E. H. Merriwether

He did not know just how to win this young man's silence—perhaps by letting him talk himself out of creative literature; perhaps by the inauguration of a molasses diet

"Thank you! Your son Tom's romance is in his unusual love affair! This young man, the most eligible bachelor in looked inquiringly at Mr. Merriwether.

was lost in a great moneymaker.

"Thank you! And what do you find at the end of the -of my paper from intruding into a family affair."

"Will your paper be damned fool enough tobegan E. H. Merriwether, intentionally skeptical. "It is not damned

folly to extract all the juice contained in the scoop of the centuryit is technical skill of a very high order. Now what happens? My esteemed contemporaries, morning and evening, chuck a fit and bounce their society editors. They then rush for the telephone and dispatch their strongest photographers, sharpest sleuths and entire dictagraph corps to the scene. They can't find Tom; because, as you know, he is in-he is out of town. And they can't find her-because I haven't said who the young lady is. There remains you!"



"Your theory has doubtless many sup-

fully, "other bright young creative artists on our staff. Well, I proceed to make your son a paragon—a clean-minded, decent, manly young millionaire."

"Which he is!" interjected Mr. Merriwether

sternly.

"Of course! I know it. Have no fear on that score. I'd make him all that even if he wasn't. I proceed to draw attention-with a cleverness I'd call devilish if it wasn't my own—to the strange and, on the whole, agreeable vein of romanticism in the Merriwether nature. There you are, a hard-headed man of affairs, whose name the world associates with great engineering deeds and great high-finance a poet!-a wonderful poet whose lines are of steel, whose numbers are of tonnage, whose

your tireless cars."

empire in the alkali desert. You have written an epic on the map of America—in green!"

with the detached air of a critic of literature.

at once!

the world; handsome, rich, a fastidious artist in feminine beauty, with a heart that has kept itself inviolate-pretty swell word that?-in-vi-o-late-all these years, opens at her sweet voice. We alone are able to announce the engagement. High society is more than interested-more than startled. As thinks society, so thinks the shopgirl; and there are fifty millions of her. What society is incinerating itself with desire to find out is: To whom is Tom Merriwether engaged? Will our fair readers devour the article? I leave it to you, Mr. Merriwether!" The young man

"I'd read it myself," said Mr. Merriwether very impressively. "I couldn't help it!" You could see that literature had triumphed over the stockticker. A great diplomatist

article? What? Why, a nice psychological little paragraph to the effect that we propose to print the name of the one woman who, of all the tens of thousands who have tried, has won the heart of Thomas Thorne Merriwether, whose father you have the honor to be. We refrain, in order to have the parents of the young people formally announce the engagement. By doing this we get the full value of the to-be-continued-in-our-next suspense, for the first time utilized in a news story; and we also increase our reputation for conservatism, which prevents the refined reporter of



"Here is the History of the Pacific and Jouthwestern System From Its Very Start"

"That won't do them any good," said Mr. E. H. Merriwether decisively; but he shuddered.

"Pre-cisely! I banked on that. But, even if you did see them, what could you tell them? Deny what is bound to be confirmed in the next issue of my paper? You know better than to acquire a reputation for lying in the newspapers. No, siree! Your game is to deny yourself to all inquirers and say nothing. My esteemed contemporaries have now but one desire-to wit: To print the name and publish the portrait of your son's fiancée. Of course you see what happens then, don't you?"

The reporter looked at the iron-hearted E. H. Merriwether with such pity in his eyes that the great little ezar of the Southwestern Railroad for the first time in his life realized he was merely a man—a human being; an ordinary, every-day father; one drop in the vast ocean; one of the crowd temporarily above ground and therefore exposed to the same sorrows and troubles and sore vexations as all mankind. His millions, his position in the world, his great work, his undoubted genius-could not avail even to rid him of annoyance. Can you imagine John D. Rockefeller living on Staten Island in June and unable to buy mosquito netting-price, five cents a yard?

"What will happen?" asked the great millionaire, who

was also a father.

"My intelligent colleagues, of course, will look for the lady. Where there is a strong demand the supply automatically offers itself for consumption. And what will the seven hundred and fifty alert young men, with great capacities for fictional art who are temporarily assisting actressladies and self-paying authoresses and unprinted poetesses and fertilizer-manufacturers' unmarried daughters do! What will those estimable young artists, miscalled press agents, do when they encounter the demand for Tom's fiancée's photograph? What except 'Here she is!'-six thousand words, thirty-two poses and a facsimile of a love letter or two, to prove it! And then-chorus ladies, poetesses, fair divorcées about to honor the vaudeville The reporter stopped-he had seen the look on E. H. Merriwether's face. He felt sorry. "But it is true," he said defensively.

"Yes!" Tom's poor rich father felt cold all over. The

reporter pursued more quietly:
"You know the ingenuity of my colleagues, the great American respect for a millionaire's privacy, and the national sense of humor. Will your son's love affair be discussed? Will it be discussed with the gentlemanly reticence and innate delicacy of feeling of my story?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never before realized that the law against homicide was even more unreasonable than an Interstate Commerce Commission order: but he had to bow to the inevitable.

He was beginning to understand how Napoleon felt on the deck of the Bellerophon when on the way to St. Helena. Do you remember the picture? He nodded—not dejectedly, but also not far from it. "Well, in a day or two or three, according to conditions,

we come out with it. We print the lady's name and her portrait—possibly not the best of all her photographs, but the only one I could -

"Who is she?" burst from the lips of the reporter's victim.

Instantly the reporter's face became very serious. "I feared so, Mr. Merriwether," he said, very quietly. "Look here, my boy," interrupted Mr. Merriwether with an earnestness that had in it a threat, "I don't know

what your game is and I don't care. I'll admit right now that you are a very clever young man and probably not a crook; but I tell you calmly, quietly, without any threats, that you are not going to publish any damned-fool article about my family in any paper in New York."

The reporter rose and looked straight into the unblinking eyes of the great financier. Then he said slowly and.

the old fellow admitted. distinctly impressively:

"And I tell you, twice as quietly and ten times as calmly, without any fool threats, that all the daily newspapers in New York and Philadelphia, Chicago, Sas Francisco, Boston and ten thousand other towns in the United States, Canada, Mexico. the Canal Zone, and

countries in the Postal Union are going to publish articles about your son Tom's engagement, and later on about his marriage. Understand, once for all, that there are some thing all your millions and all your willpower cannot do. This one of them. It is the penalty of being a public characteror, if you prefer, of being an exceptionally great man. Do I understand that you have nothing to say about your son's coming marriage?

E. H. Merriwether in less than five seconds thought of more than five thousand possibilities, all in connection with his son's marriage. Then he said very slowly, fighting for time and a chance to escape:

"My son will marry whenever he and the young lady chiefly interested judge fit to do so. He and I are in perfect accord, as always." Mr. Merriwether was looking into the too-fearless gray-blue eyes of the reporter. Then he did what he did not often do in his Wall Street affrays-he capitulated. "Will you give me your word that you will not use for publication what I am about to tell you?

"No, sir, I won't!" emphatically replied the reporter. "You might tell me something I already know and then you'd always think I had broken my word. I will not pledge myself not to print the name of your daughter-inlaw-to-be; but anything that concerns you personally or your attitude toward your son's fiancée, or hints of a family guarrel-or those things that offend a sensitive man-I promise not to print. You have some rights; but I also owe certain things to myself and my paper. I've been frank with you. You can be frank with me if you wish. I put it up to you."

Mr. Merriwether, after a thoughtful pause, said: "Look here! I don't know anything about my son's engagement.

I cannot swear he is not engaged, but I don't know that he is. It follows that I do not know the young lady. You don't have to print that, do you?

The reporter gazed on the financier meditatively. Presently, instead of answering the question, he asked:

"Have you had no suspicion of any romance?"

"Well"-and it was plain that E. H. Merriwether was telling the truth, having made up his mind to that policy as being the wisest-"well, I have of late suspected that such a thing might be possible. It is, I will confess to you, a terrible predicament, tecause a man naturally cherishes certain hopes for his only son." On Mr. Merriwether's face there was a quite buman look of suffering.

"Of course," said the reporter apologetically, as though offering an ex-

cuse for a friend's misdeed—"of course a man in love is not always wise." "No. And though I have no intention or desire to bribe you, and though I would not presume to interfere with you in your professional activities or influence you by pecuniary considerations, you will pardon me for suggesting

The reporter did not let him go on. He rose and said, with real dignity:

"Mr. Merriwether, suppose we drop the matter right here."

"You mean?"

"I will not print any story yet-on one condition."

"Name it. I think likely I can meet it."

"Give me your promise that you will give me an interview the next time I come to see you. It may be in a day or two, or a week. I don't promise not to print the story, you understand; but it will give you time to—well, to see your son."

E. H. Merriwether held out his hand and said:

"I will see you any time you come. But let me say, as an older man, that if you should suffer any loss by not

"Oh, no-I shall not suffer. I propose to print my story. I am simply deferring publication; but I thank you for the offer you were going to make. It shows more consideration and, therefore, far greater common sense that most men in your position habitually display before a reporter. I'll do talking and looked doubtfully at E. H. Merriwether.

"Thank you," said Mr. Merriwether with a remarkable mixture of gratitude, dignity and anxiety. "I am listening."

"Find out why he goes to 777 Blank Avenue. There are some things a really intelligent father, poor or rich, should He caught himself.

"Please finish, my boy!" cried the great little man almost entreatingly.

"There are just a few things"-the reporter was speaking very slowly and his voice was lowered-"which an intelligent father does not trust to others—not even to the most loyal confidential men-things that should be done by the father himself. The number of the house is 777 Blank Avenue!"

"I thank you, Mr. -

"William Tully," said the reporter.
"Mr. Tully, I thank you. I think you are throwing away time and brains in your present position, and if you should ever -

"Thank you, sir. Don't be afraid. I shall not bother you by

"But I mean it," said E. H. Merriwether.

The reporter smiled and said:

"If you knew how often my fortune has been made by men whose stories I have not printed you'd be deaf too.

"Young man, I sometimes forget favors, but not the possession of brains. I need them in my business."

Well, the story will not be published yet. He acted pretty

McWayne wondered how much it had cost the old man; but he said:

"Didn't he intimate -

"That reporter knows his business," cut in E. H. Merriwether. "He ought to be a dramatist. Have you heard from your men?"

"Yes, sir. Tom has gone to Boston. Two of them are with him. He suspects nothing."

"What else?" "They will let me know by long distance if anything

happens.'

"If anything! Great Scott, isn't it enough that me hear what they report—on the instant! Remember, McWayne, on the instant!"

"Yes, sir."

"And, McWayne --- " He hesitated.

McWayne, his face full of sincere solicitude, prompted gently:

"Yes, chief?"

It was the first time he had ever used that word. It made his speech so friendly, so affectionately personal, that E. H. Merriwether said:

"Thank you, McWayne. I wish you would find out for me at once who lives in 777 Blank Avenue."

"Yes, sir," said McWayne. "That's where -He caught himself.

"I am afraid so!" acquiesced the railroad czar listlessly.

#### VIII

WITHIN an hour McWayne reentered the office. His chief closed his jaws-a weaker man would have clenched his fists-in anticipation.

"Breese & Silliman, the real-estate men, say they rented 777 Blank Avenue, furnished, to a Madame Calderonan American woman, widow of a Peruvian nitrate king. She came up here and asked Breese about a suitable location. She has a daughter she wishes to marry off in America. She talked quite freely about her affairs. The house was for sale; but she leased it, furnished, with privilege of purchase. Belongs to the Martin-Schwenk Construction Company. The daughter is about thirty, dark,



"There are Things, Mr. E. H. Merriwether, That Not Even Time Can Heat"

"Well, then, suppose you show your appreciation by telling the red-headed person in the outer office that he is to take in my card to you when I call again."

"Certainly!"

And the czar of the great Pacific and Southwestern System nearly slew Doyle by accompanying the reporter

to the outer door and saying:
"Doyle, any time Mr. Tully comes to see me let me know instantly, no matter what I may be doing or who is with me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Doyle, looking terrifiedly at the

Tully! Irish! That was the reason, of course; but he was a wonder, all the same.

"Good day, Mr. Tully. I thank you. And don't forget

Mr. Merriwether bowed as the door closed on Mr. William Tully and then, walking like a man in a trance, returned to his private office.

He rang the pushbutton marked Number One, and when McWayne appeared turned a haggard face to his private secretary

"McWayne, that reporter has a story of Tom's engagement, but he wouldn't tell me who the girl is."

"I don't believe it!" cried McWayne, with a not very intelligent intention of comforting his chief. At times the male Irish mind works femininely.

"Neither do I-and yet I do. It confirms Doctor Frauenthal's diagnosis. I guess he knows his business after all.

Spanish looking and fleshy; rather-er-inclined to make googoo eyes, as Breese says, in a kind of foreign way.

"Mrs. Calderon said pointblank that she wished her daughter to marry a nice young man of wealth and position, preferably a blond. I gather that the agents were rather anxious to let the house and probably encouraged her. She has paid quarterly in advance and her banking references are O. K.; but nothing about her personally is known to any one. That's all I could get."
"Very well. Thank you, McWayne."

The private secretary stood beside the desk, hesitated and presently walked out. Shortly afterward the great and ruthless E. H. Merriwether, full of perplexity and regretand some remorse over his neglect of his only son for so many years!-went uptown. He desired to know what to expect, in order to be able to think intelligently and therefore to fight efficiently. How could he fight-not knowing what or whom to fight?

He told the chauffeur to wait and then rang the bell of 777.

One of the four footmen whose faces had impressed Tom as being too intelligent for menials opened the door.

"I wish to see Madame Calderon."

"I beg pardon, sir. Have you an appointment?"

"No. Say it is Mr. Merriwether."

"Mister who, sir?"

Mr. Merriwether took out a card. The footman received it on a very elaborate silver-gilt card tray and, pointing

(Continued on Page 73)

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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#### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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#### PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1914

#### American Shipping

As TO the mere flapdoodle that was uttered in considerable quantity over the Panama tolls question, no comment is necessary. It was not only so silly but so transparent that no one could have been taken in by it. In the opinion of those who speak with greatest authority the exemption of American coastwise vessels from tolls was a violation of our treaty with Great Britain; and we suppose even this glorious Republic, with its star-spangled banner flying, its eagle screaming, and its more vaporous politicians spouting fervid rhetoric, can live up to its agreements without lasting humiliation or without craven truckling to an ancient foe.

Aside from any treaty, the toll exemption was only a covert subsidy to shipping interests; and the day of subsidies ought to be past. True, our shipping languishes; and we hope it will continue to languish if there is no way to revive it save by Government bounty. This is hardly the Congress to demand a special privilege for any interest.

There is endless discussion of the low estate of American shipping; but one indubitable fact in that connection is seldom mentioned—namely, every great and flourishing shipping interest in the world today belongs to a trust in one way or another. The most important and prosperous part of the ocean-carrying trade lives by pools and agreements in restraint of competition. There is no reason to believe that trade can prosper under unrestricted competition. All modern experience is against an assumption that it can. Probably if we have no combinations we may as well resign ourselves to having no ships.

#### A New York Election

TIME was when we dutifully followed our teachers in looking on a constitution as a tremendously important thing; but we have learned better. Theoretically, what in the field of politics could be more important than the organic law on which the whole structure of government rests? But, broadly speaking, the people have never cared much about constitutions, and they have been quite right in not caring much.

Recasting the constitution of the Empire State has been carnestly debated for years. Lawyers, judges, governors, mayors, scholars and other persons of distinction have urgently recommended it. More than six hundred bills to amend the present organic law have been introduced into the legislature. The demand for revision seemed so weighty that Democrats, Republicans and Progressives pledged themselves in their state platforms to a constitutional convention.

The question was submitted to the people in April and less than one-fifth of the voters of the state were sufficiently interested to cast a ballot on it. Among this relatively small minority, opinion was so evenly divided that close counting was necessary to say which side won; in fact after all the agitation the Empire State simply yawned and muttered sleepily: "Oh, well, revise it or not, as you please. I don't care a rap either way."

The present constitution has been in effect less than twenty years. It had hardly become operative before faults began to appear. And, with all due respect to New York's sapience, we say the new constitution—if there shall be one—will not be in effect five years before serious faults appear in it.

Who, writing an organic law in 1894, could have foreseen the political needs of New York in 1914? No more can 1915 foresee 1935. But when we come to write organic laws we must always assume—following the model of the Federal Constitution—that we can foresee, and so put in a lot of specific provisions that presently fail to fit. No wonder constitutional elections almost always show the people to be indifferent.

What is vital in our government depends on a few large and loose general principles. A model state constitution could be written on half a dozen sheets of paper; but we have not the modesty to write one that way.

#### A Transportation Tip

No CITY can have a really satisfactory transportation system without a good and reasonably cheap cab service, and in that respect most American cities fail.

This subject, we are aware, is not a popular one, because long habituation to excessive charges has schooled Americans to look on cabs as luxuries, almost as far outside the economy of ordinary folks as champagne and silk underwear. They stand patiently in an unexpected shower, waiting for an overcrowded car, or trudge with their parcels across town without even thinking of a cab; but we are unable to discover any good reason why cabs should be luxuries.

The London taxi costs sixteen cents a mile. In Paris the short crosstown trip, such as Americans almost always make afoot, regardless of weather and hundles, costs fifteen cents. Berlin charges are not much higher. London, Paris and Berlin buy our gasoline and our motors, and put them in use at from half to a third of our rates. The difference in wages hardly explains this.

Now and then, it is true, we pass an ordinance lowering taxi fares, and, generally speaking, the taxis get along as well on the lower as on the higher rate; but, with all our ordinances, our fares are double or treble those of Europe. In various American cities it is impossible to go anywhere in a cab and have anything worth mentioning left of a dollar.

Cities are always at work on this problem of transportation; but as trolley, elevated and subway can go only in certain prescribed places there is no satisfactory solution that does not include good and reasonably cheap cab service.

#### A Tax Trouble

ABOUT taxes a few things may be asserted with the utmost confidence. One of them is that there never can be an even approximately equitable system of property taxation unless the fixing of values is removed from local influences.

A Minnesota report shows that the local assessors generally ignored the legal mandate to return all property at its true value and substituted various ratios of their own, with the inevitable result that "the assessment abounds in the grossest inequalities." A New Hampshire investigation found some assessors returning property at fifty per cent or less of its true value and others at seventy per cent or more. In every state where the valuing of property for taxation is left largely to local officials the same conditions can be found.

So long as a general property tax is retained—which will undoubtedly be a long while—the only rational way to levy it is through a state board to which local assessors are directly responsible. The local assessor is almost always a taxpayer himself. His friends and political supporters are taxpayers. He does not want his community to pay more taxes relatively than some other community. His constant tendency is to cut down valuations.

Another thing that may confidently be asserted is that any attempt to assess all sorts of property at the same rate will fail. Minnesota now proposes to tax some personalty at a quarter of its value, farm products and livestock at a third, iron ore at half. In many other states different rates for different sorts of property have been adopted.

Assessments made or strictly supervised by a body free from local influences, and classification of property for taxing purposes, will go some distance toward making the general property tax tolerable.

#### A Sentimental Rebellion

RECENT English events are as remarkable as any that have occurred in the British Empire in half a century. For more than a year eminent Englishmen have openly preached civil war and openly prepared for it. Leaders of the second great political party have repeatedly declared in effect that a valid act of Parliament should be resisted by armed rebellion.

More extraordinary still, something very like coercion of Parliament by the army has happened, though two

years ago any Englishman would have said that would be preposterous. By a threat of wholesale resignations, officers of a cavalry brigade and of two regiments of lances have forced the government to negotiate with them, and procured what the leaders of this general strike of army officers triumphantly, but not accurately, described as "a signed guaranty that in no circumstances shall we be used to force Home Rule on Ulster."

And all this commotion is over a name—a sentiment. The Irish Parliament for which the Home Rule Bill provides is to be a body of strictly limited powers. In important respects it is more circumscribed than our state legislatures.

That it would in any way oppress Ulster is incredible. It could not even if it would. Under its limited rule every Protestant in the north of Ireland would go about his business and pleasure as freely and securely as he does today. He would be as much a British citizen as a Catholic in Iowa is an American citizen; but for matters of local legislation he would be parceled off on equal terms with the other inhabitants of Ireland.

That equality is what he cannot endure. There would be no injury to his person or property, to his freedom of thought or speech or action—but only to his sense of radial superiority.

To prevent that sentimental injury he is ready to revolt against constitutional government.

There is a famous theory of history that would explain all important human actions as arising from economic motives; but sentiment is still the bigger factor.

#### Planting Colonies at Home

IN PLEASANTLY forecasting a life-and-death struggle between England and Germany, writers and speakers keep on repeating that Germany must have colonies for her expanding population—quite as though there were the slightest truth in the statement, or as though the most cursory investigation of an open-minded nature did not disprove it.

In the eighties the population of Germany was about forty-five millions and it has grown to nearly seventy millions; but emigration has greatly declined. In the decade beginning with 1881 nearly one and a half million Germans emigrated from the Fatherland.

In that decade the natural growth of population by excess of births over deaths amounted to five and a half millions. In the decade beginning with 1901 the growth of population by excess of births over deaths was more than eight and a half millions; but only two hundred and twenty thousand Germans emigrated.

In 1912, when the population was sixty-six millions, there were only eighteen thousand German emigrants.

In other words, there is more room for Germans in the thickly populated empire of today than there was a generation ago, when the population was little over twothirds of the present number.

The explanation is that in 1882 less than six and a half million inhabitants of Germany were engaged in industry, while now more than eleven and a quarter millions are so engaged.

Within a single generation the development of electrical industries alone has made a place at home for more Germans than could be induced to go to any African or Asiatic colony.

#### Steam and Electricity

TEN years ago the steam railroads of this country took in seven dollars for every dollar received by electric roads. Now the electric roads get one dollar to the steam roads' five.

In other words, while steam road receipts have increased sixty-five per cent, electric road receipts have more than doubled. Three times in the decade steam roads have gone back or failed to go ahead in net earnings; but every year the electric roads made a gain both in gross receipts and net earnings.

Last year the steam roads, though gaining nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars in gross receipts, lost over thirty millions in net earnings; but the electric roads gained about six per cent in both gross and net.

With very few and unimportant exceptions there has been no increase in the rates of fare charged by electric roads. They are subject to the same general conditions of higher cost of materials and higher wages that cause the operating expense of the steam roads to increase rapidly, the increase last year alone being over a hundred and seventy-five million dollars; but by continual improvements in generation and transmission of current and in other details of operation the electric roads are able to overcome the factors that make for higher operating expense, while the steam roads are not.

Steam transportation on land seems to have been pretty thoroughly exploited. It yields comparatively few new economies; while electricity still has a large unexplored margin. The future of transportation, no doubt, is with electricity.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



J. Benjamin Dimmick in Garden

qualification for the United States Senate that J. Benjamin Dimmick lacks, so far as I can see, is that he is not a politician. Since we began

fessional

having a Senatethere has been, of course, a tendency to consider this qualification essential-not, perhaps, by the senators themseives, but by the men who make the senators. In reality the Senate is composed of ninety-five politicians; but there would be ninetyfive denials, vehement and indignant, if that statement were made within the hearing of the full membership of that body as at present constituted, and ninetysix if the roll were full. Also, there

would be ninety-five following and vigorous assertions that, instead of being politicians, senators are statesmen; but we may let that pass. It pleases the senators and it

does not alter the facts. As a senator looks at it, he is a politician until he besomes a senator. At the precise moment te takes the oath he firmly believes he s transmuted from the grosser capacity to the finer quality. This is but a chimsicality based on a vague realizaion as to what a senator should be—a tope rather than an expectation.

There has been no similar error of odgment on the part of the politicians she have had the making of senators. is they look at the matter, the man elected to be a senator is a politician or ie would not be selected; and he is to emain a politician or he will not be reelected. To be sure, it has happened hat the man selected became more owerful than the men who put him in slace, and had most to say concerning is own return; though this is not beause he became any less a politician han he was in the original instance, but ecause he became greater along those ecessary lines.

The third side of the triangle is the cople. Until quite recently, except in few localities, the third side has been he negligible side. Senators were icked by the politicians and both the ickers and the picked were politicians. The part of the people was to indorse he selected and make effective the seections by sending to state legislatures ien who would operate complaisantly and do their part in carrying out the becree of the bosses.

Not so long ago the senators themelves, observing that the people had egun to hold this method as obsolete then considered in the enlightened perpective of the time, and being of suffiient political prescience to disregard vhat their former fellow laborers bought of the situation, made it posible for the people to expand from one ide of the triangle so as to include the HE only pro- remaining two sides. The Congress put before the states a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of senators by the people. The senators did not want to do this, but they had to.

Thus, though the old bosses doggedly insist that the politician requirement is still essential, the fact is that the laymen are most likely to take an exactly opposite view. The question, insistent at this time when one-third of the Senate membership must go before the people for indorsement because of the amendment to the Constitution, does not concern the political aptitude of the candidates for the Senate, but does concern their potential usefulness as legizlators for the welfare of their constituents.

Must a man be a politician to be a senator? Need he be a politician to be a good and useful senator? Is knowledge of the devious ins and outs, the subterfuges, hypocrisies, fakes and insincerities of that profession requisite for the adequate discharge of senatorial duties? Is a man unfitted for senatorial place because be is not a politician?

#### Lawyer, Banker and Business Man

SO FAR as the people are concerned, the majority answer to these questions is comprehended in the "Yes!" they shout to the further question: Is it not the case, rather, that a man who is not a politician in the accepted sense of the term will make a far better senator than a man who came into public life because he was a politician and has remained there for the same reason?

That, I take it, must be the judgment concerning Mr. Dimmick. He is not a politician. Everybody grants that, and he does not claim that distinction; but he is a lawyer, he is a banker, and he is a business man. He has had experience in public affairs. He is a man of integrity and of the highest honor, who has made a success of his life, who has won to the front rank in all three of these important phases of endeavor-the law, finance and business.

As it stands, the legislating that is done for this country is done in the main by men of no experience in business. We spend more than a billion dollars a year-more than a billion!-in our upkeep. This country is a business institution that requires the expenditure of that vast amount of capital for its proper and successful conduct—a business institution; though it is at present managed by a board of directors and legislators of whom not one per cent is composed of men of business experience and of whom more than ninety-nine per cent consists of politicians.

This country is a business institution, and every person who lives in it owns stock in it. Likewise every person is directly or indirectly assessed according to the amount of stock he owns. Oddly enough, so potent has the political fetish become, the men owning stock in this country give their proxies for the management of the country into the hands of men who consider that management not from a business viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of politicsand most often personal politics at that,

In other words, the ordinary citizen does to this country, with its billion dollars of expenditure every year, what he would not for a moment think of doing with his individual business or any enterprise in which any share of his capital was invested. He lets the politicians do his governmental business politically when the way is open to give the control of it over to men who not only understand business but

are of the highest integrity and of proved success.

Mr. Dimmick is one of Pennsylvania's most successful business men. He is the son of Samuel E. Dimmick, who was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania under Governor Hartranft, and was born in Honesdale in 1858. He graduated from Yale, studied law and is a member of the Lackawanna County bar. He not only practiced law but engaged in banking and manufacturing in Scranton, which is the third largest city of Pennsylvania.

A Scranton manufacturing company got into difficulties and Dimmick took hold of it. He reorganized it, made it one of the most successful concerns of its kind in the country; and did that not by decreasing cost of production, but by paying higher wages than are paid by any similar company in the United States. He became president of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe-Deposit Company and, as his activities grew, took over interests in other banking concerns and in other business enterprises in Scranton and elsewhere in Pennsylvania.

His ability both as a lawyer and as a business man, and his high sense of public duty, made him the nominee of the

Republican party for Mayor of Scranton in 1906. At that time Scranton was boss-ridden. Its municipal government was conducted for the benefit of the machine politicians and their followers. It was a wide-open town, and wider open than most-in the East, at any rate.

Mr. Dimmick was elected; and he cleaned up the city, both morally and physically. He made it wholesome so far as its morals were concerned, and sanitary in its physical aspects. He was a business man and he ran Scranton on a business basis instead of by a political-machine formula. When he quit office Scranton was a clean city and was on a decent business foundation.

As Mayor of Scranton Dimmick did what there is great need for men of his stamp to do with the affairs of this Government. He was not influenced by politics. His actions were directed by the municipal needs of the people of Scranton as viewed by a business man skilled in the conduct of large affairs. Moreover, he is a man who will bring to the United States Senate those very qualities in sufficiently wide vision to make him as valuable to his state and to his country as he was to Scranton.

He is a Republican who believes in the rehabilitation of the Republican party; who is thoroughly in sympathy with the forward tendencies of the time, who is opposed to the continued domination of the bosses, and who has no entangling alliances.

Everything in Washington is political, and the present condition of unrest and protest is the result. Men of the Dimmick type are needed at the Capital; for when you ask, What is the matter with the governmental affairs of this country? the answer, if it is true, must be: There is too much politics in the business of this Government and not enough business in its politics.



# THE TEST By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ARIE FITCH rang the bell, stepped inside the tiny vestibule and tapped the shining knocker sharply.

She slipped into the fresh whitepainted hall with her usual quick, birdlike motion, but stopped suddenly, even as Max Fettauer's butler-valet-officeman-chauffeur drew her swathing velvet coat from her shoulders, and fingered the sash curtains on the sidelights pensively.

"I don't like that ivory tint after all," she said thoughtfully; and added: "Have these been washed yet, Joseph?"

"Madame, no," he assured her respectfully.

"They're all right by day, but they'll have to be deeper for night, I think," she mused. "I'll send up some real écru, I think."

"Bien, madame."

"I'm a little late. Is Mrs. Fettauer down?"

"Madame, no. Madame has not yet come in; but the doctor, he is here, and if madame will come to the library

Marie lifted her flexible eyebrows and trailed her twisting olive train up the stairway, tapping the wall authoritatively halfway.

"Don't try to wash that off, Joseph; take stale bread," she said abruptly. "I'm sorry to say it spots." "Bien, madame."

"The office walls wash all right, don't they?"

"Perfectly, madame. Today, only, Kat'rine and I have cleaned it-the office-entire.

"Does the doctor like his office, Joseph?" she asked from the landing.

"The doctor, he prefers his office to all the house, madame. Only yesterday he speak of it to madame."
"That's good." And she walked into the library, her

slim arm outstretched.

"How are you, Max?"

Fettauer sprang from his leather chair, threw away the inevitable cigarette and took her hand warmly.

"My dear Mrs. Fitch! This is always such a pleasure!" He looked very young. Marie found herself thinking that his smile was more boyish, even, than before his marriage.

"Lucia's not in, Joseph tells me. I hope nothing's the matter. She's not ill-or anything?"

"Heavens, no! Was Lucia ever ill?"

She laughed and perched on the arm of his chair's mate. "I believe there is a legend that she had jaundice in Rome once; but somebody went to the hospital, full of flowers and sympathy, and found her cleaning it and reorganizing the staff!

"Naturally! I wonder she didn't drain the Campagna! Seriously, though, she's very naughty, and I apologize for her. The grand high muck-a-muck of all prisons-from Ohio, I think he is-who was to honor us tonight as your vis-à-vis, is making a speech somewhere and Lucia is introducing him. It seems the mayor was late and they couldn't begin without him; the speech was long and the reception bids fair to be longer. So Lucia telephoned that we were not to wait too long—and you would understand! I hope you do?"

"Oh, yes!" and Marie subsided into the claret-colored "What's the difference! How's everything with leather.

"Quite all right, thanks. I hope you're admiring your handiwork!"

Marie gazed appreciatively about the snug, rich-colored room. The dull-gold walls above the lines of dim-tinted books; the dark red leather; the long, narrow mahogany table, with the homelike student lamps; the tiny tables ready to each deep-seated armchair—had been her specia study.

"Do you agree with me now about the curtains, young man?" she challenged him. "Or do you still think the room could stand more red?"

"You were right, as always," he assured her, with a gallant wave of the hand. "Anything but this particular goldy olive would have been impossible! Seriously, Mrs. Fitch, you've made us so fine and prosperous looking that I feel a little ashamed of us. It's hard to remember that we aren't so rich as we look!"

"Nonsense!" she said brusquely; but he knew she was pleased. "It's not that—it's my informing all your friends



what gifts would fit into my scheme—that's all. So everything counted and there were comparatively few gilt clocks and odd chairs and fish-sets! People really liked it, I think; it took away some of the responsibility.

It was a wonderful scheme," he said admiringly. "You see all those doctors at the hospital would have given different things; and when I suggested this table they were delighted. The same way with the dining-room set; the Forsythes, the Varnhams, the Girards—the whole crowd-simply whooped with joy at the idea. And, of course, they know you're using it all the time; and everybody's pleased."

"It's much too handsome for us."

"That's silly, Max! I got it at that Leydendecker sale, you see—from the house at Albany—and few dealers knew of it. And I got the bottom price, of course. You couldn't pick it up in New York for anything like the price, you know. I wanted dreadfully to write to your brother and suggest the dining-room rug; but I was glad afterward I

hadn't had the cheek when I saw that family silver chest!"
"Oh, that's our regulation wedding gift," he explained. "It's the third now, and the last probably, for my sister is very unlikely to marry. I was amazed that she should dream of coming to be bridesmaid; really, Mrs. Fitch, I couldn't believe her letter!"

'She was so interesting! I realized for the first time, Max, that you were really a foreigner when I saw her. And Count von Ette-oh, why don't we have uniforms like that? He was the most beautiful best man I ever beheld."

"Fritz is a handsome peacock," he agreed; "but oh, Mrs. Fitch, you should hear him on the American girl!'

"You mean to say he didn't reciprocate? They adored him, you know. Cynthia Girard and Nancy Varnham nearly came to blows over him."

"I know. Will you promise never to tell if I tell you what he said about those young ladies?" 'Never!"

"He told Nette that they should have been spanked back to the schoolroom!"

Marie laughed and settled back comfortably into the padded chair.

"I never could quite understand, Max, how you took such a risk," she ventured softly. "Any American girl would have been a dangerous experiment—but Lutie! How did you dare?"

"She was the only girl I ever wanted to marry," he said. "Really?"

She studied his dark, controlled face narrowly. More and more he interested her—this clean-cut young surgeon to whom Lucia had yielded "because it was easier to marry him than argue about it."

"Somehow I'd always fancied that Lutie would marry a much older man," she said; "her friends are all so much older than she is.'

"Her women friends—yes," he answered quickly; "but older men don't care for her, do they?"

"Why, I believe you're right!" she cried. "How ridiculous I never thought of it! Isn't that interesting!"

"That's the type," he began slowly, rolling a cigarette thoughtfully between his white, broad-tipped fingers. "It was one of the first things I noticed about Lucia Do you remember the first time ! met you, Mrs. Fitch? It was in a party of inspection to the Tombs."

"Oh, I know! We were just getting into the prison work!"
"Yes. As a matter of fact you

hadn't any idea of all this great prison investigation and reform then; Lucia was following up the career of one of the urchins in her boys' club."
"I remember." Marie smiled

reminiscently and her sharp face softened. "That was three years ago, wasn't it?" she said.
"Quite. Well, I was asked to go

round with the crowd and see what had happened to the young ladhe had just escaped the juvenile court and wasn't really old enough, Lucia insisted, for a police court. I had just been operating under Bull and wanted to shake off the strain-for it was a tricky operation and if it failed I'd get the blame. If it succeeded-of course that was another matter."

He paused, glanced at the handsome ship's clock on the mantela wedding gift from the officers of his first voyage-and

pressed his lips together for the fraction of a second. "Will the doctor have

"Yes, Joseph; serve dinner directly. Madame will not dress when she comes."

Marie took his ceremonious arm and they entered the dining room, no detail of which escaped her proprietary

"You don't find the white paint too much, Max?" "On the contrary, I like it immensely. The ordinary

New York dining room is a cavern." "So it seems to me, and I thought one dark room was

enough. I couldn't resist the library. But I think Lute makes a mistake in putting those embroidered things on the sideboard; they're splotchy."

"They shall be removed," he assured her, amusel.
Then, when the soup steamed before them: "What s

wonderful wedding present this was, Mrs. Fitch! Did any one ever have one like it, I wonder!"

'I loved to do it," she answered eagerly; "I never enjoyed a present so much. Of course I've done lots of entire houses, but never quite like this, for a friend-and one I knew so intimately as Lutie. It was great fun to try to express her personality—and yours," she added, with a sly glance at him. "Of course I had to guess more or less there."

"My compliments on your intuitions, madame!" he smiled at her.

"What do you like best?" she begged.

"My office and the drawing room," he replied promptly. "Good! They're the best rooms. Of course a small house like this is easier in a great many ways."

They are in silence, smiling sympathetically at the dejected soufflé, which had not been able to adapt itself so philosophically as the host and guest to the twenty minutes' delay.

'Your sister was most amusing about my doing it all." she began. "(Not at all; I don't object to mutton a little overdone.) 'Fancy allowing any one to decorate and furnish one's home!' she said to me when I escorted her through the house. 'Do you mean that you are arranging be

bedroom? That you decide on the kitchen?'
"'Indeed, yes, Fräulein; down to the pepper mill.' I assured her. She threw her hands in the air.

"And cried Du Liebe! no doubt," Fettauer added. Just that, Tell me, did you think it strange?

"Not at all. I knew the type. As Lucia put it: 'Marie has made a special study of all this and knows a lot better than I do. We're lucky to have her taste.' It's the Ameican point of view, dear Mrs. Fitch; and there's a lot to be said for it, as a matter of fact. That it would be my own point of view -

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "And yet you let me handle your office?"

He smiled into her eyes.

In the first place, I was curious," he said frankly. "In the second place, I knew I had to do with a clevel, practical woman. In the third place, I foresaw what I have recognized since—that you would know quite as much what to leave undone as what to do. My offices, dear lady, were masterly outlines—for me to fill in."

She laughed.

"But Lutie didn't know that," she said.

"Oh! Lucia's intuitions run along other lines."

"The prison muck-a-muck won't get a tongue-mousse like that, wherever he's dining," she suggested; "she's probably giving him ale and ham sandwiches in the probationers' restaurant."

"To show the gentleman the workings of your scheme quite right," he agreed placidly. "I am only grateful not to have a household staff from the Bedford Reformatory and a cook from Blackwell's Island!"

"You little know how nearly you had them, my young

friend!" thought Marie.

"It was ale and sandwiches we had, that night I began telling you about," he went on, digging into a squat, orange-colored cheese. "And while we tucked them away, it suddenly occurred to me as I looked about the table, where we were squeezed almost too close to eat and the smoke from the cigarettes blurred like a cloud, that the ages of the party were curiously distributed.

"There was Miss Lucia Stanchon, twenty-eight, and looking older; there were you and Mrs. Forsythe and Mrs. Varnham, somewhere under forty, I thought; and there were little Van Wynken and that young Count What'shis-name, with whom he played about; and Bobby du Long and myself—and not one of them was over twenty-

six. And I, the oldest, was just thirty."

"Why, to be sure!" Marie nodded confirmatively.

"I never thought of that," she said, adding quickly:

"But you must remember, Max, that there was a sort of reason for that, after all. You see Peter Forsythe and Dick Varnham and—and my husband wouldn't have been dragged on such an expedition for anything in the world.

Men of that age ——"

"Oh, I understand all that. Though I'd like to suggest to you that Herr Peter has a flourishing boys' club—and Mr. Varnham plays baseball once a week with the lads in the villages near Hawkfield, by the way! But what I mean is that no man of her age—or the equivalent of her age—likes to do what Lucia likes to do. The Americans of thirty-five, say—which is the least age she could afford to associate herself with definitely—don't play with Lucia, somehow. Three years ago, before everybody was dancing as they do now, your husbands didn't care to dance or to play tennis with women; or to visit police courts with women; or to eat sandwiches in rathskellers afterward with women."

"That's true," Marie agreed.

"And yet the sisters of her young men bored Lucia—
"cst-ce-pas?"

"That's true," she repeated.

"As a matter of fact, now, do Peter Forsythe and Dick Varnham and Mr. Fitch like my wife?"

"Oh, Max, what a question! We've been pals—all of us—for years and years!"

"I know. But be honest and tell me now, since we're in the subject, do they personally, without regard to their wives' friendship for

Marie laughed.
"Let's have coffee in
he library, shall we?"

ier, like her?"

he library, shall we?" he suggested. Then is they sat down she aughed again.

'You're quite right bout the husbands, dax," she admitted. 'Peter doesn't approve f Lutie, and feels that he enticed his precious fattie out of the home ircle into what he calls that damned prison ork.' Did you hearou must have-how eabducted her and hid er away all summer, terally in a cave in the oods, with the chilren, and cured her, as e says? It greed with Mattie, bough; I'll admit that. hen Dick Varnham ndLutealwaysfightlways have. He says he's clever enough, ut he'll be darned if e'll be bossed out of his oots by any woman live! Hesays shetried o dictate the temperture of his bath."

Fettauer chuckled.

"But they respect each other, really. And they really get along pretty well, working on the farm at Hawkfield. They built a dam together once."

Marie laughed out suddenly.

"Dick said a dam was an awfully convenient thing to build with Lutie—you could refer to it frequently and relieve your feelings!"

"And Mr. Fitch?" Max suggested.

Her face hardened. Few people who knew her well mentioned Randall Fitch unnecessarily to his wife.

"Oh, Ranny detests Lutie," she said lightly. "They never meet. He calls her the spotlight uplifter, and she says she really can't know men who wear checked trousers. It's simply one of those antipathies——"

"Of course," he nodded, fitting his after-dinner cigar into his pasteboard holder. "How about Walter Girard?"

"Oh, Walter!" Marie pursed her lips doubtfully. 
"Walter's different, you know. He's not really in the crowd; I doubt whether Walter ever was in any crowd. 
He's a queer, solitary, self-sufficient sort of fellow, and I don't think he looks at women. Queerly enough, I think 
Lutie rather likes him. They play golf together. She says 
he never speaks though. How Betty endures it I don't 
know. I believe Walter would be perfectly happy on a 
desert island."

"I hate to think of Madame Betty on a desert island," Fettauer said, smiling.

"Betty? Don't worry! She'd fascinate the nearest merman and he'd swim away with her wherever she wanted to go!"

"Would she like it when she got there?" he added quietly,
"You're very clever, Master Max," she told him; "but
don't criticize our Betty! You can't apply the same rules
to a woman of genius—ah, there's Lutie now!"

"That certainly resembles her slam," Lucia's husband agreed quietly, as its echoes resounded through the house.

"Is that Joseph she's talking to?" Marie wondered aloud; but a hearty bass laugh and a heavier step than Joseph's on the first flight of stairs prepared them for the big, good-natured, sack-coated fellow who entered the library at Lucia's heels.

"Well! You certainly look very comfy-you two!"

Lucia stood in the doorway staring aggrievedly at them. Her fur-trimmed to ue had slipped to one side; her muff bulged with papers. A wisp of warm, molasses-colored hair lay along her cheek. She looked tired; but above the dark circles under them her eyes beamed triumphantly, and her boyish smile was as compelling as ever, though her cheeks were pale and a little too heavily lined for the beginning of the evening.

"Woof! I'm nearly dead! Is there anything left for us to eat? Hello, Max! How's Ri-ri tonight? This is Mr. Ben Braden, of the Ohio penitentiary, people! And he's nearly as starved as I am. Perfectly grand meeting, children—over fourteen hundred; and the mayor made the

speech of his life!"

"You crazy child, do you mean to say you haven't eaten?"
"When do you think I had time to eat? I had a glass of milk at six, though. Anything for us, Joseph?"

"Joseph looks worried," Marie suggested.

"Joseph's got to learn," said his mistress shortly. "I wish Max had let me bring Potts with me—he was used to odd meals, and father was willing."

Marie smiled at her host.

"Perhaps Potts wasn't quite so used to Max's office work as he was to odd meals," she said.

But Fettauer's smile was merely polite.

"Let me show you the way to the dining room, Mr. Braden," said he; and as the big Westerner looked doubtfully at his ungloved hands Lucia shook her head impatiently.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't stop to wash," she cried plaintively, "or I shall faint on the floor. Come right on with me—you can take a Turkish bath afterward if you

like!"

Braden burst into a great laugh.

"I don't believe there's much chance of this little lady fainting!" he said admiringly. "She ought to be out in Ohio, with us. She certainly can put things through!"

"And you consider that a peculiarity of the residents of Ohio?" Max inquired. "Dear me! Come down one flight farther, Mr. Braden, and inspect my lavatory. Lucia, we'll be with you in a moment."

Marie smiled to herself as Lucia shrugged her shoulders and dropped into a seat at the table.

"Max is so obstinate," she murmured. "Joseph, bring me a cocktail directly."

But Joseph placed a cup of hot soup before her even as she spoke.

"Doctor Fettauer tells me that this is the first thing madame eats," he said gently.

"Nonsense! Some Scotch, then—oh, well, I'm too tired to argue." And she gulped the soup hungrily.

Marie watched her in silence. Was it her firm, cleft chin, her brusque gestures, or simply the shade too much of flesh that cased her taut muscles? Whatever it was, Lucia looked almost older than her young husband.

"And she's three years younger!" mused her friend.
"In five years there'll be no doubt of it. I believe it's all
this managing."

"Max is down on cocktails, then?" Marie asked as Joseph hurried in with some apologetic slices of mutton.

"Always was. Of course it's nonsense—nothing else pulls me together so; but he says that if I depend on them whenever I'm rushed to death I'll be in an inebriate's ward—because I'm always rushed! Of course there may be something in that, you know."

And Lucia's warm gray eyes flashed with the old jolly, compelling charm into Marie's, so that the other woman

laughed in spite of herself.

"Oh, Lutie, you child!" she sighed. "Will you ever grow up? And yet"—returning to her first thought— "you look grown-up enough tonight, God knows! Aren't you getting fat? What do you weigh now?"

"For heaven's sake, Marie, do you suppose I spend my time on the scales?" Lucia broke her dinner roll irritably. "Bring me some butter, Joseph, I'm famished. And I'd rather have ale than that Moselle."

"Bien, madame." And Joseph scurried behind the beautiful leather screen that Marie had advised the

Women's Auxiliary to present to their chairman.

"A bottle of madame's ale—and be quick!" he hissed from mysterious inner spaces.

"It's all very well for you to make a fool of yourself on one square meal a day if you want to," continued Lucia; "but I couldn't get through what I have to without food, believe me!"

"But, my dear, you select such fattening food!"

"All right! I tell you I'm simply all gone without it, Marie! I simply cannot go from eight to one without a glass of milk, if you mean that."

"Oh, very well! It is not my affair. Of course, so long as Max is pleased——"

"Indeed! And do you suppose that I cat in order to please Max? I managed to nourish myself so as to put through what I had to for some time before I





met Max, and I trust to go on for some time longer on the same basis!"

"It must be jolly for him if you come home in this state of mind often!" Marie remarked placidly.

"Max knew my various states of mind before he married me, didn't he?" Lucia de-manded shortly. "Did I ever pretend —" "No, Lutie, you never did," her friend assured her. "I will say that for you." "Well, then, he knew what he was get-ting," said Lucia, appeased. "So it's up to him."

him."
"But perhaps he thought you'd change,"

"But perhaps he thought you'd change,"
Marie hazarded.
"Why should he? Why should the fact
that I live in this house make me act differently from what I did when I lived in my
own? When I changed my name I didn't
change my nature, did I?"
"Evidently not."
Marie stared at her friend through narrowed lids. Never before had she so realized the difference in their ages; the frank
change of outlook since she stood pale and
tired in her white satin and pronounced—

tired in her white satin and pronounced-

so firm of voice, so vague in thought—her calm "I do."
"Do you know, Lutie, I believe you really think that's the main fact of mar-

riage—that you live here instead of with Doctor Stanchon!" she burst out. "You'd think so if you lived with Max!" said Lucia imperturbably. "He's a regular old maid! I never supposed a doctor could be so fussy about being on time for meals.

anyhow!"

"I live in hope of undeceiving you, my dear," and Fettauer escorted his guest into the room. "If you could lunch with us Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, after clinic, and see our controlled rage if one of us reaches the table at one-twenty instead of one-fifteen, you'd see that one member of this family understands and respects his

stomach!"

"Oh! So that's why you picked those days for the office?" And Marie motioned Mr. B. "den to her side.

"Yes, wasn't it considerate of me?"

Lucia threw a saucy glance at her grave young husband, and his eyes caught and

held hers for a swift, warm moment.
"Oho! Old maid—is he?" thought Marie;
and then: "I wonder which of you two
gets the upper hand, Mrs. Lucia Stanchon

Fettauer!"

"I'm afraid you'll be eating alone, Braden—Joseph, bring Mr. Braden's soup," Max began. "These public workers get a habit of lunch counters, I believe."

habit of lunch counters, I believe."

"If you mean that for a brutal dig at me, Max, my lamb, it's no use!" his wife cried gayly. "I gave Mr. Braden all the chance in the world to begin with me; but he preferred to prink—or, rather, he had to pretend to prefer to! So if he's starved and lonely—it's his affair."

Mr. Braden smiled at her appreciatively. "You've no kick coming from me, Mrs. Fettauer," he assured her. "I'm well accustomed—as I'll bet you are—to eating when I can and being grateful to get it—

when I can and being grateful to get it—
especially on a trip like this. Your wife
would make a great campaigner, sir," waving his bouillon cup respectfully to Max.
"Or a great anything!" he added, draining
the squat Chinese bowl with relish. "When I saw that big, bustling restaurant, coppers shining, waiter girls so attentive, crowded with customers; the system, the neatness, the good, solid food—yes, thanks; rye, if you have it handy—I tell you I wished we had her in Ohio!"

He spiffed his mutton and couliforms.

He sniffed his mutton and cauliflower

with keen interest.

with keen interest.

"And I'll bet she runs this home every bit as well!" he cried enthusiastically,
"You will find no takers here, Mr. Braden," said Doctor Fettauer gallantly,
"Oh, housekeeping isn't difficult, Mr. Braden—really," said Lutie, relaxing, full fed, contented, and stimulated unconsciously by the open admiration of the big, breezy fellow.

She lay back in Max's serving chair, flat-

She lay back in Max's serving chair, flattered, at peace with the world. Food was always an instant tonic to her; and the sense of growing power, of authority, of ability to set big things in motion—the while this charming, dignified little establishment revolved so smoothly under her hand—gave her a curious detached sense of her own personality; she seemed to watch herself, amused.

One moment on a platform, civic dignitaries at her side, attentive faces, mob-like, turned toward her; a moment again, and the mob, blind now and surging down

the marble steps, was all about her-s was part of it; yet a moment, and t steam of the soup-kettle, the clash of plat and the heat of the great electric broils made a new background for the respect faces that clustered about her.

And now here she was in a silence th one positively felt, after all the moveme and clatter, at her own glistening table; her own quiet, clean-scented, clear-spac rooms; her own soft-stepping butler movi behind the russet-and-gold leather scree

behind the russet-and-gold leather scree Strange! Life moved so quickly—t pool of garnet roses glowed against to white linen; silver caught the light he and there under the garnet-laced cand shades; how perfectly the entwined me ograms on the big dinner napkins we embroidered, frosty and fine! How exq sitely gowned Marie was! How dark a distinguished Max was as he faced her! It was the very conftrast that made the life of hers so full and fascinating—he bored those women must be who knew he one mode of life, one set little scene! The

one mode of life, one set little scene! The one mode of life, one set little scene! The was why they wanted to be men; but she Lucia—she didn't want to be a multi-multiple of the stiff collar pinched her neck—whad she not changed into evening dreamed seven Marie had admitted that and even Marie had admitted that it

and even Marie had admitted that I

plumpness improved her shoulders!
"Lutie! Are you asleep?"
She turned dazed eyes on them; troses in the center of the table blurred a receded to a great red distance, like a su set—then sprang back sharply into pla as she sat up with a drowsy laugh. "I—I've been on the go all day!" s

murmured.

They smiled at her as at a child. Nothishe did could seem otherwise than endering to Mr. Braden, it seemed.

"She's a regular human dynamo!" chuckled delightedly. "I'll bet you would tire many a man to keep up with the doctor!"

her, doctor!"

"Oh, that goes without saying now days," Max returned easily. "It's que the fashion, you know, Mr. Braden. T man we dined with last Thursday told

man we dired with last Thursday told he'd been taking a nap from six to seven be ready for Lucia!"

"Now what do you think about that their guest demanded. "Well, well, well "However," Max went on, "even wh we used to call the weaker sex may be st we used to call the weaker sex may be st posed to recuperate occasionally; and i-might suggest it, Lucia, you'd better to yourself away and go to bed! We agre to take that nine-o'clock train for Lo Island, you know."

"I know," said Lucia dolefully; "thou it was a fiendish thing to propose, the train. Perhaps I'd better. If Mr. Brac will excuse——"

will excuse

"Oh, I'll finish my cigar with your go husband here and jump for my trail Braden assured her. "Good night, N

Braden assured her. "Good night, M
Fettauer. It's a real privilege to mee
woman like you!"

"All the same," Marie murmured
the stairs, "it's a little hard on poor h
to leave him with your expansive pri
friend, Lutie."

"Oh, nonsense!" Lucia switched on
light and faced Marie crossly in the mid
of her bedroom, all grayish blue, with h
ings and chintzes of bluish gray. "Brade
a good fellow and it won't hurt Max a
to talk a little with people like that—
really do things."

She pressed a button on the house t

She pressed a button on the house t phone near her bed.

"I'm not at home, Joseph; never n

"I'm not at home, Joseph; never m who."
"But, good heavens, child, doesn't I do things?"
"Oh, of course—you know what I m Ri-ri. Don't make me angry now by b stupid!"

Marie closed her lips temperately; while Lucia threw off her tight clothes the quiet maid picked them up paties the friend, sunk for the moment in the orator, regarded the charming beds

critically,
"I believe there should have been al old rose here, after all," she said half to self. "There was too much in that ch I tried first, so I eliminated it entirely; it's a little too cold—especially at all I think I'll make all the chair cushions! old rose, chaise longue and all. Would

mind that?" "Anything you say," said Lucia brig struggling with a refractory garter d "Pouf! That's off! Now just wait a ute while I get a bath, Marie, will yo



Wrapped in a trailing smoky-blue peign-oir, her thick hair in a dull bronze braid, she strolled into the bathroom; and while the odor of her favorite geranium perfume crept steamily into the bedchamber and the splashings of her plunge alternated with her unsteady humming — Lucia could barely carry a tune, but was never without one— Marie studied the room with the interest inseparable from her profession.

It was a curious and characteristic mix-ture—that infallible betrayal of the soul in all the shells it makes for itself, whether of flesh or silk or stone. Ancestors may arch our noses, architects may measure our lintels, tailors may conceal us with their stretched stuffs; but the twitch of the nostrils as we breathe, the angle of the bed as we lie in it, the creases of the coat as we walk in it—could God Himself change them, except through us?

So Lucia's room, though her friend's taste and skill and experience had designed to the most chalces and the column of the most chalces and red.

it with only the most obvious and reasonable regard to Lucia's complexion and tastes, spoke as clearly of its mistress' character as the slow growth of furniture and tiny oddments that chance had shaped about her when she was a girl in her father's house.

On the austere, glass-topped toilet table that Marie and modern hygienic simplicity had made fashionable between them lay one of Lucia's queer luxuries-a magnifione of Lucia's queer luxuries—a magnin-cent litter of tortoise-shell tools, gold mono-grammed. They were costly, breakable, flamboyant; they would have graced the dresser of a musical-comedy idol of the hour; but to Lucia they were dear necessi-ties. Dull, they must be polished; broken, they must be mended; lost, they must be

Not a chair but one was cushioned beyond its seat; but against the severe back of the chaise longue, dull blue and gray, Lucia had piled a mongrel heap of cushions, the embroidered, sprawling initials of which mingled Yale and Harvard in impartial navy blue and crimson, and dated back to the boarding-school, poker-burned work that set Marie's teeth on edge. Next to a wonderful etching of a great

cathedral interior hung a framed poster of a once-adored actor, and below this were some Landseer dogs in colored prints—a childish birthday present from her father; while above a wonderful little Monet, hung just at the proper angle for light and value, Lucia had stuck one of Betty Girard's first pen-and-ink double sheets: the famous golf man with Max's profile-in a cheap oak frame picked out with gilt!

Ranged photographs of her friends in heavy silver frames littered everything; battered riding-crops made a sort of trophy over the squat bookshelves—a girl's room, you would have shrugged, facing it. But the great manogany table, soaking in the sunshine of the bay window, would check you; nearly six feet long, it held orderly piles of reports, typewritten sheets, letter-heads, calendars, diaries, docketed files the desk of an exceptionally competent woman of affairs, with the blotting sheet and vast bronze inkwell of a company

The very spirit of orderliness, you would say; but one glance at the telephone, lurching from the top of a three-decked muffin stand above a litter of chocolate, old letters, odd gloves, newspaper clippings and half-cut French novels, would have left you

gusping.
Dresses and hats, severe, dark-toned, were crushed together waiting repairs and valeting in Lucia's untidy closet; immaculate scented lingerie, weblike and ribboned, lay in lacy geometric piles in the drawers of Lucia's great mahogany armoire, a treasure of heavy carving.
"If this room were only one thing or the

other!" Marie sighed.
"But I'm not one thing or the other, per-haps!" grinned Lucia, collapsing, clean and happy, among the hideous college cushions.

"That's as true a word as you ever spoke, miss—madame, I mean!" her friend com-mented sagely. "I suppose that's what \*\*

keeps us all ——"
"Bosh! Don't begin to analyze, for mercy's sake! Look here, Marie—will you do the decorations for the new recreation building at the docks for us? Just in your odd times, I mean."

Marie's face, which always softened and lighted with her little friendly circle of women friends, stiffened suddenly with the lines of the keen and bitter Mrs. Randall Fitch that her clients admired and feared.

"For love, you mean?" she said shortly.





"Oh, well, you know what we've got.
I've worked like thunder to get a year's
rent guaranteed and I can't dip into that rent guaranteed and I can't dip into that fund for anything but the strictest necessities. We've got the place clean, but it's a perfect barn. Of course we shouldn't expect much."

"Now see here, Lucia, we might just as well get this over now as later. You simply don't understand what you're asking. What's the average sum you're getting from people?"

"Oh, twenty-five—fifty. Why?"

"Well, I'll give you fifty dollars if you never ask me to do another thing. I can't afford it."

"Why, Marie Fitch! I shan't take it.

afford it."

"Why, Marie Fitch! I shan't take it.
The idea!"

"Oh, yes, you will. Now, Lucia, decorating is my business. The competition has grown very keen nowadays: it's different from when I began."

"But your discounts ——"

"All very well. Has it ever occurred to you that I may have other uses for my discounts? When I did this house for you it was the very best present I could give you was the very best present I could give you It is simply loved to do it. And I'm proud of it too; I stand behind it. My professional reputation is in it. Don't you realize that it will necessarily—my reputation—go into all this work you want me to do for you? all this work you want me to do for you? When you say you don't expect much, you're talking nonsense. What do you mean by that? That I'm to do a little of the job very well and let the rest go? Or do all of the job half or a quarter well? In either case it's my job, isn't it? It stands for me, doesn't it? You'll tell everybody that Mrs. Fitch decorated it, won't you? Can I afford that if it isn't well done?"

"Of course, Marie, if you choose to put it that way—""

it that way—"
"But I do choose to put it that way—I
must. See here, my child: you passed out
of the rank of the lady amateurs this year and became a paid professional worker in this prison business. Very well! Suppose the pure-milk-for-the-slums committee, or the employment-for-the-blind commit-tee or the child-labor people should ask you, in view of your great success in organizing your job, to give them a little of your odd time to overhrul and reorganize some of their departments, what would you say?"

their departments, what would you say?"
"Is that a fair comparison, Marie?"
"Absolutely. Why not? Could you afford it?" afford it?

"Absolutely. Why not? Could you afford it?"

"I notice you did- the Professional Women's Club for nothing, though—they bragged about it enough!" Lucia put in.

"Precisely. And why? In the first place that was my personal contribution to a club of which I'm a charter member. We began that club fifteen years ago, when it was a bigger venture than any women's club could be today. It meant more to us, I assure you, than clubs do now. The women who did things stuck more together and every name meant something. We were all very eager to back up all professional women. Betty painted half the wall decorations; lots of women gave a certain set of royalties on their books and stories; Doctor Harris—that Max's friend married—gave a week's office fees, I remember. That was a professional tax—gladly paid. Your house was a friendly gift—gladly given. I stand behind both willingly and expect to be judged by them. But why should I take that risk for your prison-reform schemes?"

"Oh, well, of course—"

"Another thing," Marie went on. "For the club work I set my own time and did it in the off season. Now your work must be done, like all your affairs, tout de suite—immediately, if not sooner. I happen to be extremely busy just now. Of course I lost on that job—but that was my affair. I lost on your house and Celestine's teahouse and Mattie's billiard room—but they were my presents to you all; and presents aren't business."

"Oh, don't rub it in, Marie—I see what you mean. Only I wonder, if all you people

"Oh, don't rub it in, Marie-I see what you mean. Only I wonder, if all you people feel that way, how all the men have helped us so much with their professional time and reputation? Why did those nice architects do over the up-the-river boarding house for nothing for us?"

Marie watched her narrowly.

"For us?" she repeated. "For us?"

"Well, for me, then," said Lucia frankly.

"Why?" Marie answered. "Why? I
wonder when you'll find out, Lutie!"

"Oh well it was in a good gaven any

"Oh, well, it was in a good cause anyway!" Lucia smiled, but faced her friend bravely. "You can't take out all the personal effect, Marie—you simply can't. Things go that way—that's all."



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"They go that way just now," Marie re-turned slowly, "because you and I haven't been at this sort of thing such a terribly long time. People still feel interested and touched by women in business-as women; but in the jobs where they've been for generations—keeping boarding houses, for instance, and school teaching, I wonder whether the hotel men and the men teachers feel that chivalry much " feel that chivalry much.

feel that chivalry much."

"And you think ——"

"Of course I do. Thackeray, even, probably felt it for George Eliot; but do you think Mr. Hall Caine feels it for Miss Marie Corelli? I doubt it."

"I see what you mean," Lucia agreed thoughtfully. She stared ahead of her, digesting the new idea. Then her eyes flashed mischievously. "All right, Ri-ri—then let's go while the going is good!" she cried gayly.

cried gayly.

Marie studied the laughing face—the thrown-back, boyish shoulders.

"That's one way to take it, of course," she said thoughtfully. "After us the deluge—huh! Well, it'll be a deluge, all right enough. I shall be out of it, thank goodness! Of course when I began everybody ness! Of course when I began everybody gave me a hand. I was a woman; I had a new idea; I was in society; I needed money. It was grand chie! Now every girl that gets impatient at home wants to be an interior decorator. So there you are!"

They sat in friendly silence.

"How you do go into things, Ri-ri!"
Lucia began after a moment.

"Do I? I expect it's because I've been through things. One usually leads to the

through things. One usually leads to the

Again they were silent. Lucia had sup-posed that after her own marriage she would perhaps be able to touch a little more easily on her friend's experiences with Mr. Randall Fitch, but it seemed that this was not so—if anything she felt more con-

"This is awfully cozy—just like old times, isn't it?" she said lazily. Marie looked at her oddly. "It certainly is," she agreed; "a little too much so for monsieur, perhaps?" "Max? How ridiculous! Didn't he send me up here himself?"

"My dear child! You were falling asleep

in your chair!"
"My goodness, Marie, you'd fall asleep yourself in my place! What do you think I've done today?"
"Oh, I don't doubt ——"
"You'd better not! Listen! In the first

"You'd better not! Listen! In the first out to supper after. Then we all went round to supper after. Then we all went round to see the dancing at that new place; and, of course, Van Wynken and I couldn't stand that—and we danced until they turned us all out; Van tipped the orchestra as it was. Well, I had to be called at eight, for I had an approximent at the office at for I had an appointment at the office at nine. I worked like a dog there until lunch; the warden gave us an interview at three; I had to see that recreation building—they were tinting the plaster all wrong and I lost my temper dreadfully; then met Braden and showed him everything—I'd hate to see that taxi bill! The meeting I told you about, and that lasted until I took him through the restaurant and staggered home.

of course, after I'd had my dinner, I passed away—wouldn't you?"

"Long before, Lutie—long before," said her friend quickly. "It would have been a case of 'Please omit flowers' with me by three o'clock."

"Well, then," grunted Lucia, placated, "what are you rowing me for?" "I'm not rowing you; I'm merely sug-gesting that the fact that you're all in has nothing to do with the fact that it must be rather dull for Max."
"But, heavens above! Max knows what

I'm doing, doesn't he? He agreed to it be-fore we were married, didn't he? He knew the way I worked before, I suppose.'

Marie smiled.
"Ye-es, he knew," she agreed; "but he couldn't have got you any other way,

Lucia shrugged. Lucia shrugged.

"Well, there it is," she said shortly.

"Yes, there it is, all right enough,"
Marie repeated; "but how long does it
stay there?"

"What do you mean?"
Lucia stared in such honest blankness
that her friend choked between a sigh and

"Oh, Lute, Lute!" murmured Marie.
"You baby! You spoiled baby!"
"I'm pretty hard worked for a spoiled baby," said Lucia complacently.



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# PUBLIC LEDGER



Marie's eyes narrowed suddenly. She

drew a deep breath.

"You are, indeed," she replied, "and you're showing it. Do you realize, Lutie, that you are thirty-one and that you look thirty-six?"

"Always did, thanks."

"N-no; not this way. You're settling. Do you realize that Max is thirty-five and looks thirty?"

"Just as you like, my dear—it's your funeral."

Lucia squirmed reflectively on the chaise

"Just as you like, my dear—it's your funeral."

Lucia squirmed reflectively on the chaise longue.

"Of course Max is a man," she began defensively; "and then he takes precious good care of his little self." Tennis twice a week and golf every Saturday—he won't week-end where he can't play, if you please. And he goes to bed at ten if he's operating the next morning. That sort of thing's all very well if you can do it; but I can't."

"Why not?" Marie asked simply.

"Why not?" Are you crazy, Ri-ri?

When could I get the time, pray?"

"You're getting too fat. You'll have to take the time pretty soon."

"There it is again!" And Lucia's tone grew regretful. "I simply must have my lunch—I go all to pieces. Max doesn't eat it unless he's exercising. No wonder he keeps thin."

"Oh, I'm not going into the reasons. I'm simply suggesting the facts," said Marie calmly. "If you must eat, then take the corresponding exercise, I should say."

"All very well," Lucia returned hastily; "but how can I? And anyhow, if I could dance enough I'd be all right. But then, of course, I don't see so much of Max—he wants to hear music so; and so we go on his account. And all the dancing that's any fun is so late this year."

"It's a little complicated, certainly," Marie admitted briefly.

"I believe you—it's complicated!" Lucia assured her with some warmth. "I simply want you to realize that I must be tired at night. Max is himself."

"Maybe; but he doesn't fall asleep at the table," said Mrs. Fitch dryly.

"Well, for heaven's sake, what am I to do then—sleep in the afternoon?" Lucia demanded ironically.

"I should suppose you'd have to, under the circumstances," said Marie placidly.

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Lute, how snappish you get sometimes."

"Well, for heaven's sake, what am I to admanded ironically.

"I should suppose you'd have to, under the circumstances," said Marie placidly.

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Lute, how snappish you get sometimes."

"Why, Marie Fitch!"

"Perhaps not snappish ex

The tone was so much softer than the words, the look in the older woman's eyes was so unusual, that Lucia swallowed her irritation and spoke more gently than she

felt.
"Mattie Forsythe's been talking to you,
Ri-ri," she said, "hasn't she?"
"Mattie? No. I haven't seen her for

"Mattie? No. I haven't seen her for ages."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you had."
Lucia pursed her lips patronizingly. "You know, since Mattie left the board," she explained, "she's simply a sort of phonograph—whatever her precious Peter tells her Tuesday night she tells us Wednesday morning. Since sister went on the Junior Committee I see a little more of her—because, of course, the mothers have to be perfectly satisfied that their darling children aren't overworked or get their sympathies aren't overworked or get their sympathies too much played on. But father says it's all right—for a wonder! So Miss Martha Forsythe is treasurer this year for the kiddies."

"Mattie's children will never be as at-

"Mattie's children will never be as at-tractive as she is," Marie commented.
"Oh, I don't know. Sister is bossy, of course, like Peter; but I think the baby's

course, like Peter; but I think the baby's pretty nice. Well, Mattie was wondering how I got through the amount I did. 'I simply had to go off, my dear,' she said. 'I found I couldn't do much outside work and keep fresh for Peter—evenings.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Well," Marie suggested, her eyes on her

lap, "somebody has to keep fresh for them— evenings!"

Lucia stared.
"For heaven's sake, why?" she cried. "I can't say that Peter ever troubled to keep fresh for Mat!"

(Continued on Page 37)



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# BOARD

WALLS AND CEILINGS

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(Continued from Page 34)

"It used to be called 'greeting him with a smile,"" Marie said slowly. "You see the theory was that he came home tired from battling with the world—and there you were, with a rose in your hair."

"Um!" Lucia commented. "It doesn't appeal to me, some way. How about you? Suppose I've been battling with the world

"That's just it." Marie's eyes avoided the younger woman's. "Perhaps the idea was that both of you needn't battle." Lucia gasped.

Very pretty, I'm sure," she commented; "but how does it apply exactly? You mean that I'm to drop quietly out from under all these obligations I've assumed in order to greet Max with a smile every evening?

"Oh, I mean nothing!" cried the other early. "Nothing at all! You know best, wearily.

"That's all very well, Ri-ri!" Lucia's eyes were dangerously alight now. "That's all very well; but you evidently mean that I don't know best! I might suggest that you don't seem to have gone into the roseand-smile business very much yourself!" Marie's fingers twisted in her lap, but

she met the younger woman's eyes full.

"That's all right, Lucia," she said quietly, the sudden apology began. "Never as the sudden apology began. "Never mind. I'm perfectly good for that, and I realize I brought it on myself. My child, that's why I—I'm so worried about you. You don't suppose I hold myself up—me?" Her face was a bitter thing to see. "But, Lutie, you must remember one thing: Heaven knows I was tired enough at night-I was a wreck. I never had your strength. But I was fighting for my life—I had to work! Ranny utterly refused to support -except on his own terms. It is doubtful if there was ever a time after the first six months when I shouldn't have been one of three ——"
"Oh, Ri-ri, never mind—never mind!
I'm a brute!"

Lucia's eyes were full of tears.

"No, no. It's no matter. Everybody knew it. And anyway, he was simply a gambler. He really couldn't help that—it was in his blood. But, everything else gambler. aside, I couldn't have tried that way were up to our ears in debt—foolish debts—two-thirds of the time. I had to 'battle with the world.' And you get very hard at it. But what could I do?"

"Nothing, of course." And Lucia's tones were like ice for Randall Fitch; her eyes

soft as gray velvet for her friend.

"And yet, Lutie—and yet——" Marie drove a deep look into those gray velvet depths—a look that hurt them both. "And yet—if I had been able to go into the rose-and-smile business—as you say—I've always felt I might have done a lot more for him!"
"But—but—— Heaven above, Marie

Fitch! Whyshould you? Whyshould you? What's the use? Look where you stand today!

"Oh, yes; I stand! I stand!" said Marie

dully.

Lucia shook off the depression that crept round them.

"See here, Ri-ri," she began; "we can't talk about this. It's a great exception. Take Betty, instead: Does she keep fresh for Walter? Would any one dare to suggest

such a thing?" Lucia drew a long breath.
"Betty Girard isn't in our class, Lute."
Marie answered quietly; "she's an artist—
and a big one. That she's made good as far as she has is simply marvelous—that's all.

With her temperament ——"
"Other people have temperaments, I

"Yes, indeed; but have they her excuse?
You know what Sargent said about her:
no matter what Betty might want to do,
it drives her on, that talent of hers, Lutie;
she has to exhaust herself! A talent like that drives you—you can't drive it. Heaven knows she's tried."
"Tried! Betty? You don't mean that

she ever thought she ought to ——"
"I mean that she's tried hard to play the

"I should say so! Putting up with that sulky brute of a Walter Girard at all is playing the game, if you ask me! He's jealous and obstinate, and he won't go anywhere or do anything. Honest to good-

ness, Marie, if Max was likely to grow anything like that —"
"He isn't," said Marie patiently. "He's

quite a different type."
"I should hope so."

"Oh, there are lots of good points to Walter," and Ranny's wife smiled sadly. Plenty of women would be lucky to get him, my dear. There's not a man who knows him that doesn't respect him. I admire Betty more than any woman I ever knew, and I'll back her to the last ditch; but I doubt whether, whoever she married, she could

"Greet him with a smile?" Lucia broke in impatiently. "Well, for heaven's sake, why should she? So far as that goes, it's his business to greet her!"

"I wonder! Perhaps it is—perhaps it is," said Mrs. Fitch, half to herself. "And yet would now man, that she would manny?

we're changing, my dear; we're changing, but—are they?"

"Why, Ri-ri!" Lucia gasped at this stroke, shut her eyes, shook her head and gasped again. "They've got to, then!" she

said at last.

"Ah!" The older woman sat silent.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Lutie shot out, exasperated, "why should anybody greet anybody with a smile?—when you come to 

"Well, you can't help that."

"No, but he likes to have somebody smile."
"Well, what's he going to do about it?"

challenged Lucia "He's going to find somebody that does,"

Marie replied.

The room was quite still.

"Oh, I see!" Lucia's smile was chilly.

"I see! You're very kind, Marie; but I assure you -

"Lutie, wait! Before you say any more,

Marie rose, dragged her fur coat—which the quiet maid had left for her—over her

thin shoulders, and opened the door.

"I must go; but I'm going to tell you something. You're half boys, you girls, nowadays; but I swear you know less about men than we used to! Look here, my child; I'm a woman's woman now—have been for ten years. I'd had enough of men. But I used to be different, Lutie. I understood men better when I was twenty than you ever will; and I'd like to suggest to you again that, though girls like you may have changed a whole lot in the last fifteen years,

men like Max are pretty much what they were when I was twenty!"

"Now listen to me: if you think your case is like mine, you're wrong. Circumstances and my husband's nature forced us apart—and I lost out. If you think you can go by Betty Girard, you deceive your-self Lutic. Sho's an artist and her husband's self, Lutie. She's an artist and her husband's a perfectly normal man-and fate forced them apart. She can't change and he won't; so he lost out!"

Lucia trembled slightly; she never knew

why, for there was no sign then of any crisis.
"Men like Ranny, I'm sure, shouldn't
marry," Marie rushed on. "And I doubt if
women like Betty make a success of it once in a hundred years. But they always do marry; and then-Walter and I pay for it. 'm a woman and adaptable, and I make the best of it—pick up the pieces and go on. Walter's a man; so he balks and makes himself and everybody round him miser-able." She fixed her sharp, burning eyes on Lucia, huddled in the long chair among the gaudy college cushions. "But you haven't my excuse or Betty's," she said. "And let me tell you now that if Max isn't Ranny, neither is he Walter!"

Lucia sank deeper into the pillows.
"Max may like American girls," the un-sitying voice pursued her, "but he was born in Europe; and European women may not be such wonders on committees, my dear, but they're no fools when it comes to the great game—and it's the greatest game in the world, Lute—as nobody knows ike us that have lost it!"

The room was as still as the grave. Neither woman moved; and as they faced each other they started slightly, for at the same moment each caught a faint murmur of voices from below.

"What—what's that?" Marie whispered terrified. "Who's talking?"

Lucia sprang up.

"Max went out long ago," she answered softly. "Wait a moment. I'm going to see." "Oh, Lutie, don't! Call somebody! The

house is all dark—get Joseph."
"Hush! He's out for the night—I let him go. And Max is, too, I'm nearly sure.

He almost always goes over to the University Club when I come up early. Wait! I'm not afraid."



There is a No-Limit Guarantee behind Chalmers 'Porosknit." Let's consider WHY. Let's see what the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label MEANS—as compared with imitations,

Mere holes in underwear do not make it the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." One must judge by more than appearance. That is, if one wants such quality as can be guaranteed unconditionally.

Let's first examine a Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Then let's investigate its making.

Take this Union Suit. Observe the tri-angular piece in the back. The "stretch" in any knit goods runs only one way,

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that it will give—at every turn or bend. There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw-no "cutting in the crotch."

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Stretch the fabric. See the other extra stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unravelling.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. The Chalmers Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

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The yarn is the finest long-fibre, combed. Indeed, we've been told it's bet-ter than need be. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars yearly by using less costly yarn—and still have it "good hat none mis it detect it.

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not see. But they account for the inabil-ity to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

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guarantee bond with every garment. Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles-for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration.

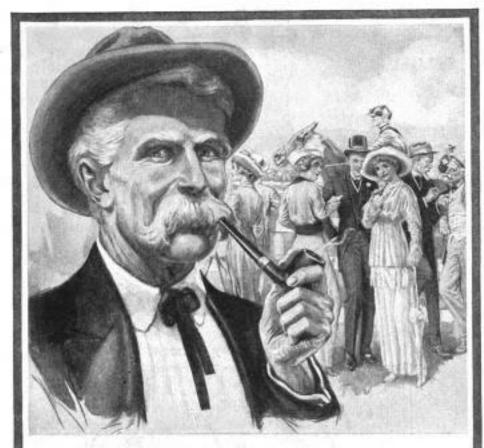
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IN one way Kentucky's got a sort of monopoly I on happiness.

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Lucia sped softly to the drawer of the big desk, opened it, took out a small blunt-nosed revolver and passed through the

The stairs were dimly lighted. The mur-mur of voices flowed on, paused—then

began again.

They gained the heavy velvet curtains soundlessly, breathlessly; and Lucia, whom danger steadied mechanically, peered round the fluted folds, the weapon high in her hand. She looked, breathed, looked again, then slowly lowered it.

There in the circle of rosy light from the

There, in the circle of rosy light from the one big lamp, sat Betty Girard, dark and glowing against the bright-red velvet chair. Her exquisite arms and shoulders were like ivory-toned marble; under the heavy waves of her dark hair her startling hazel waves of her dark hair her startling hazel eyes seemed more exotic than by day. She was in green and silver, with one touch of crimson velvet. Max leaned over the chair, alert, yet lazy; amused, but intensely interested, Lucia knew, by his eyes.

"It's nearly twelve, child. Call me a taxi—oughtn't you?" said Betty.

"Ought I? But why—when this is the first real talk we've had for—for how long is it?"

"Heavens! Don't make me count! But when was that Paris summer, Max?"

"Nineteen-five—six. Oh, it was five

"Nineteen-five—six. Oh, it was five years ago, Bettchen," he counted, "and the jolliest summer I'd ever had!"

the jolliest summer I'd ever had!"

Betty laughed softly. Lucia felt a strange, toothed grip at her side. What a beautiful woman Betty was! Had Max always looked at her so?

"I told Walter to call for me, but it's ten to one he's forgotten," said Betty. "Call a taxi, will you, dear boy?"

Dear boy! And yet Lucia had heard Betty say that to many before this.

"Well, Bettchen, it was too kind of you to enliven my solitude—if you won't wait. I'll take you home."

"Child! I'm forty-one. Don't bother."

"And forty-one times more dangerous than you ever were, madame! You've never changed a hair ——"

changed a hair

Lucia took the hand behind her.
"Come!" she formed with her lips, and the two women slipped up the silent stairs.

Marie looked curiously at her.

"What are you doing?" she whispered,
though the door was closed.

"Changing," said Lucia briefly.
With one motion she twisted her rope of
heir high on her head; with another she With one motion she twisted her rope of hair high on her head; with another she pulled it out above her ears. From the closet she dragged down a smoke-colored teagown of velvet, frothed with heavy Venetian lace. It slipped over her head, and her cheeks, burning, flamed above it. She dusted powder on them and pulled clocked amber stockings over her feet and amber satin high-heeled mules over the webby silk. Behind the great coil of her hair she thrust a carved amber comb from

webby silk. Behind the great coil of her hair she thrust a carved amber comb from her tortoise-shell tray.

"Will I do?" she asked.

"Stunning!" said Marie.

"Then come on!" said Lucia.

They stood in the doorway. Neither Betty nor her host had moved, it seemed.

"Why, Lucia! How jolly!"

Max walked quickly over as Betty spoke.

"I thought you were in bed, madame," he said. "Welcome to our city!"

"Nobody told me you were here, Betty. How nice to see you!" And Lucia took both of Betty's lovely hands.

"No; Joseph said you were not to be disturbed; so Max took pity on me until Walter should come. He's at a directors' meeting; but I fear he's forgotten me. How gorgeous you look, Lutie!"

"I thought you were tired to death, child," Max murmured to her while Betty and Marie talked together.

"I had a vest" she said and turned her

and Marie talked together.
"I had a rest," she said, and turned her

eyes on his.

He took her hand.

"You look it," he said.

"If this is the way you look when you're tired, Lucia," Betty began, "keep on working! Come on home, Marie."

"Oh, wait!" And Lucia held her hands

out pleadingly. "Max isn't a bit sleepy, I know. Let's have some bridge and then

telephone for Walter! Won't you?"
"Anything you say." And her husband looked wonderingly at her crimson cheeks.
"But won't you be tired, dear?"
"I can rest tomorrow," she said softly,

"when-when you're not here!" Still he looked at her; and Marie Fitch,

catching that look, coughed and bit her lip,
"Thank heaven!" she whispered.
"Is heaven still on the job?" said Betty



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### The Forehanded Man

By Will Payne

THIS Congress may pass an act provid-ing for banks of a new type, so far as concerns banking in the United States; and it may even put the Government into the business of lending money directly to individual borrowers.

It must have been about two years ago that Ambassador Herrick, at Paris, made a report to President Taft on farmers' loans in Europe. President Taft passed the re-port on to the country, with a statement that European farmers generally borrowed on better terms than American farmers could obtain. Since then this matter of rural credits has been extensively and continu-

ously agitated.
One of President Wilson's early steps was to appoint a commission, provided for by an act of Congress approved March 4, 1913, to visit Europe and study the whole ques tion of loans to farmers, both on land mortgage and personal credit. Senator Fletcher, of Florida, was chairman of the commission. At once a larger commission was appointed comprising the members of the President's commission and some sixty other persons representing all the states of the Union as well as the Canadian prov-inces. Of the larger commission Senator Fletcher was also chairman.

These two commissions spent the greater part of last summer in Europe, visiting Italy, Hungary, Austria, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, France, Spain, England and Scot-land. In each country there were hearings, at which persons most familiar with farm credits appeared, giving information and answering questions. Members of the commission examined cooperative farm-credit associations and land-mortgage banks, interviewed farmers, and so on. In short, a very comprehensive mass of facts was gathered and is now before Congress.

#### The Fletcher Bill

As one result of this elaborate investigation, Senator Fletcher last January intro-duced a bill authorizing the formation of farm-mortgage banks under Federal char-ters. Briefly, these banks would make farm-mortgage loans, to run for thirty-five years, the principal to be extinguished by the end of that period through amortiza-tion, which means that, in addition to pay-ing a given rate of interest, the borrower pays each year a small fraction of the principal. When these fractional payments of principal are spread over a long term of years the total annual payment amounts to only a little more than straight interest on a five-year loan.

Having loaned its own capital on ap-proved farm mortgages, the bank would issue and sell debenture bonds, secured by a pledge of the mortgages; and with the proceeds of the debentures it would make additional farm loans, which, in turn, would serve as a basis for a fresh issue of debentures. This would not be an endless chain, however, for the Fletcher Bill provides that the total amount of debentures outstanding must not exceed fifteen times the bank's capital. Thus the bank's capital would be a sort of margin for the protection of deben-ture holders in addition to the security of the pledged mortgages.

The Wilson Administration favors a sys tem of farm-mortgage banks in general outline like those described in Senator Fletcher's bill; but the Administration measure will no doubt differ considerably from the Fletcher Bill in details.

That measure at this writing is being formulated by the committees on banking and currency of the House and the Senate. The committees have been at work on the task almost from the beginning of this session, last December.

A subcommittee of the House committee began hearings on the subject early last winter, and somewhat later a subcommittee of the Senate committee took part in the hearings.

Of course the information gathered by the commissions that visited Europe last summer was drawn on, and persons with facts or theories to present had a chance to speak. A bill drafted by the committees may be presented to Congress before this appears in print.



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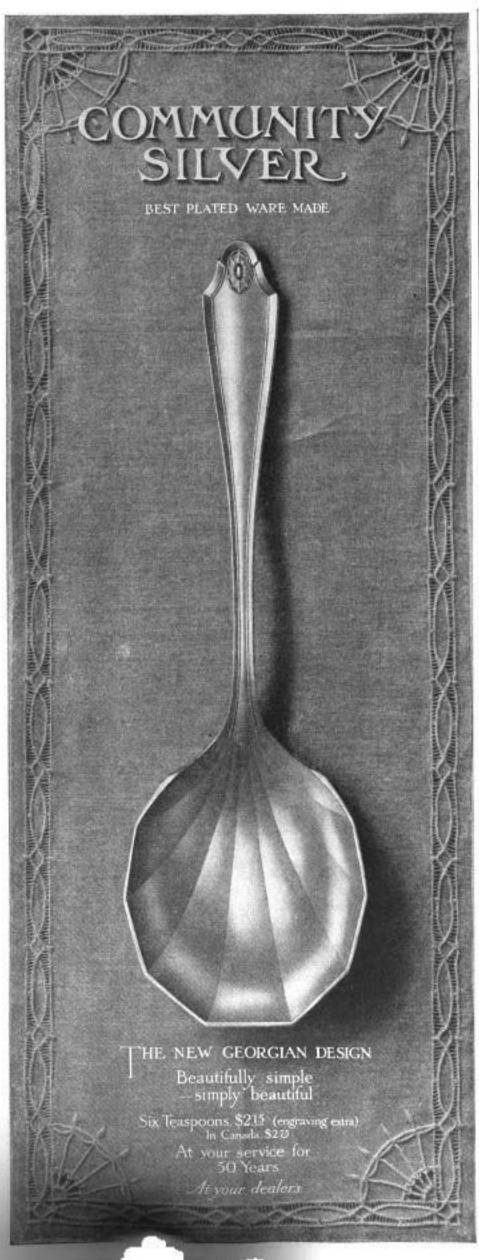
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But Congress has still another bill deal-ing with the same subject, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Norris and in the House by Mr. Bathrick. This bill is indorsed by two large organizations of farmers—the Grange and the Farmers' Union—and no doubt can muster strong political support.

It provides for the organization of a Government office to be known as the Bureau of Farm Loans, which shall lend money directly to individual borrowers, the loan to be secured by a first mortgage on ap-proved farm land, to run for at least ten years, and not to exceed two thousand dollars in amount, or to be for more than sixty per cent of the value of the mortgaged

and.

The interest is to be four per cent a year, payable semiannually, one-fifth of the principal to become due in five years. and one-fifth in each succeeding year

and one-fifth in each succeeding year.

To provide funds for making such loans the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue and sell government bonds bearing three-and-s-half per cent interest and exempt from taxation. It is figured that the difference between the three and a half per cent which the Government pays on its bonds and the four per cent that it gets from farmers will cover expenses and all possible losses. possible losses.

possible losses.

The real contest, so far as now appears, will be between the Administration measure as drafted by the House and Senate committees and the Norris-Bathrick measure providing for direct loans by the Government. Obviously the success of the latter would change the whole farmmortgage business as an investment field. Naturally farmers, like borrowers of every other class, want the lowest interest they can possibly get. That is merely saying that a man wants to buy everything he needs as cheaply as possible. Undoubtedly anyone can borrow at a decidedly lower rate with the Government's guaranty than without it. The credit of the United States is sufficient to lift the whole farm-mortgage is sufficient to lift the whole farm-mortgage business a notch higher than it could reach on its own strength—exactly as an issue of railroad bonds that might go at four and a half per cent on its own merits would go at three and a half per cent if guaranteed by the Government; but it would go to a somewhat different set of investors.

#### Using the Nation's Credit

The man who buys a five-and-a-half per cent farm mortgage would not ordinarily buy a three-and-a-half per cent govern-ment bond. He would look for something that paid higher interest, while the gov-ernment bond would be taken by a more timid or indifferent investor—the trustee of an estate or some one who would care com-paratively little for the interest rate pro-vided he felt his principal absolutely secure.

There is no doubt that by using the credit of the United States farmers could borrow more cheaply. Whether the credit of the nation ought to be used in that way is another question. There is no greater fallacy than to assume an unlimited credit for any nation. What are undied to assume an extension of the country of the for any nation. Whatever credit a nation uses in one way, it has just that much less to use in some other way. The quantity of money in the country available for investment in government securities is as strictly limited as the quantity available

for use in any other way.

Of late years we have seen British government bonds, with the finances of the government in a very flourishing way, too, selling at near thirty per cent discount. With new borrowings on a large scale, they might easily have dropped to fifty per cent, unless the interest rate had been advanced to a point equivalent to fifty per cent discount on the old bonds.

However, it is quite probable that farm-ers might, on the whole, get somewhat better terms for farm loans if there were a nation-wide organization to handle such loans. Debentures issued by such an organization and based on farm loans might ore attractive to many inv the farm loans themselves. The debentures would be for even amounts—say, one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. All the debentures of a given issue would be uniform in date and maturity, and no doubt there would always be a good open market for them; so that a man could dispose of one as readily as he could dispose of a standard railroad bond. And the in-vestor, instead of looking to a particular farm and a particular farmer for his secur-ity, would look to a great number of farms and farmers.



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What delights a canoe can afford you, your family, your friends! Think of the fishing, camping, hunting, picnic and vacation trips that can be enjoyed with a canoe—of the glories of the great out-doors it will unfold.

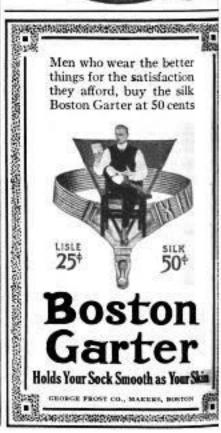
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In short, a chain of farm-mortgage banks, making loans on agricultural land and issuing debentures against the loans, might attract money into that field which now seeks investment elsewhere; and, of course, whatever attracts more money into a given investment field tends to lower interest rates somewhat within that field. As a rough guess, I should say farmers might be able to borrow on a land mortgage somewhere from one-half of one per cent to one per cent cheaper than at present.

per cent cheaper than at present.

They might also get the benefit of long-term amortized loans. An individual lender, looking to a particular farm for his security, will not make a long-time amortized loan. He wants a relatively short maturity—hardly ever more than five years—so that if the farm or farmer begins to deteriorate he can step in and protect himself. And he objects to an amortized loan because he does not want his principal extinguished by tiny annual payments spread over a score or more of years. In that case to tell which was principal and which was interest would involve too much book-keeping for an individual lender; but a chain of coördinated farm-mortgage banks might introduce both the long term and amortization.

Probably in some parts of the United States agriculture has reached or is rapidly reaching a stage where long-time amortized loans can safely be introduced under proper regulations; but that type of loan implies both permanence of agricultural land values and a thorough system of cultivation. Obviously a thirty-year loan on a farm the soil of which is going to be exhausted, or greatly depleted by bad farming within twenty years, would be a poor investment. Whatever advantage farmers can derive from a better organization of borrowing facilities they ought to have; and it is a good thing for investors to have various sorts of securities from which to make a

Whatever advantage farmers can derive from a better organization of borrowing facilities they ought to have; and it is a good thing for investors to have various sorts of securities from which to make a choice. An investor who would not consider an individual farm mortgage bearing five per cent interest might be glad to get a solid concern's debenture, based on farm mortgages, though the debenture bore only four and a half per cent.

In that way a more extensive organization of agricultural land credit may benefit both borrower and lender; but the intervention of the Government for the purpose of lifting farm loans entirely out of their normal position by affixing its guaranty to them is, of course, a different matter. A market limited to government securities would be a poor one for the forehanded man with a few thousand dollars that he wished to put at work.

## The Ductless Glands

ONE of the liveliest hopes of doctors today is to find some way of controlling the ductless glands of the body, for those glands seem to be the bosses of the body. One of the latest attempts to control them is by X rays, and the experimental cases so far give some hope for expecting that X rays can at least stop them from doing too much bossing. Many of these glands, mostly very small in size, are scattered about the body in all sorts of inaccessible places, and each set of glands has charge over one activity of the body.

The pituitary body, for instance, which is given most attention, seems to control the size of the body; hence it is considered responsible for giants and dwarfs. The adrenals are known to control the pressure of the blood, and excessive blood pressure is to blame for many of the most serious troubles of the body. One disease, which is practically early old age, is even attributed to them. Diet and similar kinds of treatment to some extent help to make all these glands give the proper orders to the body, but only to a limited extent.

ment to some extent neip to make all these glands give the proper orders to the body, but only to a limited extent.

The knife is useless on most of them. As X rays can get into the body anywhere they are now being tried to see whether they can control these glands. So far as any successes have been reported, X rays have been useful only in cases where the glands were overworking. One case has been reported of the treatment of gigantism by directing the rays at the pituitary body and curbing its enthusiasm, with resulting improvement. In some cases of high blood pressure X rays directed on the adrenal glands have caused a reduction of more normal blood pressure, and other glands have been treated in this way with some good results. It is still largely experimental work by advanced skirmishers in medicine.



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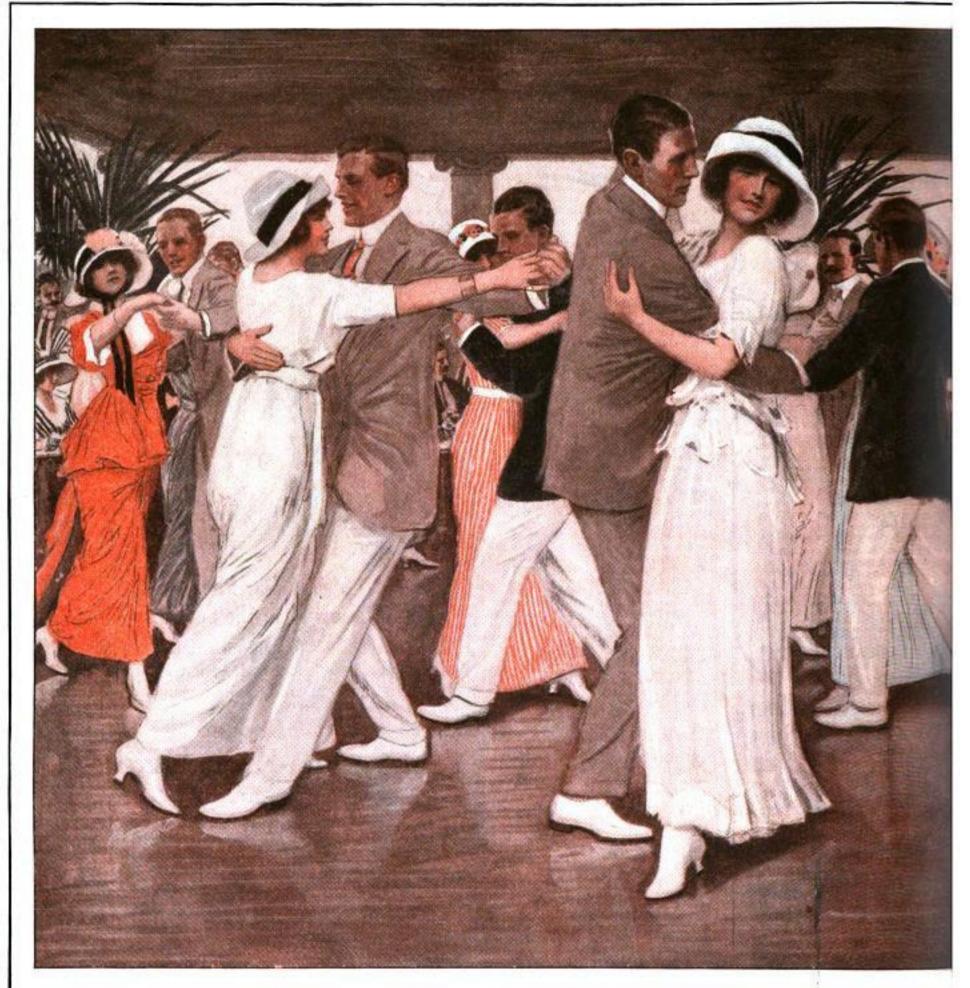
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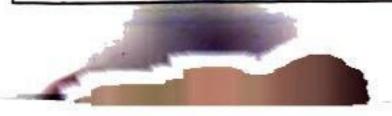


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## OUT-OF-DOORS

## Your Canoe and Its OutAt

No DOUBT the first boat was a log; and, seeing this pass upon the water, some soapless soul perhaps hailed it with the exclamation: "It floats!" It may have taken yet more prehistoric time to discover that the bark of a log will float as well as the body thereof; and, moreover, it is essign to correct the transport to prove easier to carry between streams or to propel on any water. These things happened before our time. We white men found the Indian bark canoe in a model long unchanged, and have but slightly improved upon it, except in the way of materials.

Imitating the canoe itself, we have to some extent imitated the customs that came down with it. The Indian was poor and had not much equipment. He could take his boat and its needful contents on his back and start across country by land very comfortably. Such has ever been the aim and ambition of the white canoeist in

his day. Your true canoeist takes himself seriously, even though he recognizes himself as an imitator of the savage man; but both the cance and the canceist are worth taking seriously. There is no more beautiful form of sport, none more clean; and if you look over the personnel of any branch of sport shooting, fishing, racing, boxing, golfing, all the amateur athletics—you will find no body of men to surpass the canoeists of this country. With few exceptions, they are men of good standards—in life, in business and in sport.

We have had canoeists ever since our leisure days began; but today there are more canoes a head than ever before. The sport grows, not only as to its organized form in the American Canoe Association and its allied divisions, but also in its un-affiliated and individual form. The parent body of all the organized canoeists is, of course, the American Canoe Association, whose great summer meets on the St. Lawrence or the Great Lakes are very famous affairs.

The Western division of the A. C. A. also has at times held important meets, local cruises, annual camps, and so on-not to mention the regular summer business meet-ing and the annual midwinter banquet. In this way canoeists, annually or oftener, are brought together; and there are members now meeting in one or other of these associated divisions who first met as canoeists thirty years ago, and who have grown old in the sport together.

#### Imitators of the Indian

Of course the summer meetings in the big permanent camps are largely racing meets for amateur prizes in a number of events— paddling, sailing, and so on. Among the men who go in for this sort of thing, however, are many who now and then take a solitary cruise in the wilderness or elsewhere; and an increasing number of men practice this form of the sport who care little for identification with any organiza-tion. These are the closest imitators of the

solitary Indian and his ways.

Besides being the cleanest, the most beautiful and the most spectacular of all our sports, canoeing is one of the most economical, even if you belong to a canoe association. You can get a good canoeing outfit for about what a good golf outfit will cost you, and there are no club dues to pay, unless a trifle of a dollar-a-year association membership be called such. There are no grounds or links to keep up, and the field is all the waters of the out-of-doors, free and uncommitted.

You can purchase a good canoe today, either of the cedar or cedar-and-canvas type, for from thirty to sixty dollars. Even if you go in for extras—cane-seated stools and lazybacks for the ladies, a carrying yoke, an extra cushion or so—you cannot very well spend much money on your boat—that is to say, if you purpose being a devotee of the cruising canoe. Of course, if you want one of the beautiful racing craft

built not for comfort but for speed, you

can spend more money.

That is but one branch of canoeing—the racing side of the sport—but even that is purely amateur. Very bold and skillful are some of the amateur sailormen who race these little fliers, built decked fore and

aft, with a self-bailing cockpit, rigged mainsail and mizzen, and sailed with a hiking board, which allows the skipper to lean entirely outside his boat, balancing as artfully as any bicyclist his weight against the thrust of the wind and his eye against the variations thereof. Such a boat is no place for a man who cannot swim. Fifty such men in fifty such boats make a merry

sight of a pleasant summer day. It is amateur work, absolutely on the square. There is no professionalism thus far in American canoeing. The most expert canoeist has no place to go if he wants to cash in his amateur knowledge. Not for him is any of the muck of the so-called Olympian Games, and not for him the commercialism that governs certain of our American pastimes of the more widely

The bone and sinew of the sport of canoeing, however, is your solitary man, who goes out alone, or with one companion, into the wilderness and takes care of himself as the Indian used to do, priding himself on the lightness and compactness

How light can the canoeist's outfit be? There was one old woodsman, more or less famous in his time, who reduced his outfit to twenty-two pounds in weight—that is to say, his canoe and all its contents weighed twenty-two pounds! A builder made for him several of these extremely light canoes—one as low as nine pounds! I saw one of them that I could lift out at arm's length on one finger-I think it weighed about eleven pounds. In this craft he managed to get about quite a bit up in the Adirondacks, carrying what sufficed him for a camp out-fit. This is like painting the lily, but it shows the possibilities of going light.

#### Clean as a Parlor Chair

After all, that sort of thing may be called faddish. No one knows how many men and boys were drowned in imitation of this old extremist. It is far more sensible to encourage a man's-size equipment. Any team of horses will run away and any boat will upset. To be practical and rational is always a good thing in sport. To make the canoe outfit light, practical and safe has been the study of many good business men, who have had offered to them the ideas of many amateurs. many amateurs.

There is a mental as well as physical stimulus in this fascinating form of recrea-tion, and you will hardly meet any canoeist or go to any canoe camp without learning of some new wrinkle that some canoeist

has discovered.

The canoe also has its social side. Round the city of Boston there are many hundreds of canoes in use in the summer season, and the canoe has become very popular of late in almost all the large cities where there is

any safe canoeing water.

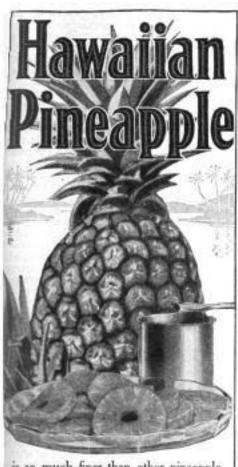
In many of the busy Western cities, where for a generation business men have thought it criminal to engage in any sort of sport, you may now of a summer evening see many and many a tired business man taking his wife or his sweetheart or his children out paddling on some lake or stream, and having a quieter time of it than the occupants of the chugging powerboats, which represent the ambition of others who

You can go in for a good deal of elegance in such a personal craft as the city man's cance—line it with tapestry carpets and silk cushions; have seats of cane and lazybacks of polished woods; but all the time the model of the cance will be that which have been practically extended to a long. has been practically stereotyped for a long time—the model of the woods.

The white man's canoe, however, has one great advantage over the red man'sit is always dry and clean; and so lends itself to decoration, even of the feminine sort. A rowboat is apt to be clumsy and sloppy, but a well-handled canoe is as clean

as a parlor chair.

Of course the big association meets-or summer cruising meets of less size-are the real clearing houses for canoe information. In any such camp you will find many interesting devices showing the personal love men have for this clean and tidy form of sport. In these cruises or traveling meets,



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where camp is broken every day or so, the usual thing is for two men to go in one canoe, and to divide the camp outfit. A fourteen-foot or sixteen-foot canoe-not to mention the fine craft that are made up to twenty feet-will carry two men and a perfectly comfortable camp outfit.

Men have used cruising canoes on long trips, camping at night without any tent and sleeping in the canoe itself, with only a shelter over the cockpit. You will see the cruiser of today, however, usually carrying along a tent—a practical yet very light affair, usually of so-called silk or silkoline, which is really Egyptian cotton—of bulk scarcely larger than a pocket handkerchief and a total weight of only four or five pounds.

There are divers curious and ingenious forms of these light tents. They may be had with shallow walls—in the A model, the single-pole circular or miner's model, or in the open-front camp model, with an awn-ing over the door. Most often the canoeist does not carry tentpoles, but uses a ridge-pole made of a light rope, which he stretches between two trees or over two crotched poles that he cuts in the woods.

The oldtimer laughs at the man who carries metal tentpegs; but your dandy canoeist will be very likely to pull out a dainty bag with a lot of short pointed wire pins, with a ring at one end, like a sur-veyor's pin. They hold well enough to keep down the edges of the tent in ordinary weather. Of course the ropes on such a tent are not really ropes at all, but light, strong cords. The tent itself, however, will

turn wind and weather very well.

Sometimes the tent will have the floor sewn into it. If not the canoeist will have a light waterproof floorcloth of some kind, on which to make his bed. If the cruise is in the wilderness he will have some sort of defense against mosquitoes—either a bob-binet netting inside the tent or a door to the tent itself. All his equipment, however, will be light. He will not carry a big roll of blankets and comforters, or a tarpaulin of twenty-ounce duck, like the cowpuncher. In short, the canoeist's tent, floorcloth, blankets, clothing and grub outfit, all together, will not bulk so large and will not weigh much more than the cowpuncher's bedroll, which he throws into the

#### The Effete Side of Canoeing

In the fixed association camps there will be a regular street of tents, all pretty much alike, often of a big marquee model, tall enough for one to stand in, with plenty of arrangements for clotheshangers and the like, room for a cot, and all sorts of little artificial camp comforts. This is the effete side of the sport.

The canoeist makes amends for that by the severity of his costume. A sleeveless jersey, a pair of duck trousers and rubbersoled sneakers are en règle on cruise or about camp, even at mixed soirées—though there are occasions when blue coats and vizored caps come into use, for your association man can do either nautical or social stunts by second nature. The man on a cruise depends on a sweater or old coat for his evening costume. All his clothes must be of the sort to go into a bag, for the trunk or valise is taboo. These sailorbags are usually slim, round affairs, waterproof, and

capable of being tied in such way that they
will not take water even in case of a capsize.
Your canoeist still experiments with
blankets. They must be light and no larger
than needful. Bulk is almost as bad as
weight in his game. The cot is not quite the thing on cruise and the bed must go into a bag. A pillow, of course, is hardly allow-able in a tent occupied by really rugged canoeists; there are the round dunnage bags into which one can put a pair of boots, a sweater, an extra shirt—or even a little grass or straw-and so make excellent

There is one thing especially to be renarked about all canoeing—its cleanlines Etiquette, ethics and custom make this mandatory upon every man in the camp, or even upon the lone man in the wilderness. This is the one standard of conductto be neat and to be clean! In a canoe camp you are likely to see each chap make a little broom of twigs. The floor and front of his tent will be swept clean. There is an unwritten law against throwing rubbish in the company street or assembly grounds. Very often there will be a camp policeman appointed to care for the careless.

If you look inside a real canoeist's tent you will find everything absolutely in



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apple-pie order. On the side of the tent you will see a little housewife, in which he keeps his combs, brushes, needles, thread, and other little articles not stored in his and other little articles not stored in his war-bag. Loose odds and ends of food or equipment are not good form. The camp mess, or the individual messes, are usually storage places for the receptacles carrying grub, and every effort is made to keep these

as neat as possible.

Above all, hospitality reigns in a canoe camp, whether of many men or of two—or of one. This, too, seems to have come down from Indian times. It is a pleasant virtue. and your cancelst practices it finely. What he has in camp is yours so long as it lasts. If you are in trouble of any kind with your boat or equipment, a dozen are ready to

help you.

There is a fine camaraderie in the sport. Your companion in shooting and fishing may be eager to beat you. Your companion in golf may be sour or morose or profane at his bad form. Your comrade in a canoe camp is loafing and inviting his soul, and the only competition he cares for is to make you have a better time than he is having himself.

In such a camp as one of these traveling canoe meets you can learn very much about the canoe and its outfit. All the standard models of the best modern canoes will be represented, and you will have an oppor-tunity to see the best efforts of the outlitters tunity to see the best efforts of the outfitters in producing things practical, yet portable. Of course the outfitters sell to canoeists many things not really useful. Nearly always you will find one or more tents that offer you soup made out of tablets, coffee prepared from lozenges, or desiccated vegetables that do not taste like anything in particular. These things lose something of their charm when there is a farm within half a mile, where one can get milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables or fowl; and usually the division canoe cruises are made in settled countries. countries

## A Portable Helpmate

Canoe cookery may or may not be good, for many men have many skills in cooking out-of-doors. The canoeist soutfit is usually simple and he does not carry many days' stores unless he is leaving the settlements altogether. Bacon he must have—in spite of those who insist that olive oil is better for frying. Fish or game he may have as oppor-tunity offers; if not, then plain beefsteak bought of the village shop, or chicken law-fully or unlawfully obtained. If he carries potatoes there will not be many of them.

You are apt to find his flour or his meal in little waterproof bags, well tied and nested in another waterproof bag. His sugar and his tea will be similarly cared for—no package being very large or very heavy. Rice, sometimes oatmeal, not infrequently beans, will be found in these light stores; but the wish of the canoeist to former on the country as much as posis to forage on the country as much as pos-sible—and in most canoe cruises villages are not far apart.

The best camp cooks rely on the stew-kettle as well as the frying-pan. Fried fish, fried ham and eggs, are not to be sneezed at; but neither is the stew, cooked slowly, made out of bits of meat, some vegetables, a dumpling or so, or even some crusts of bread. Squirrels go well in such an enterprise, or even a young rabbit.

Of course, in a game country where one can get fish or grouse, there is no cookery and no food better than that which you will find in a well-conducted camp of experienced canoeists. Many of these men can make good camp bread or biscuits. Those who cannot, depend upon the loaves of bread they find here or there in the country or in the village. Even butter you may find in camp; as good butter as I ever ate came from Nova Scotia, and I ate it in latitude fiftyeight degrees north—two thousand miles from where it was made.

His cook outfit is the pride of the canoe-ist's heart. You will find hardly any two outfits alike. Aluminum is likely to be the material used in part—though the experienced camper does not use an aluminum teacup, because it holds heat too long. The canocist nearly always has a stove, but one which will go into his pocket—a little grid-dle, with folding legs, which he can thrust

down into the ground, making his stovetop any height he likes.

Of course you can broil anything you like right on top of the stove, or you may use that as a support for your kettle or your frying-pan, or your coffee pot if the latter has no bail by which you can hang

it over the fire on a stick. Above all canoeist prides himself on the smallne his fire—another Indian tradition. good camp you may see several little going of an evening, each with a difficultit, any one of which is collap condensable, portable and practical.

I recall eating lunch once with a young in a camp when we had

man in a canoe camp, when we had potatoes, rice, beefsteak and coffee cooked at the same time on a stove foot across, and in a set of utensils had been used to carry the grub to the ing place. The entire cooking outfit cost twenty-five cents; in fact, it was no more or less than one of those four-st dinnerpails that workmen sometimes to carry their lunches. Each compart comes free, fitting into the top of the below it, which is provided with a sh flange. They all lock together; the clamps down; and when the workman up his pail by the handle he may be ting a dish of potatoes in the bases ing a dish of potatoes in the baser a pork chop on the main floor, a piece upstairs, and a can of coffee in the Of course you can carry raw food ir one of these compartments, as this y man did. He now took his dinner pail and used each one of these comparts as a cooking vessel. It worked

One trouble with such a cooking ou that it has no handles or bails; but a like this would not disconcert a canoeist. My host had in his pocket those Yankee pocketknives that ha sorts of things concealed in them. We wanted to lift the coffee pot he did so thook he found inside his knife. Wh wished to shift the compartment in he was boiling rice he used the jaw pair of pliers he also found in the which he applied to the side of the b which he applied to the side of the b vessel, just as though he intended to piece of wire—which also he could do wished. In short, with an outfit the cost next to nothing and had little web bulk, this young man and his wife cost meal for three with no difficulty who and a very good meal it was.

My friend's wife washed the dishest was not a very large lady; and I have wondered whether her husband—an it canoeist—did not marry her in part be of her portability.

of her portability. Taking this young gentleman's ca an instance and this meal as a st point, we might give quite an object-in neatness and dispatch. When the were washed the stove was folded u put into a clean canvas cover. The pail was assembled again, handle a Our plates—very light ones—went little packet. The unused raw food next meal was again put into the din

## The Guide's Ship

When the tent was rolled up it a pack less than eight by twelve inc size. The floorcloth covered the carg size. The Boorcioth covered the cargclean, soft double blanket went into
and another bag carried the clothingslender, round bags lay lengthwise
hull of the canoe. At the staff on h
fluttered the little burgee that late
adorned the tent. The two paddle
had supported one end of the ridgepcame into use. One trip from ca
boat served to carry the entire outh
when the little ship was loaded the
plenty of room for two or even three

plenty of room for two or even three p Granted two men, with eight or te as much food as we had in this bos a tackle box, two rods, a rifle or s and ammunition—and still the boat have ridden high and could have be pelled easily. With one companion-fourteen years old—I have paddle miles in two days up a very swif with a pretty heavy camp outfit, an felt uncomfortable either afloat or it As a means for a week-end vacati the canoe is not surpassed.

Of course in the Canadian wild in Maine and New Brunswick, the is the guide's ship—the one means o portation. The average man who g the woods does not know how to cu his duffel, and the guides dread a ci on the portage; but, with a rationa two good canoeists can go far it wilderness.

I know of one man and his wife w lost for a month in the Rainy Lake c on the Minnesota line—in a cou which they knew nothing whatevera risky undertaking, to be sure, but





IT it would have been in the scrap ap long ago but for an

# Inner Tire

by should you allow your tires to blow before the rubber tread is half worn out

ng half their right--when Inter- INTER OCK a will arese this big may tire expense me you the comms punctures, too.

te for the Interlock



## Buying Baby Bonds

In many cases you can buy Baby Bonds - \$100 denominations-issued by the same comunies on the same properties \$1,000 Bonds.

The smaller cost makes it easier to f \$100 Bonds into your savings

Odd Lots

s of New York Stock Exchange MAIN OFFICE, 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Lo Bib St. & Jth Av. - Hatel Theress, N. V.



## Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women, and Children, Early blockedimany style Light Weight, Very durable, All head sizes, Erina from 24 to 8 linker, Sent Portpard and 8.50. Money refunded of not unislanctors.

BARA HAT CO., Dopt. A, 830 Besadway, New York City

which there was no disaster and no unbearable discomfort. Last summer the same gentleman and his wife and two children, with only one Indian guide, manned two canoes and journeyed far into the lake and river region north of Lake Superior. They came back after a very happy and comfortable time.

There are, of course, some experts in cance handling who like to take long and hard wilderness trips. The headwaters of the Mississippi River are sometimes visited in this way, and the fast waters of the upper Wissensin Piper are about the proper wissensin Piper are about the proper wissensin Piper and the fast waters of the upper Wissensin Piper are about the proper water and the proper water are about the proper water and the proper water are about the proper water and the proper water are about the proper water and the proper water are about the proper water and the proper water are also water and the proper water and the proper water are also water and the proper water and the proper water are also water and the proper water and the proper water are also water and the proper water and the proper water are also water and the proper water are a Wisconsin River are also popular. Maine is full of good canoeing waters, and the Adirondacks have long been a paradise for the little boats. But, quite outside of these remote and somewhat expensive regions— for a canoe is bulky and awkward to send anywhere by express—there are scores and hundreds of amiable little rivers close at home that can be used most pleasantly for small canoe trips.

You never know a river until you run it; and even your local river, where you have fished in restricted localities perhaps for many years, becomes for you a highway of romance when you run fifty or sixty miles of it and come out at some railroad town below, of which you have never heard.

Thus to explore some near-by, comfort-able stream; not hurrying at all; taking your own time; using your own labor and not too much of that; going light and neat and clean; changing your camp every day or so perhaps, and going in only for enough sport to give you food—nothing is very much better than that for the city man. A week of this is better than many days of hurried golf. A month of it is better than any amount of life at a fashionable resort.

As a fishing boat the campa cannot be

As a fishing boat the canoe cannot be called a success for the average amateur—though, of course, it is the fishing boat of the wilderness. Unless the canoe be large and roomy and handled by an expert, the amateur would better do his fly casting or bait casting from some more stable platform. Fine canoes, in the so-called lake model—broad and beamy; provided with a little keel; a socket for a short mast, and a pair of light oars for upstream work-can be secured in a weight quite within the portage capacities of two men of no very great strength or experience.

#### Much Fun for Little Money

A good, light outfit in a boat like this will afford a pair of vacationists about as much solid fun as they are likely to get elsewhere, no matter how much money they may wish to spend. A popular type of canoe is the sixteen-foot model, but guides who have to do much portaging will cut the size down to fourteen feet by choice.

The only thing to be urged against the canoe and canoeing is the danger of it. One should know how to swim-but, above all, should know how to be careful, and to avoid taking risks in bad water or in high wind. Some cruisers have rigged an airtank in each end, so that the canoe will not sink. Others rely on air cushions inflated for seats—rather wabbly and insecure seats

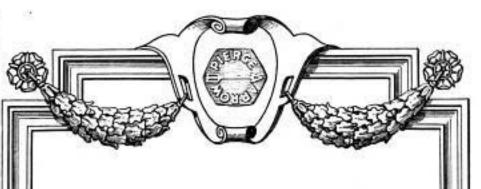
they are.

Some sort of life-preserver is a good thing to have about—I do not know anything smoother than the outside skin of an inverted canoe. The amateur, suddenly capsized, is mighty quick to forget about the fancy stunts he has seen the experts do at the association meet. The best thing to do is to keep the canoe right side up in comfortable water and under no risky conditions.

There is no sport that has had more care expended on it by professional outfitters; and the result of all this has been that the canceist can go out with the handsomest, nattiest and most complete outfit possible to be obtained by any sportsman whatever.

The boat itself has lines that tell of ease, the boat task has that that the case, strength, grace and self-confidence; and moreover, it has a jaunty, highbred air— one of quality and class—which endears it to the heart of the owner. With all its beauty, it is not very expensive; and, once you have your outfit, there is no sort of sport in which you will find it more difficult to spend very much money.

With a portable canoe that does not mind being used, a portable camp and cook outfit that never becomes aggravating, and a portable girl who does not mind getting freckled—or even a companion like himself-the plain North American citizen can get about as much dividend out of everyday, plain, inexpensive canoeing as he can out of any other line of human endeavor out-of-doors.



An investment that pays continuous dividends

▲PPLY to the purchase of a motor 🔼 car the same judgment that directs your purchase of securities. In each case you have a right to an unfailing supply of dividends and a ready market whenever you want to sell.

The dividend that comes from a motor car is the pleasure that it gives you. It is not enough that this should be as great as possible; it must also be as frequent as possible. Pierce-Arrow owners never get over the novelty of possessing a Pierce-Arrow.

Every time one of them sees his Pierce-Arrow approaching, every time he steps into it, every time he is carried smoothly and pleasantly wherever he wants to go-and back again-he experiences a new sense of ownership, a new dividend of pleasure.

And if that investment, which is great enough originally to supply this unique quality of service over many years, is ever to be liquidated, there is always a recognized current value for Pierce-Arrows. Motorists everywhere are anxious to get the added service and luxuries scarcely diminished by one owner in a Pierce-Arrow, for a price that indicates a loss of nothing except the sense of being the first owner.

Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company Buffalo, New York



## Qualifications for Membership

HONOR:—A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

QUALITY:—An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

STRENGTH:—A responsible and substantial financial standing.

SERVICE:—A recognized reputation for conducting business in a prompt and efficient manner.

\$25.000° in Cash Prizes

> to more firmly establish this Emblem and its significance in your mind.

> This Emblem is the token by which you may identify the members of this Association. It typifies the ideals that are the Qualifications for Membership.

> The privilege of using this Emblem has been bestowed upon these manufacturers so that wherever you see it you may know that it is associated with those concerns whose record of achievement has won for them this merited distinction evidenced by the endorsement of public approval.

> We believe implicitly that there are men and women everywhere to whom these concerns mean infinitely more than merely successful commercial enterprises. We know that their years of fair dealing with worthy products have built up a legion of warm and loyal friends, and we say to each member's friends, "You are justified in having confidence in every other member."

It is one of the axioms of this Association that "an exchange of ideas creates new ideas." The offer that is described on the opposite page has been arranged to create an even greater appreciation of the integrity and merit that underlies these products. To give a just reward for the time and thought that will be spent, we are offering these prizes. Read every line of this message—including the opposite page—then turn your ideas into dollars.

#### BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY

New Haven, Connecticut

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY

New York

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y.

Hums, Bacon, Lant, Veribest Specialities, Grape Juice

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Bosilion Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Scaps
Fillsbury's Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

Minneapolis, Minn.
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS COMPANY

St. Paul, Minn.
Fine Ferniture
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich,
"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear

ngara Maid." Silk Gloves & Ladies. Silk Underwear NIAGARA SILK MILLS North Tonawanda, N. Y.

> M. J. WHITTALL Worcester, Mass.

COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.

BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
New York

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY Chicago, III.

HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA COMPANY Toledo, Ohio

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine-Santrary Wall Cooting ALABASTINE COMPANY Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fmit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY Wheeling, W. Va.

"Olidag," "Gredag," Acheson-Graphite and Electrodes INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO. Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Electric Pleasure & Commercial Auton "Detroit Electric"

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Mich.

IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Kanasa City, Mo.

THE L. S. STARRETT COMPANY
Athol, Mass.

Sharpening Scores and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Revolvers and Automatic Pistols SMITH & WESSON Springfield, Mass.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY New York

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

"Indestructo" Trunks and Lugrage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Mishawaka, Ind.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

Women's Fine Shoes, "Queen Quality."
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
Boston, Mass.

Speciacies, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Fits-U" and Other Optical Goods

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY Southbridge, Mass.

Lent Pencils, Pen Holders, Robber Bunds and Erasers EBERHARD FABER New York

Additions to our membership as admitted will be published in future Association announcements

Complete membership participation in this competition will not exceed 5fty concerns, and will be published in Gencher perlitra Letter Competition as suplished on opposite page will be open until May 55th, 1985. Any consentant sending in their any time prior to the close of concern, May 15th, 1985. Die Setunde Erseite für Gericher füh. 1914; the Window Ditplay Competition and the
 -ber 10th, 1914, will be pilvidered to send in the extra contributions for additional members.

This procure these deposition 1914, Elward E. Rice. May be reproduced by permission

## To Everybody \$ IO, OOO. 00 in Cash Prizes for DEA LETTERS

Your ideas of the Superior Merits or any new uses of our Members' products. such as may be used for an advertisement; privileged to use illustrations, if

Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.

First Prize .		\$1,000.00	Tenth Prize \$100.00
Second Prize		500.00	Eleventh Prize 100,00
Third Prize		250.00	Twelfth Prize 100.00
Fourth Prize		100.00	Thirteenth Prize . 100.00
Fifth Prize .		100.00	Next 25 Prizes \$50.00 each
Sixth Prize .		100.00	Next 50 Prizes 20.00 each Next 100 Prizes 10.00 each
Seventh Prize		100.00	Next 200 Prizes 5.00 each
Eighth Prize		100.00	And \$3,000.00 in prices of \$1.00 each for the next 1,000 ideas accepted.
Ninth Prize		. 100.00	Total, \$10,000.00

#### SPECIAL: - "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will recrire a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted ideas," a your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association siem embossed in its natural colors, officially aigned and scaled by the officers of the Association.

CONDITIONS: 1st-You may submit one letter only for each Member of the

2nd - Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as listed above the prizes on this pag

3rd - Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom. 4th — Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only. 5th — This contest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear post mark

not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one package

#### "Idea Letter Department" Rice Leaders of the World Association ADDRESSED TO: Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th - No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.

All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will

receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc. In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full

to each of those tying. Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows, or stores of various merchants whom

you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14th, 1915.

#### Power and Riches Come from Ideas

Read Every Word of this Unusual Message.

It carries beyond the thousands of dollars in cash prizes unparalleled opportunity to submit your ideas to these great concerns; consider what it would mean to you, beyond a cash prize, to have

your ideas accepted by such concerns.

Add your own ideas to those that have been behind the sale of these famous products. Successful as they have been, such ideas have by no means exhausted the fertile field of possibilities. Some of the best advertising and sales ideas in use today have been inspired in just this way.

Look for the avindow displays of these products at your dealers; ask your dealer and friends about these products. An exchange of ideas creates new ideas.



## To Dealers \$15,000.00 in Cash Prizes for

of any of our Members' Products as herein listed.

Consider the magnitude of this opportunity. Nearly Five Hundred

Did you ever hear before of \$2,000.00 in Cash being paid for one Window Display?

First Prize .		\$2,000.00	Tenth Prize \$250.00
			Eleventh Prize 250.00
Third Prize			Twelfth Prize 250.00
Fourth Prize		250.00	Thirteenth Prize . 250.00
Fifth Prize .		250.00	Next 20 Prizes \$100.00 each
Sixth Prize .		250.00	Next 30 Prizes 50.00 each
Seventh Prize		250.00	Next 100 Prizes 25.00 each
Eighth Prize		250.00	Next 300 Prizes 10.00 each
Ninth Prize		250.00	463 Prizes, Total, \$15,000.00

#### SPECIAL: - "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a bandsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted model window display." with your same cagrossed thereon, containing our complete memberable and bearing the Association Emblem embound in its natural colors, officially signed and scaled by the officers of the Association.

## Special Prize to Every Contestant

An album containing the first 100 prize-winning window displays, with each winner's name, will be mailed free to every contestant after the cash awards have been made.

This album of model window displays and valuable ideas brought together from all parts of the country could not be purchased, nor could a value be placed upon it. It is made possible only by this universal campaign, embodying displays of such varied lines as represented in our member-The cost of producing this album will represent a small fortune.

CONDITIONS: 1st-A display can be made of any of the products herein listed as being produced by any of our Members

2nd — Each display must be exhibited for at least one week, any time between May 16, 1914, and May 15, 1915.

3rd — Each display must contain the Association Banner, which bears the Association

Emblem and list of members; it will be mailed free upon request.

State which Members' products you will display, and when you will make the first display.

Address "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

4th -- Photograph of display -- mailed flat -- bearing on the back the name of the store in which display was made, address, and date of display, photographer's name and contestant's name, to be mailed to "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, on or before May 15, 1915. All photographs submitted shall become the property of the Association and will not be returned.

5th -- In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be

awarded in full to each of those tying.

6th - If any merchant in the United States desires to enter this contest and does not handle any of the goods listed as produced by our Members, the Association will see that he is loaned during the time of the contest some product of some Member free of cost in order that he may enter this contest.

We reserve the right to disqualify any contestant whom we learn is using, what we consider, unfair methods in this contest. The judges, whose names will be published, will be men of authority on window display.

PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES: Large sheets containing list of all prize winners in Idea Letter Contest, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be mailed August 14, 1915, to every merchant who enters this Window Display competition, to be displayed in his window or store, whereby the public may see who are the prize winners.

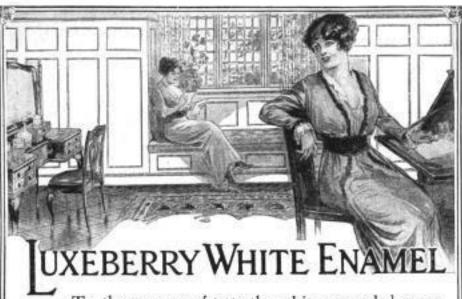
Enter this Unusual Window Display Contest. It will fur-ther the prestige of your store and the confidence of your customers.

## Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President

Fifth Avenue and 34th Street

New York, U. S. A.



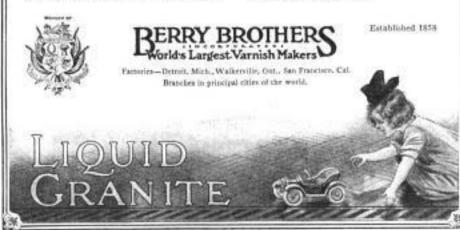
To the woman of taste the white enameled room makes a strong appeal. She delights in its atmosphere of cheery, dainty brightness. Not only in her boudoir, bedrooms and bathroom, but in the living rooms as well.

Luxeberry White Enamel produces a rich, deep, snow white effect unequaled by any other finish. A Luxeberry surface is smooth, satiny and durable, and may be left either a soft dull, or brilliant as the finest porcelain.

Luxeberry White Enamel won't turn yellow, chip or crack and cleans in a jiffy with soap and water.

In snow white rooms the natural wood floors should be protected and beautified by the finest floor varnish. Liquid Granite has all the toughness its name implies. It brings out the beauty of the wood, multiplying its attractiveness. Liquid Granite floors have a durable elastic surface that withstands the wear of grown-up feet and the romp of playing children—a surface you can wash without fear of turning it white—even boiling water has no harmful effect.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes have been the first choice of home owners, architects and decorators for over fifty years. Ask your dealer about them or write us direct for varnish information of special interest to home owners.



IF you have some spare time and want to convert it into money, let us tell you how to do it. Agency Division, Box 508, The Satur-DAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

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PATENT SELE IDEAS WANTED, Manulacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. 1 get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. BUCHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen 3Mg., Washington, D. C.



## THE VORTEX

(Continued from Page 22)

"Quane"—that is the way she said it. I never saw that nurse again and she probably never thought of me again; but her sound, hard sense had pointed a way of escape from my trap. What was it the average girl looked forward to as her lifework? What was it she wanted? Homemaking—the trained nurse had called it domestic science. What was it the average woman was best fitted for? Homemaking. What was the one vocation in which I was not subaverage nor even average, but was always superaverage? Homemaking—domestic science—the science for which every other science and vocation exists. And here I was among the army of misfits because I had not had sense to find my fit!

Was that trained nurse, getting probably twenty a week and board, any lonelier than I was in my back tenement room, with not a cent above the margin of mere existence? Was she not safer, securer, happier? But she had called it domestic science. Was homemaking a science? I began to figure out what she said about saving. Could I but get twenty-five a month and keep, I could save three times more than John D. Rockefeller had earned the first ten years of his business life! It made me dizzy!

Years ago, what had sent our New Eng-

Years ago, what had sent our New England boys and girls into factories? The fact that they could earn bigger money in the factories than in the home—that there were more factory jobs than home jobs; but now was there a single home in all New York, was there a single home in all the United States, always sure of home help? Was there enough domestic help to supply all the homes in the United States? We women had been hopelessly on the wrong track. We had been shunning training for the one thing we all looked forward to. I thought of what that customer from the West had said to me: "There are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and board!"

#### Why Not a Uniform?

Was it not the same right here in New York, where I had been starving along—where a hundred thousand like me were always starving along? What was the matter with us? Was it the word servant? Were we such snobs? Was the word servant any worse badge than slave? And were women whose very lives depended on permission to operate a machine owned by some man any better than slaves with a sert's ring round their necks? Why did we shun domestic help?

Few of the factory women earned more than twelve dollars a week. The majority did not earn six dollars steadily the year round. A good nurse helped to look after children; a good housekeeper—a good general help—could earn at least twenty-five dollars a month and board and clothes, with two afternoons off a week, at the most up to forty and fifty dollars clear; that trained nurse must have been earning one hundred dollars clear.

What was the matter with us that we shunned this one open door and battered our stupid brains out against the wall of the impossible in industrial life?

What a woman can save is the exact measure of her security against want and danger. In domestic vocations she can save practically four-fifths of what she earns. In industrial vocations she can save—what can she save?\* I could save nothing. I was on the ragged edge of want and desperation—and do not forget the night I craved the can of potted meat!—I was on the ragged edge of something much worse! In this vocation honesty, thoroughness and faithfulness had a market value. Had they any market value fed into the high-speed machines?

Domestic vocations demanded a uniform. So did our stenographers. We had to wear black dresses, with white cuffs and collars. So does a nun's vocation demand a costume. So does the trained nurse's; and that costume protects her wherever she goes. So does an ambassador's vocation demand a costume. Whyshould domestic help resent a uniform? What was the matter with us? Were we fools and victims of words? Were we to be sneered out of life by prejudice? Were we foolish snobs?

\*State and Federal statistics show that the average earnings in industrial vocations are under six dollars a week.



The Orchid of Sweets

The rarity and costliness of orchids add to their fascination, but if they were as common as carnations their perfection of beauty would still make them the most prized of flowers.

Muylers Chocolates

are the most prized of sweets, not because tarest, or costliest, but because of their perfection of flavor. If only a hundred boxes a day were made they would be priceless.

The luxury of sinds may be enjoyed no matter where you live, because sinds Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from sinds are sold by sinds sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in the United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, write us.

Straylory 64 Irving Place, NewYork Frank Dek. Huyler, President

Ask for Sight Cocoa and Sight Baking Chocolate at your grocer's





This includes bell steed parsons to finish for.

Write for Brooks Boat Boo

Ibstisting row bast, canes, and and motor book of
the state of the state



Barrett guaranteed reliability, safety, speed and ease of action mean just much to light cars as they do to heavy cars, and the Barrett No. 345 s exactly the same relative standard in the bigger Barrett No. 300-the farst and most powerful jack made

All Barrett Jacks give a lifetime of highly unlakeling service. Their factor of safety is in great that breakage is almost unheard if-even in the oldest jacks.

or large pleasure cars.

Your dealer will fill your orderor write direct to us to save delay litte for the Duff catalog of Barrett Auto licis. Inquiries fully and promptly answered to every lack requirement known to modern represents, industry or transportation.

#### THE DUFF MFG. CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

New York Office: 50 Church St. Chicago Office: Peoples Gas Bldg. Established 1883



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west PRICES direct better better The state of the cost of the c



There is not a well-to-do home today that is not on the ragged edge of despera-tion for help; and there is not a city today that has not its armies of women, thrown on the scrapheap by industry, on the ragged edge of desperation for a home. Why do they not come together? Is the washing of dishes so much more repulsive than the washing of smallpox sores by the trained nurse, or the swabbing of a diphtheritic throat, which any nurse in any hospital may have to do any day of her life at immi-nent risk to her own health? Are we so democratic in this most democratic of all nations that it is really snobbery that drives a hundred thousand women a year to the scrapheap of industrialism? Let us banish the word servant, though the motto of roy-alty is "I serve!" and substitute the words domestic help, as we have substituted the word surgeon for leech.

All of which reminds me of a curious experience of my own recently. I was inter-ested in a little girl who was wrecking her health studying for a vocation she could never possibly fill with financial profit to herself. She was a splendid little house-keeper—thorough, conscientious, careful; and I asked her mother why she did not allow her daughter to take a course in domestic science instead of plugging at Latin and foreign languages. The mother looked at me with one long, blank stare. "Do you mean—do you mean servant?"

she said slowly, glowering.
"Of course I don't! I mean the science of domestic life-the chemistry of cooking; the botany of gardening; the finances of housekeeping," I tried to explain. She almost threw me out of that house.

To resume the story of the woman who found her way out:

I walked back to my mean tenement lodging from Eighty-Sixth Street, and as I walked I came to my decision. Even if I had been fitted—built on wires instead of nerves-for electrified machine-driven industry, where would it leave me at thirty-five? Worn out, with little saved, if a cent. In domestic science I could save at least four-fifths of what I earned. The next day I put my application in at two employment agencies for the position of domestic help. Here, again, is a place where the rich women who want to help can. I had to pay a two-dollar fee at each employment agency, and the places found for me were neither suit-

## References Required

able nor safe.

The first place I left in a week. The wages were five dollars a week. In the next place the woman was dishonest and unfair. She expected her help to rise at five and work till midnight. She was a boardinghouse keeper. She paid eighteen dollars a month; and I had not been there a week before I knew that she had no intention of paying the wages unless compelled. She tried to make deductions for breakages. If women who can help want to, why not open a free employment agency where such as I can find the place for which we are fitted—where the character of the mistress and of the house and of the surroundings can be as thoroughly investigated as our characters are?

By this time I was discouraged by my change, but not downcast. I knew that my place existed if only I could find it; but I was now reduced to that last ten dollars I had kept so carefully tucked inside my dress, for I had been reserving my room and paying the keep of the baby while I experimented in finding a true vocation. I looked at that ten dollars a long time the night I came back from my second failure as a domestic help.

Should I break it? Should I not? What had I been keeping it for?

I wrote out a carefully worded adver-tisement: "A place wanted by a thoroughly capable and reliable woman as domestic help where faithful work will be appreci-ated and situation will be permanent. The highest references given and required." This I placed in a conservative family daily. The answer came within twenty-four hours. I was requested to call at a certain address in Madison Avenue where I had encountered the hospital nurse.

It was a beautiful, well-regulated home, such as I had never before seen in my life. My new employer listened quietly as I told her my faltering story. Then she asked me what I wished to know about her home. It was so surprising for me to be consulted by an employer as to my rights that I could not









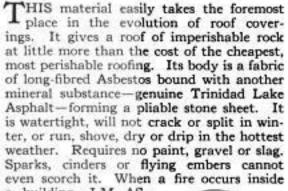






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ask a word. I was engaged at twenty-five dollars a month, with board and uniform, and two afternoons a week off, as general domestic help. Though some nights we were kept up till twelve by company, there were other times when the whole family went out and we had no duties after two in the afternoon. When we were sent to the city on errands, we were sent in a motor or city on errands, we were sent in a motor or given carfare. Often theater tickets were given us. We had a sitting room to receive friends. I do not recall that hours of work were ever specified, but the work we had to

were ever specified, but the work we had to do was; and when that was done we were free to spend the day as we wished. I have again and again had pleasant trips with my employer. I often drive in the park with her.

In the summer we all go from town to a beautiful country place. I had thought I should resent working under a mistress. Instead, I have found her a counselor and a friend. Once, when one of my brothers, who was on the fruit vessels in the tropics, came to New York ill, she brought him to my room in her New York house and permitted me to nurse him back to health in her home. in her home.

Strikes have come and strikes have gone, Hard times have thrown thousands out of employment; but I have never once known

what the fear of want meant.

My little boy is in a school and I spend
two afternoons a week with him.

Though, like the trained nurse, I began as general domestic help at twenty-five dollars a month, I have wound up as a nursery governess at thirty-five dollars a month; and now my mother is housekeeper. at forty dollars a month, in the same home.

Together we earn more than my father ever earned in all his life or than any two of my brothers earn; and we bank four-fifths

The question I ask myself is: How could I ever have been such a fool as to wallow about in the seas of uncertainty and danger and want in the industrial world as a subaverage, when this, the true destiny of a woman, was awaiting me in the safe harbor of a horse? of a home?

## Father William—1914

VOU are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your grandchildren number a score; Yet whenever they strike up those cabaret

I notice you're out on the floor."

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I should never have done such a thing;

But now that old age has quite softened my

Why, a toe with the wildest I fling."

"You are old," said the youth, "and I'm sure

that your joints
Should be feeble and stiffened long since;
Yet you swung your fair partner three times
round your head Without a perceptible wince."

"In my youth," said the sage as he winked a moist eye, "With a circus I once ran away; And the tricks that I learned with the acrobats

Have stood me in stead to this day."

"You are old," said his son, "and however

you keep
All those steps in your head I can't see;
That you know when to dip, kop and turn a
backflip
Is a positive marrel to me."

"In my youth," said his sire, with a giggle

"I was given an adding machine To repair; and my aptness for figures since

Has been more than abnormally keen."

"You are old," quoth the youth; "but, aside from the fact

That you've procen yourself for some trotter-

Not counting how you, with your years, are so skilled-

Do you think that such conduct is proper?"

"I have stood here and listened as long as I

To your questions," his father retorted; "If I stay any longer I'll miss half the fun." And away to the dance he cavorted.

-Keene Thompson.



## Next Sunday

Generally in 48 hours your corns will be gone if you use this simple method.

Apply Blue-jay tonight. To-morrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosened. It can then be easily removed.

Some people keep corns year after year, merely paring them once in

Some people use old-time treat-ments, and think corns can't be ended.

They wrong themselves. A famous chemist has solved the corn problem. And his invention - Blue-jay - now removes about one million corns a month.

Go try it. Note how the pain is relieved instantly. Note how gently Blue-jay undermines the corn. Note how soon the whole corn comes out, without any pain or trouble.

Next Sunday you can be as free from corns as a barefoot boy. And, so long as you live, you need never again let corns bother you.

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## SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

(Continued from Page 8)

"You made the law!" she said. "You men made it because some of your fellow

men made it because some of your fellow roters were hiding behind their wives' petticeats. Surely, having made a law, you'll not refuse to abide by it!"

They would not listen, however, but only jeered. She came back into the drawing room looking quite exalted though furious; but the next moment she saw Viv's photograph on a table, and she covered her face with her hands. er face with her hands.

It was the next Thursday evening that Basil came to the house at Lancaster Gate. We had been very glum at dinner, Poppy staring through me with her fork half nised, and dabs of powder round her eyes 50 I should not know she had been crying. Vivian's place was laid; but, of course, he was not there.

And after dinner Huggins, the butler, rave notice. He said he was a married man. The Upper Servants' Society—male branch—had gone over to the Husbands' Defense, and he had been ordered to leave

Poppy's service.
He brought the coffee to the drawing

nom and was clearly uneasy.

"Of course," said Poppy, "you may go,
Huggins. Nothing should interfere with
the freedom and right to his opinion of the English voter."

No, madam." "O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly hight!" said Poppy. "Yes, madam."

Poppy rose.
"Fiddlesticks!" she snapped. "Liberty!

And you let a tuppenny-ha'penny associa-tion dictate to you that you, must resign a good position!"
"Union is strength, madam."
"Bah! Union is also an evidence of

This being over Huggins' head he bowed and went out. Shortly afterward the tweeny, who is the buffer between the upper and lower servants, said her husband had sent for her. This time Poppy did not ar-gue, though it hurt. The tweeny had been recent convert.

It was just after this second blow that Basi came. Poppy heard him on the stairs. "Basil's intellect, or what he calls his intellect, has been fighting his heart," she said scornfully, "and heart wins, Maggie! Heart always wins with the male."

She looked at me defiantly, mutely challenging me to deny that Viv would come back to her on his knees. The trouble with Poppy was that she had always looked at Vivian's jaw, which was mild and amiable, and not at his wrists, which were hairy and till of characters.

ful of character. Basil stood in the doorway-he is very good looking, especially when he is ex-ited. And he was excited now. Poppy

sared at him. "Well?" she said.

"I'm deucedly sorry, Poppy!" said Basl. "I've been trying to make him listen to reason, but he absolutely refuses. He says he'll stay—says he likes it; it's so extremely quiet. He wants his pens and some paper sent over—has an idea for a new play."

Poppy's color came back in two spots in

"So be likes it!" she observed. "Very wel! Then that's settled." She turned to be. "You've heard Basil, Madge, and you've heard me. That's all there is to it."

"It's a horrible place," said Basil.

"Vivian likes it."

"You are going to let him stay?"

"I didn't make the law. You men made it. Now try living up to it. The matter is closed, Basil. I shall never pay the tax." Basil looked wretched. He dropped his

That-that isn't the worst, Poppy," strike!" He s-gone on a nunger

I cannot recall the week that followed without a shudder. Poppy went to bed with what she said was neuralgia and lay all day with the curtains drawn and her eyes staring at nothing. And Vivian continued the hunger strike.

You recall part of it probably—how the Husbands' Defense League put speakers at the Marble Arch and in Trafalgar Square raling on all Englishmen to rally. You can we what it meant. Suppose every wealthy Englishwoman refused to pay her income

tax on the ground that, so long as she could not vote, it was taxation without representation-what would happen?

"The House of Lords will cease to exist," said one of the posters. "Parliament will be held in prison. Our industries will cease. Our armies will be without officers or will follow their officers to jail. The state will become a matriarchy. Women, the real lawbreakers, will be free. while their husbands suffer!"

On the fourth day of Vivian's strike the papers began to issue bulletins:

"Harcourt holding his own!"

"Harcourt rather pale, but cheerful. Is working at a new play. In a statement given out today by Vivian Harcourt, the dramatist, he stated that he has written an entire scenario since he inaugurated the fast. 'The best work I have ever done!' he said, with enthusiasm, when seen today.
'Hereafter I shall always fast when em-barking on any important work.'"

"Harcourt not so well!"

"Harcourt weaker! Has stopped work."

"Harcourt confined to his cot-still undaunted, but lying in a stupor at times.

That covered eight days. On the ninth day a furious letter appeared in the Times

demanding to know why forcible feeding was not resorted to in the Harcourt case.

"Why feed the women in our jails," it said, "and allow to die of exhaustion a man who has committed no crime, but is standing for a principle?"

ing for a principle?"

I do not affirm that Poppy wrote this letter; I merely comment on the fact that when I visited her the day before it was pub-lished there was ink on her fingers and on the linen sheet of her bed.

Daphne had been on a Suffrage tour in day. She came to Poppy's home at once. She found Poppy in bed, with cold cloths on her eyes, and her wedding ring off. Daphne smiffed. the North and she came home on the ninth

You and Viv are two children!" she said. "You're a silly for thinking you can beat the Government at its own game, which is taxation; and Viv's a fool for

Poppy is not placid of disposition, and she flung the cold cloths at Daphne and ordered her out; but Daphne only sniffed again and raised the shades.

"You haven't got a headache—you have a pain in your disposition," she said. "Put this on again." And Poppy put on her wedding ring. "Now," said Daphne, "you won't pay this money as a matter of principle, and Viv won't for the same reason. I won't, because I haven't got it; Madge probably ditto. But the beastly thing must he paid. The point is—to do it without yielding."

Now I must give Daphne credit for this: She did not intend to get me into it at all; as

a matter of fact she sent me out of the room.
"Run along, Maggie!" she said. "Go
and telephone Basil to come and have tea

and telephone Basil to come and have tea with you, or go shopping and buy yourself something. We're going to talk."

I did not go out. I sat alone in the drawing room and thought; and the more I thought, the worse things seemed—for it was perfectly clear that Basil's protestations for the Cause were nothing when it came to the test. He was perfectly willing to stand on an eminence and let me look up at him, or even to put me on one himself. at him, or even to put me on one himself, hung about with his tributes; but I knew in my inmost soul that he would never go to jail for me—and it hurt.

And even if he did go he was not of the heroic stuff Vivian was made of. I felt quite sure he would have three meals a day and tea, and come out looking spruce and well fed. The thing that hurt most was that become him to be the sort of person nim to be the he was, I should be so fond of him. He had no mental or temperamental heights, and I knewit; but he was so solid somehow, and exceedingly good-looking—and he was not, like Viv, forever coaching pretty actresses. Viv's desk was covered with photographs indorsed: "To dear old Viv, from Dolly": or "The Tigress"; or "Passionately, Nell"! Daphne took me home with her. She

said she had a plan and it was best that I

said she had a pish and a should not be in Poppy's house. "It's a knot that's past untying," she "It's a knot that's past untying," we'll said as we went down the stairs, have to cut it."

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There was a crowd of husbands round the door as we went out and they said things.
"'Ow fat and rosy they look!" said one
man in a bus-driver's uniform. "And the 'usband and father dyin' in prison! Smug-that's w'at they are!"

We did not bother to set him right. We got into a taxicab rather hastily and Daphne got into a taxicab rather hastily and Daphne twisted her knee. At first she said it was nothing; but she could hardly get up the stairs to her flat. She would not give in at first, but finally she let me put her to bed; and I saw she was all in for a day or two.

"It's tonight I'm thinking of," she said forlornly. "I could manage, with a stick; but I could never get through the window."

"Through a window!"

"I believe you'll have to do it after all."

"I believe you'll have to do it after all," she went on. "It's quite simple. You'll find the window unlocked and the money in the pocket of Poppy's painting apron.
In the morning she'll send for the police and say she has been robbed."
"I'll not go through a window!"
"But by that time a messenger will have

turned the money in to pay Poppy's tax, the receipt will be issued, and Vivian will be free. She can protest; but—the thing will have been paid, and with her money. An iniquitous measure can be fought only with iniquity.

But, Daffie dearest -

"But, Dafne dearest—
"The police will find the open window—
I broke the lock—and footprints—"
"My footprints!"
"Madge," she said sternly, "are you or are you not for the Cause?"
"I am!" I replied feebly—and the thing

The evening papers reported that Vivian was in bad shape and that his cheerful resignation had moved his attendants to tears. That settled me. There was no time to lose. I put on some clothes belong-ing to Daphne's maid and went round to Poppy's at ten o'clock. I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, which was raging, and waited for it to break up. Poppy did not come out. Huggins stood near me, hissing with the best of them. Even through my weil I believe he knew me, for he turned on me suddenly and said: "Yell a bit—can't ye, miss?" "There is quite noise enough already,"

"You're not one of these here suffragists, by any chance? Aren't got a 'usband locked up anywheres?" He seemed to have dropped back into the language of the people; in fact all the trappings of civilization had gone from the mob. They snarled like beasts. Primitive men they were, fighting their women—"That fiercest hate which is compounded of love!" as Daphne put it. The male brute contending against the female for supremacy. mind!" Matter against

Poppy's house is on a corner, with a wall at the side, and inside the wall is the door to the studio wing. Daphne had given me a key to the gate and it was easy enough, with the crowd in front, to slip in. The window was difficult, but I made it at last and found myself in a lower passage. Viv's den was dark and empty. I felt my way up to the studio and got the money. After all it had been easy. Viv was saved, Poppy's pride need not humble itself, and the Cause was free of its greatest menace! as free of its greatest menace

I felt heroic, magnificent! I clutched the money for Poppy's income tax in my hand and started down the stairs. As I reached the bottom somebody tried the lock outside. I nearly fainted. I turned and ran up in the dark, and the door below opened. A man in a long coat came in stealthily and went directly to Vivian's den. And just then a church clock struck eleven.

I was frightened. It seemed to me that as soon as he ransacked the room below he would come up to the studio. Perhaps he knew about the money! Burglars have an uncanny sense for such things. And the idea of being caught in the studio—as in a the state of the money and slipped down the state of the money and slipped down the state of the money and slipped down the state of th turned on and a cap down over his eyes

I forgot to be cautious then. I bolted for the door, flung it open—it was a patent lock, with a knob inside—and stepped out

into the night air—and a policeman's arms!
"Easy a bit, hold girl!" he said. "Hi'm
'ere and you're 'ere. What's the 'urry?"
He held me off and looked at me. Luckily I had never seen him before. "Quick with your 'ands, nin't you! In you goes and hout you pops!"

"If you think I'm a burglar," I said haughtily, "I'm nothing or the I'm \_\_\_\_" It came over me all at once that I must not say I was a friend of Poppy's with the exact amount of her income tax in my hand. "The burglar you followed is still in the house," I said. "He's in Mr.—

in the study, just beyond that door."

"None of that, young woman," he said sternly. "You'll just come along with me!
'Ousebreaking it is; I watched you in and

hout."

He took me by the arm and I went along. There was nothing else to do. I tried to drop the money as we went, but some of it was gold and he heard it. Still clutching me, he gathered it up as it lay scattered over the pavement. I was rather dazed. The only thing I could think of was that, for the sake of the Cause and Poppy. I must not tell who I was; but I begged him to send an officer to Poppy's house, because there was a burglar in it.

there was a burglar in it.

At the police station they telephoned Poppy—and here she made her terrible mistake. She thought it was all a part of the plot, and after she had looked in her studio she said she had lost a lot of money. She told how it was in notes and said. She told how it was-in notes and gold: and, of course, they found it all on me. She says that when they told her they had it, and a young woman, too, she almost swooned. She tried to find Basil, but he was not in his rooms; and Daphne was laid up and almost frantic when she heard

what had happened. Poppy's position was pitiable! She did not know what to do. If she declared the plot and freed me all London would laugh and the Cause would suffer. If she did not declare the plot I should get a prison sentence. I have drawn a poor picture of Poppy if you think I stood a chance with the Cause!

That is how things stood the next morn-g. Vivian and I were in jail; Daphne in bed; and Poppy in hysterics. Then a curious thing happened. The evening papers announced that Vivian had paid the

papers amounted that vivian had paid the tax for Poppy and was free. Viv repudated the payment—said he had not done it—and refused his liberty.

"Mr. Harcourt," said one paper, "feels the absurdity of his position keenly. He is apparently cheerful, but very feeble. His eyes flashed, however, as he stated that the eyes flashed, however, as he stated that the Income Tax Office could not legally accept the payment, as it was not his money. If any of his supporters had in mistaken real taken a collection for this purpose he said he could only regret their action and refuse to profit by it."

On the next day, however, the Times published a letter signed, "Not Even a Husband," which stirred the whole thing up again. The writer declared that the tax had been paid with Vivian's own money: that the writer himself had stolen it out of a deck in Mr. Harmself had stolen it out of a desk in Mr. Harcourt's house; that it had been sent by messenger to the proper authorities and a receipt issued, which was appended; and that, in other words, though Mr. Harcourt was to be lauded for his principles, his continued imprisonment at the public expense was absurd. Also, the writer was under the impression that an innocent person was being held for his crime; and he called on the public honor to

crime; and he called on the public honor to see that this wrong was at once righted. Immediately on the publication of this letter Poppy and Jane Willoughby, with a delegation, gathered before the Prime Minister's house, and Poppy made a speech from the carriage block. She said she had just learned that a suffragist, an American and a friend of hers, had been arrested while leaving her house and unjustly de-tained for two days. This was carrying tained for two days. This was carrying persecution too far. Undoubtedly it was the work of the Husbands' Defense League. "Taxation without representation!" she

cried. "I did not have a voice in making the income-tax law. Why should I obey it?"

"I didn't have a voice in making the Ten Commandments," boomed a man's voice from the crowd; "but I'm expected to obey them."

It was Poppy's chance at last.

"If you men had made the Ten Commandments into law," she said in her clear voice, "you'd have repealed that law long

The crowd roared. Then she and Jane drove to the jail and got me. Viv's T. C. retort had saved the day for her.

Daphne made a speech in the Edgeware Road that night, with her leg in a plas-

ter cast. Vivian and Poppy were together again. Jane Willoughby called me up about them.

## I do not fear your tongue

When you have answered my advertisement, just on the bare chance

that I may be telling the truth about my Panatela, and I have sent you a box of fifty with permission to smoke ten and return the rest if you like - there is still that suspicious, tobacco-educated tongue of yours to be satisfied.

I do not fear.it.

For eighty out of every hundred men who have smoked ten have kept right on smoking my Panatela.

It is on the second and third and many succeeding boxes that I make my small

manufacturer's profit.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for \$5 per hundred or \$2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a render of The Seturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten amoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface, Sold on the same terms as the Panatela.

Shivers' Panatela

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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"They're going to live in Italy," she said.
"It's desertion of the Cause—and that's all there is to it! Haven't they been round to see you?"
"No."
"I think it's shameful," snapped Jane, "after what you've gone through because of their pigheadedness!"
"Perhaps," I said, "Vivian was not able to come. He must be very weak."
Even over the telephone I heard Jane sniff.

"Weak!" she jerked out. "Never saw him look better! Fast, indeed! The wretch never went on a hunger strike. The H. D. L.

Sent him wonderful hampers daily!"

Everything combined to make me sad that night—Vivian's duplicity; and the fact that the members of the H. D. L. had conspired to make Poppy weaken; and that all men were alike; and that only when they were quite old and became fathers were they able to understand women at alland then only their daughters, not their

Basil came in that night rather late and sat in front of the fire—and looked at me.
"Uncle Egbert is dead," he said.
"When?"

"When?

"A month ago, Madge."

"A month ago, Madge."

"And for a month you've been weighing things pro and con!" I said scornfully.

"It has taken me a month to find out

that I cannot live without you.

He was very humble and quite miser-able; and, because he did not seem able to able; and, because he did not seem able to sit still under my cold glance, he wandered over to Daphne's desk and turned over her papers. It was the position of the man in Vivian's den! I knew it was Basil who had stolen the money for Viv and paid the tax—Basil who had written to the Times—Basil who had been seen stealing through the area gate. Basil, then, had been the cause of my arrest! The whole thing was too much. I told him so.

"I won't marry you!" I finished hotly.
"In America a man doesn't take a month to think things over because he's afraid, or write a letter to the Times when he's got the girl he cares about sent to jail! I'm going home to marry some nice American chap

home to marry some nice American chap and have the suffrage given to me as a right and not as a privilege; and I'm going where

there isn't any income tax!"

One of father's cablegrams arrived just then and I opened it. He said:

"Income-tax law passed by half the people for all the people!"

America too! And there was that wretched house, eaten up already by taxes and streetpaving—and babies with hammers!

Basil was eying the cablegram furiously.

I just held it out to him.

"It's about the house," I said, quivering a little. "You are quite right to be afraid of me. There's an income tax at home now and I shall never pay it. It's taxation without. without .

Basil held out his arms and his eyes glowed.

"You darling!" he said. "What is the income tax between you and me? I love you with all my heart, and nothing else

matters—unless you don't love me."

It was then that the awful truth came over me. The Cause was not first with me after all! Poppy had been right—it was Basil all the time; Basil, with his glowing eyes and his warm heart, and his English conservatism.

"The Cause " I gasped.

"The Cause ——" I gasped.

"I'm going to be your Cause!" said Basil, and caught me to him.

"But the tax ——"

"Don't pay it if you don't wish to," he said in his lordly way. "My wife may always live up to her principles. Besides, in America a husband is not responsible for his wife's debts! I looked it up!"

## A Kansas Comeback

MERLE THORPE, who is at the head of the Department of Journalism in the University of Kansas, presents this as his idea of the quick-as-a-flash comeback.

An oldtime Kansas editor was sitting in a restaurant eating a pickled pig's foot—or a pig's pickled foot, as the case may be. A tramp printer came in, saw the editor, and

"Git out of the way, you! I'm the old wild boar from Fort Scott!" "Yes," commented the editor genially; "and I'm eating one of your paws!"

Here's The a Screen That Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Wears Sells "PEARL" "PEARL" Requires No Paint or Repairs You've been using painted screen—had to paint or repair it every spring. This year try Gilbert & Bennett PEARL

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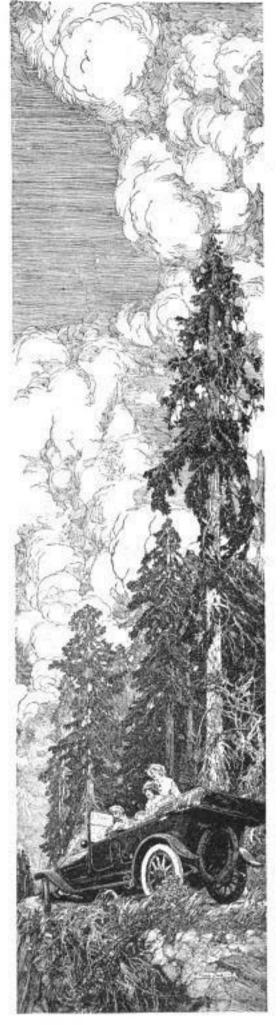
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## This Car Against Any Car-Let Us Prove It

With every sense alert, try, as you ride in the Studebaker SIX, to imagine some one particular in which its riding qualities might be improved.

Try to recall some previous ride in a heavier, costlier car, which seemed to you, then, the uttermost in luxury.

Superfluous weight does, sometimes, make for steadiness, there's no doubt about that-see, now, how this light, strong car attains the same identical result in steadiness and roadability with none of the disadvantages of excess weight.

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Test out that flexibility—see how instantaneously obedient this docile engine actually is to the touch of your finger-tips.

Put it through its paces—face it with obstacles and difficulties-and see if it does not respond in every case like the thoroughbred it is.

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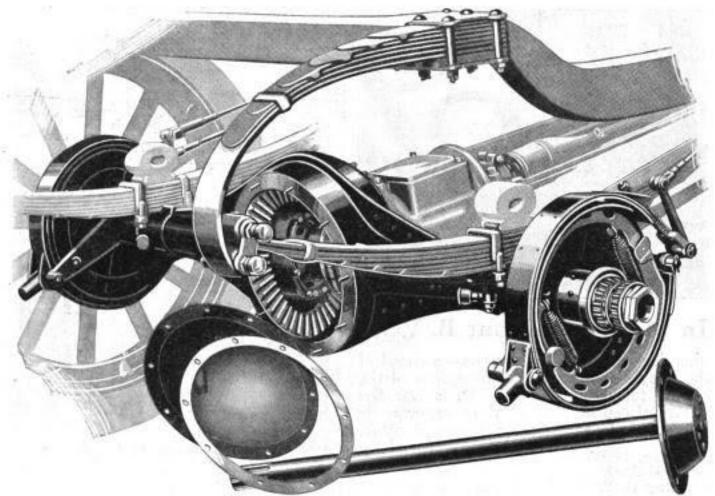
Studebaker FOUR and SIX motors are cast enbloc. Other points of excellence included in each Studebaker the highest possible efficiency in power and gallon-

Each Studebaker car has a full complement of adjustable Timken roller bearings - a pre-eminent antifriction device.

Built complete in the vast Studebaker shops, each Studebaker unit fits with perfect alignment into the synchronized Studebaker chassis. Even the tops and the Jiffy curtains of Studebaker cars are built by Studebaker workmen.

LOOK OF 21Y-

Full floating rear axle; the Studebaker-Wagner electrical system; gasoline tank in cowl with direct line to dash-adjusted carburetor; enclosed valves, quiet and retaining accurate adjustment; running boards clear of all equipment; extra rim, mounted at the rear; special quality electric lamps; electrically lighted dash equipment with lubrication sight feed, battery tell-tale and Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer.



Studebaker Rear Axle, with Differential Cover Plate Removed

## Nearly 90 per cent of all Studebaker owners drive and care generally for their own cars.

And it is the amazing accessibility, on the Studebaker, of those parts which need occasional attention that enables these owners to do so with ease and without embarrassment.

Is this accessibility more pronounced on the Studebaker than other cars?

It is - as the three illustrations will strikingly show you.

For instance, all parts or assemblies needing lubrication or application of grease or oil are easily reached without effort.

Cylinder oil is very handily poured into the crank case through a filler tube; grease is injected into the rear axle through a plughole in the differential cover; the clutch collar is lubricated by means of a grease cup and flexible tubing, without removing floor boards.

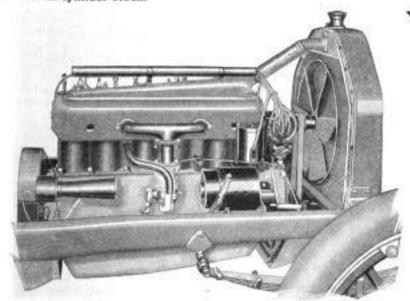
The gasoline tank is filled without disturbing passengers or going to the rear of the car.

Set considerably higher than the frame side member, the carburetor's position permits of easy and instant examination from any side.

The entire gasoline feed system from tank to carburetor can be inspected or cleaned without lifting floor boards or getting under the car—raising the hood makes it all accessible.

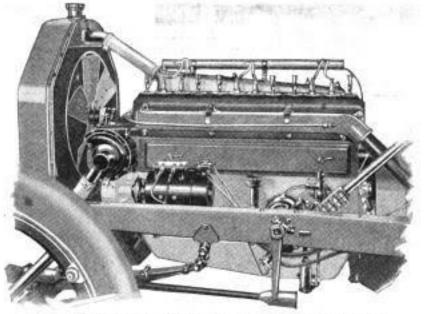
A dash control for the carburetor—a single instrument instead of two or three parts—performs all ordinary functions and does away with "jiggling" or "tickling" the carburetor with the hood raised.

If you want to "look at" the ignition system, you find it most conveniently located at the front of the cylinder block.



Fight hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing carburetor, ignition source and

You don't have to unlock boxes to reach the electric battery or tools—they are under the front seat.



Left hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing valve cover plate, electric

If the fan needs adjustment, you get at it without disturbing any other part.

The simple removal of the cover plate exposes the entire valve mechanism for examination.

The location of the ignition switch on the dash, under the driver's hand, and the means for easy padlocking, are features the experienced owner will appreciate.

Two nuts hold the extra rim and tire in place on their carrier at the rear, and a simple but effective locking device is provided.

Each top holder is adjusted and tightened by a single nut, instead of stiff, stubborn straps.

The curtains are Studebaker-Jiffy, lowered and raised from the inside in one-tenth the time required for ordinary curtains.

These are the reasons why most Studebaker owners not only look after their own cars, but take pleasure in doing so.

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> For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman thow it to you. If he can't or won't, walk out! On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed



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## THE HEAD OF THE FAMBL

(Continued from Page 16)

give my hand a shake. And then we all four sat in the dusk talkin'. And he said, once, he was mighty glad to be home with us. Grover and I answered we was mighty glad to have him; and Janie said, "Yes," in such a little voice that we laughed at her.

When Mr. Barrens went back to his office, o' course he had the upper hand on account o' the grit he'd shown. And he kept it by takin' no excuses for mistakes or

He was very thin and pale, and sat back in his office chair dressed in white flannels-not at all like other superintendents; but his eyes had turned cold and sharp, and when he stuck out his jaw at the men and spoke to 'em very quiet they felt a shock all over-for now they knew he was on to the way they'd been sneerin' at him, and often just his one low word meant that the man on the carpet had to sell his home and pack off with his fambly to another rail-road. Mr. Charley Barrens was boss o' his division and, bein' the friend o' the great director, no man dared answer back, for fear he'd be blacklisted with other roads.

The old hotel where he lived was just across a little park from the platform and one evenin' he came hobblin' out on his cane for exercise and stopped near me to

ask 'bout Grover.

Though we was together in the shadow, he didn't talk as much as he used to, sayin'

only this:

"When these men used to sneer at me I couldn't fight 'em all single-handed; but when that powder-car business showed 'em I wasn't 'fraid I just made use o' the chance it gave me. Now I'm makin' good and won't be 'shamed to face Miss Cloud." He was turnin' away and asked over his shoulder: "And how is Miss Janie too?"

I answered that she seemed kind o' lone-some since our parties in the evenin' broke up. He stood still listenin', but it was only a minute till some business came into his mind and strikin' down the cane he said "Damme! Damme!" and hobbled into the

The road men called the superinten-dent's office the throne room and the word comin' out o' there the law. There wasn't any 'sputin' it and Mr. Barrens never took it back—though twice men who got fired tried to beg off. Ever body understood there mustn't be a wreck or a late train. The men wondered what he'd do when there was a washout; but when that happened
Mr. Barrens laid off the bridge boss; he
was the big one, too, but didn't dare kick.
Some o' the men s'posed he called 'em
so hard 'cause be knew nobody would try to

get back at a wounded man; but when Mr. Barrens got well he was just the same, and would walk past men he'd fired, and who hated him, without a sign o' bein' scared o' their doubled fists.

All at once such talk shut up and the

whole division just knuckled down to him, and every man thought o' nothin' but to

That was an unlucky division, though, and there was a good many wrecks and blockades, which Mr. Barrens straightened out just by sittin' in his office and firin' the man most to blame.

Those were mighty good times for me, with nobody to bother 'cause I was a friend o' the big boss and ever'thing o' his was let strickly alone. One evenin' he called me in and said if I minded business and didn't miss any more crews I could have the job o' takin' car numbers on the first o' the year. He didn't have any pets. But it seems as if just havin' such a man

for your friend makes ever thing come right. There was no more red lamp at our house— Grover went to school and Janie kept the home better'n any woman in the neighborhood. She'd settled down for good-only speakin' to Robbins when they met on the street and never lettin' him walk with her. I did want her to go round visitin' more glad to take her to shows and dancin' parties; but she said she'd rather stay home and didn't seem so gay any more. She said:

"I'm mighty thankful, Cole, that you managed me just right." I guess all these good times made mestep

pretty high.

Late one afternoon, while Grover and me were throwin' a ball in the yard, Mr. Barrers came walkin' home with Janie. They'd met on the street and he said he must come on down to see how the Flynns

got on at home. Grover made a l He'd been listenin' to some o' talk, and when Mr. Barrens said and walked up, Grover said h shake the iron hand.

Mr. Barrens was puzzled a mi he smiled pretty grim and answe kept that for the office. He tossed the ball with us

stood on the porch. It was gett he kept chattin' to us all, by tu

last Grover said:
"Janie, Mr. Barrens'll be get

for his supper."
We hadn't known whether we hadn't known watcher for he'd only stayed with us b o' the accident. Now he laug swered that he'd stay if Jani him help cook. So we all w-kitchen, and Janie put on he tucked back her sleeves to t make the biscuit, and I peel Mr. Barrens broiled the steak terrible smudge.

I was s'prised to see him a boy and pretended not to Grover was makin' a big pla; and it was a wonder the way

and it was a wonder the way
in. Her face was pink and he
just like stars. And she was
"You got used to smoke by
der cars through the fire," sh
"And I didn't come out o' that black
wreck till I saw my good spirit," he answered quick, "with her face pale and black
hair hangin' loose!" which was the way
Janie had come in the door on the night o'
the accident. He said this and for a second the accident. He said this and for a second they both stood in their tracks starin' at each

Of a sudden Janie's face was white and he was bent over broilin' the steak again. They were still, then, and I guess she thought she'd been too saucy—even Gro-ver stopped his noise for a minute. It was gettin' dusk when I left home and Mr. Barrens came along. I thought Janie should have asked him to come again; but she only said good-by in a proud way, as though

forgettin' her manners.

It was that very night Miss Cloud's car came in on the West mail. I was comin' back from a round-up about midnight and saw it on the sidin' above the depot, with one dim lamp burnin'. As I stood watchin' and wonderin' if I'd see her this visit, some-

body came out on the platform and asked:
"Is that you, Cole, with the lantern?"
When I answered she stepped inside to
pick up a light shawl, and then I lit her path cross to the station platform. Miss Cloud said she'd sent the butler down to the office with word to me; and learnin' I was out on my round she had been keepin' a lookout.

She didn't seem to want anything done, though; just said her stateroom was close and she'd like a walk in the air. So we went pokin' up and down the platform, talkin'.
Mr. Cloud had come to make his last 'spection of the roads he was figurin' on. The car would be taken out in the mornin', but

in two or three days they'd be back to our headquarters to stay 'bout a week. She asked all about Mr. Barrens; she hadn't wired him to meet her so late at night. I told o' the red-hot run through the roundhouse and how he was hurt. Holdin'

tight to my shoulder, she said:
"But he's all right now, ain't he?" I bet
you Miss Cloud thought a lot o' him too.
She had to hear it all over again, and was
so glad that the men said it was the bravest thing they'd known of and looked up to him for it. Then she must know of his wounds and where he was taken care of. "Well, well!" she said. "At your house! So you and Grover and Sister Janie nursed him!"

She remembered their names and, findin'

out that Janie was nineteen, wanted to know how the head of the fambly managed such a big girl.

Together in the shadow you tell things. about her secret. She was head o' Cloud fambly, too, and, without tellin' her

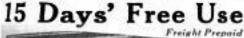
father, had to manage him all the time.
"Why, he'd run wild if I didn't!" she said; and somehow I told bout us Flynns. and how Janie had given up the dance-hall without hardly any managin' at all.

She was still for a while and then said

she was so glad the danger lamp was out at our home.

"And I hope it never will be lit again." she went on. "And here is something l







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She said good night again and went into the car, and I could hear the watch tickin' in the dark. By day it was gold, but in the night-time it was just like a friend talkin' secrets ever after.

Mr. Barrens and Grover thought it was splendid; but Janie didn't say much. She was more interested in Miss Cloud, though, and asked how she looked. I could only tell that her clo's rustled like silk and that she had gray eyes by lantern light; so Janie was dis pointed.

Janie wasn't very gay that day; but next mornin', after I came home, she went about singin' all the time, and I said: "Janie, you're not walkin'—you're dan-

And she stared down at her toes while crossin' the room; but she couldn't keep 'emfromwaltzin' a little bit and, with a laugh just like a birdcall, she gave me a tap with

her knuckle and said:
"Oh, you must always stop and look
and listen!"

Well, I didn't mean to do that, but no-body could help noticin' how happy she was those days, and her eyes had a soft, bright light which made you wonder. Gro-ver and I was happy too, as menfolks always are when the women sing round home. I guess us Flynns had nothin' to worry 'bout

now.

Miss Cloud come back and I met her most every night. Some big railroad men and lawyers were in town, and her father was busy with 'em. Sometimes he would run down the line; but the car was always in our yards at night and Mr. Barrens ate dinner with 'em; then he and the lady would look over books together or come out to stroll on the platform.

O' course he thought more o' her than anybody; but he didn't overlook bus'ness, and he kept his hawkeye on every man of us. It seemed funny that such a slim,

us. It seemed funny that such a slim, stylish young man should keep down so many reckless men with an iron hand.

Nobody can sing and laugh all the time, and so Janie quit after a while. She asked the news every mornin' and listened very interested.

'Does he care for that woman?" she asked once.

"Why, sure!" I answered; "more'n he does for anybody. He'd ought to."
When I got up in the afternoon Janie was sittin' by the kitchen table just as I'd left her, with the breakfast dishes round.

"You look as if you hadn't moved," I said, s'prised.

"Are you sure he does? What makes you say so? I don't b'lieve it!" she said, pickin' up our talk as though I'd been gone only a minute 'stead o' six hours.

"Mr. Barrens? He told me so. Why shouldn't he?" I asked.

"Nothin'!" she answered.

She began gatherin' up the dishes; then she laughed and sang, too, but in a low voice that sounded full o' fierce words. And 'stead o' dancin', she walked with a reckless 'stead o' dancin', she walked with a reckless

swagger.
It's better to let womenfolks alone when they're out o' sorts, so I didn't ask any-thing, 'cept when it had begun stormin'. The afternoon was dark and that was the first rain o' fall.

Pretty soon Grover come in and I played backgammon with him.

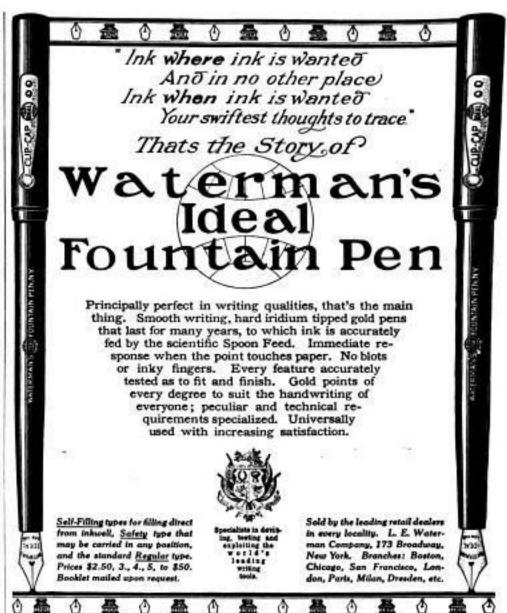
That night I'd called the crew for the White Owl, the overland passenger, when I felt the present'ment. Generally you wait till you're at least a freight conductor afore you have one, or nobody will pay any 'tention to it; but this one was different and comin' on strong about one o'clock I.

and, comin' on strong, about one o'clock I went up on the street through the rain. Some o' the lights in the dance-hall had been put out, but the music was still goin' in a cracked, drunken sort o' way for the all-nighters.

I went up the stairs and looked inside; nobody paid any 'tention, the ticket taker bein' up the hall drinkin' out of a bottle with the orchestra.

I saw Janie sittin' 'cross the hall by herself; she had on her hat, which was pulled down a little over her forehead, and her raincast lay crumpled up on the floor. She looked like a person tossed out of a wreckonly her lips were drawn thin in a kind o' sneer, and her eyes glittered.

If it hadn't been for the present'ment I'd have turned cold and sick all over to see her so desp'rit and forlorn. I went over and





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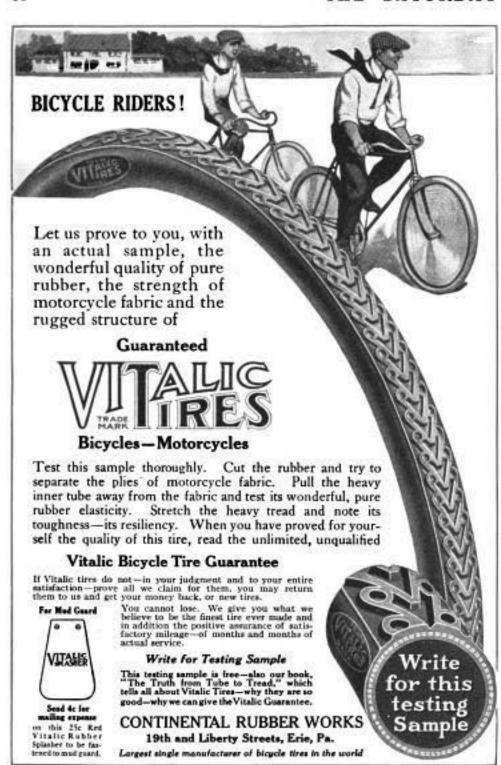
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The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

asked if she was ready to go home now, and

one o' the men said:
"Let her alone; she'll get over her grouch

after a while and dance."

Robbins wasn't there, so I knew Janie'd come by herself. She paid no 'tention to the

come by herself. She paid no tention to the man and, after lookin' me through with her frownin' black eyes, said:

"Why, yes, Cole, if it worries you I'll go home." She put on her coat and we went out, and as I talked about the storm she took my arm. "I just went to hear the music," she said; "I wouldn't dance with such people."

In the storm and dark eyer'thing was all

the storm and dark ever thing was all

right between us, and she thanked me at the door for managin' her so well.

Business got slacker and slacker that night and 'bout daylight there wasn't a train in sight; so the dispatcher said I might go home. Janie was lyin' down on a couch in her party draws but hearing me come in her party dress; but, hearin' me come in, she followed to the kitchen, where I took

off my raincoat and hung my cap to dry out.

"Better go on to bed and take a nap afore breakfast," she said; but she seemed to like me round for comp'ny and we sat talkin' in the kitchen so as not to wake Grover.

I remember the rain beatin' on the roof

and the early mornin' light comin' gray and chilly through the curtains as we sat the kitchen table from each other. The stove was cold, with ashes scattered over the hearth. So the daylight crept in between us and my spirits turned cold too. "I don't care if he does like that woman!"

said Janie.

Her arms were stretched straight in front of her on the table, though her head was held up in that proud way she used to have; and I noticed how her throat and

breast swelled with deep, fast breathin'.

"O' course you don't; why should we care?" I answered, wonderin' at her.

"Why should we?" she said after me.
Shestruck the table with her fist. "No, you don't; but I do-it can't be helped All of a sudden Janie remembered what she was saying, and her face and throat, even her arms, blushed and burned. "Oh! Oh!" she said to herself; "I am hurt! I am done for. Who can stand this! Where is the old devil, so I can go to him, and be happy and forget!"

I believe all I could say was, "Don't, sis!" and that she hardly knew Mr. Barrens. "You can forget him easy if you want to—right here!" I told her.

I saw the blush go down, and such a look come to her face! Nobody can understand such things—it's like starin' the priest in the face when he is prayin'. Yet I had to look. "Don't, sis!" I said; but her face grew whiter and whiter, with a deep black wrinkle between the eyes. All of a sudden Janie remembered what she

between the eyes

Once, a long time ago, I thought the blindin' white spot in the center o' the storm was where God stamped when He was angry. I remembered this now—her face was that kind o' terrible white. Then Janie laughed to mock me.

"I hardly know him!" she said. "Yes, I know him! I didn't want to love him, I wanted to hate him; but he wouldn't let me! He said he—cared for me most of all. Comin' every evenin' and tellin' me so, I believed him. He kissed me—I ain't 'shamed! What is it to you?"

'shamed! What is it to you?"

I thought Janie was mad then; but she told the truth. Every evenin' after I'd gone and Grover was asleep Mr. Charley Barrens had come. Not one evenin' had he missed from the day we'd all had supper together till Miss Cloud came to town.

"When she goes he'll come again," said Janie, "and I'll be glad!" I wondered why if she wanted to forget him.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked; but I couldn't and only shook my head. She

why don't you speak? she asked; but I couldn't and only shook my head. She was anxious and pretty soon reached over to pat me. "Don't mind," she said.

I got up and made me some coffee, and

Janie never moved, watchin' me close as a cat. When the fire burned bright I made toast and ate some with the coffee.

Grover, hearin' us, came out laughin' and rubbin' his eyes; but we couldn't play or laugh just then, and he backed up into a corner one step at a time. I must have showed it plain, for after a while he pointed

his finger.
"Cole's 'fraid again!" he said. "Why,
he's gettin' whiter and skinnier ever' day!" Janie turned such a frown on him that he went out whimperin'.

Then she sat watchin' me again till I put

on my raincoat.
"You go on to bed!" she said in a hoarse voice, and I wanted to answer her, but couldn't. "Go to bed, Cole, please!" As I went toward the door she started up,

overturnin' the chair.
"Wait!" she commanded, and runnin' into Pa's room she came back with the red lantern. "You know how to manage me," she said. "I've told you how, and it's worked more'n once. Now don't you dry the high hand with my affair!" She studied my face: there wasn't any excitestudied my face; there wasn't any excitement now, that was worn away and she was cool and fierce. Still studyin' my face she lit the lantern. "You put such store by this danger fire," she went on, more and more quiet; "now I'll hold it up to you—it's lit against you. Yourself, Cole Flynn, is bein' signaled to ston where you are is bein' signaled to stop where you are. Understand!"

I watched; it was an awful thing to have that red warnin' hung out against my leavin'; but I had to go. My sister Janie's hair streamed stormy

and black about her face and shoulders. And I never will forget the last look I had of her that mornin' in her wrinkled party

dress and ribbons.

Nobody was at Mr. Barrens' office that early 'cept the porter, who was sweepin' and dustin'. Then he went away and I brushed my clo's with the whisk broom and smoothed my hair. I wished I had on my stiff shirt 'stead o' the flannel one, and the

new necktie.

The two clerks came and after a while Ine two cierks came and after a while Mr. Barrens, who nodded and motioned me into his big private office, which had a door on the hall too. He sat down at his desk facin' me, without speakin'—he was always strickly business in that office—and between us was the piece o' carpet where ever body who stood lost his head.

Interpret on it and told him that I was

I stepped on it and told him that I was resigned as night caller. He wrinkled his brows at me and waited.

"You mustn't come to our house any more," I told him; then his hands gripped the arms o' the chair and his eyes stared.

"What damned impudence is this?" he

"What damned impudence is this?" he said. "You've been spoiled ——"
It was too late for him to fire me anyway,

so I still stood on the carpet.
"You mustn't come," I said, and the blood poured into his face like a guilty

man's.
"Did Janie send you?" he asked in a quick, low voice

I told him Janie had nothin' to say about

, me bein' the head o' the fambly. "You can blacklist me too," I said, so as

not to ask any favors.

There wasn't anything more to talk over:
so I went out by the hall door and then to
the savin's bank, where I'd put away the
last fifty dollars' insurance two days afore.

With the fifty dollars' ast fifty dollars' insurance two days afore. With the fifty in my pocket I went home and found Janie waitin'. Grover, sittin' on the floor in a corner with a crust, looked at me suspicious, 'cause the lantern was in against me. He hadn't even combed his hair or put on but one shoe.

"I told him he mustn't come any more." I splained, and Janie didn't answer; but there was a little streak o' blood under her lips where she'd bitten 'em.

lips where she'd bitten 'em.

"He's disgraced us all now!" she told
Grover, and pretty soon she went to be
room; and so as to be ready for anything I changed my clo's and put some things o' mine and Grover's in Pa's suitcase.

It was afternoon when Janie came out in her street clo's and carryin' her traveling. Grover and I was ready, too, though I'd had to be a little rough to make him put on the other shoe. He was mad, and when Janie come in said: "Cole wouldn't dast to jump on anybody his size, would he?

Janie looked s'prised to see us ready to travel, but sat down across the room to put on her gloves.

"Have you gone clear crazy?" she asked at last, and Grover nodded. I answered that us Flynns had to hold fast together and Janie tore one of her

gloves. "Do you mean to follow me? Well, I'll goin," she lose you in the city where I'm goin'," she said. "Do you think I'll stay here after you've meddled and disgraced me?"

I didn't answer any more and we all sat with coats and hats on a long time, Janie movin' only once to place the lantern is front of me. The storm, growin' heavier, rattled the windows and scattered showers o' dead leaves all that afternoon.
"I hate ever'thing!" Grover said.

Dusk came down early; and then Janie picked up her bag and went out, and Grover

and me followin'.

"Are you too crazy to lock up?" he asked; and I told him that it was no use. tramps would take the place anyway.



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Janie cut right across the yards to the station and I knew she meant to take Number Nine, the four-thirty passenger, which was due in St. Louis next mornin'. There wasn't anybody in the waitin' room and no ticket agent came by traintime. I kept listenin' for its whistle and looked through the window toward Mr. Barrens' office, which was in the telegraph buildin' halfway up the platform. There was a light above his desk and I could see him walkin' up and

A long freight train pulled in from the East and the engine backed up to the roundhouse; but there was no switchin' done, and I noticed the yardmen lookin' out o' their shanty down the track. Next minute the wrecker drew up at the superintendent's office, where three men carryin' valises boarded her. All this meant a bad wreckthe three men bein' doctors.

"Maybe Number Nine is in trouble and we can't get out tonight," I said; but Janie

answered:
"Then they'll make up a train here.
I'll wait."

It seemed pretty strange for me to be sittin' there waitin' to buy a ticket like a passenger; but I knew Janie would never turn back now.

The depot porter had been sent out on some message o' the wreck, so the light hadn't been turned on; and just we three were sittin' there in the thick dusk when a cab came splashin' up to the entrance and a lady ran across the platform. She came into the waitin' room and stood near the

door a second, peerin' round.

"Cole, are you there? And Janie, and Grover!" she said.

"I am," answered Grover, and went up

to her, but for a minute I couldn't speak.

Miss Cloud took Grover's hand and said: "I'm so glad to find you! We're called East tonight and I went to the house to visit you. It was empty, with the danger lantern burning. I thought something had happened—and a neighbor said you'd all started over this way, with traveling bags."
"We're all movin' to the city," I splained

and she said:

"Cole! Without tellin' me good-by?"
"Here is Janie," I said; and I was 'fraid
Janie would forget her manners, but she
rose and said "Howdy-do?" and shook hands. It was so dusky we couldn't see each other's faces very well.

The door flew open and Mr. Barrens ran

inside through a storm o' rain.
"Miss Cloud," he said, uncertain if she
was there, "didn't I see you drive up just

I heard Janie's breath draw deep and touched her arm.

"Why, I've found the Flynns here; they're goin' away," said Miss Cloud. He came right on toward us.

"Janie, you mustn't go—you can't!
What has Cole told you?" he cried out.
Janie stood her ground.
"It's been decided!" She answered so cool I was proud o' her. "I will tell you

good-by now!" And she shook his hand— and dropped it. It was then the lights went up.

blinked; but Janie's eyes grew wider and she leaned for ard—she gripped my arm as though terribly afraid and her whole body

Then I looked at Miss Cloud too; her face was as sweet as any boy's mother's ever was, with only two tiny wrinkles—and her hair was almost gray. Somehow it made a tremendous change in things to find her so much older than all of us.

heard Mr. Barrens speakin': "Miss Cloud, I leave it to you-Am I bein' treated fair? I love this girl and want

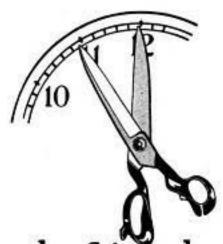
to marry her, and told her so; and she loves me. Now she wants to desert ——" "You didn't come!" said Janie faintly. "I ought to have told you, Janie! I didn't want Miss Cloud to know I was goin" to be married till I made good. You've meddled in this," he said to me, madder than I ever saw him, "and have nearly wrecked our lives. Let it be a warnin' to you forever!"

"He wouldn't manage me right—after I'd told him how too" splained Janie:

I'd told him how, too," splained Janie;
"and I'd lit the danger signal against him!"
They held fast each other's hands; so it

wouldn't make any difference, now that Janie wouldn't hold to me.

I'd only known Miss Cloud in the shadow and was 'fraid the light would change her, as it does so many; but she looked at those two and then at me, with cloudy gray eyes—and I looked back grinnin—she was just the same ever'where.



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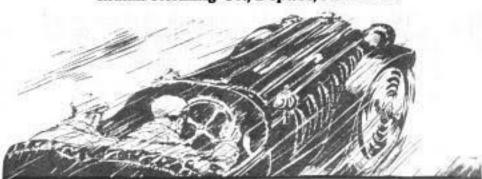
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Wish us happiness!" said Mr. Barrens; and she stood eyin' 'em and thinkin'.

The switch engine, which had taken the superintendent's chief clerk and the roadmaster to the wreck eight miles away, had come screechin' in with the engineer o' Number Nine aboard her; but we'd forgot all about wrecks and were s'prised when a battered man came in out o' the storm, huntin' Mr. Barrens. He was like the ghost o' wrecks-bloodstained, limpin', and as black as if he had wallowed under tons

o' coal.
"Superintendent," he said, "I quit!"
The men had such a fear o' Mr. Barrens that even this wounded one stood up straight and respectful. "I never have been called on the carpet," he said. Mr. Barrens answered cold as steel: "You have quit a day too late for our

The engineer's jaw sagged down; he nodded and turned away, bracin' himself by the backs o' the benches. Of a sudden he faced about and pushed himself clear of 'em; his body stopped swayin' and stif-fened on its feet.

"How 'bout quittin' too late for my own good?" he asked.

He grinned a wide grin and the teeth shone white in his black face.

"Get one of his friends to care for him,"

"Get one of his friends to care for him,"
Mr. Barrens told me.

"You stay where you are," said the engineer. "I'm signalin' danger. That's for you, superintendent; you're the big Mogul and you're runnin' wild, without orders, and takin' this division to hell with you—"

"Enough o' that! Down with you—out with you!" commanded Mr. Barrens with a look like a flame.

"Speak on, my man" said Miss Cloud in

"Speak on, my man," said Miss Cloud in her quiet voice. "I will listen." "I will," said the engineer. "Fire the cogs and belts and levers o' your machine, superintendent; it's their fault if the ma-chine don't run. The machinist, jammin' it and dammin' it, ain't to blame. Let rails split and ties fall out and trestles crack and operators sleep: 'Go to it!' you say; and operators sleep: "Go to it!" you say; and the best men go to it, and we wreck or run on time." He began swayin' in his tracks. "I've set me signal and thank God for it!" he said in a thickenin' voice. "Now blacklist me, damn you!" He started out. "That's twice today I've heard o' that blacklistin'," Mr. Barrens said, followin'. The other shot back:
"Well, it ain't you we're 'fraid of—it's your pull with old Cloud!"

He walked out pretty straight and then

He walked out pretty straight and then crumpled down on to the platform. I saw

one of the yardmen run to pick him up.
"I wish you happiness!" said Miss Cloud
to the superintendent and Janie. "You've
both fired your engineers and made good."

There was a still minute when nobody spoke; and then the lady said she'd been wonderin' exactly how I rode that powder car through the roundhouse and would like

to hear afore goin' away for good. She was the first one who'd asked me

She was the first one who'd asked me 'bout it; and I splained that I'd caught the ladder while the wheels were slippin', after Mr. Barrens dropped me out o' the cab. Then I swung round by the brake-rod and stood on the drawhead, where it wasn't dangerous. O' course somebody had to be round to see that the car was doused with water, in case Mr. Barrens got hurt and couldn't tend to it himself.

She said that I oughtn't to take risks with a fambly 'pendin' on me, and the only ex-

a fambly 'pendin' on me, and the only excuse I could make was that I hadn't taken any chances at all afore or since that one

"Ho, Charley Barrens—wasn't that the run you made good on?" asked Miss Cloud. Her voice was not loud, but it sounded cold and far through the room; and there was something threatenin' in her look. Janie said:

"Why, Cole, you never told me -and stopped still.

I was watchin' Barrens. He stood starin' at the floor: then, deadly white, but cool and steady, he bowed to Miss Cloud and, stoppin' to give my hand a hard grip, went

out.

"Cole, order out my special!" said Miss Cloud. "Come!" she told Janie, and picked up her bag. "I'll send the boys a housekeeper in your place."

Not once did Barrens look back; he swung up behind the curtain o' the switch engine and it started for the wreck. Janie watched him out o' sight and then drew back into the corner, sobbin' to herself.

"Do you cry because Barrens is on his way to make somethin" of himself without

stoppin' to look back?" asked Miss Cloud. 'He's been selfish and cruel enough. So have you!"

have you!"

Janie held up her head:
"Cole," she said, with a little gasp,
"what'll I do? It'll be whatever you say."
I thought she'd better go, 'cause she was
holdin' on to Mr. Barrens now and ought
to learn the ways o' his people. She said:
"Cole, can't I still hold on to you too?"
"What nonsense!" said Miss Cloud. She
took us all in her arms. "Didn't Barrens
make the great run without knowin' Cole

make the great run without knowin' Cole was aboard? Well, now he's makin' a greater one—and we'll all be aboard; but he won't suspect it till he pulls in safe, on time!"

We all made the run with Mr. Barrens. I made good by ridin' that powder car, even if he didn't—'cause Grover ain't 'shamed

o' me.

Sometimes he comes to the superintendent's office, where I'm beginning as clerk to warn me against takin' chances.

It's somethin' splendid to have a family, though there's only one left of 'em holdin' fast to you—specially when the white light o' day shows a clear line and proves everthing true which you'd only felt or wished for in the shadow.

## An Electric Spy

AN ELECTRIC spy, which reported at the end of each day to the manager of a business every mechanical act of all the em-ployees and all the machinery, recently roused much favorable discussion in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Applied to a newspaper office, for instance, it would tell the manager just when each page of type was locked up in the composing room, when it was received by the stereotypers or electrotypers, when they

delivered the plates to the pressmen, and when each press started and stopped. In a daily newspaper office near the time for starting the presses every second counts and each department is jealous of every second it is allowed. The electric spy would report to the fraction of a second on each department, so that no controversy about

time could occur.

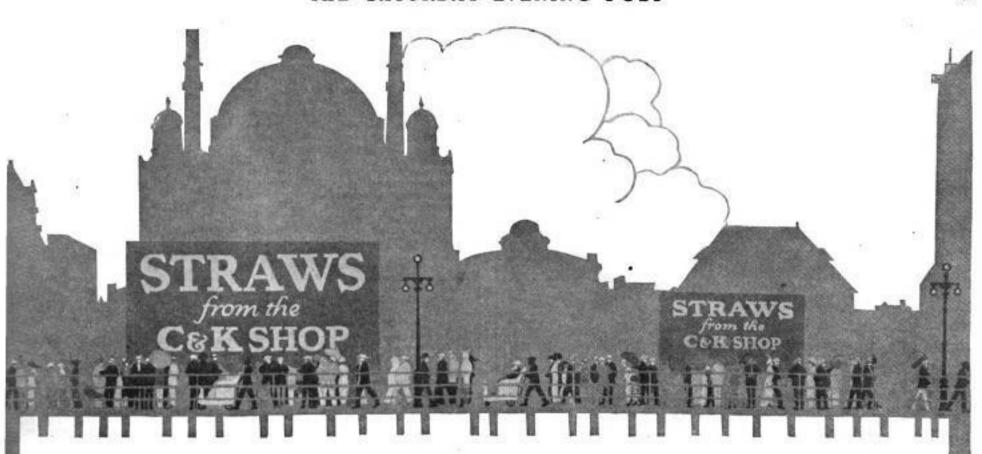
It has been tried in a cement mill for reporting on every act of every machine, so that delay in any place will be shown, with no possibility of concealment. In a factory, it has been suggested, it could be set to work so that it would report to the manager at the end of the day at exactly what second the machinery started up in the morning the operation or failure to operate of every machine, and even the opening and closing of the various doors, from room to room right up to the blowing of the whistle at night.

In an office building it could be made to report the visits of the cleaners to the office at night or the operation of the elevators during the day. So far the principal use of the electric spy has been calmly to report afterward exactly what happened in one of the wildly exciting times when highvoltage electricity starts on a rampage in a power house or distributing station.

So many protective and substitute de-vices are now used in a power house that when the trouble comes it may only cause a little dimming of electric lights out in the city, or darkness for two or three seconds: but in the power house everything happens at once, with the men jumping from switch to switch amid monster sparks and blinding flashes. When the trouble is all over it is often impossible to tell whether one break-down was the start of it all or one of the results of a series of other breakdowns, and the men who go through the battle can hardly tell what happened.

To know what did occur is to know how to prevent it in the future; so the electric spy was invented. On a wide ribbon of paper fifty pens make records, each per connected by a wire with a switch or a machine. The essential feature of the invention is that the ribbon of paper never moves until after one of the pens has made a record. Each time a pen makes a record the exact second is stamped on the edge of the ribben and the ribbon is moved along.

If two actions come almost simultaneously one is recorded and the other is held back until the first record is completed. which means for about a third of a second. In this way everything that happens is marked down in correct order; but if nothing happens there is no long ribbon of useless records accumulated.



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PHEADELPHIA, PRESCRIVANIA

## Writing for **the movies**

Players Fürn Company, and we shall see Maude Adams, John Drew, Ethel Barry-more and Billie Burke on the screen, Augustus Thomas long ago presaged the moving-picture tidal wave that was to en-

gulf the dramatic stage. A year ago he formed the All-Star Film Company; and, with Richard Harding Davis and a company of actors, he went to Cuba and filmed Soldiers of Fortune as a multiple-reel feature production.

Though every successful play of previous seasons and every successful novel is now being ground over into moving-picture feature productions, that but adds to the work and pay of the trained motion-picture

Let a novelist or playwright be as skilled in his line as he may, there is a marked dif-ference between writing a book or a play and visualizing it for motion-picture panto-mime purposes. A successful play may be shown in from three to five scenes, and the dialogue tells the story where the action does not; but to make a film drama of a stage play necessitates an augmentation of the action to a surprising extent.

On the stage an actor may enter and say: "I have just stabled Richard Knatch-laul! between the market house and the

bull, between the market house and the post office!" In the film drama, however, the stabbing of Richard Knatchbull must be depicted; in fact everything told in words in a play must be shown in pictures.

A moving-picture feature must run at least six reels if it is to comprise an entire show of itself. For each reel there must be from twenty-five to forty scenes. These scenes may be different incidents repeated in various scenic settings; but it has been found that no one scenic setting in which

retain the attention of an audience.

Some of the very short scenes or flashes, in fact, do not hold the screen for more than five or ten seconds. These flashes, as they are called, are explanatory and con-necting scenes. When the burglar is go-ing to break into a house he is flashed on the screen as he steals up the street in the shadow and moonlight - moonlight or night-time in general is indicated by greentinting the film—and as he climbs up to enter by the second-story window,

#### A Specimen Photoplay

In the same manner, when the heroine announces she is going away she must be shown on the film as leaving the house as well as leaving the room. It must be also weil as leaving the room. It must be also shown where she goes when she goes away; and also at intervals what she is doing while she is away. All this is shown by this has and cutbacks—that is, alternating short pictures—while the main action of the film drama is also intermittently shown.

So to dramatize for the motion-picture camera any play, novel or magazine story necessitates the service of a skilled photo-play writer who understands the technic of the photoplay and the limitations of the camera, as well as the wonders it can work. Thus, until such time as the average playwright and fiction author learn the technic of motion photography, those who already comprehend it will have the arranging for the film of photoplays from the stories and stage writings of others, as well as the entire photoplay construction of their own stories. So photoplay arranging and writ-ing remain and will remain for some time in the hands of the staff writers or the moving-picture authors.

The technical arrangement, so far as the mere writing of a photoplay is concerned,

follows a few simple rules.

A photoplay manuscript is divided into four parts: 1 The symposis or plot: 2—The cast and description of the same; 3—The arrangement of scenes; and 4—The s, or scene description and action of the characters consecutively arranged to tell

the story pantominically, Here follows a one-red comedy, the leadour roles of which were enacted by John Bunny and Flora Finelar

DOVES OUR DIRECTOR

on, Paints Higgins rops

A Photogram Company by Royal McCardinal

Miranda Morige, a spirioter of furth, has re-solved that she will not a biological by fair negati-of forth. Her resolve relative on Professor Signal

Sweet, a well-to-do collector of rare coins, who has taken a cottage in the New England town where Miranda resides.

Meantime the professor, who is a good-looking though absent-minded man of thirty-five, installen in love with an orphan nice of Miranda; in fact all the members of the family are internet at the tyranny and tongue of the virage spinster. Professing a great interest in coins, Miranda; in fact all the members of the family are internet at the tyranny and tongue of the virage spinster. Professor Sweet to bring some of the ment to her house to show her. By connivance with a rascally lawyer in the town she arranges to give their house to show her. By connivance with a rascally lawyer in the town she arranges to going to bring her until they read as though they were love letters. She also arranges a minet under the table and has a string so she may sag a picture showing the professor on his knees a her feet. She plans to effect this pose by drepping some of his rare coins while he is showing them to her. When he gets on his knees to picture up, she is to pull the string.

When the trup is all set a dog chases Miranda pet tomeat across the room and the old naile endeavors to rescue it, but is upset beckwan over the sofa.

The trup is sprung on the professor, the dimaid screams and her nice enters. The professor denies he proposed. In court, the camer is produced at the breach-of-promise trial anothe village photographer develops the picture that Miranda claims will prove her case. After recess in court the picture is exhibited, and it shows Miranda upset over the sofa, her white stockinged legs in the air. Alas! The dog hapulled the string in chassing the cat or in bein chassed away by Miranda, and her use is luggle out of court. The pretty niece sees that the professor is innocent of duplicity; and so, at the en of the picture, the treacherous spinster is wholl discredited, and the niece escapes her sunt tyranny and weds the professor.

III—Characters

## II-Characters

A jolly barbeld whose hobby rare coins. PROFESSOR SIMON SWEET Who has a cat, but wan a husband. Miranda's pretty nice who has a hard time it with Austle. MIRANDA MUDGE DOLLY DREW An unscrupulous lawye The village photographe Miranda's beloved cat. Dolly's collie. Counselor Sharpe Byron Tutt . . . ALEXANDER . Moving Men, Miranda's Servant Girl, Postna Judge, Jury, Court Spectators, Villagers as III-Scenes

Street in front of Professor Sweet's Arbor or tree-seat in garden Lawyer Sharpe's office Professor Sweet's study Window-sill of Miranda's sitting 

Close-upandenlarged picture of cat 24. IV-Scenario 1-Leader:

MISS MUDGE HAS HEARD THAT THE NEW RESIDENT IS A WEALTHY BACHELOS

Scene: Village residence street; nice detect cottages. Truckmen unloading furniture at de of one; stout and jolly Professor Sweet super tending job. He is especially solicitous of be marked: Professor Simon Sweet, Numismat Dingleville, Massachusetta, Handle With Ca

2—Scene: Bedroom of the old maid, Mirai Mudge,
She is always petting and caressing a big cat, wherever she is. Miranda, all excitent is seen at window—rubbering at new neigh moving in, through her field glasses.

3—Cutback to Scene 1 and show on set close-up view of one of the boxes with scription as above.

4—Cutback to Miranda rubbacing in her re-

4-Cutback to Miranda rubbering in her re-She swings field glasses in another directi 5-Scene: A village street.

Dolly Drew, Miranda's pretty niece, is a approaching with parasol and packages and inseparable companion, a handsome collie, who does not like cats. She is reading a letter a approaching the professor's gate; passing by boxes a nail catches her dress—faked box tween girl and camera on pavement. Profes is all apologies, and so on. is all apologies, and so on.

6—Professor is escorting Dolly to Miranda's d-and it can be seen that he is smitten w the pretty girl.

7-Leader:

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Scene: Interior of Mirauda's library. Mirauda and Dolly consult large dictionary.

Flash up on screen the definition of Numis-matist from dictionary in facsimile type.

8-Leader: A MONTH LATER

MIRANDA IS INTERESTED IN OLD COINS - AND THE PROFESSOR

Scene: Showing the professor in yellow flannel suit and sun umbrella on village street, looking anxiously around. He is being pursued by Miranda Mudge.

9—Professor hides behind tree and escapes Miranda. Dolly joins the professor and it can be seen that they are fond of each other.

10—Miranda's sitting room. She enters from street, angry and disappointed.
Servant girl comes in and tells her Dolly is with
the professor in the garden. Servant points out
of window. Miranda gets field glasses and looks,

11—Scene: Showing the professor and Dolly talking pleasantly under a tree or arbor.

12-Leader:

LAWYER SHARPE TELLS MIRANDA TO PIX UP SOME BREACH-OF-PROMISE EVIDENCE

Scene: Lawyer's office.
Sharpe, a shyster, gives Miranda a camera and shows her bow, by hiding it under a table and pulling a string and letting coins drop from her hand, she may get a picture of the professor on his knees, and so on.

13—Professor in his study, gloating over his coin collection, using magnifying glass. Goes to door and receives letter from postman. Flash letter on screen:

"My DEAR PROFESSOR: What you told me last night gave me great happiness. Yes; come this evening. Do not dis-appoint the one who is so fond of you. She will be expecting you. "As ever, yours "MIRANDA."

14—Scene: Miranda's sitting room, Miranda arranging camera under table, with string to its shutter. Camera tilted on line with sofa. Miranda goes to window, raises blind to admit strong light on sofa.

15—Close-up picture of Miranda's pet cat seen dozing on window sill.

16-Cutback to Miranda's sitting room.

10—Cutback to Miranda's sitting room.

Professor enters; is seen looking for Dolly and showing his disappointment at Dolly's absence. He shows coins and Miranda drops some of them. He kneels down to pick them up. Miranda reaches to pull the string attached to camera shutter, and just then Dolly enters with her dog, which chases the cut. The cat jumps on the professor's back, while the dog barks at it. Sofa upsets, with Miranda going backward, her whitestockinged skinny legs in the air. Miranda gets up and throws her arms round the professor's neck.

Cut in leader:

Cut-in leader:

"YES, SIMON; I WILL MARRY YOU!"

Cutback to scene.

Showing horror of the professor, dismay of Dolly and glee of Miranda, who grabs camera and runs out as though overcome by bashfulness. 17-Leader:

#### MIRANDA SUES THE PROFESSOR FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

Scene: Country courtroom. Persons of story characteristically present. Lawyer Sharpe pro-duces camera. Judge calls on village photog-rapher to develop the compromising picture. Village photographer sworn; exits with camera. 18-Leader:

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS

Photographic dark-room effect. Village photographer developing plate in red light—tint film. Photographer shown in silhouette for photographic novelty effect. Silhouette profile of photographer shows he is first astonished and then convulsed at what plate develops. Close-up photograph. photograph.

19—Cutback to country courtroom.

Enter photographer. Hands picture to judge, who laughs. Photograph is passed round to jury, lawyers, and finally to Miranda, who faints when she sees it.

20—Enlargement of photograph—a hand hold-ing it—filling screen. It is a still picture of Miranda on upset sofa, white-stockinged skinny legs in air, cat on the professor's back and dog barking at it.

21—Scene: Bedroom of the professor. Professor is seen sleeping and having night-mare of Miranda kissing him.

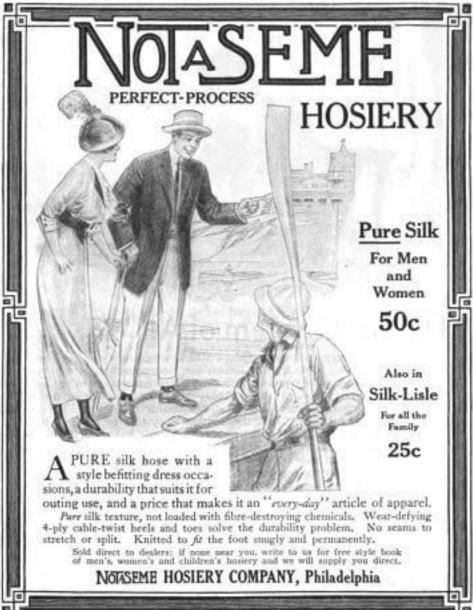
Leader: LOVE'S OLD DREAM

22-Scene: Bedroom of Miranda.
Miranda is sleeping, hair in curl papers, dreaming—vision in—she is kissing the professor. In her sleep she picks up the cat, sleeping by her on a pillow, and rapturously kisses it. She wakes up and throws the cat from her in great fury.

23-Close up bust picture of the professor and pretty Dolly as bride and groom, Dolly petting collie dog.

Close-up and enlarged picture of cat on fence, licking its paw.

This is the technical way to write for the movies. Your photoplay must tell its story without lagging or dragging; and the characters, the plot and its performance must "get over" by the sequence of pictures.







## "The Best System of All" Written by a Sales Manager

Every selling organization has to have one worker-and I am it. With five branch offices, forty salesmen, four crews of missionaries and one hundred demonstrators to urge along from day to day, I am probably the worst offender of the 15 hour law in America. Against my natural instincts, I have to be systematic. And the best little system of them all was wished onto me by a printer's salesman. As he put it, "a dif-ferent color for each office form." The daily sales sheet has a dominant color I can pick from a hundred papers. Each branch office has its own color for stationery reports, orders, etc.

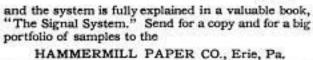
The system saves an astonishing amount of time and worry. The printer's salesman showed me a fine, tough paper which comes in 12 attractive colors and white. Believe me, it was some order that he got-and he is sure of reorders. The

whole office has adopted the same system-the advertising manager especially finds it a

MAMBERMOLA advertising manager especially finds it a great help for form letters. Bond

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## Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

(Concluded from Page 9)

stale and the interest wanes. Then some-body naps, somebody did not know—and the unexpected happens.

By reason of the triviality and multiplic-ity of their causes accidents are apt to be

much stranger than fiction, and sometimes almost humorous in their variety and per-

versity.

Not long ago a London milliner brought suit against her former employer because he had discharged her. Why had he discharged her? Because she had lost a finger. How had she lost her finger? Why, she got leave to go down to Hendon and there went up in an aëroplane; and because one of her fingers was struck by the propeller, and she had to have it amputated, she lost her job. Because accidents are what they are, the

Because accidents are what they are, the Because accidents are what they are, the most promising way of dealing with them constantly up and down the line seems to be through the safety director and the safety committee—two agencies that are being developed as a result of experience.

The safety director works principally at the boss' end. He is probably an engineer, or a man of technical experience plus a knowledge of people, and his work is to safeguard the machines and bring about better

guard the machines and bring about better technical conditions generally

The safety committee works for the organ-ization. It is made up of men representing different sections of the organization, as a rule. The safety committee of a trolley company in the Middle West has on it just now the vice-president of the road, two engineers, an accountant, two motormen and two conductors. The first safety committee got together on a big railroad system was

made up of four track foremen.

These safety committees have long had their counterpart abroad in a big London gasworks, where, after every mishap, a jury of twelve men, drawn from both the wage and salary earners, sat to consider the cause and experience. and responsibility, and made such recommendations for improved methods or greater caution as seemed necessary. It brought about notable decreases in accidents.

#### Committee Inspections

The American safety committee, how-ever, deals chiefly with accidents before they happen. It is a body to which any employee may report bad working condi-tions or lax methods on the part of fellow employees, with the certainty that what he has to report will be taken up from the standpoint of safety above all other considerations. It also instructs employees what to look for and guard against, and keeps up the spirit that is so necessary in accident prevention.

Furthermore, the committee makes frequent trips of inspection, publishes reports about the old ties and scrap iron lying along the right-of-way, or the safety apparatus neglected or out of repair in a shop, with the result that usually there is an imme-

diate cleaning up and an improvement of organization tone.

It watches new employees, teaches the inexperienced, cautions the careless, and if necessary has them transferred. It keeps the score in accident prevention, so that all may see the totals from week to week and try to improve the showing. It considers safety suggestions, awards safety prizes, and in other ways brings about a common understanding between employer and men and the general effort for safe operations that is true accident prevention.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of arti-cles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

## Two for Five

SECRETARY GARRISON, of the War Department, boarded a horse car in New York. He had no change and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor took the bill, walked to the front

end of the car and stood there.
"My change?" suggested Garrison.
"I can't change no five-dollar bill," the

conductor replied. "Then give me back my bill," demanded Garrison.

"Can't do that either, boss," the con-ductor replied; "but if you'll stay on the car until we get to the barn you can have the horses!"



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## CHEAP AT A MILLION

to a particularly uncomfortable high-backed Circassian-walnut chair in the foyer, left the great little multimillionaire under the watchful eye of footman Number Two. This annoyed Mr. Merriwether. Nobody is altogether invulnerable.

The footman returned, with the card and

the tray.

"Madame is not at home, sir; but her brother would be glad to see you if you wish, sir. He is madame's man of affairs."

"Very well."

"If you please, sir, this way." And the

"If you please, sir, this way." And the footman led the way to the door of the library where Tom had been received often.
"Mr. Edward H. Merriwether!" The

emphasis on the first name made the little czar of the Southwestern roads think it was done in order to differentiate him from Mr. Thomas T. Merriwether. Even great men are not above thinking themselves very clever.

He entered the room and took in its character at one glance, just as Tom had done. He became cool, watchful, alert and observant, as he always did when he went into a fight. He looked at the man who was said to be the brother of the woman who had leased the house—the woman who had a daughter she wished to marry to a blond

with money and position.

The man had a square chin and, even in repose, suggested power and self-control. Mr. Merriwether met the remarkably steady, unblinking gaze of two extremely sharp eyes and recognized without any particular emotion that he confronted a man of strength and resource who moreover had the double strategical advantage of being in his own house and of not having sought this interview.

"Be seated, sir," said the man in the calm voice of one who is accustomed to

obedience, even in trifles. Mr. E. H. Merriwether sat down. He noticed little things as well as big. He noted, for instance, that he had begun by doing exactly what this man told him to do. The man intelligently waited for Mr. E. H. Merriwether to speak. Mr. E. H. Merriwether did so. He said:

"I called to see Madam Calderon."
"About?" The man spoke coldly.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether raised his eye-He did it in order not to frown. There is no wisdom in needless antagonisms. His only son was concerned.
"About my son," he said.
"Tommy?"

The great railroad magnate, accustomed only to deference, flushed with anger. Had things gone so far that such intimacy existed?

"I understand," he said, trying to speak emotionlessly, "that my son visits this

house. "Of his own volition, sir."

"I did not think there was physical coercion; but, of course, as his father ——"
He stopped in the middle of the sentence.

This never before had happened to this man, who always knew what to do and what to say, and always did it and said it with the least expenditure of time and words; but, as a matter of fact, what could he say, and how?

"That relationship," the man said calmly, "often interferes with the exercise of what people formerly called common sense. Will you please do me a very great favor, sir?"

"A favor?" Mr. M.

"A favor?" Mr. Merriwether, skillful diplomatist though he could be at times,

diplomatist though he could be at cance, now frowned in advance.

"Yes, Mr. Merriwether—indeed, two favors; or, rather, three. First: Will you please ask me no questions now? Second: Will you please return to this house at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning? And third: Will you promise not to speak to your son about your visit here until after you have paid your second call, tomor-

It flashed through Mr. Merriwether's mind that to grant the favors might expedite Tom's appalling marriage. He said decisively:

I cannot promise any of the things you

"Very well," said the man composedly.
"Then, I take it, there is nothing more to be said."

He rose politely and as he did so pressed a button on the table. The footman ap-peared and held the door open for Mr. Merriwether to pass out.

The autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, with unlimited credit in the money markets of the world, was not accustomed to being treated like this; but, precisely because he felt hot anger rising in tidal waves to his brow, he instantly became cool. He remained sitting and remarked very

politely: "If you will allow me, sir, to tell you that my reasons ——"
The man, who was still standing, held up

a hand and broke in:

"And if you will allow me to tell you that I am neither a criminal nor a jackass I shall then proceed to say that nobody in this house has any intention of entering into any argument or controversy with you. I am actuated much less by personal considerations of my own than by a desire to avert from you eternal regrets and-er-

unseemly displays of temper."

E. H. Merriwether knew exactly what he would like to do to this man. What he

said—very mildly—was:
"You must admit, sir, that your requests

"Oh, I see!" And the man smiled very slightly. "Well, suppose you take Tom to your office with you tomorrow morning and keep him there while you come here. Tell him to wait for you because you wish to have luncheon with him. I do not care to discuss my reasons—for example—for not wishing you to speak to Tom about this visit. I do not wish to wound your feelings; but I am not sure that you know Tom as well as a father ought to know his only son.
And there are times when a man must be
more than a father, when he must be a tactful man of the world and a psychologist."
Mr. Merriwether realized the force of
this so clearly that he winced, but said
nothing since he could not be such

nothing, since he could not admit such a thing aloud. The man proceeded coldly: "If you are both an intelligent man and

a loving father you will promise what I ask—not for my sake, for yours. There are many things, Mr. E. H. Merriwether, that money does not cure and that not even time can heal. Ask me nothing now; come here at eleven tomorrow morning, and in the mean time do not reach to Tomorrow. the mean time do not speak to Tom about himself-or your fears.

"If you were only not so—er—damned esterious——" And Mr. Merriwether mysterious -

mysterious ——" And Mr. Merriwether forced himself to smile pleasantly.

"Ah—if!" exclaimed the man, nodding.
"Do you promise?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

He had made up his mind that Tom would not be abducted. As for worse things, if Tom had not already committed matrimony he could not very well do it in his father's private office. It was wise to keep Tom virtually a prisoner without his keep Tom virtually a prisoner without his knowledge. And parental opposition has so often served merely to add gasoline to the flame of love that one father would not even whisper his objections.

He bowed and left the room, angry that nothing had been accomplished, relieved that within twenty-four hours the matter would probably be settled, and not quite so confident of the power of money as he had been for many years.

TOM arrived at his home early enough to have his bath at the usual hour. Though he had never been asked to account for his movements he nevertheless made it a point to breakfast with his father. He would do so today. There was no occasion to say he had been to Boston or that he had slept in a Pullman.

As a matter of fact he had not slept well. The stateroom seemed full of those elusive flower-fragrances that always made him think of her, particularly sweet peas-a beautiful flower and of such delicate colors, of them for years. He really loved them, he now discovered. Their odor always tinged his thoughts with a vague spirit of romance; and this, in turn, in some subtle way ren-dered him more susceptible to the lure of adventure. It almost made him feel like a boy.

For all the stimulating reaction of his cold plunge Tom looked a trifle tired about

the eyes at breakfast.

Mr. Merriwether looked at his son with eyes that also looked tired, said "Good morning, Tom!" in his usual tone of voice, and hid behind his newspaper. Instead of reading about the absurd demands of the





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GOOD

railroad workers all over the United States for higher wages he was thinking that he had never allowed anybody to do his work for him because he had always intended that Tom should succeed him. He had at one time fully intended to train Tom for the succession, to have him learn railroading from brokeman up. from brakeman up.

Indeed the boy, after leaving college, had seemed much taken with the idea and had seemed much taken with the idea and listened with interest to his father's talks about his plans and desires and hopes. But with the great boom, that wonderful era of amazing reorganizations and stupendous consolidations, the great little man had been swamped by the flood of gold that poured into Wall Street.

And gold, as usual, had been ruthless in its demands on the great little man's time, For years he had averaged a net personal profit of a million a month; but it was not that he wished to make more money. It was that his time no longer belonged to himself; it was not his family's, but his associates'—not his only son's, but his many syndicates'. And he had devoted himself to the welfare of his syndicates and had written a dazzling page in the annals of Wall Street.

But what about his son's present and the

But what about his son's present and the future of the Merriwether roads? If Tom died the Merriwether dream would follow him—but that would be a natural death at the hands of God. If Tom lived and re-fused to be a Merriwether the death of the Merriwether dreams would be by slow strangulation—in short, hell!

His promise to the brother of the woman

His promise to the brother of the woman who had a daughter that might prove to be the executioner of his dreams stared him in the face. The situation called for tact and skill and superhuman self-control. He liked to fight in the open; but this was not a battle for more millions; it involved more than the deglutition of a rival railroad.

McWayne had reported that Tom had acted like a lunatic when he could not se-

McWayne had reported that Tom had acted like a lunatic when he could not secure the room in the Hotel Lorraine that had been engaged by Mrs. Calderon and daughter. The only ray of light was that Tom had not talked to the ladies.

"Tom," asked Mr. Merriwether casually, "have you anything on special for this morning?"

Tom had in mind a visit to 777 Blank Avenue, at which he promised himself to

Tom had in mind a visit to 777 Blank Avenue, at which he promised himself to end the affair; but he answered: "N-no."

"I mean," said the father, speaking even more casually because he noted the hesitancy, "anything that could not be done just as well in the afternoon."

"Oh, no—I have nothing special; in fact, nothing at all," said Tom.

Mr. Merriwether saw in his reply merely Tom's way of not declaring his intention to see the girl.

see the girl.
"Then I wish you would come downtown with me. I have some papers I want you to look over, and we'll have luncheon together. What do you say?" A prisoner accused of murder in the first

degree does not listen to the jury's verdict with more interest than E. H. Merriwether waited for Tom's reply, for at this crisis he realized that he had not been in his

crisis he realized that he had not been in his son's confidence in those other important little crises of boyhood that breed in sons the habit of confiding in fathers.

"Sure thing!" said Tom cheerfully.

Though thus relieved of some of his fears there remained with E. H. Merriwether the determination that Tom had not volunteered any information. The little czar of the Pacific and Southwestern was so intelligent that generally he was fundamentally the Pacific and Southwestern was so intelli-gent that generally he was fundamentally just. He did not exactly blame Tom for not confiding in him, but, also, he did not blame himself. And this was because he had habituated himself to paying for his mistakes in dollars. What could not be paid off in dollars was never a mistake, though it might well be a misfortune. They went downtown together. Mr. Merriwether took Tom into one of his half-

Merriwether took Tom into one of his halfdozen private offices, made him sit down in one of those over-comfortable armchairs that you paradoxically find in busy Wall Street offices, and said to him very seriously:

"My son, here is the history of the Pacific and Southwestern System from its very start. It goes back to the early stageline days and is brought up to today. I had it prepared in anticipation of an ill-advised congressional investigation. I have thus far succeeded in staving off the investigation not because I was afraid of it or because it

not because I was afraid of it or because it might hurt me, but because the market was in bad shape to stand alarmist rumors.

"Other people would have quite unnecessarily lost money. As soon as the investigation cannot be used as a bear club I'll let up opposing it. I'll even help it. I want you to read this book because it is written with complete frankness in order to spike certain political guns. You will get in it the full story of what has been done and what we hope still to be allowed to accomplish. When you get through with it you'll know as much about the system as I do!"

The old man had spoken quietly and im-

The old man had spoken quietly and impressively. Tom was so pleased at having something to occupy his mind and keep it from dwelling on the girl he had never seen

from dwelling on the girl he had never seen and the exasperating scoundrel at 777 Blank Avenue that his face lighted up with joy. "You could not have given me anything to do that I'd like better, dad!" he said, with such obviously sincere enthusiasm that Mr. Merriwether felt profoundly grateful for this blessing.

Then came the inevitable reaction and with it the thought: "Have I gained a successor only to lose him to some..."

with it the thought: "Have I gained a successor only to lose him to some ——"

He shook his head, clenched his jaws and looked at his watch. It was not yet time to go to fight for the possession of his son. He had much to do before he left his office to go to 777 Blank Avenue.

"Tom," he said, "you stay here until I return—will you?"

"You bet!" smiled Tom, looking at the thickness of the system's history.

"I have a meeting or two before luncheon, but I'll try not to let them interfere."

"Any time before three, boss!" said his son cheerfully.

son cheerfully. His heir and successor—but, above all and everything, his son! There was no sacrifice he would not make for this boy to keep him from blighting his own career—and his father's hopes, he added, with the

selfishness of real love. Knowing that Tom was safely imprisoned

Knowing that Tom was safely imprisoned and could not marry at least for a few hours, he was able to concentrate his mind on his railroad's affairs. He disposed of the more urgent matters. At ten-forty he sent for McWayne.

"I'm going to 777 Blank Avenue."

"Again?" inadvertently said the private secretary. Mr. Merriwether looked at him. McWayne went on to explain: "I've had a man watching it since we found Tom called there—just before going to Boston."

"Right! I expect to be back in time to lunch with Tom; but if I should be delayed ——" He paused.

"Yes, sir?"

delayed ——" "Yes, sir?" - delayed beyond one o'clock, have luncheon brought from the Meridian Club and tell Tom I wish him to stay until I return. This is important."

"Yes, sir."

"I think that is all."

"I think that is all."

"If no word is received from you by ——"
McWayne paused. Mr. Merriwether finished: "By two o'clock, come after me.
But always remember the newspapers!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll telephone before two in case I expect to stay beyond that hour."

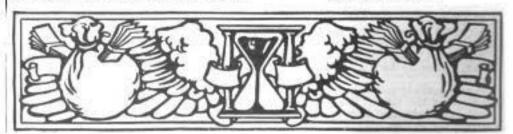
"Very well, sir."

E. H. Merriwether put on his hat, familiar to the world through the newspaper

miliar to the world through the newspaper caricaturists—and walked toward the door. Then he did what he never before had done—he repeated an order! He said to McWayne: "Look after Tom!" "Yes, sir."

Then he went to 777 Blank Avenue to learn whether Tom was to be his pride and successor or his sorrow and dream-slayer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



## AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 19)

shops carry their wares on commission from the stocks of the same manufacturing jewelers; the old Ile de la Cité, with the second-hand bookstalls stretching along the quay, and the Seine placidly meandering between its manmade, manruled banks.

Days spent here seem short days; but that may be due in some part to the differ-ence between our time and theirs. In Paris, you know, the day ends five or six hours earlier than it does in America.

The two Palaces of Fine Arts are fine enough; and finer still, on beyond them, is the great Pont Alexandre III; but, to my untutored instincts, all three of these, with their clumpings of flag standards and their grouping of marble allegories, which are so aching-white to the eye in the sunlight, seemed overly suggestive of a World's Fair as we know such things in America. Seeing them I knew where the architects who designed the main approaches and the

who designed the main approaches and the courts of honor for all our big expositions got their notions for color schemes and statuary effects. I liked better the two ancient triumphal arches of St.-Martin and St.-Denis on the Boulevard St.-Denis, and much better even than these the tre-mendous sweep of the Place de la Concorde, which is one of the finest squares in the

which is one of the finest squares in the world—and the one with the grimmest, bloodiest history, I reckon.

The Paris to which these things properly appertain is at its very best and brightest on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the parks where well-to-do people drive or ride, and their children play among the trees under the eyes of nursemaids in the quaint costumes of Normandy—though, for all I know, it may be Picardy.

Elsewhere in these same parks the not-so-well-to-do gather in great numbers—

so-well-to-do gather in great numbers— some drinking harmless sirupy drinks at the gay little refreshment kiosks; some packing themselves about the man who has tamed the tree sparrows until they come at his call and hive in chattering, fluttering swarms on his head and his arms and shoulders; some applauding a favorite game of the middle classes that is being played in every wide and open space.

I do not know its name—could not find anybody who seemed to know its name—but this game is a kind of glorified battledore and shuttlecock played with a small, hard ball capable of being driven high and ar by smartly administered strokes of a nide-headed, rimmed device shaped like a ambourine. It would seem also to be equisive to its proper playing that each layer shall have a red coat and a full spade peard, and a tremendous amount of speed and skill. If the ball gets lost in anybody's whiskers I think it counts ten for the oppos-ng side; but I do not know the other rules.

#### The Red-Eared Artist

A certain indefinable, unmistakably fallic flavor or piquancy savors the life of he people; it disappears only when they ease to be their own natural selves. A roman novelist, American by birth, but a esident of several years in Paris, told me story illustrative of this.

The incident she narrated was so typical hat it could never have happened except Paris, I thought. She said she was one a Paris, I thought. She said she was one f a party who went one night to dine at a ttie café much frequented by artists and rt students. The host was himself an rtist of reputation. As they dined there ntered a tall, gloomy figure of a man with long, ugly face full of flexible wrinkles—uch a figure and such a face as instantly ommanded their attention.

This man slid into a seat at a table near

This man slid into a seat at a table near heir table and had a frugal meal. He had eached the stage of demitasse and cigarette hen he laid down cup and cigarette and, stehing a bit of cardboard and a crayon ut of his pocket, began putting down lines nd shadings; between strokes he covertly tudied the profile of the man who was

iving the dinner party.

Not to be outdone the artist hauled out is drawing pad and pencil and made a uick sketch of the longfaced man. Both nished their jobs practically at the same noment; and, rising together with low bows, hey exchanged pictures—each had done rattling good caricature of the other nd then, without a word having been poken or a move made toward striking ip an acquaintance, each man sat him lown again and finished his dinner. The lone diner departed first. When the party at the other table had had their coffee they went round the corner to a little circus—one of the common type of French circuses, which are housed in permanent wooden buildings instead of under tents. Just as they entered, the premier clown, in spangles and peak cap, bounded into the ring. Through the coating of powder on it they recognized his wrinkly, mobile face it was the sketchmaking stranger whose handiwork they had admired not half an hour before.

Hearing the tale we went to the same circus and saw the same clown. His ears were painted bright red—the red ear is the inevitable badge of the French clown—and he had as a foil for his funning a comic countryman known on the program as Auguste, which is the customary name of all comic countrymen in France; and, though I knew only at second hand of his artistic abilities, I am willing to concede that he was the drollest master of pantomime I

On leaving the circus, very naturally we went to the café where the first part of the little dinner comedy had been enacted. We encountered no artists, professional or amateur, of blacklead and bristolboard, but we met a waiter there who was an artist—
in his line. I ordered a cigar of him, specifying that the cigar should be of a brand
made in Havana and popular in the States.
He brought one cigar on a tray. In size
and shape and general aspect it seemed to answer the required specifications.

#### Some Sepulcher

The little bellyband about its dark-brown abdomen was certainly orthodox and reg-ular; but no sooner had I lit it and taken a couple of puffs than I was seized with the conviction that something had crawled up that cigar and died. So I examined it more closely and I saw then that it was a bad French cigar, artfully adorned about its middle with a second-hand band, which the middle with a second-hand band, which the waiter had picked up after somebody else had plucked it off one of the genuine articles and had treasured it, no doubt, against the coming of some unsophisticated patron such as I. And I doubt whether that could have happened anywhere except in Paris either. in Paris either.

B D-

That is just it, you see—try as hard as you please to see the real Paris, the Paris of petty larceny and small, mean graft intrudes on you and takes a peck at your purse. Go where you will, you cannot escape it.

You journey, let us assume, to the Tomb of Napoleon, under the great dome that rises behind the wide-armed Hôtel des Invalides. From a splendid rotunda you look down to where, craftily touched by the softened lights streaming in from high above, that great sarcophagus stands housing the bones of Bonaparte; and above the entrance to the crypt you read the words from the last will and testament of him who sleeps here: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I have so well loved.'

And you reflect that he so well loved them that, to glut his lusting after power and yet more power, he led sundry hun-dreds of thousands of them to massacre and mutilation and starvation; but that is the way of world-conquerors the world over and has absolutely nothing to do with this tale. The point I am trying to get at is, if you can gaze unmoved at this sepulcher you are a clod! And if you can get away from its vicinity without being held up and gouged by small grafters you are lucky!

Not tombe por temples nor seneturies

Not tombs nor temples nor sanctuaries are safe from the profane and polluting feet of the buzzing plague of them. ou journey miles away from this spot to the great cemetery of Père Lachaise. You trudge past seemingly unending, constantly unfolding miles of monuments and mausoleums; you view the storied urns and animated busts that mark the final restingplaces of France's illustrious dead. And as you marvel that France should have had so many illustrious dead, and that so many of them at this writing should be so dead, out from behind De Musset's vault or Marshal Ney's comes a snoopy, smirky wretch to pester you to the desperation that is redeyed and homicidal with his picture post cards and his execrable wooden carvings and his mere presence!



## Facts upon Facts

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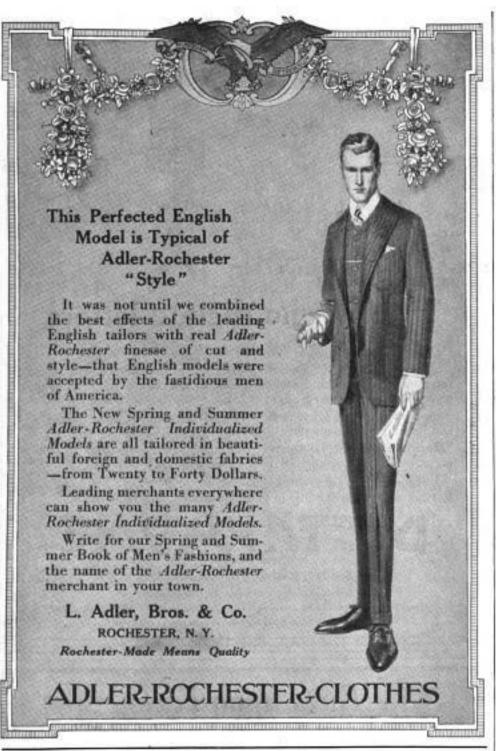
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VERSITY OF NEBRASKA, averaged UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, over \$100,00 a week during the months earned \$60,00 a week for several conof July and August alone.

LLOYD G. HALL, OF THE UNI-VERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, earned over \$2300.00 by three months work.

MISS MARY LODGE, DEFIANCE COLLEGE, OHIO, with only a little time at her disposal, earned over \$135.00 in less than six weeks.

THEODORE B. BUCHHOLZ, OF THE INDIANA NORMAL SCHOOL, PENNSYLVANIA, earned over \$400.00 in a single month. J. BACHORITCH, OF THEUNI- ELROY M. PHILLIPS, OF THE tinuous weeks.

HUNDREDS OF OTHERS earned from \$15.00 to \$100.00 a week during their summer holidays. Nearly all who worked actively made \$25.00 or more a week.

The work can be carried on in your home town, or you may travel alone or with other students, as you prefer. If you want to make your vacation a "worth-while" one, application should be made immediately.

Educational Division, Box 505

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

You fight the persistent vermin off and flee for refuge to that shrine of every Amer-ican who knows his Mark Twain—the joint ican who knows his Mark Twain—the joint grave\* of Hell Loisy and Abie Lard† and lo! in the very shadow of it there lurks a blood brother to the first pest! I defy you to get out of that cemetery without buying something of no value from one or the other, or both of them. The Communists made their last stand in Père Lachaise. So did I! They went down fighting. Same here! They were licked to a frazzle. Ditto, ditto!

Next, we will say, Notre Dame draws you. Within, you walk the clattering flags of its dim, long aisles; without, you peer aloft to view its gargoyled waterspouts, leering down like nightmares caught in the very act and frozen to stone. The spirit of the place possesses you; you conjure up a

the place possesses you; you conjure up a vision of the little maid Esmeralda and the squat hunchback who dwelt in the tower above—and at this precise moment a foul vagabond pounces on you and, with a wink that is in itself an insult and a smile that should earn for him a kick for every inch of its broadth his court its breadth, he draws from beneath his coat a set of nasty photographs—things which no decent man could look at without gag-ging and would not carry about with him

on his person for a million dollars in cash.

By threats and hard words you drive him
off; but seeing others of his kind drawing
nigh you run away, with no particular
destination in mind except to discover some spot, however obscure and remote, where

the wicked cease from troubling and the weary may be at rest for a few minutes. You cross a bridge to the farther bank of the river and presently you find yourself— at least I found myself there—in one of the very few remaining quarters of old Paris, as yet untouched by the scheme of improvement that is wiping out whatever is medieval

and therefore unsanitary, and making it all over—modern and slick and shiny.

Losing yourself—and with yourself your sense of the reality of things—you wander into a maze of tall, beetle-browed old houses with time mindows that lower at you from with tiny windows that lower at you from with tiny windows that lower at you from under their dormered lids like hostile eyes. Above, on the attic ledges, are boxes of flowers and coops where caged larks and linnets pipe cheery snatches of song; and on beyond, between the eaves, which bend toward one another like gossips who would swap whispered confidences, is a strip of sky.

Below are smells of age and dampness— and there is a rich, nutritious garlicky smell too; and against a jog in the wall a frowsy but picturesque ragpicker is asleep on a pile of sacks, with a big sleek cat asleep on his breast.

#### Villon's Unanswered Question

You pass a little church, sagged and lopped with the weight of the years; and through its doors you catch a vista of old pillars and soft half-lights, and twinkling philars and soft half-lights, and twinking candles set on the high altar. Not even the jimcrackery with which the Latin races dress up their holy places and the graves of their dead can entirely dispel its abiding, brooding air of peace and majesty. You linger a moment outside just such a

tavern as a certain ragged poet of parts might have frequented the while he penned his versified inquiry, which after all these centuries is not yet satisfactorily answered,

touching on the approximate whereabouts of the snows that fell yesteryear.

Midway of a winding alley you come to an ancient wall and an ancient gate crowned with the half-effaced quarterings of an ancient house, and you halt—almost expecting that the rusted hinges will creak a warning and the wooden halves begrudgwarning and the wooden halves begrudg-ingly divide, and that from under the slewed arch will issue a most gallant swashbuckler with his buckles all buckled

and his swash swashing—hence the name.

At this juncture you feel a touch on your shoulder. You spin on your heel, feeling at your hip for an imaginary sword. But 'tis not Master François Villon, in tattered doublet, with a sonnet. Nor yet is it a jaunty blade, in silken cloak, with a chal-lenge. It is your friend of the obscene photograph collection! He has followed you all the way from 1914 clear back into the Middle Ages, biding his time and hoping you will change your mind about investing in his nasty wares.

With your wife or your sister you visit-the Louvre. You look on the Winged Victory and admire her classic but somewhat

\*Being French, and therefore economical, those two are, as it were, splitting one tomb between

†Popular tourist pronunciation,

bulky proportions, meantime saying to yourself that it certainly must have been a mighty hard battle the lady won, because

she lost her head and both arms in doing it.
You tire of interminable portraits of the You tire of interminable portraits of the Grand Monarch—showing him grouped with his wife, the Old-fashioned Square Upright; and his son, the Baby Grand; and his prime minister, the Lyre; and his brother, the Yellow Clarinet, and the rest of the orchestra. You examine the space on the wall where Mona Lisa is or is not smiling her inscrutable smile, depending on whether the open season for Mona Lisas has come or has passed.

come or has passed.

Wandering your weary way past acres of the works of Rubens, and miles of Titians, and townships of Corots, and ranges of and townships of Corots, and ranges of Michelangelos, and quarter sections of Raphaels, and government reserves of Leonardo da Vincis, you stray off finally into a side passage to see something else, leaving your wife or your sister behind in one of the main galleries. You are gone only a minute or two, but returning you find her furiously, helplessly angry and embarrassed; and on inquiry you learn she has been enduring the ordeal of being ogled by a small, wormy-looking professional flirt. by a small, wormy-looking professional firt who has gone without shaving for two or three years in a desperate endeavor to resemble a real man.

Somebody will some day take a squirtgun and a pint of insect powder and destroy these little, hairy caterpillars who infest all parts of Paris and make it impossible for a respectable woman to venture on the streets unaccompanied!

#### Shaking Your Own Dust

Let us, for the further adornment and final elaboration of the illustration, say that you are sitting at one of the small round tables which make mushroom beds under the awnings along the boulevards. All about you are French people, enjoying themselves in an easy and a rational and an inexpensive manner. As for yourself, all you desire is a quiet half hour in which to

you desire is a quiet hair nour in which to read your paper, sip your coffee, and watch the shifting panorama of street life.

That emphatically is all you ask—merely that and a little privacy. Are you permitted to have it? You are not.

Beggars beseech you to look on their afflictions. Sidewalk venders cluster about you. And if you are smoking the spark of your cigar inevitably draws a full delegayour cigar inevitably draws a full delega-tion of those moldy old whiskerados who follow the profession of collecting butts and quids. They hover about you, watchful as chicken hawks; and their bleary eyes envy

chicken hawks; and their bleary eyes envy you for each puff you take, until you grow uneasy and self-reproachful under their glare, and your smoke is spoiled for you.

Very few men smoke well before an audience, even an audience of their own selection; so before your cigar is half finished you toss it away, and while it is yet in air the watchers leap forward and squabble under your feet for the prize. Then the winner emerges from the scramble and departs along the sidewalk to seek his next victim, with the still-smoking trophy impaled on his steel-pointed tool of trade. In desperation you rise up from there and

In desperation you rise up from there and flee away to your hotel and hide in your room, and lock and double-lock the doors. and begin to study timetables with a view

and begin to study timetables with a view to quitting Paris on the first train leaving for anywhere—the only drawback to a speedy consummation of this happy pros-pect being that no living creature can fathom the meaning of French timetables. It is not so much the aggregate amount of which they have despoiled you—it is the knowledge that every other person in Paris is seeking and planning to nick you for some sum, great or small; it is the realiza-tion that, by reason of your ignorance of the language and the customs of the land. the language and the customs of the land. you are at their mercy, and they have no mercy-that, as Walter Pater so succinctly phrases it, is what gets your goat-and gets it good!

So you shake the dust from your feetyour own dust, not Paris' dust-and you depart per hired back for the station and per train from the station. And as the train draws away from the trainshed you behold behind you two legends or inscriptions, repeated and reiterated everywhere on the walls of the French capital.

One of them says: English Spoken Here! And the other says: Liberality! Econ-

omy! Frugality!

Editor's Note-This is the seventh of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The eighth will appear in

## THE MEANING OF THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

(Continued from Page 4)

two Powers which before acted jointly, so that all other Powers must agree to ob-serve its rules on a plane of equality among themselves?

The Government of the United States objected to requiring all nations desiring the use of the canal to agree to observe its rules, on the ground that such an agreement would make those nations parties to the contract and thus give them contract rights in the canal. Mr. Hay proposed to change the reading of Lord Lansdowne's suggestion to "all nations observing these rules"; thus preserving the distinction already made plain in Lord Lansdowne's amendment between the nation adopting and the nations observing the rules, but without making them parties to the contract.

The question still remains: Did the as-sumption of the full control of the canal by the United States in any way affect the pledge of the United States Government in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty to accord to all nations terms of entire equality with

The change in the relations between the high contracting parties expressed in the new treaty seems to imply a change in this respect also; and Lord Lansdowne appears to have thought it did, for he proposed the insertion in the new treaty of the words, now for the first time suggested: "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

If it was clearly understood that the United States and all nations observing the rules were to be subject to identical conditions and charges of traffic, would there have been any occasion to demand of the United States that these should be just and equitable? Could the United States Government, on the assumption that "entire equality" applies to itself and other nations, have any motive for imposing conditions and charges of traffic that were not just and

equitable on its own citizens?

This new insertion apparently implies the conviction that entire equality with the United States was no longer, as in the first United States was no longer, as in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, a prerogative of the other Powers, including Great Britain; and that the only way to guard against excesses by the United States was not, as might otherwise be expected, to write into the treaty the simple words, No other conditions or charges of traffic are to be demanded than those paid by vessels of the manded than those paid by vessels of the United States, but, instead, the far feebler proviso, quite meaningless if entire equality were already accorded: Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable!

Undoubtedly Great Britain was, to use Lord Lansdowne's expression, making a "self-denying ordinance." The new treaty was radically different from the old. The compensation to Great Britain, however, was twofold. Without these changes the canal would probably never be built, and Great Britain was desirous that it should be built; but, in addition, Great Britain was relieved of responsibilities by placing the control exclusively in the hands of the United States.

Could Great Britain expect, under these circumstances, to obtain entire equality in all the advantages of the canal? What compensation in that case would the United States receive for assuming not only the cost of construction but the responsibilities

Great Britain thus evaded?

If the transaction is to be esteemed a fair bargain, such as should preserve the honor of both nations—and it is difficult to see how the honor of one can be involved without involving the honor of the other—it was just that the United States should receive some compensation for undertaking singlehanded to open a great waterway between the oceans that all nations observing its rules should use on equal terms. This was duly recognized by Lord Lansdowne, and there is not a word in the entire correspondence that is not inspired by a spirit of equity on both sides.

It would be as dishonorable to interpret unjustly the meaning of this treaty, and to insist that one side never really gave up anything, as to have made the treaty itself dishonorable or dishonoring to either side. In authorizing the signature of the treaty, as finally agreed on, Lord Lansdowne, in his final instructions to Lord Pauncefote, reverts to the words "all nations" and Mr. Hay's change in the form he had sug-

gested, by remarking:
"His Majesty's Government were pre-pared to accept this amendment, which seemed to us equally efficacious for the purpose which we had in view—namely, that of insuring that Great Britain should not be placed in a less advantageous position than other Powers."

It would seem absurd to claim for Great Britain all that was voluntarily surrendered in her self-denying ordinance. Her rights appear thereby to have been reduced to the use of the canal on terms of equality with all nations observing the rules, with the added proviso that "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equi-table." All other rights in the canal are accorded by the treaty now in force to the Government of the United States, whose only duties to foreign nations are defined in the following paragraph:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

THE PRINCIPLE OF NEUTRALIZATION UN-AFFECTED—It was not intended that these changes in the treaty should affect the gen-eral principle of neutralization; and Mr. Hay, in recognition of the concessions made by Great Britain in the treaty of November 18, 1901, voluntarily proposed, and it was formally agreed in the fourth article, that no change of territorial sovereignty should affect the obligations of the high contracting parties under the present treaty.

Since the ratification of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States has acquired by purchase from the Republic of Panama the right to exercise sovereign authority over the Canal Zone and the adjacent waters within the three-mile limit; but this in no way affects the general principle

of neutralization.

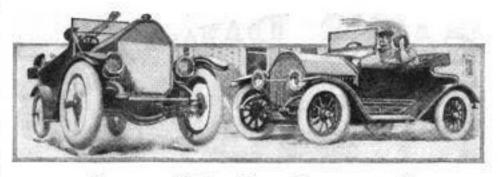
It is important, however, to comprehend the meaning of the term neutralization and the powers implied in the control of neutral-ized territory. Belgium, Switzerland and Luxemburg are neutralized states; but their domestic concerns are in no way affected by this fact. Their duty consists solely in maintaining and defending their neutrality as between foreign Powers. Their sover-eign rights are in no way abridged. Within their own territory all of these rights remain intact.

No other Power has a right to interfere with the relation between their treasuries and their domestic commerce. They are under a solemn obligation, voluntarily as-sumed, to treat other Powers alike, so far as privileges within their territory are con-cerned; and especially not to permit their territory to be used as a military base or source of supplies for belligerents. This is precisely what the Government of the United States is pledged to do in respect to all nations observing the rules of neutralization adopted by the United States-namely, to furnish equal treatment and equal service

If it were contended that the Government of the United States should enjoy no privileges in the canal other than those posessed by the nations observing its rules, there would be no historic example of neutralization and no intelligible definition of the term on which such a contention could be based. This contention would impose on the builders of the canal such servitude to noncontractants as was never yet imposed by any Power on the owner of any neutralized object.

What, under that interpretation, would become of the agreement in the second article, that "the said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such' construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal"?

'It is true that all these rights are subject to the provisions of the present treaty; but 'they are not subject to theories and definitions not in harmony with these provisions, and they cannot be in any way legally



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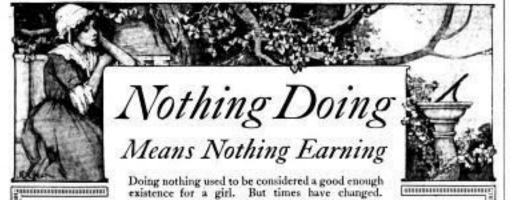


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> MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

limited, except by the clear and express stipulations of the treaty itself.

It has been claimed as a restriction on these rights that the preamble of the treaty now in force expressly states that its pur-pose is "to remove any objection which may arise out of the Convention of the ninethen the convention of the line-teenth of April, 1850, commonly called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, to the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States, without impairing the general principle of neutral-ization established in Article VIII of that Convention"; and that, therefore, Article VIII of that treaty is still in force.

A careful examination of the article in question shows that this cannot possibly be the case; and that it is merely the general principle of neutralization, and not at all the specific form of neutralization presented in that article, which the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is designed not to impair. Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty

contemplates the construction of a canal by neither government, but by some company to be formed for that purpose, under the protection of both governments. The canal is, in return for this equal protection, to be "open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal

Both governments are pledged not to ex-ercise any control over this *tertium quid*. Suppose, then, such a company had built the canal, would there be any doubt about its right to pass its own ships freely through its own waterway? Would there be any im-

own waterway? Would there be any impairment of the general principle of neutralization so long as all the protectors of the canal were equally served?

The difference between the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty consists precisely in this: In the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty the United States and Great Britain were joint protectors of a tertium quid, while in the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States Government becomes, by a new and special agreement with Great Britain, both the sole owner and the sole protector of a canal built owner and the sole protector of a canal built entirely at its own expense, while Great Britain ceases to bear any burden or accept any responsibility as protector of the canal.

That the right to equal treatment agreed on in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is based solely on participation in this obligation to protect the canal is evident from the last words of the article in question.

The article reads: " . shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other state which is willing grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford."

With the falling away of this protection, which in the first Hay-Pauncefote Trenty was still joint between the United States and Great Britain, and was to be shared by other Powers also, disappears entirely the specific form of neutrality embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and only the general principle, as already defined, remains—namely, that the owner grame entire equality to all nations observing the rules.

THE REMOVAL OF ALL AMBIGUITIES-If it be claimed that the language of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is ambiguous, and that, therefore, the broadest possible construction should be placed on it, there is a very simple method of ending all controversy regarding the obligations of

the treaty.

Let it be assumed that the Government of the United States is in honor bound to treat the vessels of all nations precisely as it treats its own: what results from this cocession? If such conditions and charges of traffic are to be just and equitable, it is proper that every gross ton of shipping passing through the canal should bear in due proportion of the total interest charge and cost of maintenance, operation and

defense of the canal.

If it be a point of honor on account of the obligations of the treaty for the Government of the United States to accord to the vessels of all nations the same treatment that is accorded to its own vessels, it is also a point of honor for all nations availing themselves of the use of the canal to make good to the treasury of the United States their share of the cost of the service rendered

It would, therefore, be fitting for the Government of the United States, if this con-struction is to be placed on the treaty, is add a rule requiring the nations using the canal to pledge themselves, as a condition of enjoying its benefits, to pay from their respective treasuries such sums as may be necessary to meet any deficit in the annual budget of the canal, in proportion to the gross tonnage of the vessels sailing union their respective flags.

## Sense and Nonsense

## Cheap Cottages

THE five-hundred-dollar cottage is an ideal that just now is having a great amount of experiment and study in England in the campaign for better housing. One such cottage has been built under very favorable conditions and many have been constructed at near this figure.

Each one, after being finished, has been given wide attention, and its faults as a model home have been pointed out. The latest idea considered is to put up a frame-

work of structural steel, to hold grooved concrete slabs for walls and floors.

Slabs of a waterproof composition would be used for the roof.

It has been stoutly claimed that, made in quantities at prevailing prices in England, it would be possible to build cottages of ten thousand cubic fast each in this year for five thousand cubic feet each in this way for five hundred dollars.

#### Anything to Please

DIGBY BELL, the actor, says he was D once playing a short engagement in a small Middle Western city, when, about an hour before the curtain went up for the matinée, a messenger from the front of the theater came to him as he sat in his dressing room reading his mail.

"The house manager wants to know," said the emissary, "whether you expect him

to dress up this afternoon."
"Well," said Bell, "I understand the audience will be fashionable. Tell the manager for me that I think it would be well for him to dress as he always does for his big matinée houses,"

When the performance was over Bell slipped around to the box office to observe

the result of his advice.

The house manager stood at the door glorious in a dinner coat, dress waistcoat and broad white lawn tie.

## Dyeing Rocks

PUMPING dyes into rock is a new way T to discover whether the rock is solid or not, and hence whether it will make a good foundation. Holes are drilled in the rock intended for the foundation of a building and the dye is forced into the holes under pressure. More holes are then drilled near by, and if any rock dust comes up dyel the number and size of seams in the mass are then indicated.

#### The New Catechism

AWELL-KNOWN doctor of Savannah has two children—a little daughter. aged six, and a small son, aged four. One day he overheard the little girl putting be brother through an examination in Bible

history.

"Do you know who the first man and the first woman were?"

"Yeth, I do," lisped the boy.

"I'll bet you don't know their names," pressed the sister.

"I bet I do!" replied the little fellow.

"Well. what were their names, then Mr.

"Well, what were their names, then, Mr.

Smarty?"
"Edem and Ab!" answered the little boy.

## Refined Fish

BOB DAVIS, editor of Munsey's, was at the Hotel Cecil, in London. Glancing over the menu one morning at breakfast. he said to the waiter:

"What is a whiting?" "A whiting, sir," said the waiter, "is a

fish, sir."
"I know that," said Davis; "but what kind of a fish? How does it taste?"

The waiter pondered the matter for a

moment.
"I'll tell you, sir," he said: "A whiting is like a 'addock, sir-only more refined.

## HOW TO INTEREST INVESTORS

## By ROGER W. BABSON

THE young business man who has read the preceding articles of this series has now a fair idea of how money is borrowed temporarily on various forms of notes. I have also endeavored to describe some of the inside workings of a bank and to give readers some friendly and fatherly advice as to how to separate a banker from his money.

Many readers, however, desire to issue securities of a more permanent form, so as not to be disturbed every six months with note renewals. How to accomplish this feat will now be considered.

As was explained in a previous article, for many purposes money should only be raised through the issuance of additional capital stock to oneself or family; but there are other purposes for which the young business man is entitled to issue securities to the public, and the following three articles will be devoted to this phase of

the subject.

When a young business man goes to a banker for advice as to issuing bonds, preferred stocks, or some other form of securities to the public, the banker first asks the young man to describe to him the character of the business in which he is interested. All standard securities may today be grouped under one of the five following

1—Railroad securities; 2—Traction se-curities; 3—Other Public-Utility securi-ties; 4—Industrial securities; 5—Mining securities.

There are styles and fashions in stocks and bonds just as in hats and dresses. To catch the timid investor, one must issue securities to the public when his special class of business is popular, and lie low when his special class of business is unpopular. Some one class of securities is always in favor and some other class is always in disfavor. The fashions of investments change from year to year as does the ments change from year to year as does the cut of coats.

One year steam-railroad securities are unpopular and traction securities are very popular; another year traction securities are unpopular and industrials are very much in favor. As ninety-five per cent of the people are like sheep and blindly follow one another two conclusions can be drawn. one another, two conclusions can be drawn

from the above statement:

The young man desiring to solicit funds for traction property should wait until traction securities are popular and then issue said securities, whether or not he is then in immediate need of additional funds. The young man interested in an industrial proposition, however, should not sacrifice his securities when traction securities are popular, but wait until industrials again come into favor.

## The Psychological Moment to Sell

In other words, there is a psychological moment for the issuing of any one class of securities. As the wheel keeps going round, a man desirous of selling some one class of securities to the public should wait for the time when such class is in favor, and then "make hay while the sun shines." It is much easier for the man in need of funds to much easier for the man in need of funds to float with the tide of popular favor than to attempt to row against this great tide by endeavoring to sell—at any time—securi-ties of a class that for some reason is temporarily in disfavor.

Wise investors always seek to avoid purchasing that class of securities which are temporarily popular. When public-utility securities are popular and industrial securities are in disfavor, the wise investor avoids purchasing public-utility securities and purchases the much-despised indus-

Conversely, when the preferred stocks of industrial companies are very popular and railroads are in disfavor, then the wise investor avoids purchasing the popular industrials and—much to the disgust of his brokers and friends-buys the despised railroads.

Working with the tide the man in need of funds will be able to obtain his funds easier, at a lower rate and on better terms, and on the other hand the investor will be able to obtain better securities at the lower price, thus yielding a higher rate of interest, by rowing against the tide.

RAILROAD SECURITIES. The railroads of this country will probably some day be taken over by the Government at an appraised valuation, however much you and I may regret it. Practically speaking, this will take care of all the bond issues. With, however, a few exceptions, the bond and other obligations of the American railroads are worth all they are selling for today. Reorganizations are inevitable and the par value of certain issues will be cut down; but, in the writer's opinion, there is hardly an obligation of an American railroad today which, if an investor should purchase at present prices and hold on to it, will not

present prices and hold on to it, will not some time refund his money.

In the case of railroad stocks this is different. Much depends on the valuation of railroads now being carried on by the Government. Some stocks will be found to be worth more than par, while others will be found to be worth much less than par. If interested in the promotion of a railroad I should endeavor to keep the bonds myself and sell the stock to the public on a basis which will give these purchasers a handsome profit if the railroad gets a fair deal from the Government, and gets a fair deal from the Government, and placing on these people the loss in case the railroad does not get a fair deal.

#### The Tangible Property Basis

On the other hand, as an investor in railroads, I should endeavor to confine my purchases to the bonds and other obligations—especially certain four per cent bonds selling at a large discount—unless I were in a position to study fundamental conditions and buy stocks.

Traction Securities. At one time trac-tion securities were very much in favor and it was very easy to sell bonds or stocks issued by street-railroad companies. Now that the people are getting wise, however, the franchise question is becoming a serious proposition. As franchises expire it is difficult to make a profitable trade with the municipality involved. Moreover, the labor factor is to become a distinct detriment to the street-railroad business.

If the writer personally were engaged in the street-railroad business at the present time, instead of endeavoring to sell addi-tional securities, he would look round for something else to do, and become interested in some other line from which the cream had not been so thoroughly skimmed. However, this very fact that certain traction securities may be in disrepute during the next few years should make some of their bonds attractive to keen investors who have courage.

Investors, however, should be very particular to purchase only traction securities issued on a basis where they will be taken care of if the property is taken over by the state or the municipality at the actual value of the tangible property.

In other words, traction securities should not be purchased on the basis of the fran-chise value or even on the basis of earn-ings. Only actual tangible property should be considered by be considered by the investor in traction

OTHER PUBLIC-UTILITY SECURITIES. In this group I include the securities of lighting, water and power companies, which, for several reasons, have a number of advan-tageous features. The labor factor is very small in connection with lighting, water and power companies, and therefore, as wages increase, the expenses of these companies should not necessarily increase in any such proportion.

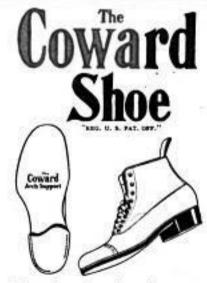
Moreover, the coming generation will probably use much more electricity and other modern conveniences than does even the present generation. Companies that derive their power from water should espe-cially be in favor as coal increases in price and as our streams and forests are conserved.

Promoters of such public utilities should have very little difficulty in placing additional securities at the proper time; and both promoters and investors are apt to



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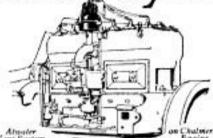
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"The intensity of the spark does not vary with the speed. This gives our motors wonderful power at low speeds under heavy loads." MAURICE WOLF, Pres. THE METHOR MOTOR CAR CO. "Your system stays fixed." There is no need

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find them quite popular. The promoter, however, must not wait too long, but must sell them while they are in favor.

On the other hand, the investor must be very careful not to get caught while this class is popular, but rather wait until they are in disfavor, as they will have their turn like all others.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES. These probably fluctuate more than any other class in public favor. One year they are very popular and the next year they are very unpopular. The men engaged in industrial enterprises desiring to sell securities should plan to do so during these popular years; while investors should plan to buy industrial securities only during years when they are very much in disfavor. These cycles come about once in four years and may be readily recognized.

readily recognized.

Personally the writer would advise small investors to invest only a small proportion of their money in industrials; but when such money is invested, cumulative seven or eight per cent preferred stock—preferred also as to assets—is usually the most desirable.

When purchasing railroad or traction securities the wise investor prefers bonds, letting the other fellow have the stock; but when purchasing into industrial companies the wise investor sometimes purchases the preferred stock. The common stock is too much of a gamble and should be owned by those actively engaged in the business; but if the preferred stock is not good the bonds are usually not good either.

MINING SEXURITIES. This group contains both the most profitable and the most dangerous varieties of investments—if such a word can be used in this connection. There are certain classes of people who are bound to take a chance. If they cannot find mining stocks to buy they will play poker or gamble through a bucketshop in railroads. Those of my friends desiring to raise money for mining purposes I urge to hunt up such people.

to hunt up such people.

Do not try to sell bonds on a mine; do not sell any mining securities to widows or orphans. Go to business men who want to take a flyer with a specified proportion of their money. Tell them the truth—that if ore is struck they may make five dollars for every one dollar invested; while if not they will make a total loss. Business men are generally pleased by such frank statements, and it is often easy to interest them in mining propositions if one goes about it right.

I have not mentioned municipal securities in the above brief analysis, as most

I have not mentioned municipal securities in the above brief analysis, as most municipal bonds are perfectly good as to security, and the rate of interest simply depends on their convertibility. Bonds of well-known cities, which can quickly be sold, are issued at a lower rate than bonds of small towns, which have a limited market. Personally the writer prefers bonds of a medium-grade city in the Middle West. There is no use in investing in bonds that yield a very low rate, nor is it wise to purchase bonds of those very small towns that are almost impossible to sell.

#### Five Points for Investors

Investors, however, should be very particular only to purchase such municipal bonds as are secured by the entire municipality, and avoid so-called improvement bonds or assessment bonds, which hold only certain districts or streets.

The young business man can use for his selling talk the fact that every investor should have a certain proportion of his funds in the securities of each of the five classes mentioned above. This gives him an opportunity always to talk up his class—

whatever it may be—to every investor.

A striking illustration of the need for such distribution was furnished by certain fire-insurance companies after the San Francisco earthquake. It appeared that the companies' assets were largely invested in San Francisco real estate and enterprises where the bulk of its fire risks were concentrated. As a result, the very catastrophe that converted its risks into actual liabilities deprived its assets of all immediate value.

There are five different features that investors observe in the selection of investments which the young business man desiring to raise money should carefully note. These are given by a Wall Street authority as follows:

1—Safety of Principal and Interest. In the quality of safety there is a marked

difference between safety of principal and safety of interest. With some investments the principal is much safer than the interest, and vice versa. This can best be illustrated by examples

by examples.

The bonds of terminal companies, which are guaranteed as to interest under the terms of a lease by the railroads that use the terminal, are usually far safer as to interest than as to principal. While the lease lasts, the interest is probably perfectly secure; but when the lease expires and the bonds mature, the railroads may see fit to abandon the terminal and build one elsewhere if the city has grown in another direction; and the terminal may cease to have any value except as real estate.

2—RATE OF INCOME. A large part of the problem of investment lies in the careful selection of securities to meet one's actual requirements. The average investor does not thoroughly understand this point. He does not realize that a high degree of one quality involves a lower degree of other qualities. He may have a general impression that a high rate of income is apt to indicate less assurance of safety, but he rarely applies the same reasoning to other qualities.

When he buys securities he is quite likely to pay for qualities he does not need. It is very common, for example, when he wishes to make a permanent investment and has no thought of reselling, to find him purchasing securities that possess in a high degree the quality of convertibility. This is pure waste for him; and the young business man desiring to interest an investor in the unlisted and inactive securities of his company should preach this fact. A high degree of convertibility is only obtained at the sacrifice of some other quality—usually rate of income.

3—Convertibility divides investors into classes more sharply than any other quality. For some investors convertibility is a matter of small importance; for others it is the paramount consideration. Generally speaking, however, the young business man may assume that the private investor does not need to place much emphasis on the quality of convertibility—at least for the larger part of his estate.

On the other hand, for a business surplus ready convertibility is an absolute necessity; and in order to secure it something in the way of income must usually be sacrificed.

#### Well-Dressed Securities

4—Appreciation in Value. "Again, some investors are so situated that they can insist strongly on the promise of appreciation in value, while others cannot afford to do so. Rich men, whose income is in excess of their wants, can afford to forego something in the way of yearly return for the sake of a strong prospect of appreciation in value. Such men naturally buy bank and trust-company stocks, the general characteristic of which is a small return on the money invested, but a strong likelihood of appreciation in value."

5—STABILITY OF MARKET PRICE. Stability of market price is frequently a consideration of great importance. This quality should never be confused with the quality of safety. Safety means the assurance that the maker of the obligation will pay principal and interest when due; stability of market price means that the investment will not shrink in quoted value. These are very different things, though frequently confused in people's minds. An investment may possess assured safety of principal and interest, and yet suffer a violent decline in quoted price owing to a general change in monetary conditions.

The lesson to be learned here by business men desiring to sell securities is that they must always issue them on a basis which will compare favorably with the going market price of similar investments. If they offer too high a rate people will be afraid that the securities are unsafe; while if they offer too little they are wholly unattractive.

This is very important to remember; in fact, as I opened this article by referring to fashions in securities, advising you young business men to conform thereto, I now close by urging you to also adapt yourselves to rate changes and conditions.

Really, if your securities are safe, only two things are necessary in order to sell them—namely: Dress them up in style and make them pay the going rate of interest. DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY MUNSINGWEAR

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# THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST

An I

Veekly enj. Franklin

AY 23, 1914

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PRESIDENT WILSON ON MEXIC

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## "The Proof is in the Eating."

Painted by G. J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1914

Number 47

The President was in

evening dress, and he seemed strong and vigor-

ous as he sat facing me at the side of his desk. He

was waiting to go to a

conference between the Attorney-General, the Sec-

retary of War and Senator

Thomas, of Colorado, over

the mining strike in the

quarters of an hour. The

President went freely and

frankly into the situation -

told his ideals, his hopes,

dealing, of course, with the subject in a general rather

than in a specific way, be-

cause of the length of time

I told him must ensue be-

tween the talk and the

publication of what I might

write concerning it, and

the knowledge that in a

day-to-day event like this,

with its constantly shifting series of happenings, sum-

maries must be resorted to

rather than immediate

versation with the Pres-

ident, which was on the evening of April twenty-

As a result of my con-

comment.

his plans, his conclusions –

We talked for three-

Senator's state.

### MEXICO: The Record of a Conversation With President Wilson

MY IDEAL is an orderly and righteous government in Mexico; but my passion isforthesubmerged eightyfive per cent of the people of that Republic, who are

now struggling toward liberty."

The President closed his fingers into a sinewy fist. He leaned forward in his chair—leaned forward as a man leans forward who is about to start on a race, his body taut, his muscles tense. I could see the cords stand out on the back of his neck. His eyes were narrowed, his lips slightly parted, his vigor and arnestness impressive.

Bang! He hit the desk with that clenched fist. The paper-knife rattled against the tray and a few open letters stirred a bit rom the jar of the blow.

"I challenge you," he aid, "to cite me an intance in all the history of he world where liberty vas handed down from bove! Liberty always is ttained by the forces torking below, undereath, by the great movement of the people. That, avened by the sense of rong and oppression and intertain by the forces of the people.

resident relaxed from his tense attitude and smiled.

"It is a curious thing," he continued, "that every demand for the establishment of

"It is a curious thing," he continued, "that every demand for the establishment of rder in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of fexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time régime, or the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very pudition of disorder. No one asks for order because order will help the masses of the cople to get a portion of their rights and their land; but all demand it so that the great where of property, the overlords, the hidalgos, the men who have exploited that rich cuntry for their own selfish purposes, shall be able to continue their processes undisturbed to the protests of the people from whom their wealth and power have been obtained. "The dangers that beset the Republic are held to be the individual and corporate

"The dangers that beset the Republic are held to be the individual and corporate oubles of these men, not the aggregated injustices that have been heaped on this vastly eater section of the population that is now struggling to recover by force what has ways been theirs by right.

"They want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead. It is y part, as I see it, to aid in composing those differences so far as I may be able, that e new order, which will have its foundation on human liberty and human rights, shall

We were sitting in the old Cabinet room, on the second floor of the White House, we changed to a library and workroom for the President. Two sides of the walls are sed with books, and opposite the mantel there hangs a great picture of the signing the Spanish War Peace Treaty, showing President McKinley gazing benignantly at cretary Day and the Spanish commissioner, who, seated side by side, are writing their mes on the document that formally ended the war of 1898. A great globe stands in the rner—a great blue globe, with many lines traced on it, many lines running from ashington to the South. There was a cluster of red roses in the corner, and a little eeze fluttered the curtains of the windows that looked out on the fountain, the wonderful isses of bloom on the flowering trees, the new, soft green of the leaves, and the velvet the grass. A searchlight played on the tip of the Washington Monument and, far back, a dome of the Capitol swam mistily in the silver light of the new moon.



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Secretary of State Bryan Being Interviewed in the White House Grounds

seventh, only a few hours
after word had come that
Huerta would accept the
offer of mediation made by the representatives of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, I can
state these conclusions, which will endure regardless of the outcome of mediation nego-

tiations. The settled policy of the President, in regard to Mexico, will be as follows:

FIRST—The United States, so long as Mr. Wilson is President, will not seek to gain a
foot of Mexican territory in any way or under any pretext. When we have finished with
Mexico, Mexico will be territorially intact,

Second—No personal aggrandizement by American investors or adventurers or capitalists, or exploitation of that country, will be permitted. Legitimate business interests that seek to develop rather than exploit will be encouraged.

THIRD—A settlement of the agrarian land question by constitutional means—such as that followed in New Zealand, for example—will be insisted on.

These are the materialistic ideals of President Wilson, the main points he has firmly in his mind. His future policy will rest on these foundations, regardless of what the moment may inject into the situation in the way of minor questions.

We talked for a few moments on that April evening of the historic associations of the portion of the White House where we were, which, until the time of President Roosevelt, was used by the Presidents as office and workroom by the clerical force, by the Cabinet, and as the public reception room. It was in this part of the White House that all the preliminaries of the Spanish War were decided on by President McKinley, and it was this portion of the White House that President Lincoln occupied as his office and workroom during the Civil War. Now it makes up a part of the home space in the White House; but in that library where we were sitting, and where McKinley's Cabinet debated the Spanish War and Lincoln's Cabinet debated the Civil War, a great many of the problems of Mexico, whether war problems or peace problems, have been and will be considered by President Wilson.

"Mr. President," I began, "I have recently been through the country somewhat, and I am constantly meeting men who have arrived from various states. I find and they find that, though the people of this country are patriotic and are loyally standing by the Administration, they do not, as a whole, know just what they are patriotic about."

"I have found that to be true, in a measure, myself," said the President; "and I am glad of an opportunity to explain my ideas and my ideals on the subject."

He stopped for a moment as though to select a place for beginning. I noticed that his face, instead of being pale, as it was the last time I saw him, was burned by the sun; that his eye was clear and bright, and his whole attitude that of a man who is strong and well. I noticed, too, that his hands were not burned by the sun; and as he talked I watched those hands and observed how he used them constantly-not in widespread gestures, but rather in supplementary and interpretative motions, as though he were a musician speaking the score of his music and playing the notes with his fingers as he went along. I doubt whether his hands, except when he thwacked the desk, moved more than twelve inches one way or the other; but they seemed almost a part of his speech, and expressed his various attitudes of mind and emotion when he proceeded as vividly as did the intonation of his voice and the emphasis of his words.

He sat back in his chair and half closed his eyes. His fingers laced and interlaced. Then he began to talk, clearly, simply, with a clarity of diction, a sequence of thought and a lucidity of expression that seemed even more remarkable than it really was when compared with the muddled speech of many of our statesmen. Now and then he used a colloquialism. Once or twice he dropped into slang. He spoke of some one "butting in," and he said "We must hump ourselves!" He marshaled his facts with such precision and presented his ideas so cogently that it was apparent his viewpoint was the result of a long and continuous study of every phase of the minor problems involved in the great problem: Why are we in Mexico and what are we going to do there?

"Every phase of the Mexican situation," the President said, "is based on the condition that those in *de facto* control of the Government must be relieved of that control before Mexico can realize her manifest destiny."

#### The Peons' Struggle for Freedom

THE President made it clear that the United States has no quarrel with the Mexican people and that the Mexican people should have no quarrel with us. He sketched the conditions in Mexico under Diaz and came to the underlying cause for all the unrest in that country for many years. This, he said, was a fight for the land—just that and nothing more.

He pointed out how the landed aristocracy, originally given control of vast tracts of land by Spanish grants, had during succeeding years, by coercion, absorption and by other methods of force and with the support of the Government, taken away from the small landowners most of their properties, and had created the feudal estates, where the people were virtually slaves.

These processes were followed by the passage of a general law which made legal the condemnation of all land to the state that was not secured by a title which complied with provisions in the law that made most of the titles of the properties the landed aristocracy wanted easy of annulment. Farm after farm passed into the control of the big landowners and there was no recourse for the former owners or for their families but to work at dictated terms and

practically as slaves on the land that had formerly been theirs.

"Fortunately for the peons, but unfortunately for himself," the President continued, "Diaz permitted the establishment of a public-school system. He himself said he raised up the instrument that brought about his own destruction—the school system."

Weak and incomplete as this school system was and is, it nevertheless had the effect of helping in great measure toward the partial education of a sufficient number of the peons to make it easy for agitators to start revolutions. Revolutions were started. Finally there came the successful revolution of Madero and his supporters, and the exile of Diaz. This was fol-lowed by the killing of Madero, and the assumption of power by Huerta. The present revolution, like all preceding revolutions, is primarily a revolution by the peons who want to regain their "To some extent," the President said, "the situation in Mexico is similar to that in France at the time of the Revolution. There are wide differences in many ways," he continued, "but the basic situation has many resemblances."

After the accession of Huerta the President definitely decided not to recognize that alleged Government and remained firm in that resolve. However, for many months, he has not been unaware that a situation was developing which would force him to make an active movement against Mexico, or the alleged Huerta Government of Mexico; and would bring about such a condition as existed at the time mediation was suggested.

"It has been a difficult situation," he said, "because so many elements of it have been without our control and our territory. In a domestic matter we can see our way clear, because ordinarily all the elements are within our view and consideration; but here was a trouble that had its active movements in another and an adjacent and a somewhat remote country, and we were forced to sit and watch, and await such developments as might be. I have known for months that some such thing could happen—was inevitable, in fact; and my prayer was that it might not be a calamity."

Then came the incident at Tampico. Rear-Admiral Mayo, resenting the insult to the flag, issued his demand for an apology, and the President and his Cabinet stepped in behind the Admiral.

"Really," said the President, "it was a psychological moment, if that phrase is not too trite to be used. There was no great disaster like the sinking of the Maine, and there was an adequate reason for our action in this culminating insult of a series of insults to our country and our flag."

The President followed with his emphatic declaration that his passion is for the great masses of the Mexican people, and his statement that his sole object in Mexico is to help the people secure the liberty which he holds is fully theirs by right.

"The function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people," he said. "Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out.

"What we must do and what we hope to do are twofold. First, we hope to show the world that our friendship for Mexico is a disinterested friendship, so far as our own aggrandizement goes; and, second, we hope to prove to the world that the Monroe Doctrine is not what the rest of the world, including some of the countries in this hemisphere, contends—merely an excuse for the gaining of territory for ourselves.

"I hold this to be a wonderful opportunity to prove to the world that the United States of America is not only human but humane; that we are actuated by no other motives than the betterment of the conditions of our unfortunate neighbor, and by the sincere desire to advance the cause of human liberty."

The situation, he pointed out, is intolerable, and requires the strong guiding hand of the great nation on this continent

that, by every appeal of right and justice, and the lave for order and the hope for peace and prosperity, must assist these warring people back into the paths of quiet and prosperity. We have an object lesson to give to the rest of the world; an object lesson that will prove to the skeptical outsiders that this nation rises superior to considerations of added power and scorns an opportunity for territorial aggrandizement; an object lesson that will show to the people of this—our own—hemisphere that we are sincerely and unselfishly the friends of all of them, and particularly the friends of the Mexican people, with no other idea than the idea and the ideal of helping them compose the differences, starting them on the road to continued peace and renewed prosperity, and leaving them to work our their own destiny, but watching them narrowly and insisting that they shall take help when help is needed.

"I have not permitted myself to think of what will be the outcome of these plans for mediation," the President said. "I hope they may be successful. In any event we shall deem it our duty to help the Mexican people, and we shall continue until we have satisfactory knowledge that peace has been restored, that a constitutional Government is reorganized, and that the way is open for the peaceful reorganization of that harassed country."

#### The Possibilities of Self-Government

"WE SHALL not demand a foot of territory nor a cent of money—except, of course, the settlement of such claims as may justly be made by American citizens for damages to their property during these disturbance—individual claims. There will be no money demand in a national sense. Then we shall have shown the entire world that the Monroe Doctrine means an unselfish friendship for our neighbors—a disinterested friendship in the sense of not being interested in our aggrandizement—and thatour motives are only the motives inspired by the higher humanity, by our sense of duty and responsibility, and by our determination that human liberty shall prevail in our hemisphere."

The President paused. He had been intensely in earnest in his talk. He smiled, and his long white fingers were themselves in and out. Then, with a little gesture that betokened amused contempt, he continued:

"They say the Mexicans are not fitted for self-government; and to this I reply that, when properly directed, there is no people not fitted for self-government. The very fact that the extension of the school system by Diaz brought about a certain degree of understanding among some of the people which caused them to awaken to their wrongs and to strive intelligently for their rights makes that contention absurd. I do not hold that the Mexican peons are at present as capable of self-government as other people—ours, for example; but I do hold that the widespread sentiment that they never will be and never can be made to be capable of self-government is as wickedly false as it is palpably absurd."

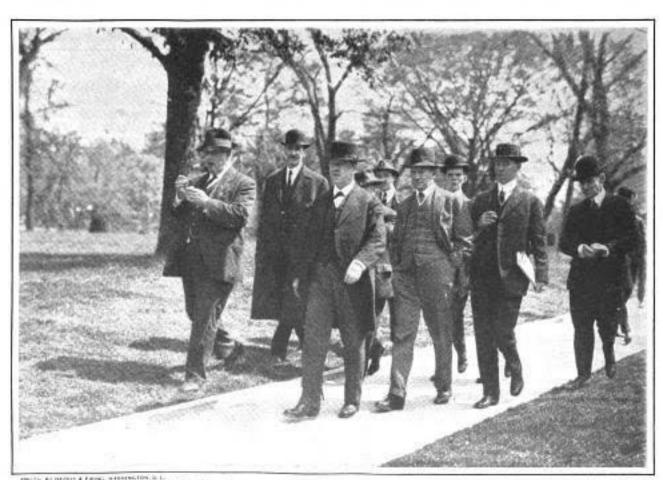
He paused again.

"Did you see that dispatch we gave out, from Consul-General Hanna, which detailed his experiences with the

army at Torreon? It was a sort of a diary of his adventures and a record of what he saw. We gave it all out; but the latter part of it was not widely printed, for the first part of it was full of bloody details of the battle. I suppose"-and he smiled whimsically again-"I suppose the editors felt there was no particular interest in the peaceful and gratifying information that was in the latter portion of the dispatch.

"Well, if you read that dispatch, you learned that Mr. Hanna was most agreeably surprised and greatly gratified by the treatment Villa's men gave their prisoners; how they endeavored to live up to the rules of civilized warfare: how they were constantly on the lookout for new in formation that would relieve them of the stigma of being barbarians. This merely shows that these people, if they get the chance are capable of learning at are anxious to learn. The President returned

to the question of mediation (Concluded on Page 71.



Secretary of the Navy Daniels Being Interviewed on the Way From a Cabinet Meeting

### SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

# By RICHARD DEHAN



"I Say it is Beastly to be Expected to Marry Just Because Money Has
Got to be Brought Into the Family"

and imposing personage flushed from the nape of his neck to the high summit of his cranium—premature baldness figured among the family heredities-paced in creaking patent-leather boots up and down the castle library, a noble apartment of Tudor design lined with rare and antique volumes into which none ever looked. There were other persons present besides the dowager countess, and, to judge by the strainedly polite expression of their faces, the squeaking leather must have been playing havoc with their nerves; but nobody protested, and Lord Beaumaris continued his agitated perambulations, regularly turning as he reached the limit of the wornout rug.
"Gustavus," said his motherat length,

THE Earl of Beaumaris, a worthy

"you're an English peer in your own castle and not a pointsman on a Broadway block, unless I'm considerably mistaken. Sit down!"

"Mother, I will not be defied!" said Lord Beaumaris. "I will not be bearded by my own child—a mere chit of a girl! Had Susanna been a boy I should have mown how to deal with this spirit of a nsubordination. Being a girl—and, noreover, motherless—I abandon her to rou. She has many things to learn, but et the first lesson you inculcate be this—hat I positively refuse to be defied!"

"The child has, I gather, gone out to ake the air when she ought to have tayed in and taken a scolding," said ady Beaumaris. "Does anybody know f her whereabouts?"

Alaric Osmond-Orme, a languid, drabomplexioned, light-haired man of arisocratic appearance, never seen without he smoked eyeglass that concealed a labolic squint, spoke:

"I saw her, in a crimson golfing jacket and a white Tam 'Shanter, crossing the upper terrace. She carried an lpenstock and was followed by quite a pack of dogs incororated in the body of one extraordinary mongrel I have casionally observed about the stable yards. I gathered hat she was going for a climb on the cliffs. That was about alf an hour ago."

"Alaric, you have attended every family council I recolct since I became a member of this family, and have never efore opened your lips," said Lady Beaumaris, fixing the nfortunate Alaric with her eye, which was still black and happingly bright. "Make this occasion memorable by floring a suggestion. You really over us one!"

flering a suggestion. You really owe us one!"

Everybody present looked at Alaric, who smiled helpssly and dropped his eyeglass, revealing the physical eculiarity it concealed. The effect of the diabolic squint combination with his mild features and somewhat foolish opposition conveyed a general impression of reserve force, it is spoke, fumbling for the missing article, which had larged rapturously into his bosom, with long, trim fingers crusted with mourning rings.

"The question at issue is, unless I have failed in my ental digest of the situation, how to bring Susanna, Viseuntess Lymston—pardon me if I indulge a little my eakness for prolixity——"

The door creaked and Alaric broke off.

"My dear man," said the dowager, "I never before heard ou utter a sentence of more than two words' length!"

"—— to bring Susanna, who is just seventeen and fiercely rginal in her expressed aversion to and avoidance of ordiary everyday man, into compliance with your paternal ishes"—Alaric bowed to Lord Beaumaris—"where the accuragement of a suitor is concerned."

"I have appealed to her filial feelings, which do not pear to exist," said Lord Beaumaris. "I have appealed her reason; I doubt gravely whether the girl possesses by. 'There is too much landed property, there are too any houses and too many heirlooms, and there is not sough ready money to keep things going,' I said. Her ply was: 'Sell some of the land and some of the houses and all of the pictures, and then there will be enough to keep the rest.' 'My dear child, is it possible,' I said, 'that your age and occupying the position you occupy you are no idea of what is meant by an entail?'

"Then I made her sit down here in this library, opposite e, and laid plainly before her why it is necessary for her, my daughter, to marry, and to marry wealth, position ad title. Before I had ended she rose with a flaming face

and burst into a hysterical tirade that lasted ten minutes. I gathered that she was willing to marry Sir Prosper La Gai or the Knight of the Swan if either of those gentlemen proposed for her hand. Neither being available she intends, I gather, to write great poems or paint great pictures or go on the stage. . . . Go on the stage! My blood curdled at the bare idea. It is still in that unpleasant condition." Lord Beaumaris shuddered violently and pressed his handkerchief to his nose. "If you have any advice to give, Alaric," he said bluntly, "oblige us by giving it."

The drab-complexioned, light-haired Alaric responded:

"In my poor opinion—which may be crassly wrong—too much stress has been laid on the necessity of Susanna's marrying." At this point the contrast between the amiable vacuity of Alaric's face and the Mephistophelean intelligence of his monocled eye was so extraordinary as to hold his listeners spellbound in their chairs. "I think we may take it that the principal feature of the child's character is—call it determination amounting to obstinacy—"

"Crass obstinacy!" burst from the earl.
"Pigheadedness!" interjected the dowager.

"I think I remember hearing that in her nursery days the sure way to make her take a dose of harmless necessary medicine," pursued Alaric, his left eye fixed on the door, "was to prepare the potion, pill or what not, sweeten and then carefully conceal it from her. Were she my daughter, which heaven for—which heaven has not granted—I should make her take a husband in the same way."

"An utterance possibly inspired, but as obscure as the generality. I fear, my dear Alaric ——" Lord Beaumaris began. The dowager cut him short.

"Say, Gus, can't you let him finish? That's what I call real mean—to switch a man off just when he's beginning to grip the track."

"Mother, I bow to you," Lord Beaumaris said, purpling

with indignation. "Pray continue, Alaric!"
"Hum along, Alaric," encouraged the dowager.

Alaric, his countenance as the countenance of a little child, his right eye beaming with mildness and his left eye like the eye of an intelligent fiend, went on:

"Susanna has never yet seen the Duke of Halcyon, her cousin and the husband for whom you destine her. When she does see him I think I may be pardoned for saying ——"

"She'll raise Cain!" agreed Lady Beaumaris. "Girls think such heaps of good looks; I was like that myself before I married your father, Gus."

"My dear mother, granted that Halcyon's gifts, both physical and mental, are not"—the earl coughed—"not of the kind best calculated to impress and win a romantic, willful girl, he is, to speak plainly ——"

"A hideous little troglodyte!" nodded the dowager over her interminable Shetland-wool knitting. "Odd, considering that his mother, when Lady Flora MacCodrum, was, with the sole exception of myself, the handsomest young woman presented in the spring of 1845."

"Mother," said Lord Beaumaris, "delightful as your reminiscences invariably are, Alaric is waiting to resume."

"I had merely intended to suggest," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass by its black ribbon and turning his demure, drab-colored countenance and balefully glittering left eye on the earl and the dowager in turn, "that the Duke of Halcyon, like the rhubarb of Susanna's infancy, should be rendered tolerable, agreeable and even desirable to our dear girl's palate by being forbidden and withheld. Ask him here in September for the partridge shooting—as I under-stand you think of doing—but let him appear not in his own character as a young English peer of immense wealth and irreproachable reputation, but as one of those literary and artistic ineligibles who are encouraged by society to take every liberty with it short of marrying its cousins, sisters or daughters. Let him encourage his hair to grow, and wear a velvet coat, a flamboyant necktie and silk stockings with tweed knickerbockers. Let him pay attention to Susanna-as marked as he choose.

"And do you, for your part"—he fixed Lord Beaumaris with his glearning left eye—"discourage those attentions and lose no opportunity of impressing on your daughter that she is to discourage them too. Given this tempting

opportunity of manifesting her independent spirit, you will find—or I know nothing of Susanna—that it will be, Pull baker, pull devil! And I know which will pull the hardest!"

Lord Beaumaris rose to his feet in superb indignation. He struck the attitude in which he had posed for his portrait by Millais, which hung at the upper end of the library, representing him in the act of delivering his maiden speech in Parliament, an address advocating the introduction of foot warmers into the upper house, and opened on Alaric.

"Your proposal—I do not hesitate to say it—is audacious. You deliberately expect that I—I, Gustavus Templebar Bloundle-Abbott Bloundle, ninth Earl of Beaumaris and head of this ancient family—should stoop to carry out a deception, and on my only child! That I should take advantage of her willful youth, her undisciplined temper, to—"

"To bring about a match that will set every mother's mouth watering and secure your daughter's son a dukedom and a hundred and thirty thousand a year ——"

"That's so; and I guess you'll do it, Gus!" said Lady Beaumaris. "You're a representative English peer, it's true; but on my side you've Yankee blood in you, and the grandson of Elijah K. Van Powler isn't going to back out of a little bluff that's going to pay. No, sir!" The dowager ran her knitting needles through her wool ball and rolled up her work briskly. "He'll do it, Alaric," she said.

"Mother!" exclaimed the earl in desperation. "You were my father's choice, and heaven forbid that I should fail in respect toward a lady he honored with his name; but when you suggest that, to bring about this most desirable union, I should wallow metaphorically in dirt —."

"It's pay dirt, Gus," said the dowager; "a hundred and thirty thousand a year, my boy!"

"Mother!" cried Lord Beaumaris. "If I brought myself to grovel in such infamy do you suppose for one moment that Halcvon ——"

"That Halcyon would tumble to the plot? There are no flies on Halcyon," said the dowager; "and you bet he'll worry through—velvet coat, orange necktie, forehead curls and all!"

"Then do I understand," said Lord Beaumaris helplessly, "that I am to ask him to accept my hospitality in a character that is not his own and appear at my table in disguise? The idea is inexpressibly loathsome and I cannot imagine in what character he could possibly appear."

"As a painter of the fashionable freeco brand engaged, if you like, to decorate your new ballroom!" put in Alaric in his level, expressionless tones.

"But he can't paint!" said the dowager. "That's where we're going to buckle up and collapse. He can't paint worth a cent! That takes brains, and Halcyon isn't overstocked with 'em, I must allow."

"Get a man who has the brain and the ability to do the work," said the imperturbable Alaric.

"Deception on deception!" groaned Lord Beaumaris.

"I have the very fellow in my eye," pursued Alaric; "remarkably clever A. R. A. and a kinsman of your own. Perhaps you have forgotten him," he continued as Lord Beaumaris stiffened with polite inquiry and the dowager elevated her handsome and still jetty eyebrows into interrogative arches. "Perhaps-it's equally likely-you never heard of him; but at least you remember his mother, Janetta Bloundle?"

"She married a person professionally interested in the restoration of perpendicular Gothic churches," said Lord Beaumaris; "and, though I cannot now recall his name, I remember hearing of his death and forwarding a brief

condolatory postcard to his widow."

"Who joined him—wherever he is—six months ago."
"Dear me!" said Lord Beaumaris. "This is quite too regrettable. However, it is too late in the day to send another postcard addressed to the surviving members of the family,"

There is only a son," said Alaric, "and he is the rising artist to whom I suggest that you offer a commission. He is strong in fresco and has just executed a series of wall cartoons for the new Naval and Military Idiot Asylum which will carry his name down to the remotest posterity."

"Might I—ah!—ask his name?" said Lord Beaumaris.
"Wopse," responded Alaric.

Lord Beaumaris shuddered.

"And the Christian prefix?" He closed his eyes in readiness for the coming shock.

"Halcyon."

Lord Beaumaris opened his eyes and the dowager uttered a slight snort of astonishment.

"A relationship existing on the mother's side between young Wopse and the ducal house of Halcyon," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass faster, "it is not surprising that the poor lady should have improved on the homespun Anglo-Saxonism of Wopse by the best means in her power. At any rate the young fellow is well-looking and well-bred

enough to carry both names in a creditable fashion."
"You've taken considerable time about making it," said Lady Beaumaris, "but I'm bound to say your suggestion ain't worth shucks! Given the real artistic and Bohemian article to nibble at, is a girl like Susanna likely to swallow the imitation article? I guess not!"

"I concur entirely with my mother, Alaric," said Lord Beaumaris. "You propose, in the person of this young man, to introduce an element of danger into our limited September house party.

You could let this Mr. Wopse live in the garden chalet and commission the keeper's wife to attend to him," said the dowager; "but, even then, how are you to make sure

"That Susanna does not associate with him? There is a simple method of divesting the young man of all attraction for a young creature of our dear girl's temperament," said Alaric; "but for several reasons I shrink from recom-

mending its selection."
"Pray mention it," said Lord Beaumaris uneasily.
"Let's hear it!" said Lady Beaumaris.

"You have only," said Alaric with great distinctness, "to call this young fellow by his Christian name; to let him take Lady Beaumaris in to dinner; to put him up in your best room—the Indian chintz suite; and generally to foster the idea -

"That he is the Duke of Halcyon!" cried the dowager. "My stars! What a Palais Royal farce to be played under

this respectable old roof!"

"You suggest a double—a doubly infamous and objectionable deception! Not a word more! . hear it!" Lord Beaumaris rapped decidedly on the table, rose in agitation and strode on creaking patent leathers to the door. "The question is closed forever," he said, turning on the threshold. "Let no one refer to it again in my-

The door, which had occasionally creaked throughout this discussion, smartly opened from without and, acting on the earl's offended person as a battering-ram, caused him to run forward, tripping over the edge of the worn but still splendid Turkey carpet.

Lord Beaumaris saved himself by clinging to the high back of an ancestral chair, on the seat of which he subsided as the tall young figure of his daughter appeared on the threshold, her Tam o' Shanter cap, her long yellow locks and her red golfing jacket shining with moisture, her fresh cheeks red with the cold kisses of the March winds,

"It began to snow like Happy Jack," said Susanna, pulling off her rough beaver gauntlet gloves; "so I came home. Well, have you all done plotting? You look like conspirators-all-with the exception of Alaric."

This was true, for though the earl, his mother, and three other members of the family council whom we have not found it necessary to describe, wore an air of somewhat guilty perturbation, the drab-colored, mild countenance of Alaric, its diabolical left eye now blandly shuttered with its tinted eyeglass, alone appeared guiltless and unmoved.

"We've been discussing the September house party," exclaimed this Catesby as Susanna sat on the elbow of his chair and affectionately rumpled his sparse, light-colored

"And husbands for me!" said Susanna, half throttling

Alaric with her strong young arm.
"Susanna!" cried her father. "I am surprised! I say

no more than that I am surprised!"

"And I say," retorted Susanna, in clear, defiant, ringing accents, as she swayed herself to and fro on her narrow perch, "that it is beastly to be expected to marry just because money has got to be brought into the family. 00 course I shall marry one day-I don't want to study law or be a hospital nurse like that idiotic Laura Penglebury; but I don't want to be a married woman until I'm tired of being a girl. I want to have lots of fun and do lots of things, and see lots of people, and make my mind up for my own self. And

Lord Beaumaris, who had long been fermenting, frother

"When you form an alliance, my child, you will form i with my sanction and my approval; and the husband you honor with your hand will be a person selected and approve of by me. By me! I will choose for you -

'And suppose I choose for myself afterward!" crie-Susanna, blue fire flashing from her defiant eyes.

"Every woman is at heart—ahem!" muttered Alarie; Lord Beaumaris strove with incipient apoplexy.

Susanna continued with a whimper in her voice: "The young men you and grandmother point out to n as nice and eligible, and all that, are simply awful! The have no chins, or too much; and no teeth, or too man; and they don't talk at all, or they gabble all the time abou nothing. They never read; they don't care for art poetry-they aren't interested in anything but bridge at racing; and if you told them that Beethoven compos The Honeysuckle and the Bee, or that Chopin wrote Wh I Marry Amelia, they'd believe you. They like marri women better than girls, and people who dance at theate better than the married women

(Continued on Page 69)

### THE SPRING SONG

NE city block, and a social chasm deeper than the city block is long, separate the shiny serge of Sixth Avenue from the shiny silk of Fifth Avenue. The tropic between the Cancer of Sixth Avenue and the Capricorn of Fifth is an unimaginary line drawn with indelible pencil by trusts and tailors, classes and masses, landlords and lords of land.

Such a line drawn through a marble-façaded, Louis-Quinze, thousand-dollars-a-month establishment on Fifth Avenue would enter the back door of a thirty-three-dollars-thirty-three-and-one-thirdcents-a-month shop on Sixth Avenue and bisect the lowest of the three gilt balls suspended above the

A mauve-colored art dealer's shop, where thirty canvas inches of Corot landscape rivaled in price thirty golden feet of Fifth Avenue acreage, rubbed shoulderblades and ashcans with Madam Epstein's Sixth Avenue Emporium - Slightly Used Gowns. The rear of the De-Luxe Hotel, eight dollars a day and up, backed so imminently on the rear of the Hoffheimer Delicatessen Shop that Mrs. Hoffheimer's three-for-five dill pickles and three-for-fifteen herrings, exchanged raciness with the quintessence of four-dollars-a-portion diamondback terrapin and attar of redheaded duckling.

Thus the city's million dramas are crowded into a million crowded theaters. The society comedy drinks tea round the corner from the tenement tragedy of a child being born with no name and a crooked back; a flat-breasted Hedda Gabler, with eyes as meaningless as glass, throws herself before the black rush of a Subway train; and within that same train a beardless juvenile slips his hand into the muff of the blonde ingenue beside him, and at the meeting of fingertips their blood dances to a whole orchestra of emotions.

In the third-floor, nine-room de-luxe suite of the De-Luxe Hotel, Madame Lina Feraldini, famous diva, abroad on her sixth farew juggled coloratura trills that were as fun



"She Asked That I Should Jing Some Tenier Up and Down, Like I Did This Morning Over the Dithes"

### By Fannie Hurs

iridescent bubbles blown upward from a soap pi In the delicatessen shop, across the figurative chair Mrs. Hoffheimer plunged a large workaday : elbow deep into a barrel of brine and brou up three warty pickles, whitish with rime dripping wet.
"Ray," she cried, holding them at arm's len

and shaking their brine to the sawdust-covered fi "did you tell papa when Heyman comes in to he should order a barrel of large dills, and no salty?"
"Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Hoffheimer built a neat pickle pyramid wooden dish, wrapped it in a double thickness brown paper, and tossed the package into a wi delivery basket.

"You finish for me the Spritzes' order, Ray: when Abie comes back from his morning delivhave him take it over to 'em."

"Where's the slip?"

"Here-ten cents butter; an egg; half a loat bread; two frankfurters, and three cents milk. such a order she don't need to wear no pony cost, sin't it? I always say the Americans pu on their backs and nothing in their icebs Ponyskin coats she has to have yet, and egg buys by the yolk."

Yes, mamma."

Miss Ray Hoffheimer slid from her high s legged stool in the cashier's cage, plunged on into the patch pocket of her gray coat aweater with the other reached into a sausage-and-ch lined glass case,

Gentle reader, if you have a semblance of gentility so insistently and unanimously gra you by the society of scribes, raise not your fa ious eyebrows at Miss Ray, busying her appeti rosy-tipped fingers with a necklace of frankful nor wrinkle your esthetic nose at the whil bologna or Camembert. Remember that a blu once grew between prison bricks; that the ge orchards of Pomona were sprung from dung and that Love—fat, naked little fellow—is as rosy in a damp Is as he is in a blue-and-gold, period drawing room.

Beids, gentle reader, Mrs. Hoffheimer's bologna was a rak and spicy triumph of the abattoir; her Camembert sequisitely runny as dough in the kneading-it overfood of its own creaminess and immediately congealed gain of that same sheer creaminess.

And as the bluebell bloomed between bricks and the disers blossomed on the dunghills, so Ray Hoffheimer, vice hair was as black as the streak of a raven's wing gainst a white sky, and whose bosom was as high and grang and snowy as Hebe's, flowered in the shadow of the Soth Avenue Elevated trains, trilled little songs that rose here the jangle of her cash register, and watched the tenutions of eggs, the strength and weakness of butter, with the same anxious eyes that a juggler follows the rise and fall of his daggers.

Polinis telephoned for a can of corn and half a pound

" tolled ham, mamma. Shall we take a chance?"
"Chance! You tell Abie he don't let the order out all is hand till in it he gets the money. That's the and of a chance we take with them Polinis! Four naths we were giving 'em board and all we thought was giving 'em was credit. Not till he gets the mory in his hand, and his mitt on over it, should he leave the order."

Miss Hoffheimer trilled in her throat like a bird that feels the first kiss of spring in the air, placed an gravefully within a bag and twisted the paper neck. Tra-la! Tra-la-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!

Trada-la-la-la!" Sh-h-h-h! A customer can come in any minute! Bit I told you this ain't no birdstore? You renid me of old man Klopsky-he used to make ink Louis stand behind the door and make a noise lie a canary when a customer came in for a good inger. Thank kimmel, for boiled tongue we don't sed no ventril'quist in the family!"

"Aw, mamma, am I hurting anybody? Miss uson says if I sing low like that in my throat it seps the muscles easy."

"Always Miss Anson! For seventy-five cents a see with her you sing worse now as before. Papa build know out of what I save I give you one lesson attweek. And for what? Before you had lessons would sing a tune; now you sing like I play the and down with one finger."

"Aw.mamma, ain't I told you often enough when a study right you got to sing scales? Don't you # Feraldini, the greatest soprano in the world, an 'em over in the De-Luxe Hotel every mornt! Didn't I have to pay a dollar to stand up at tSaturday matinée and hear her sing Marguerite! she's got to sing scales, ain't I?"

"Papa should know that for what you can hear tothing from her room over in the hotel you I a dollar yet. Nothing but spend money that ld has on her mind!"

"To hear her sing I would pay all I —

What!" 'Nothin' !"

An Hoffheimer drew the upper half of herself from the pungent black mouth of a barrel and ped her wet hands again.

Papa should order from Heyman a barrel of fiscurs too. Such pickles as we get from that we never had before! Where papa stays so this morning, I wonder? He only went down etrad's fire sale on canned goods.

Papa ain't so fast to buy; you know how he ars and dickers."

Not so fast to buy as you to spend! All I say at he should know that seventy-five-cents singlessons you have to have yet, and the other #.when Heyman asked you to sing, you couldn't use your teacher don't want no more tunes!"

So mad I was I could have busted! My good # 1 spend for no more tunes; and me and Hor ten years don't feel like we could spend the money age fifty-six for a trip to the country.

lw. mamma, ain't I begged you to spend it, and -Plat we don't want the country don't make it no dif-II; but Heyman asks her to sing, and -

ay, mamma, when I sing like Feraldini for dollars each time, you'll be sorry -

There's the telephone, Ray. If it's Yetta O'Byrne tell this's late with the deliveries today; but I'll send over berwurst and Shamrock herrings just so soon as he tack. For a mixup marriage like hers I wouldn't want the marketing."

nde trickled in and out; thin spring sunshine, wan as Walid lady's smile and as timid, ventured into the show low, brightened the platters of tender pink ham, and wooden dishes of yellow potato salad, crowned with Besof trembling calves'-foot jelly. With each customer \*putleinrushes of spring air, carrying hints of rising sap earthy whiffs of far-off meadowland, cracked with the pushing life beneath. Up and down Sixth Avenue, second and third and fourth story windows were flung to their height, with winter-grimed lace curtains blowing languidly inward, and blankets and blue-and-white striped pillows and quilts of a thousand colors draped across the sills.

"Mamma, today we can leave the door open. Where's that carpet-covered brick from last spring?'

"There, under the counter."

"Gee! Just smell the air, mamma! How happy and full of sunshine it makes you feel inside! Like your heart was blooming inside of you, like them crocuses over in Schmid's window! Ain't it dandy and warm! Look at the kids spinning their tops already! Look at Selma Levis hanging out of her window! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!

"Pickled onions went good this time last March. Papa should order some from Heyman; we-

"Sh-h-h-h! Listen, mamma! Listen! Feraldini's singing-singing the Spring Song that I was just feeling inside of me. Listen! Oh, mamma, listen!"



"Listen, Mamma! She's Singing it Over—the Spring Jong—Listen!"

"Grand! And for nothing we can hear what they pay five dollars a seat for in the opera house!"

"Always she limbers up for real opera practice with the

Spring Song, Miss Anson says."

"Hand me them knifes, Ray. Ain't papa told you often to leave them laying next to the name: Always keep the knifes next to the tongues and hams; it saves time. For six years, since you was old enough to help down in the store, we been telling you that!"

"Sh-h-h! Mamma, sh-h-h-h!"

"Don't sh-h-h me neither! In my own store I talk when I want. I'll be glad when the opera business is over! Seventy-five cents a lesson is what listening to her put in your head. Himmel! How high she goes! But if I say so myself, Ray, your voice is just so good. Ach, listen how high and soft she goes, till it gets far off like a train whistle!"

"Oh! If I-if I could sing like that! If I could!" Like the rapid rise of the most joyous lark that sings; like the thrill of breezes sweeping an Eolian harp; like the first gurgling of ice-bound streams to the kiss of spring-so mounted the voice, rippling as silk in a breeze, firm as a rock in a gale.

"At my last lesson Miss Anson said my voice-"There's papa now! And look, will you? From the other way comes Heyman!"

"Sure enough!"

"What for are you blushing, Ray! You bad girl, you! For papa I know you don't blush! Tell mamma
"Aw, mamma!"

"Fix your hair! Pull it down over your ears, curlylike. apa says it always pays to look prosperous in the store. What you hiding for? Don't go back there! Heyman won't est you!"

"Aw, mamma!"

"If you got to be ate I wish it was a young man like Sol Heyman should do it. Stay out here in front and make yourself sociable-that singing will keep. Ask him what he's got in pickled spring onions."

"In a minute, mamma. Can't I go back and hear how she takes them arpeggios? Miss Anson

"Ach, what a stick she is! Hello, papa! We thought you was canning the goods yourself you was gone so long! Wie gehts, Heyman; wie gehts? Make yourself to home on that kraut barrel

"How-do-do, Mrs. Hoffheimer? The old man's got spring fever, I guess-not?'

Mr. Heyman showed all his teeth, rubbed his firm hands together, and glanced expectantly about him.

"You're right, Heyman! Well, papa, was them tomatoes what they said they was? I forgot to tell you not to buy cans with the labels burnt off. Last year, when Sopinsky's burnt out we took a chance and they all turned out to be navy beans, when just so good they could have been asparagus.

"Well, mamma, wait! Don't get excited!" Mr. Hoffheimer slid out of his shiny lined coat into a shiny unlined one and stroked his thin chin whiskers with fingers that were gnarled at the knuckles; his burnt-out eyes were screwed small with the squint of satisfaction. "I bought such bargains, mamma, you won't believe!-two hundred cans of mixed soups, mamma, from chicken-gumbo to oxtail, so cheap we can afford to have a fire sale ourselves -

"Papa!"

"Why not? They all do it! Cheaper as you can sell'em in a hundred years, Heyman.'

"Ach, Mr. Hoffheimer, such goods my firm won't

even carry!"

"What I say I mean! You don't do no business with me today, you scalawag! On that pickled goods order I gave you last week I paid like a drug store. Them same pickled peppers I paid you three cents for I seen down there for two, so help me, mamma, if I didn't!"

Mr. Heyman swung himself atop a barrel and pushed his derby hat back off his warm brow. Then he flashed his teeth again—firm, milk-white teeth toward Mrs. Hoffheimer, recumbent over the sausage case, and stroked his shaved-to-the-blood jowl.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffheimer! He compares my goods with a shyster house down on Delancey Street-a house that would carry second quality if they could get first just as cheap! He compares my asparagus with the slatepencils he gets down there!"

"For your fat asparagus I pay fat prices; I -"I ask you, Mrs. Hoffheimer, me and your husband don't do business together so well as you and me and Miss Ray-so excited he gets! But I ask you, Mrs. Hoffheimer,

right here before him, have you ever had a complaint on a can of my goods or a keg of kraut you got off my firm? Has a pickled herring ever come back on you from a customer? I ask you!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer planted her hands on her wide, uncorseted hips in the termagant pose of a Hecate; but her smile, snag-toothed and slightly sunk, deepened into the wrinkled chirography of kindliness,

"For what fancy prices we pay, Heyman, papa thinks we should get good goods, ain't it, papa! My husband talks a lot, Heyman; but he don't mean lots what he says,

Mr. Hoffheimer slid on a pair of veteran spectacles, which straddled his nose halfway down, and waggled his

"Look right here in this showcase once at them fancypriced imported bockwurst you sold us! Did I want 'em? No! But between you and mamma and Rachel I bought 'em—and look how we got stuck on 'em!'

'Aw, Mr. Hoffheimer, give 'em a chance and you'll sell 'em! That's as fine a link sausage as there's on the market, I

"Didn't I tell you we ain't got the fancy trade with the fancy teeth for such stuff? Nineteen cents a pound, and

most of it gold paper, for stuff we can't sell for nine! Not even on my own table can we get rid of it."

Mr. Hoffheimer threw out his hands palm upward, wagged his bald head from side to side, and strangled over his denouncements.

"Next time what you and Ray and mamma got to say makes no never mind with me-you scalawag, you!-with your holdup prices! Just like you play pinocle you sell goods, you scalawag, you!"

Mr. Heyman swung his head backward, laughed, whacked delightedly at his leg, and reached for his hip pocket and order book.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffhelmer! That a man with such a good nature should growl like a bear!"

"Always he was like that, Heyman!"

"Already I got him down for a keg of pickled spring tripe and a barrel of large dills. I ain't foolin', Hoffheimer; for spring goods you can't beat 'em."

"How much a hundred?"

"Aw, what's the difference, Mr. Hoffheimer? You know I do the right thing by you. That's right, Mrs. Hoffheimer; open the door wider and let in the springtime. Smell a little of that sunshine and see if you ain't got to begin thinking of spring stock-eh, Mrs. Hoffheimer?"
"You're right!"

"Such pickled tomatoes as we're delivering this week you never tasted! Twice already Shapiro across the street renewed his order—here, look in my book! I can show it to you. Smell that sunshine! Look at them kids spinning tops right at your door! Soon they'll be comin' in for penny sweet pickles on a slatepencil, and you won't have 'em.

"Ach, such a boy! But he's right, papa. Ray said this

morning it was time -

"Miss Ray-where-where is Miss Ray this morning?

"Ray! Rachel! Somebody out here wants you. She knows better as her papa and me what's in stock. Back there she stands listening to the singing-like she couldn't sing just as good herself! Rach-el! Come out here! What was it you was telling me about green onions this morning?"

"Comin', mamma!" Mr. Hoffheimer slouched toward the stock shelves, his feet scraping painfully along the floor, as though rheumatic muscles would not lift them, and his back curved to that same rheumatic hunch.

"Two dozen them apex brand string-beans we need, Heyman, but not a cent over a dollar-ten I pay for them!"

A dollar-twenty-five, Mr. Hoffheimer, and then you got the cheapest string-bean in the state of New York." 'A dollar-ten! So help me, not a cent over!'

"All right, then, for you I do it; but I pay the difference out of my own pocket. My firm should know I make you such prices! They should know it!"

"I should worry! Three dozen Melba freestone peaches, small cans, but not a cent, so help me, over a dollar-ninety. Last time you skinned me enough off 'em. Down by Conrad's that same peach I seen for

"Aw now, Mr. Hoffheimer, you're a business man and so am I; and if you can show me a freestone like the Melba for the money, then I give you -

"Ach, you two with your arguments! Wait, I call Ray. Where that girl stays I don't know! Rach-el!

Mrs. Hoffheimer bustled rearward into the dull shadows of kegs and stacked boxes. In the frame of the open window her daughter leaned out to the soft blush of spring, her hands clasped until the nails sprang white, and her eyes raised like a worshiping virgin to the third-floor suite of the De-Luxe Hotel.

"Listen, mamma! She's singing it over-the Spring Song-listen! The paper says it's her favorite encore. Listen, mamma!"

"Ray! Ain't you got no manners? You-such a mortification! Twice out there he asked for you, till I don't know what to say no more."

"Tell him I -

"I wish I had never heard the name singing—it's been our ruination! A lesson a week, and two she wanted at first-one not enough! Where such a child gets such

"Sh-h-h, mamma!"

"Go out front, I say once more, Ray. I ask you again. How that child minds! Twice he asked for you. Fix your hair over your ears. Ach, that a girl should worry her mother like that!"

"I'm going, ain't I! Honest, mamma, you fuss and fuss!" Miss Hoffheimer emerged from the gloomy rear like a charming Saskia walking out of the brown air of a Rembrandt; the pools of her eyes were deep and shining, and her black hair curled to her neck like tendrils overgrowing a bit of marble column.

"Hello, papa! Hello, Heyman!"

"Ah, Miss Ray, how are you?"

"Fine and dandy. How's yourself? How'd you got over last night, Heyman? You should 'a' seen, manning. such a picture show he took me to! Staler than the note crackers he sells us!"

"Not a word about last night did she tell me a Heyman. Secrets you two must have togethe



"Such a bum show you don't need to hear about, mamma!" Mr. Heyman slid off the barrel; and as the sun opens the fans of a palm tree so his geniality expanded in the warmth of her presence. Red ran high in his face, and his collar seemed suddenly to tighten, as though bent on strangulation. He writhed and stretched his chin above it.

"Miss Ray! Honest, the minute she sets eyes on me she begins to kid me along! Honest, Mrs. Hoffheimer, for how she treats me I ought to charge you three dollars a dozen for Melbas. I ask you, could I help it the show was no good? I ask you, too, Mr. Hoffheimer."

"She's a good one, not, Heyman! How much you think I take for her? Not ten thousand dollars if you pay me cash! Ain't it, mamma?"

"Ach, Hoffheimer, how you talk! A little baby he thinks she is yet, Heyman. Better fathers as papa even give up their daughters when Mr. Right comes along-ain't it, Heyman?"

"I should say so!"

Like Spinoza, who was cut off from his people because he could see nothing but God everywhere, Mr. Hoffheimer retreated within himself.

"Ach," he said, "wimmin, the whole lot of 'em, make me sick!"

Mr. Heyman inclined toward Ray, with eyes that leaped and danced as forest fires leap and dance in the wind. "I—I dare you to go to another show with me tonight,

Miss Ray! I show you I can pick a good one. "On Saturday nights I stay in the store and help,

Heyman; and then I go upstairs and practice."
"Don't you believe it, Heyman! Me and papa get along better in the store without her. Overweight she gives like it cost nothin'. Saturday night business ain't so big

"See, Miss Ray, what your mother says?"

"You go, Ray, I say again. At night you shouldn't practice neither. Becky Kopf, next door in the apartments, says she can hear you like day when the windows are open. Do you want that you should get the neighbors down on you and get Becky's tongue going by waking up her baby? You go, Ray. Becky Kopf I'd rather have for a friend than an enemy.

"That's right! Next door from you all the Kopfs live, don't they? Last week Moe Kopf took me home with him to supper. Nice little place they got there, and such a kid! Honest, the cutest little shaver, with big ears like his pop!"

"Cute ain't no name for him! And crazy for our Ray! Even when he first sees her come in the room he begins

"Nice little flat they got there too, Mrs. Hoffheimer. How they remodeled that whole building is wonderful; even the plumber downstairs has a new front."

"Yes; them new flats are grand. There's an empty one the third floor, right over Becky's-so cheap too!

Twenty-two dollars! I said to paps if we didn't dread a to move we'd take it ourselves; but it ain't so handy a right over the store for papa-him, with his rheumatism having to run in and out in winter.

"Twenty-two dollars! I should say cheap! If I could find some girl that would have me I'd take it myself."

"Ach, Heyman, a grand young man like you don't nee to worry. You can have your pick from the best. For young married couple it would be grand-steam heat an a washtub built right in the kitchen. Ray, you and Hey man stay here and watch store for a minute; I want pag should go down cellar with me and see what we need i pickled goods."

"I go for you, mamma."

"So you should get your hands all mixed with be rings and smoked tongues! That don't go with no sevent five-cents singing lessons. Your papa should know i Come, papa, down cellar when you're finished with the

The sudden silence of restraint fell over the little sho Without, the noon high tide of Sixth Avenue surged ps like a spring torrent-men, with overcoats flung backwa and dropping from their shoulders, mopped at their h bands; the brilliant plumage and foliage of new millines truest harbingers of spring, flashed like whole flocks flamingoes past the window. A school child begged a cross from the florist across the street and pinned it on I dirty apron; a draydriver yawned, shed his coat and : on it, and a traffic policeman swore at him and smil-Park benches, the tops of omnibuses and perambulat bloomed in an hour.

Mr. Heyman drew his initials on the sawdust-sprink

floor with the toe of his shoe.

"Hot, ain't it?" "Yeh; it is, Heyman."

Silence.

"Heyman, did mamma order some of them pickled spr

"Yeh."

Silence.

"Look, Heyman, at them kids, will you? Ain't wonder more of 'em ain't run over spinning tops in street?'

"Gee, this sweater's hot!"

"Don't-don't take it off, Miss Ray. It-it looks gr

on you."
"I should die of heat so I can look grand!" She drag it back off her shoulders and regarded him from the cor

of sparkling eyes. "Mad cat!" "Aw, Miss Ray, quit your teasin' me! After the you treated me last night I didn't sleep a wink-ho

Miss Ray, not a wink!' "Like I did anything to you!"

"If you'd only let me talk and listened to me in

"I-I ain't a good listener."

He advanced toward her and his order book fell to floor face downward on its crumpled pages. She be defensively against the stock shelves, like Barbara ho her tower.

"You mustn't!"

"Miss Ray-Ray!"

"Not here-not here! This ain't the place!" "Ray, I can't keep it in how much I love you! 1 won't let me tell you I'll tell you anyhow-I love

Right here I say it in your face-I love you, and know it!" "I—I never said I didn't, Heyman; but I—I ain't !

ing of getting married, Heyman. My teacher said. my voice, it would be a madness for me. If I tree voice right and study right, she says—she says t nothing I can't do with it. I want to learn to sing, He how much I can't begin to tell you!

"Ray, with me you can sing too, why not? You have it easy enough. Ain't I got a good position, Don't my firm raise me every two years? Don't I

"All night, Heyman, I lay in bed awake, and I myself, I mustn't! I mustn't! I mustn't! All night I

"Ray, when you look at me like that I -"Sh-h-h-h1"

"I'm in love with you, little canary bird! I just

think of nothing else." "I-I mustn't!" "Is it like me to forget things like putting an order in my book, Ray? Yesterday twice I did it for thin

you. My firm should know it! I just can't think of "I mustn't listen to you, Heyman. There comes ma Sh-h-h! Don't forget, Heyman, the small-size | onions, the kind we-

"Rachel, I can see it in your eyes you don't-don me. I-ach, Mrs. Hoffheimer, come here; I ain't | for you.'

Heyman! Don't! Don't-not now-not-no "Mrs. Hoffheimer, I ain't ashamed for you. I'm Mrs. Hoffheimer. I know I ain't got the right to girl, but I'm in love with your Ray; and-and what's the use trying to say it all? I guess you ain't ne let me neither, huh? Who am I that such a girl like far should want me? Who am I?

Mr. Heyman leaned against the barrel, his words bitter s tany on his lips. Tiny globules of perspiration sprang est on his brow like a bandeau of beads.

Mrs. Hoffheimer crossed her hands at her waistline and regarded the young couple with a smile rayed over her face to the deepening creases, and her head nodding from left to right like a toy in a confectioner's window.

So this is what happens when me and papa ain't looks -he comes and steals our baby! Ach, you bad biy, you!"

Mamma, I

Rach-el! Ach, my little baby that's grown up!"

"Mamma, please

"[-]'m so happy I don't know what to say to you, didren. Such happiness she brings to us! Kiss me, ribiren, both of you!"

lfiss Hoffheimer crept into her mother's embrace, with ges as brilliant as barbaric jewels, and her tremulous indecision cloyed her speech.

"Imistn't, mamma. It's like I told Heyman-all night bem saying to myself I mustn't!"

To myself I said last night, something that child has get up her sleeve when she comes home so excited-like. in my baby, them six new blue-and-white dish towels I sid to your trousseau."

Igot a voice for opera, mamma. Miss Anson and everybody that's heard it says the same thing. I feel it inside m. nimma. In the middle of the night I wake up, and it's something soprano, here inside my throat, is beggin' to sing, beggin' to sing as high as the sky, as high as Feddini! And now Heyman comes; and I can't help it that that I-I like him; but I mustn't, I mustn't!"

A rish of tears flowed over her words; but to Mr. Hyman was suddenly flashed the message of hope, just as the news of the return of Agamemnon was flashed to legs. The stock shelves, the battalions of ketchup bottles, my labeled cans and jars of transparent jellies, and Mrs. Ediciner's wet and happy face, wavered at him for a most. And out of the chaos his courage came teetering levard; and he crossed over to the sour-pickle barrel, tok the unresisting little figure from her mother's arms, tied her head backward and kissed her solemnly and mountally. Sobs trembled up through her, and the ready bus would flow.

"I mustn't!"

"My little canary !"

With my voice and all, Heyman, it ain't right I-I todá love you so!

'Children! Children! Such a happiness! Kiss me gait-both of you."

My new mamma!"

"Papa! Papa, come out here; them pickles don't need sh brine today. We got excitement in the family for

w: Come out. I take hit customer. Stay here, hidren, and tell papa-in misute I come back."

Mr. Hoffheimer hobbled rvari, patting his moist and one against the other. "Heyman, for seventy-

weents a hundred I order mehundred dills and two indred sweets; but, so help All pay one cent more

"Papa, wait: Heyman's # something to tell youask you."

"It's about me and your sy. Mr. Hoffheimer. - - we want to -Inmediate caution tied into Mr. Hoffheim-The: he wagged a bent d sly forefinger.

"No, you don't! No, you a't! Last week the two put together got me to in an order of imported thought that I can't get of even on my own table. you don't! You two shraps, you! We ain't thing to Sixth Avenue imamico's,"

Page -Just listen a minute, Mr. finer. What I want my a that me and your uther Ray

'No. you don't! I know if what,"

We-want to get married, Hoffbeimer-married!" Huh?"

"Married, papa, is what Heyman said. Don't you understand we want to be engaged—engaged to be married?"

Her voice rose above the orchestral murmur of the streets, plangent as surging waves beating against his slow comprehension; his toil-stooped shoulders slumped and his slightly palsied hand fumbled at one coat lapel.

"Not -

"Yes, papa, yes!"

"Not our little Rachel-sha! She ain't nothing but a baby yet! Run along, Heyman, you scalawag, you, and tend to business. For children's nonsense I got no time. For three hundred dills, Heyman, I pay you not a cent

"You don't understand, papa. Listen once to Heyman!" "Me and Ray ain't fooling, Mr. Hoffheimer. I know I ain't good enough for her; but I love her, Mr. Hoffheimer; and you know, with my position and a raise every two years, I can take care of her right. Rachel ain't no baby any more, Mr. Hoffheimer, she's twenty; and when a girl's twenty

Twenty! Ach, only yesterday she didn't come up to the top of the kraut barrel. Right upstairs over-this store is her little baby chair, and now-now you come and take her away from me and mamma. Now-

"Not take her away, Mr. Hoffheimer, only

"Singin', I thought, was all she cared about. A lesson a week I have to give her; singin' seventy-five cents a week but on the sly, so her mother wouldn't know it. She should know that I humor her on such nonsense! So henpecked I am as that, Heyman, on the sly I have to do things. And you, when you see such, you want to get married too!"

"Yes, Mr. Hoffheimer, I want to get pecked too-ain't it, Ray?"

"Silly!"

"Always she's been her papa's girl, Heyman; and now you come and want to steal her! To anybody but a good honest boy like you, I -

"I know it, Mr. Hoffheimer-papa! I ain't half good enough for her-eh, little canary?"

"Too good, Heyman!"

She was like a tearose swaying in conflicting breezesher one hand in the caress of her lover's, her other seeking the gnarled palm of her father's.

Ach, papa - Heyman, if I did the right thing I'd -On the tidal wave of excitement Mrs. Hoffheimer returned, her thin salt-and-pepper coil of hair lopping

"Ach, such excitement! Feel, Ray, my heart beating on the outside. Have they told you, papa? Grand, ain't it?'

"When he's our son-in-law, mamma, he'll overcharge just like when he ain't."

Laughter.

"Tonight we close the store and upstairs we have a party," said Mrs. Hoffheimer.

"That ain't necessary, neither, mamma. Every day children like ours get engaged."

"Imported bockwurst and beer we have—I ask over the Kopfs and Birdie Levis."

My son-in-law sells me imported bockwurst when, even on my own table -

"Heyman, if you're smart you'll get that flat over Becky Kopf's. Don't let the landlord bluff you-twenty dollars he'll take for it too."

"Yes, mamma."

"Ach, even a hour ago when I talked little did I think our Ray would be the one to have it! Such a march she steals on her parents-not, papa?"

"Such a march!"

"Let me tell you he got from us the best order we ever gave any one that ever came in this store—not, papa?

"You got our baby from us, you scalawag, you, and me and mamma getting old and -

"Ach, he talks like a funeral, ain't it? If we're going to have a funeral I want that we should have a son-in-law to come to it. Next month you get married, and then Aunt Hanna should come and keep store while papa and I take that vacation in the country we've been talking about for

ten years on poor Grandma Hoffheimer's money." Yes, mamma; you should go now. Since I was a child

I been hearin' it.

"Yes; that fifty dollars we got stuck between page fiftysix in poor grandma's Bible we should spend now-not, children? Papa, we go in the country for a vacation when the children get settled."

"For my rheumatism I go, but for my pleasure-no! Where does it come in, vacation I got to have!"

"And now, children, you should go out for a while together-not, papa? The day they get engaged they should take a vacation! Such a day like this, warm like summer, they should both go."

"For my part, yes; but Heyman should first telephone that order for them onions-three calls already we had for them today. From a son-in-law I get better prices, eh, you scalawag, you? Family prices, eh?'

"I-I ought to stay home and practice a while this afternoon, Heyman. Miss Anson says

"The day she gets engaged she wants to sing yet! Gott sei Dank, you'll soon be safe married and with such nonsence out of your head!'

'Mamma, I -

"Go take that customer, papa. I'll take old lady Sonnstein, just coming in; she wants to fuss with me again that her weight ain't right. She should start something with me!"

Left alone, Mr. Heyman and Miss Hoffheimer smiled at each other with the mysterious eyes of lovers, and he lifted her hand gently and placed his own over it.

"Come, little canary, let's me and you get on a car and ride out where there's country, huh? Let's get where the

green smell in the air comes from, my little Rachel-sha!"

"Yes, Heyman." "My little canary!"

She slid out of her sweater coat and into her hat and jacket; the little curly tendrils caught in her collar and he must fish them out tenderly.

There, petsie! Petsie!" "Thanks, Heyman, thanks.'

"Such curls, soft like a baby's!"

Tra-la-la-la!"

"What did you say, petsie?"

"Nothin'."

"'Nothin',' she says, and I seen her pretty lips move! Bashful like a baby she is."

"I-I was only singing, Heyman."

'Singing?"

"Yes, to myself."

"Singing what, my little canary?

"Singing-the Spring Song."

The tyranny of home is as insidious as the fatal hand of marsh fever. It steals out of the lush of dreaming nights and punctures the veins with a hypodermic injection of lassitude. It is as gentle as the threnody of rain falling on flood-stricken roofs; it is as mysterious as a long, low jaguar stretched

(Continued on Page 40)



"Bad Luck! When for Nothing, With No Expenses, She Will Make Out of Me a Great Singer!"

### AN AMERICAN VANDAL

### As Done in London-By Irvin S. Cobb

JOHN



London is essentially a he-town, just as Paris is indubitably a she-town. That untranslatable, unmistakable something which is not to be defined in the plain terms of speech, yet which sets its mark on any long-settled community, has branded them both—the one as being masculine, the other as being feminine. For Paris the lily stands, the conventionalized, feminized lily; London is a lion—a shag-headed, heavy-pawed British lion.

One thinks of Paris as a woman, rather pretty, somewhat regardless of morals and decidedly slovenly of person; craving admiration, but too indolent to earn it by keeping herself presentable; covering up the dirt on a piquant face with rice powder; wearing paste jewels in her earlobes in an effort to distract criticism from the fact that the ears themselves stand in need of soap and water.

London, viewed in retrospect, seems a great, clumsy, slow-moving giant, with hair on his chest and soil under his nails; competent in the larger affairs and careless about the smaller ones; amply satisfied with himself and disdainful of the opinions of outsiders; having all of a man's vices and a good share of his virtues; loving sport for sport's sake and power for its own sake and despising art for art's sake.

You do not have to spend a week or a month or a year in either Paris or London to note these things. The distinction is wide enough and plain enough to be seen in a day—yes, or in an hour. It shows in all the outward aspects. An overtowering majority of the smart shops in Paris cater to women; a large majority of the smart shops in London cater to men. It shows in their voices—for cities have voices just as individuals have voices.

#### The Grinding Bass of London

NEW YORK is not yet old enough to have found its own sex. It belongs still to the neuter gender. New York is not even a noun—it's a verb transitive; but its voice is a female voice, just as Paris' voice is. New York, like Paris, is full of strident, shrieking sounds, shrill outcries, hysterical babblings—a women's bridge-whist club at the hour of casting up the score; but London now is different.

London at all hours speaks with a sustained, sullen, steady, grinding tone, never entirely sinking into quietude, never rising to acute discords. The sound of London rolls on like a river—a river that ebbs sometimes, but rarely floods above its normal banks; it impresses one as the necessary breathing of a grunting and burdened monster who has a mighty job on his hands and is taking his own good time about doing it.

In London, mind you, the newsboys do not shout their extras. They bear in their hands placards with black-typed announcements of the big news story of the day; and even these headings seem designed to soothe rather than to excite—saying, for example, such things as Special From Liner, in referring to a disaster at sea, and Meeting in Ulster, when meaning that the northern part of Ireland has gone on record as favoring civil war before home rule.

The street venders do not bray on noisy trumpets or ring with bells or utter loud cries to advertise their wares. The policeman does not shout his orders out; he holds aloft the stripe-sleeved arm of authority and all London obeys. I think the reason why the Londoners turned so viciously on the suffragettes was not because of the things the suffragettes clamored for, but because they clamored for them so loudly. They jarred the public peace—that must have been it.

T.

MeCUTCHEON

I can understand why an adult American might go to Paris and stay in Paris and be satisfied with Paris, if he were a lover of art and millinery in all their branches; or why he might go to Berlin if he were studying music and municipal control; or to Amsterdam if he cared for cleanliness and new cheese; or to Vienna if he were concerned with surgery, light opera, and the effect on the human lungs of doing without fresh air for long periods of time; or to Rome if he were an antiquarian and

interested in ancient life; or to Naples if he were an entomologist and interested in insect life; or to Venice if he liked ruins with water round them; or to Padua if he liked ruins with no water anywhere near them—no: I'm blessed if I can think of a single good reason why a sane man should go to Padua if he could go anywhere else!

But I think I know, good and well, why a man might spend his whole vacation in London and enjoy every minute of it. For this old fogy, old foggy town of London is a man-sized town, and a man-made, man-run town; and it has a fascination of its own that is as much a part of it as London's grime is; or London's vastness and London's pettiness; or London's wealth and its stark poverty; or its atrocious suburbs; or its dirty, trade-fretted river; or its dismal back streets; or its still more dismal slums—or anything that is London's.

To a man hailing from a land where everything is so new that quite a good deal of it has not even happened yet, it is a joyful thing to turn off a main-traveled road into one of the crooked byways in which the older parts of London abound, and suddenly to come, full face, on a house or a court or a pump which figured in epochal history or epochal literature of the English-speaking race.

It is a still greater joy to find it—house or court or pump or what not—looking now pretty much as it must have looked when good Queen Bess, or little Dick Whittington,

or Chaucer the scribe, or Shakspere the player, came this way. It is fine to be riding through the country and pass a peaceful green meadow and inquire its name of your driver and be told, most offhandedly, that it is a place called Runnymede. Each time this happened to me I felt the thrill of a discoverer; as though I had been the first traveler to find these spots.

I remember once that through an open door I was marveling at the do-

mestic economies of an English barber shop. I use the word economies in this connection advisedly; for, compared with the average highpolished, sterilized and antiseptic barber shop of an American city, this shop seemed a torture cave. In London, pubs are like that, and some dentists' establishments and law offices-musty, fusty dens very unlike their Yankee counterparts. In this particular shop now the chairs were hard, wooden chairs; the looking-glass-you could not rightly call it

a mirror—was cracked and bleary; and an apprentice boy went from one patron to another, lathering each face; and then the master followed after him, razor in hand, and shaved the waiting countenances in turn. Flies that looked as though they properly belonged in a livery stable were buzzing about; and there was a prevalent odor which made me think that all the sick pomade in the world had come hither to spend its last declining hours.

I said to myself that this place would bear further study—that some day, when I felt particularly hardy and daring, I would come here and be shaved, and afterward would write a piece about it and sell it for money. So, the better to fix its location in my mind, I glanced up at the street sign and, behold! I was hard by Drury Lane, where Sweet Nelly once on a time held her court.

Another time I stopped in front of a fruiterer's, my eye having been caught by the presence in his window of half a dozen weary-looking, wilted roasting ears decorated with a placard reading as follows:

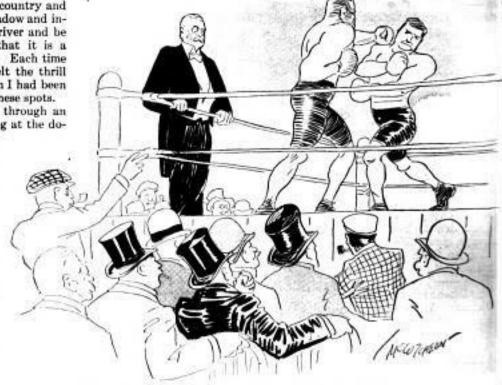
#### AMERICAN MAIZE OR INDIAN CORN A VEGETABLE—TO BE BOILED AND THEN EATEN

I was remarking to myself that these Britishers were surely a strange race of beings—that if England produced so delectable a thing as green corn we in America would import it by the shipload and serve it on every table; whereas here it was so rare that they needs must label it as belonging to the vegetable kingdom, lest people should think it might be an animal—when I chanced to look more closely at the building occupied by the fruiterer and saw that it was an ancient house, half-timbered above the first floor, with a queer low-browed roof.

#### In the Abbey and St. Paul's

INQUIRING afterward I learned that this house dated straight back to Elizabethan days and still on beyond for so many years that no man knew exactly how many; and I began to understand in a dim sort of way how and why it was these people held so fast to the things they had and cared so little for the things they had not.

Better than by all the reading you have ever done you absorb a sense and realization of the splendor of England's past when you go to Westminster Abbey and standfiguratively—with one foot on Jonson and another of Dryden; and if, overcome by the presence of so much dead-and-gone greatness, you fall in a fit you commit a trespass on the last resting-place of Macaulay or Clive, or somebody of equal consequence. More imposing even than Westminster is St. Paul's. I am not thinking so much of the memorials or the tombs or the statues there, but of the tattered battleflags bearing the names of battles fought by the English in every crack and cranny of the world, from Quebec to Ladysmith, and from Lucknow to Khartum.



Instead of Being Inside the Ring, the Referee, Dressed in Evening Clothes, Was Outside the Ropes

Beholding them there, draped above the tombs, some aded but still intact, some mere clotted wisps of ragged ilk dinging to blackened standards, gives one an uplifting exception of the spirit that has sent the British soldier orth to girth the globe, never faltering, never slackening ace, never giving back a step today but that he took two teps forward tomorrow; never stopping—except for tea!

The fool hath said in his heart that he would go to ingland and come away and write something about his mpressions, but never write a single, solitary word about he Englishman's tea-drinking habit, or the Englishman's ricket-playing habit, or the Englishman's lack of a sense f humor.

I was that fool. But it cannot be done. Lacking these hings England would not be England. It would be Hamlet ithout Hamlet or the Ghost or the wicked Queen or mad phelia or her tiresome old pa; for most English life and the bulk of English conversation center about sporting spics, with the topic of cricket predominating. And at given hour of the day the wheels of the empire stop, and verybody in the empire—from the king in the counting suse, counting up his money, to the maid in the garden, anging out the clothes—drops what he orshe may be doing ad imbibes tea until further orders. And what oceans of a they do imbibe!

There was an old lady who sat near us in a teashop one ternoon. As well as might be judged by one who saw her a sitting posture only, she was no deeper than any other d lady of average dimensions; but in rapid succession s tilted five large cups of piping hot tea into herself and as starting on her sixth when we withdrew, stunned by

e spectacle. She must have been fearfully ng-waisted! I had a mental vision of her terior decorations—all fumed-oak wainotings and buff-leather hangings.

Still, I doubt whether their four-o'clocka habit is any worse than our five-o'clockektail habit. It all depends, I suppose, on bether one prefers being tanned inside to ing pickled. But we are getting bravely wrour cocktail habit, as attested by figures d the visual evidences, while their tea habit growing on them—so the statisticians say.

#### The Vulgarity of Laughter

S FOR the Englishman's sense of humor, Lor his lack of it, I judge that we Ameras are partly wrong in our diagnosis of that ase of British character and partly right, cause he is slow to laugh at a joke, we nk he cannot see the point of it without isgram and a chart. What we do not take o consideration is that, through centuries self-repression, the Englishman has so lled himself into refraining from laughing public—for fear, you see, of making him-feonspicuous—it has become a part of his lure. Indeed, in certain quarters a prejue against laughing under any circumnees appears to have sprung up.

was looking one day through the pages of of the critical English weeklies. Nearly

British weeklies are heavy, and this is the heaviest of lot. Its editorial column alone weighs from twelve to iteen pounds, and if you strike a man with a clubbed y of it the crime is assault with a dull blunt instrument, hintent to kill. At the end of a ponderous review of the t Indian question I came on a letter written to the editor by a gentleman signing himself with his own name, and reading in part as follows:

No; it is very seldom that happiness is refined or pleasant to see merriment that is produced by wine is false merriment, and there is no true merriment without it. . . . Laughter is profane, in fact, where it is not ridiculous.

On the other hand the English in bulk will laugh at a thing which among us would bring tears to the most hardened cheek and incite our rebellious souls to mayhem and manslaughter. On a certain night we attended a musical show at one of the biggest London thea-

ters. There was some really clever funning by a straight comedian, but his best efforts died a-borning; they drew but the merest ripple of laughter from the audience.

Later there was a scene between a sad person made up as a Scotchman and another equally sad person of color from the States. These times no English musical show is



And at a Given Hour Everybody Imbibes Tea Until Further Orders

complete unless the cast includes a North American negro with his lips painted to resemble a wide slice of ripe watermelon, singing ragtime ditties touching on his chicken and his Baby Doll. This pair took the stage, all others considerately withdrawing; and presently, after a period of heartrending comicalities, the Scotchman, speaking as

though he had a mouthful of hot oatmeal, proceeded to narrate an account of a fictitious encounter with a bear. Substantially this dialogue ensued:

THE SCOTCHMAN—He was a vurra fierce grizzly bear, ye ken; and he rushed at me from behind a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO—Mistah, you means a jagged rock, don't you?

THE SCOTCHMAN-Nay, nay, laddie-a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO—Whut's dat you say? Whut—whut is a jugged rock?

THE SCOTCHMAN (forgetting his accent)—Why, a rock with a jug on it, old chap. (A stage wait to let that soak into them in all its full strength.) A rock with a jug on it would be a jugged rock, wouldn't it—eh?

The pause had been sufficient—they had it now. And from all parts of the house a whoop of unrestrained joy went up.



If You Have Brought Any Heavy Baggage You Go Back and Pick it Out

Witnessing such spectacles as this, the American observer naturally begins to think that the English in mass cannot see a joke that is the least bit subtle. Nevertheless, however, and to the contrary notwithstanding—as Colonel Bill Sterritt, of Texas, used to say—England has produced the greatest natural humorists in the world

and some of the greatest comedians, and for a great many years has supported the greatest comic paper printed in the English language—and that is Punch.

Also, at an informal Saturday-night dinner in a well-known London club I heard as much spontaneous repartee from the company at large, and as much quiet humor from the chairman, as I ever heard in one evening anywhere; but if you went into that club on a weekday you might suppose somebody was dead and laid out there, and that everybody about the premises had gone into deep mourning for the deceased.

If any member of that club had dared then to crack a joke they would have expelled him—as soon as they got over the shock of the bounder's confounded cheek. Saturday night? Yes. Monday afternoon? Never! And there you are!

#### The Bond of Red Meat

SPEAKING of Punch reminds me that we were in London when Punch, after giving the matter due consideration for a period of years, came out with a colored jacket on him. If the Prime Minister had done a Highland fling in costume at high noon in Oxford Circus it could not have created more excitement than Punch created by coming out with a colored cover.

Yet, to an American's understanding, the change was not so revolutionary and radical as all that. Punch's wellknown lineaments remained the same. There was merely a dab of palish yellow here and there on the sheet; at first glance you might have supposed somebody else had been reading your copy of Punch at breakfast and had been careless in spooning up his soft-boiled egg.

They are our cousins, the English are; our cousins once removed, 'tis true—see standard histories of the American Revolution for further details of the removing—but they are kinsmen of ours beyond a doubt.

Even if there were no other evidences, the kinship between us would still be proved by the fact that the English are the only people except the Americans who look on red meat—beef, mutton, pork—as a food to be eaten for the taste of the meat itself; whereas the other nations of the earth regard it as a vehicle for carrying various sauces, dressings and stuffings southward to the stomach. But, to the notice of the American who is paying them his first visit, they certainly do offer some amazing contradictions.

In the large matters of business the English have been accused of trickiness—which, however, may be but the voice of envious competition speaking; but in the small things they surely are most marvelously honest. Consider their railroad trains now: To a greenhorn from this side the blue water, a railroad journey out of London to almost any point in rural England is a succession of surprises—and all pleasant ones. To begin with, apparently there is nobody at the station whose business it is to show you to your train or to examine your ticket before you have found your train for yourself. There is no mad scurrying about at the moment of departure, no bleating of directions through megaphones. Unchaperoned you move along a long platform under a grimy shed, where trains are standing





with their carriage doors hospitably ajar, and unassisted you find your own train and your own carriage, and enter therein.

Sharp on the minute an unseen hand—at least I never saw it—slams the doors and—you might almost say secre-

tively—the train moves out of the terminal. It moves smoothly and practically without jarring sounds. There is no shrieking of steel against steel. It is as though the rails were made of rubber and the wheel-flanges were faced with noise-proof felt. No conductor comes to punch your ticket, no brakeman to bellow the stops, no train butcher bleating the gabbled invoice of his gumdrops, bananas and other best-sellers.

Glory be! It is all so peaceful and soothing—as peaceful and as soothing as the land through which you are gliding when once you have left behind smoky London and its interminable environs; for now you are in a land that was finished and plenished five hundred years ago and since then has not been altered in any material aspect whatsoever. Every blade of grass is in its right place; every wayside shrub seemingly has been restrained and trained to grow in exactly the right and the proper way.

#### The Honor System on Trains

STREAMING by your car window goes a tastefully arranged succession of the thatched cottages, the huddled little towns, the meandering brooks, the ancient inns, the fine old country places, the high-hedged estates of the landed gentry, with rose-covered lodges at the gates and robust children in the doorways—just as you have

always seen them in the picture books. There are fields that are velvet lawns, and lawns that are carpets of green cut-plush. England is the only country I know of that lives up—exactly and precisely—to its storybook descriptions and its storybook illustrations.

Eventually you come to your stopping point—at least you have reason to believe it may be your stopping point. As well as you may judge by the signs that plaster the front, the sides and even the top of the station, the place is either a beef extract or a washing compound. Nor may you count on any travelers who may be sharing your compartment with you to set you right by a timely word or two. Your fellow passengers may pity you for your ignorance and your perplexity, but they would not speak—they could not, not having been introduced.

A German or a Frenchman would be giving you gladly what aid he might; but a well-born Englishman who had not been introduced would ride for nine years with you and not speak. I found the best way of solving the puzzle was to consult the timecard. If the timecard said our train would reach a given point at a given hour, and this was the given hour, then we might be pretty sure this was the given point. Timetables in England are written by realistists, not by gifted fiction writers of the impressionistic school, as is frequently the case in America.

So, if this timecard says it is time for you to get off you get off, with your ticket still in your possession; and if it be a small station you go yourself and look up the station master, who is tucked away in a secluded cubbyhole somewhere absorbing tea, or else is in the luggage room fussing with baby carriages and patent churns. Having ferreted him out in his hiding-place you hand over your ticket to

him and he touches his capbrim and says "Kew" very politely, which concludes the ceremony so far as you are concerned.

Then, if you have brought any heavy baggage with you in the baggage carpardon, I meant the luggage van-you go back to the platform and pick it out from the heap of luggage that has been dumped there by the trainhands. With ordinary luck and forethought you could easily pick out and claim and carry off some other person's trunk, provided you fancied it more than your own trunkonly you do not. You do not do this any more than, having purchased a secondclass ticket or a third-class, you ride first-class; though, so far as I could tell, there is no check to prevent a person from so doing. At least an Englishman never does. It never seems to occur to him to do so. The English have no imagination.

I have a suspicion, though, that if one of our railroads tried to operate its train service on such a basis of confidence in the general public there would be a most deficitful hiatus in the receipts from passenger traffic to be reported to a distressed group of stockholders at the end of the fiscal year. This, however, is merely a supposition on my part. I may be wrong.

To a greater degree, I take it, than any other race the English have mastered the difficult art of minding their own affairs. The average Englishman is tremendously knowledgeable about his own concerns and monumentally

FRIGHTFUL DISTRESSING SUBURBAN INCIDENT DISASTER

In Landon, Mind You, the Newsboys Do Not Jhout Their Extras

ignorant about all other things. If an Englishman's business requires that he shall learn the habits and customs of the Patagonians or the Chicagoans or any other race which, because it is not British, he naturally regards

as barbaric, he goes and learns them—and learns them well. Otherwise your Britisher does not bother himself with what the outlander may or may not do.

An Englishman cannot understand an American's instinctive desire to know about things; we do not understand his lack of curiosity in that direction. Both of us forget what I think must be the underlying reasons-that we are a race which, until comparatively recently, lived wide distances apart in sparsely settled lands, and were dependent on the passing stranger for news of the rest of the world, whereas he belongs to a people who all these centuries have been packed together in their little island like oats in a bin.

London itself is so crowded that the noses of most of the lower classes turn up—there is not room for them to point straight ahead without causing a great and bitter confusion of noses; but whether it points upward or outward or downward the owner of the nose pretty generally refrains from ramming it into other folks' business. If he and all his fellows did not do this; if they had not learned to keep their voices down and to muffle unnecessary noises; if they had not built tight covers of reserve about themselves, as the oyster builds up a shell to protect his tender tissues from irritation—they would long ago have become a race of nervous wrecks instead of being what they are, the most stolid beings alive.

In London even royalty is mercifully vouchsafed a ressonable amount of privacy from the intrusion of the ginlet eye and the chisel nose. Royalty may ride in Rotten Row of a morning, promenade on the Mall at noon, and shop in the Regent Street shops in the afternoon, and at all times go unguarded and unbothered—I had almost said unsticed. It may be that long and constant familiarity with the institution of royalty has bred indifference in the London mind to the physical presence of dukes and princes and things; but I am inclined to think a good share of it should be attributed to the inborn and ingrown British faculty is letting other folks be.

One morning as I was walking at random through the aristocratic district, of which St. James is the solar plexus and Park Lane the spinal cord, I came to a big mansion where footguards stood sentry at the wall gates. This house was further distinguished from its neighbors by the presence of a policeman pacing alongside it, and a newspaper photographer setting up his tripod and camera in the road, and a small knot of passers-by lingering on the opposite side of the way, as though waiting for somebody to come along or something to happen. I waited too.

In a minute a handsome old man and a well-set-up young man turned the corner afoot. The younger man was leading a beautiful stag hound. The photographer touched his

> hat and said something, and the younger man, smiling a good-natured smile, obligingly posed in the street for a picture. At this precise moment a dirigible balloon came careening over the chinneypots on a cross-London air jaunt; and at the sight of it the little crowd left the young man and the photographer and set off at a run to follow, as far as they might, the course of the balloon

#### A Good Natured Prince

NOW in America this could not have occurred for the balloon man would not have been aloft at such an hour. He would have been on the earth; moreover he would have been outside the walls of that mansion house, along with hal a million, more or less, of his patriotic fellow countrymen, tearing his own clothes off and their clothes off, trampling the weak and sickly underfoot, bucking the doubled and tripled police liber in a mad, vain effort to see the flagpole on the roof or a corner of the rear garden wall—for that house was Clarence House, and the young man who posed so accommodatingly for the photographer was none other than Prince Arthur & Connaught, who was getting himself married the very next day.

The next day I beheld from a short distant the passing of the bridal procession. Though there were crowds all along the route followed by the

wedding party, there was no scrouging, no shoving, no fighting, no disorderly scramble, no unseemly congestion should the chapel where the ceremony took place. It reminded to

(Continued on Page 46)



Any Apostle of Any Creed May Come Here and Spout Forth the Faith That is in 8

### NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

THE woman in the flat overhead had just put a new needle in the machine and rolled back the parlor rugs. One could not mistake the let. Down the airshaft came first the seductive

trains of Get Out nd Get Under! after thich the gas fixtures eganto rattle in time a a steady thumping erhead. Half past ight had just struck-.x. you understand, ME. M. That was le queer thing about Mrs. Drum, hownr. did not seem to msderthis. Her air as absorbed.

The Drums' dining m was directly the that domestic me-hall upstairs. makfast had been shedlong ago; but, Mr. Drum had reaned to read his per, Mrs. Drum reained also. Her stand, though he bim spoke at breaka, did not like her have the table bewie did. He was a ide-aged man, long be than merely tall, o was a salesman a Fourth Avenue koncern. Itsspeity was religious ris and Mr. Drum med accordingly.

is especially loud thump now having caused him to look from his paper, he stared inquiringly at the ceiling, se the gas fixtures' globes were tinkling like castanets. Huh! That female's at it again, I see!" he remarked, s which he added in a tone the sarcasm of which was int: "Say, I wonder whether she tangoes in her sleep

was not the first time Mr. Drum had disapproved of lady overhead. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" as he b said: consequently frivolity of any sort he disliked. astes time, for one thing. "Yes; and time's money!" Drum invariably would add. He was, in fact, full of ssyings. "Satan finds work for idle hands," was one sfavorites, it sharing in his esteem an equal place with other sovereign proverb: "Take care of the dimes and ioliars will take care of themselves." Naturally a man him would have little use for a woman that tangoed at

n. Drum heaved a little sigh. She was a sort of le-iged young woman, with a faded, elderly air, a clothes looked as though her husband had helped them. He had too.

hat isn't the tango; it's a trot, Homer," she murd timidly.

lever mind what it is!" retorted Mr. Drum indig-7. "This is a nice time of day for her to start in with idecent high kicking!"

ain Mrs. Drum sighed, at the same time twining her

3 together in her lap.

is for a party tonight she's practicing," she faltered. and her say so in the hallway. And, Homer," added Drum, "I don't think you high-kick when you trot. sadly take your feet off the floor."

Drum, who had picked up his paper, at once laid it "How do you know?" he instantly demanded; and

it in the paper. I guess I wouldn't have learned it bees else, would I?"

should hope not!" Mr. Drum rejoined, with convic-"If you were like that woman upstairs I'd hate to what I'd do! Just look at her! Out day and night, ng from one tango tea to another!"

a Drum had never in her life even seen one. She I hardly have known what a tango tea looked like. er, Mr. Drum's speech was not the less impressive.
er; isn't it offle?" she assented hurriedly. "Last the was out twice; and here it's only Thursday and going out again. I c'n see how you'd hate it!"

= was an air about Mrs. Drum that to a stranger there seemed submerged, but Mr. Drum did not

### By Maximilian Foster



There Followed a Steady Thumping, Which Made the Gas Fixtures Rattle and Sway

notice it. He was busy folding the newspaper so that he could put it into his pocket. Mrs. Drum sat watching him. She would have liked to read the morning paper, but Mr. Drum did not approve of it. He thought newspapers demoralizing to women. However, having now stuffed his into his coat pocket, he helped himself sparingly to a mouthful of water.

"That's right," he observed, his tone oracular; "the whole trouble is you women nowadays have too much time on your hands! If it wasn't for that there wouldn't be half of this talk about the vote and woman's sphere. Not much!"

"Yes; I guess so!" Mrs. Drum hurriedly agreed.

"And dancing their lives away!" continued Mr. Drum.
"Cutting up high jinks everywheres in creation! It's
enough to make you sick!"

"Yes; isn't it?" affirmed Mrs. Drum.

With a final snort Mr. Drum arose. Brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat he sauntered toward the door.

"Well, I must be off," he said, his voice again assuming that note of large, buoyant heartiness so often admired in the trade. "And remember, little woman, dinner early! This is my club night. You won't forget?

Mrs. Drum said she would not. Her husband was a member of the Knights of Zanzibar, a fraternal benevolent order that met once a week at a bowling alley. The week before she had delayed him by forgetting to have the dinner on in time. In consequence, as he now reminded her, he had been greatly put out.

"Yes; I know," she placated. "Good-by, Homer."

"Good-by," nodded Mr. Drum.

He went out briskly, loudly clearing his throat; and for moment Mrs. Drum sat back, staring down her nose, Then, as the door slammed, she suddenly rose.

The music upstairs had stopped, but scuffling to the airshaft window she threw it open. There, for a period, she leaned forth listening. All was silent, though; and, with a sniff—a slight echo of disgust, one had thought—she lowered the window; then slipslopped back to her place at the table. A long while passed; and, with her hands in her lap, Mrs. Drum sat staring at the carpet.

Mr. Drum would not have liked to see her. Marriage, as he often pointed out, was strictly business. "Sure!" he would say. "You 'nd me are partners, a regular firm!" Then he would warn her, if she "reneged on the job" the firm would dissolve. "Yes; you gotta do your work!" he

No doubt this was in her mind now; for, rising presently, Mrs. Drum began to go about her morning tasks.

It was not the first time she had heard idleness was woman's curse. No, indeed! And as Mrs. Drum washed and put away the breakfast dishes, made the beds and tidied up the bedroom, her mind dwelt on Mr. Drum's sage words. Curiously the thought lingered while she dusted the parlor and bedroom, swept

the hall, scrubbed the kitchen floor, steamed out the ice-box, and made a pie for dinner and a shirt for Mr. Drum. But, then, that is the way with most apt sayings; they stick like wax in one's head. And as Mrs. Drum next darned four or five pairs of her husband's socks and mended three suits of his underflannelsshe wasstill reflecting on the folly and frivolity of hersex.

However, ere long the thought began to fade. Having cleaned and filled four kerosene lamps she was just about to clean and fill a fifth when all at once she remembered she had yet to do the marketing as well as to take a pair of Mr. Drum's shoes to the cobbler; after which she must get his silk hat ironed, then go to the cleaner's for a coat he might wish to wear that night. Of course this would

take all her leisure until long past the luncheon hour; but, then, Mrs. Drum did not think of lunching. She seldom did. What now occupied her mind was her back. It felt singularly as though some one had thrust into it a carving knife, kitchen size; and with one hand on the ache, her head lolled over on her shoulder, she was just limping out of the dining room when she paused abruptly, her ear cocked up, her manner alert.

The woman in the flat overhead had again put a new needle in the machine and started it to playing!

The effect was electrical. Mrs. Drum stood poised, her figure rigid; and the change that stole into her expression was curious. Saint Cecilia could not have looked more rapt. It was only for a moment, though. Darting to the airshaft window she flung it open. At once, with all its tantalizing seductiveness, the strains of Too Much Mustard came floating in; and scuffling to the sideboard Mrs. Drum yanked open a drawer. From this she produced a newspaper clipping, an article embellished with a series of cabalistic designs. However they seemed quite clear to Mrs. Drum, for, after a brief glance at the text, she turned and, with a vigorous shove, pushed the dining-room table into a corner. Next, having again studied the clipping, she pinned it conveniently to the wall paper and backed away. Then, had Mr. Drum been present, it is possible he might have suffered a momentary shock.

Mrs. Drum had begun to sway. Her figure, melting from its former rigidity, oscillated in time to the music. Left foot forward, her skirts raised high enough to disclose a pair of spinsterlike ankles, she advanced across the room.

"One, two, three, four, five, six-dip!" said Mrs. Drum, and did it. "One, two, three-dip! One, two, three!"

It is well Mr. Drum was not present. Fancy John the Baptist eying Herodias from his platter! Meantime overhead the dulcet strains continued, when in earnest, solemn succession Mrs. Drum did the Horse Trot, the Castle and the Kitchen Sink. Then, after again consulting the diagram, she next essayed the Lame Duck, the Fireplug, the Billy and Lillian, the Huckaback Hug and the Can of Worms. Flushed and animated, the light of youth, long submerged, once more dawning in her eyes, she was just taking a try at the Grapevine Dip when overhead the music abruptly ended.

"Shuh!" said Mrs. Drum. She waited eagerly, but those strains from above did not start again. Instead, a door slammed a moment later and all was still. Visibly her face fell. "Lord!" sighed Mrs. Drum; and she was mopping her face with her apron when she paused, her eyes fastened on the wall above the fireplace.

A colored decoration hung there-a motto. The thing was one of those worsted and cardboard art creations of

the mid-Rutherford B. Hayes period, its frame of black walnut carved to represent rustic work. Mr. Drum had contributed it to the household. Its sentiment seemed inspired:

#### THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Her posture intent, Mrs. Drum pored over the inscription. One would have thought her air now more curious than ever. It was together profound and quizzical; at once mirthless, yet amused. La Gioconda might have gleamed like that some time at Mr. Gioconda. It was not for long, though.

As she lowered the airshaft window and pushed the table back into place she remembered, with a pang of what may have been conscious shame, that the Knights of Zanzibar met that night, that Mr. Drum's silk hat had yet to be ironed, that she still had to go to the cleaner's for his coat.

No place like home?

"I'll bet not!" said Mrs. Drum.

The hours passed. Noon merged into one o'clock; then came two, lagging onward with heavy feet. Mrs. Drum was still at her household tasks, limping from one to the other. The knife in her back she no longer felt now. It had become a sword, a saber; and subconsciously she waited for it to saw her spine in twain. As this idle thought flitted vaguely through her mind the clock struck half past three. It is the hour when the fiddles at the first thes dansants begin tuning up;

she had read about it in the paper. However, Mrs. Drum had no time to think of that. Mr. Drum had ordered

dinner early!

Just then the doorbell rang; and, with her hand on her ache, her air indifferent, Mrs. Drum went limping along the hall. A young woman stood on the landing outside and Mrs. Drum, as she opened the door, gave a little gasp. It was the lady from upstairs! She had a flat paper parcel in

her hand and she was smiling. Though Mrs. Drum had often seen her neighbor, she had never spoken to her. Mr. Drum, she knew, would not approve of it. Besides, there was something about the lady subtly alarming to Mrs. Drum herself. What it was, though, Mrs. Drum could not have told. It may have been her manner; possibly it was her clothes. Somehow they gave the impression that she had just stepped into them or was just stepping out of them. This was due either to the slash in her skirt or the V in her waist. Mrs. Drum could not tell which. To her dazed view they seemed to meet. The lady's smile, though, was dazzling. "Say, Mrs. Drum," she said, with informal directness,

"I was wund'ring if you wooden do sumpin f' me? I'm Miss La Ray I'm upstairs; you know me, don't yuh? Liane La Ray-yeah. We haven't b'en interduced-bean, I mean-only I guess you know me. I'm on at th' Winter Garden, y'know; yes, the fourth from the end in that front row bunch of broilers."

"Huh?" inquired Mrs. Drum.

"Yeah, the squab chorus," explained Miss La Ray, adding: "I'm the one that has that line: 'Oh, Benny, see how late it is! The clock on the taxi says eleven dollars and a quarter!' You've heard me, haven't yuh?"

Mrs. Drum had not, but that did not in the least dash

her visitor's exuberant spirits.

"Lissen, dearie!" she beamed. "You wooden mind, would yuh, giving this dress to the tailor when he comes? They've got us called f'r a rehoisal this afternoon and I gotta have my dress done so's I c'n wear it t'night. The braid's all kicked off the hem f'm doing the M'shish.

There must have been something in Mrs. Drum's face that expressed bewilderment, for again Miss La Ray explained:

'Yes; you know—that Cuban dance they used to call the McSix, on'y that ain't right. The name's Mexican, a gen'l'man told me. He used to work on the Canal, where they talk it." As she spoke Miss La Ray had unwrapped the dress. "And, say," she added, "when you see that tailor just ask him to open up the slit a little, won't you? There's a dear! I juss hate my clothes if they hamper me, don't you?" With this she thrust the dress into Mrs. Drum's startled hands. "Thanks offly!" bubbled Miss La Ray. "Remember now; any time you want a favor off

Still piping thanks she flitted, darting down the stairs; and shutting the door in a dream Mrs. Drum wandered up the hall, Miss La Ray's dress held dangling 'twixt her thumb and forefinger.

It was to the parlor that Mrs. Drum headed. Arriving there she flung the dress over the back of a convenient chair and was solemnly departing when, with a grunt, she halted. Something in the dress seemed to arrest her. She turned. With an energetic hand she twitched up the window shade. Then backing off a bit Mrs. Drum stood poring over the lace and charmeuse creation, much as a naturalist might pore over some startling sport of Nature.

The dress was what a modiste would have termed a dernier cri. In Mrs. Drum's parlor, though, rather than a



"I Just Hate My Clothes if They Humper Me, Don't You?"

mere cry it became a shout. Maybe the thought occurred to Mrs. Drum, too, for she looked about her covertly, her glance curious.

Portraits in crayon of Mr. Drum's dead parents adorned the wall. Father Drum, one saw, had worn whiskers à la Brigham Young, his upper lip being shaved. As for Mrs. Drum, senior, she had her hair dressed straight back from her brows; besides which she wore spectacles. In keeping with these art works was the furniture. It included a horsehair sofa, the last of its kind probably in any New York flat; and there was also a marble-topped center table as well as a corner whatnot.

A crocheted worsted mat covered the center table, and on this stood a kerosene lamp with a green shade. On the whatnot was a large seashell, a piece of transparent quartz, three flint arrowheads, a plush photograph album, an ornamented mustache cup, several books, and a glass paperweight with a snowstorm inside. All these Mrs. Drum took in with a quick, comprehensive glance, when again there stole into her face that faint, covert air of jocundity. Then, roving from Mr. Drum's treasured heirlooms, her eyes leaped swiftly again to the dress.

The next instant she had snatched it up!

It was again well that Mr. Drum was absent. Her hands, eager and as avaricious as a miser's, played over the gown, fingering every inch of its soft, alluring finery. She wet her lips. Her eyes sparkled. She bent above it, her breath coming swiftly. She felt, appraised, reveled in the filmy softness of its lace. Her touch ran gloatingly along the fabric's sleek, exquisite surface. Her fingers, horny and rough from want of care, plied like a caress over its braid, even its buttons. She patted down its wrinkles. With quick, birdlike gestures she smoothed it here and there.

A mother crooning over a babe could not have expressed a keener, more joyous tenderness. She had held up the dress, draping it against her figure, when all at once there swam into Mrs. Drum's face a quick, still more extraordinary air. It illuminated all her features like a halo.

There was a mirror hanging tilted against the wall. She turned swiftly to it. One had but to give her a look instantly to guess her purpose. Already her fingers had begun snatching at the buttons of her waist. In not more than three minutes at the most, her own dress discarded and kicked beneath a chair, Mrs. Drum stood before the glass clad in the charmeuse tango gown of the lady from overhead. The transformation was complete!

The former Mrs. Drum seemed somehow to have disappeared. She no longer looked scrawny and stoopshouldered; she did not look submerged. Instead, there posed before the mirror a slim, erect figure, not the least middle-aged. Only the way her hair was dressed reminded one of Mrs. Drum of old. It still was dressed the wa Mr. Drum liked it dressed; and she gave it a sadde glance.

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Drum; and she jabbed it, in one way, then the other. Afterward for a moment in regarded herself critically in the mirror, when for second time that morning Mrs. Drum backed a across the room, at the same time daintily raising is skirts above her ankles. "One, two, three-dip!" a Mrs. Drum, and again did it. "Dip!"

This time, however, when she dipped she held to pose; and twisting her head over her shoulder in peeped down at herself. A neat ankle, now less spin sterlike than shapely, was revealed to her. She gaze at it an instant; then she blushed. It was with pieus ure, though; with pride, not shame. The ache in he back was forgotten. She rejoiced that she was gill slender, that age and toil had yet really to tell on he Just then the clocks outside struck four; and from in an attitude of tense attention, Mrs. Drum stands herself in the glass.

In two hours to the minute Mr. Drum's latchie would rattle in the latch. In just two hours 1/2 Drum's dinner must be on the table! Mrs. Drum eyes dropped suddenly. She stood looking at be

"Good Lord!" shee jaculated. "Aren't they awful! The next moment, seated on the floor, she beggs hurriedly to unbutton them. An instant later she we flitting down the hall. Presently a door slammed then silence fell.

In the religious-works book trade Mr. Drum's min was a synonym of all that is punctilious, all that methodical. It was especially so in the way MI Drum made use of his time. At home he was th same as at his office. Winter or summer Mr. Dru let nothing ever vary his schedule.

Punctually at seven-thirty he rose. At expromptly he sat down at the breakfast table. Then on the minute, as he expected, Mrs. Drum had th meal ready for him. As they did not keep a serun Mr. Drum's mother never having had one, Mrs. Dru was enabled always to be on time by rising at a o'clock. However, having breakfasted, Mr. Dru read the newspaper until half past eight. At eigh thirty-five he left the house. Each morning ever

day in the year, the clocks were striking nine as he enter the book concern.

There, until half past twelve, Mr. Drum was engage with the visiting trade. At twelve-thirty-one he was not seen departing to his luncheon, from which he return regularly at one-twenty-nine. One-thirty to the dot so him at his desk, where he labored until five-one. He is then to walk home. Every weekday evening in the year arrived there promptly on the minute of six.

Tonight was no exception. The clocks were just strike as he put his key in the lock. Then, in conformity with usual routine, Mr. Drum loudly cleared his throat.

Mrs. Drum's given name was Lucy. Mr. Drum, hot ever, never used it. It was too girlish, not to say undin fied, for a married woman; especially one who was his will His mother's name had been Eliza.

"Mrs. Drum!" called Mr. Drum, his voice booms buoyantly down the hall.

There was no reply. The house seemed strangely qui Smiling indulgently Mr. Drum stepped up the hall tors the horsehair parlor.

"Hello, there!" he cried, raising his voice a little high "Is every one dead here?" Enjoying this spirited within he had begun good-naturedly to chuckle, when all st = the silence seemed to sink on and engulf him. At a instant, entering the parlor, Mr. Drum's eyes fell 🕾 🗵 Drum's discarded housedress. It lay where she had it-that is, kicked beneath a chair. "What's this inquired Mr. Drum; and, leaning forward to peer at it. next observed the street shoes she had also cast aside.

By now Mr. Drum was frowning darkly. He did > like the look of things in the least. It was not the first he had felt it necessary to chide Mrs. Drum for her until ness; and as he stepped inquiringly toward the kitch Mr. Drum's brows were wrinkled more than ever. If cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Drum! I say, there!" he called again.

Silence still answered; and pushing back the kitchen day Mr. Drum stalked into the kitchen. He knew install something was wrong!

The gas range was lit; there were pots and para on a but no pot or pan gave forth its worited fragrance. 2 grateful incense of dinner to be. Instead there filters through the air a thin, acrid smoke, the odor of scords meat and burning vegetables. A cry of horror but is expressed burst from Mr. Drum. Mingled with it was tone of stern rebuke:

"Mrs. Drum! Mrs. Drum!"

Shutting off the gas, his brows austere, his lips preset firmly together, Mr. Drum stalked out of the kitches. Be called no more now. As clearly as though Mrs. Domi erself had confessed it he now realized the situation. In irect disregard of every duty he expected of her she had illfully run out somewhere, leaving his dinner to burn!

It made little difference to Mr. Drum that this was the est occurrence of its kind. He would see to it, he assured mself, that it should be the last! Armed with this decion he was crossing the dining room to the hall when he iddenly paused.

It was some effect in the room that had halted him. A lange had taken place he was subtly aware. What it was, ough, he could not tell. Then his eye roving about him thted all at once as it reached the fireplace. The wall pove it was blank! The worsted motto was gone! A ctangle of faded wall paper was now all that occupied e place once sacred to that household sentiment:

#### THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

Bewildered, Mr. Drum gaped on the vacancy. He emed dumfounded. The disappearance of that emblem as vaguely ominous. However, ere long his wits returned. id with his mouth set, the Jovian wrath again seated on s brow, he stalked up the hallway to the parlor. There, th a grim solicitude, he picked up both Mrs. Drum's ess and Mrs. Drum's shoes. Next Mr. Drum placed on e sofa both shoes and dress.

Their presence there was conspicuous. However, this parently was what he wished, for, backing away a bit, he itically studied their appearance.

Then, drawing up a chair, Mr. Drum grimly seated him-If where he could command a free, unobstructed view of

e door-of that and any one who might enter by it. His face was fixed. As he told himself, he must of course strain his temper. Her fault naturally was one he could st condone; but at the same time he must not forget his gnity. He must be firm, not harsh; severe, yet not just. Nor must he fail to be kindly, either. That would due from him as the stronger mind, as the superior in x. Yes: that must be his manner—firm yet kindly! ace he had sufficiently rebuked her, he would make her e the largeness of his nobility. He would show her he

as ready to forgive, to forget—that is, if she did not repeat e offense. However, though he knew himself to be nerous, Mr. Drum was fully aware of the gravity of his de's misdoings.

It was at this instant the doorbell rang. The first tinkling of that summons had hardly echoed rough the flat ere Mr. Drum was on his feet. Then, as he uted toward the hall, he recalled his resolution. He ust not forget himself. There must be no scene. His gnity he must remember. Outside, the bell rang again; it Mr. Drum halted. He must first compose himself. Drawing out his watch he exactly noted the time. It

is sixteen minutes to seven. For all purposes that eant his meal already was an hour late. Next, turning to e mirror Mr. Drum carefully noted his appearance. In s emotion his necktie had become disarranged. He fixed

TENET EPL

cleared his throat. Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust! Yes, that was the idea; and, his face grave, his shoulders erect, Mr. Drum strode down the hall.

Flinging open the door he stood there in silence waiting, his finger leveled, pointing toward the parlor. A pause followed.

"S-a-y!" a voice drawled then, stretching out the word; and, gaping, Mr. Drum looked outside.

"Huh?" he inquired.

It was not Mrs. Drum at all! It was Miss La Ray, the lady from overhead. Indicating the finger, which Mr. Drum still rigidly extended, she inquired in Broadway's happy argot:

"Hey? What's th' plot?" And instantly Mr. Drum assumed a less theatrical pose.

"What is it you wish, madam?" he asked freezingly. Miss La Ray wished to see Mrs. Drum. What is more, she wished to see her forthwith. One gathered from her tone that Miss La Ray was not quite pleased. In return, Mr. Drum raised his brows. It was not his intention that any such neighbor should force her acquaintance on his wife.

'Mrs. Drum is not at home," he said.

"Not at home!" echoed Miss La Ray. "Well, where's she went?"

As haughtily as he could Mr. Drum said he did not know, at which the visitor gave a loud exclamation. "Say, this is a swell chance!" she cried, dismayed. "What's she did with my clothes?"

"Your clothes?" repeated Mr. Drum, the inflection

"You said it," returned Miss La Ray; "my dress! The man that called for it says he was all the afternoon trying to get it off her.'

"Off her?" echoed Mr. Drum, starting.

"Away I'm her," Miss La Ray corrected, her voice

Mr. Drum had now perceived the situation. Obviously this female had left with Mrs. Drum a dress that was to be called for by a tailor. The knowledge irritated him. In the first place, Mrs. Drum had her own duties to fulfill. Then again, had he not warned her she must not make indiscriminate acquaintances? Miss La Ray's occupation he knew too; and he did not in the least approve of it. Least of all did he approve of her ringing his doorbell. What if any one should see her there talking to him like this!

"I know nothing about your dress. You must excuse me!" said Mr. Drum, his tone icier than ever; and he was closing the door when Miss La Ray, in desperate ire, put her shoulder to it and pushed. Meantime her speech flowed on undiminished.

"Hey!" she shrilled. "What's th' idee? Are you tryin' to put sumpin' over on me? . . . Awr, you stop yer shoving—y' hear! I want my dress! Hey, you quit that

Mr. Drum had his back to the door, his feet braced against the wall opposite. Subconsciously he felt the

Then, his eyes on himself in the glass, Mr. Drum loudly "Ever Since We Walked to the Altar You've Been Doing All the Talking; and Now I Mean to Do a Little Too'



posture to be undignified, especially for one of his position in the religious-works book trade. It was no time to cavil, however. He shoved. Success crowned the effort. The door gave, it shut; and as the latch clicked Mr. Drum breathed a sigh of relief.

His satisfaction, however, was short. A brief lull followed. Then the silence was succeeded by a storm of blows on the panel; and at the sudden uproar Mr. Drum turned pale. What if the woman roused the house?

His brow moist, Mr. Drum reflected on the consequences. A scandal like that might smirch any one, no matter who! Not even his known respectability could save him! Think of it! His name would be coupled to a woman's! And such a woman too-a public singer! Worse, they might even have dancing at the Winter Garden!

Leaning over suddenly he shouted through the keyhole: "Have a care, young woman! Have a care or I shall

report you to your employers!"

The threat seemed effective. Silence, at any rate, followed; and during it Mr. Drum congratulated himself on his sagacity. Naturally any large public enterprise like the Winter Garden would not care to hear of such carryings-on among its employees. He was just about to order her off about her business when he heard her speak.

"You'll do what?" she called in awed tones. When he repeated the warning he was stupefied to hear a shout of ironic laughter. "Say, is that a promise?" she cried; and then: "'Phome it to the press agent, will yuh?" Again a' shower of blows rained on the door panels. "Hey! You gimme my property!" he could hear her shrill; and, with her mouth pressed to the keyhole, she was threatening to have in the police when all at once she stopped.

Mr. Drum laid his ear to the woodwork. On the floors above and below doors had begun to open; to his dismay hurried footfalls sounded on the stairs. A moment later a murmur of voices arose; and, mute with agony, Mr. Drum realized that the scandal now was public.

"Has your clothes, has he?" some one said. "And he won't give 'em up? There, Albert; I always said he looked like a criminal!

Mr. Drum recognized the speaker. It was his neighbor across the hall, a Mrs. Schnabel. Her husband was in the retail wall-paper trade; and once Mr. Drum had complained to the landlord about the noise they made. "Piano playing after ten o'clock was not respectable," he had written. Mrs. Schnabel spoke again.

"Say," she suggested hopefully, "why don't you have him summonsed?"

Mr. Drum started. Summonsed? Why, she would not dare! It would be perjury to swear he had her dress. He had never laid eyes on it; and besides

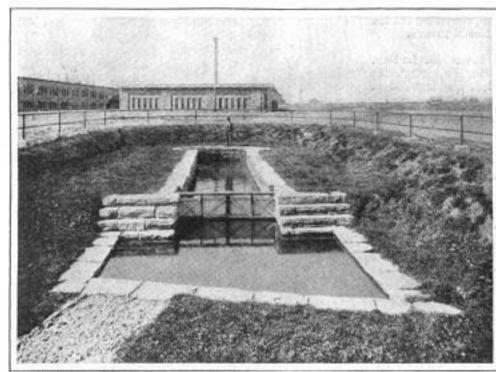
"Yeah; but that ain't the half of it!" Miss La Ray's voice all at once proclaimed. "When I sez to him, 'You big gloom! You gimme my dress!' didn't he take and shove me out of there! The idea of him dasting to lay hands on me!"

Mr. Drum heard her open-mouthed.

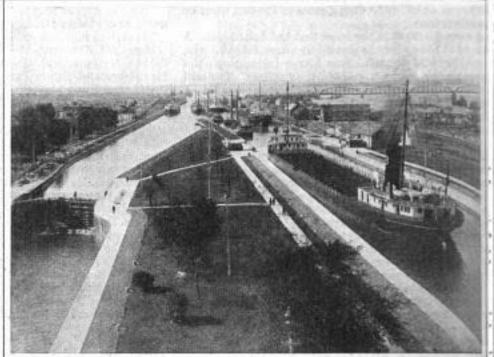
"You don't want a summons-what you want's a warrant!" Mrs. Schnabel was now suggesting; and Mr. Drum wiped his clammy brow.

(Continued on Page 65)

### The Inside of the Pork Barrel







Present Locks at Jaint Marys Palls. A Third and Larger Lock is Under Construction

In A FEW days Congress is going to pass an omnibus Rivers and Harbors Bill; and then in a few more days the newspapers will be discoursing on the evils of the Pork Barrel—and why not? Heaven knows they frequently discourse on much worse things, though rarely, it must be admitted, on topics about

Heaven knows they frequently discourse on much worse things, though rarely, it must be admitted, on topics about which they really know quite so little.

The first thing one does when he leaves the grammar school is to forget his geography. Why should these gentlemen who write editorials for our great newspapers, and who

know about tariffs and things, burden their minds with mere geography? Why bother about Raccoon Creek when it is so easy to remember the Suwanee River? Why keep such prosy old names as Pollock Rip and Cooper River in mind when it is so much pleasanter to let one's thoughts rest on The Banks of the Wabash, or Where Rolls The Oregon?

Oregon?

A good Massachusetts friend, for many years a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, told us that a Harvard man took him to task on one occasion for wasting money on so many insignificant and worthless streams. "Why," he replied, "the trouble is not with the legislation—it is with you; you don't know the geography of your country." Naturally this was protested. "Well, I will name a river in this country navigable for 300 miles that you never heard of." And naturally enough this, too, went to protest. "The Coosa!" And his friend owned up.

When the new man comes to Congress he has to start

When the new man comes to Congress he has to start something—so many of them believe; and about the surest way to the headlines is to denounce the Pork Barrel. A very wise old man told me many years ago, down in Mississippi, when I was beginning to look round politically and take notice, that the very best thing a young man, so intentioned, could do was to get into a fight with the devil. "It does not make much difference what devil it is. An imaginary one will answer the purpose, just so you fight him loud!" Since that day I have come to believe that this old sage has lectured pretty generally round this country.

#### The Intracoastal Canal

WHEN the Rivers and Harbors Bill was before Congress a year ago one of this old teacher's pupils grew almost eloquent—at any rate he fought loud—denouncing the Pork Barrel. Naturally he was requested to indicate the particular project he wished to have eliminated; so he concluded to read the bill and try to guess the answer. The House adjourned over Sunday and when we resumed consideration of the bill on Monday he was ready to specify. Somebody has had a big map of the United States printed, with a broad blue strip running from Boston a short distance inland along the whole Atlantic Coast, across Florida round the Gulf to the Mexican border.

This is supposed to indicate the course of the Intracoastal Canal. The usual amount of study devoted to this project consists of a more or less casual glance at the map and a somewhat more definite "Well, I'll be darned!" The real project for this inland route may be stated in a few words, and a somewhat careful examination of the map will probably suggest the thought that it is manifestly feasible, A cut across Cape Cod—and private enterprise is now making it—gives a protected course behind Long Island into

### by B. G. Humphreys

New York from Boston. The tonnage actually carried now and subjected to the dangers of the passage through Marthas Vineyard and round Cape Cod is difficult to ascertain with exactness. It is very large—just how many millions can only be roughly estimated, but certainly larger than the tonnage that passes through the Suez Canal; and the passenger traffic is enormous.

Surely it would not be a foolish thing to make the way safe. The next cut is across New Jersey from Raritan Bay to the Delaware River, and private enterprise dug that many years ago. The next cut is across Delaware from the river to Chesapeake Bay; and there, too, private enterprise has long since constructed the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal. Running down this protected course several hundred miles through Chesapeake Bay, the next cut is from the Chesapeake to Albemarle Sound.

Strangely enough, these two waters are already connected by two privately dug canals—one through the Dismal Swamp; the other known as the Chesapeake & Albemarle Canal. The traffic carried through both these canals, though the depth is only six feet, was given as seven hundred thousand tons the year before Congress purchased the last named. All of it, of course, was compelled to pay toll to the companies that owned and operated them. It would require an ordinary freight train of thirty loaded cars two trips daily every day in the year to transport this tonnage.

Just what the saving to the commerce of the coast will amount to when this canal is deepened and widened and made a free waterway can only be guessed; but the engineer corps of the army, after a very thorough study of the question, reported that the expense of the improvement, including the purchase price, was justified by the needs of commerce, and thereupon Congress adopted the project. It will enable the smaller craft engaged in the coastwise trade to avoid the storms and hidden reefs off Cape Hatteras, the most dangerous point on our Atlantic seaboard, where many fortunes and human lives are annually lost.

From Beaufort to Savannah the difficulty will be greater, but future Congresses may find it worth while to undertake this section. From Savannah to Key West the project will require little excavation and the cost will be small.

Along the Gulf of Mexico, Nature has providently so disposed the sea islands as to provide this section of the canal almost without the necessity for human activities to amplify. Look at the map if your curiosity or interest is roused.

However, as one of those immortals who used to gather round the table at the Coffee House and hear Doctor Johnson's long sentences expressed it, "This is going far afield." I must return to our friend the orator. To use expressive slang, the Intracoastal Canal "got its!" It was the biggest and the greasiest piece of pork in the barrel! When Clearwater Harbor was reached in the bill it must be stricken out. The chairman explained that this was not a part of this inland waterway.

"Judging from its name I had assumed that it must be some distance inland," the objector explained. Most natural assumption. How could Clearwater Harbor be near the ocean? Traversing the broad prairies from the land of the cactus on his triumphal march to the nation's capital, he had crossed many rivers—tis Red, the Arkansas, and even the Father of Water.

All were rushing in tawny currents on and into the sea, and surely this common receptacle of so much silt must be the muddlest hole in Christendom. Clearwater Harbor near the Ocean—the idea!

The rivers whose improvement and maintenance are provided for in the bill now pending in Congress floated last year a commerce amounting to 203,313,128 tons. This is exclusive of the traffic on the rivers connecting the Great Lakes, and does not include the tonnage of our harbors These figures will be more readily understood when conpared with the tonnage of other transportation routs which hold a prominent place in the public mind. Mr. Emery Johnson, the official expert upon whose figures the House relied when the rate of tolls was fixed for the Panana Canal, estimated that the total tonnage which would pass through the Canal in 1915 would be ten and a half million tons. The tonnage of the Suez Canal for 1912 was 20,125. 120 tons. The freight carried from coast to coast by all our transcontinental railroads combined is three million tons. It is estimated that the coastwise traffic which will pass through the Canal will be 1,250,000 total annually, and it is the exemption or nonexemption this million and a quarter tons from the payment of tolls which has caused so much acrimonious debate. In other words the rivers, large and small, for which we are providing in our Rivers and Harbors bills, float nearly as much tonnage annually as will pass through the Panama Canal and the Suez Canal, plus the cross-continent tonnage of all the railroads during the next ten years.

#### Senator Burton's Change of Tune

THEN the creeks and the insignificant rivers—what of the money wasted in their improvement? Surely this is pork, and distributed, too, among the members in such fashion as to make the passage of the barrel certain. What a curious notion, that a Congressman could gain favor at home by securing appropriations of money to waste on worthless creeks! Surely this could gain votes only in the immediate vicinity of the miserable creek, and there better than anywhere else would it be known that the money was in fact being wasted. Are the people dunces? Do these creeks if flow through the grounds of some insane asylum? Otherwise how could a Congressman gain popular favor by needless expenditures of the tax-raised money on impossible and worthless creeks?

Senator Burton was chairman of the Rivers and Harbon Committee for ten years. During that time he spent much money on the Great Lakes and viewed the magical growth of commerce there with commendable pride. He also speid much money on the ridiculous creeks, and was severer purhaps than any one else in his judgment and in his criticism of those who spoke of the Pork Barrel. When the first Rivers and Harbors Bill, after he reached the Senate, was reported to that body, word came over to the House that he was making a most vigorous attack on it. Pork Barrel in fact, had been one of the phrases used.

D. S. Alexander, one of the most conscientious patrices who ever served in Congress, and certainly one of the most

wable of men, had been Mr. Burton's pupil for those ten ears and now had succeeded to the chairmanship of the ouse committee. He had framed this bill on the identical ges so long laid down and so well defended by Mr. Burton id he refused to believe the story. The old members folwed him posthaste to the other chamber, to be resolved Brutus so unkindly knocked or no. Which particular he he was essaying, Brutus or Casca, nobody knew. All on were aware, however, that he was knocking, and locking hard at that.

The Brazos, the Trinity, and some other projects that ere the children of his own brain-or at least had been hered into this breathing world under his skillful legistive attention—shared the shafts of his forceful criticisms. this he seemed to be playing no favorites, whatever else

might be playing.

Alexander was speechless; but being a member of the ouse, and at the moment only a visitor de gratia in the mate, this was not surprising; the rules required it. He d known Saul of Tarsus, but this was Paul! After it was er he led his committee colleagues back to the House, a adder if not a wiser man. They believed the great sena-, at whose feet they had learned how to frame River and arbor bills, had for some reason put an antic disposition The charge of Pork Barrel, however, had been revived, d this time sponsored, by a man whose opinion was orth something and whose words carried weight.

The old adage says that bad news travels fast. There some stories that are hardly to be classed as bad news, t that are nevertheless entitled to honorable mention in ese speed contests. Videlicet: Once upon a time there s an old priest, Abbé Huc, who visited China and wrote book, in which he said the Yellow River had, by reason

the levees along its banks, filled its annel until the bottom of the river s higher than the adjacent territory. ere was no truth in the story; but it ok the wings of the morning and flew the uttermost parts of the earth.

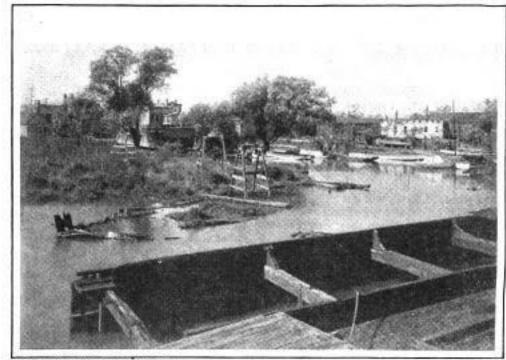
#### Work on the Trinity

OW very many people have heard I it, and how very few people ever id the book or heard of the abbé! So th the Trinity River. Dallas, Texas, is this river, a few miles above its conence with the East Fork. There has rely been a situation where a competing ter route to the sea was more clearly licated, as the doctors say, than at illas. In the center of the greatest tonbelt in the world it was actually ng strangled by the railroads. It was sposed to improve the Trinity; but in the question was raised whether re was sufficient water in the short etch down to the point where the two ks united to maintain the required oth if a lock and dam were put there. In an unhappy moment an engineer gested that if there were any doubts this point artesian wells could be ik to supply the deficiency! How

it tale spread and how it has grown and waxed fat repetition as well as distance lent enchantment! It t few who have not heard at least one version of it.

The very matter-offact business men of Dallas were confronted with the condition, while the theory was cutting its fantastic tricks as clever paragraphers about the country gave it additions and much currency. Everybody smiled when the Trinity was mentioned; and so these selfsame business men went down into their pockets and dug up some sixty-six thousand dollars wherewith to construct a lock and dam to demonstrate that there was ample water in this short section of the river. This they did to everybody's satisfaction and Congress thereupon adopted the project. It was understood from the very outset that no commerce could develop until the series of locks and

dams were completed to the Gulf. There was nothing stranger in this than that there would be no commerce at Panama until the canal was completed. In a few years the improvement of the Trinity will be completed and this



Old Canal Boat Construction Yard, Delaware and Raritan Canal

the people's money on ridiculous creeks. How I have heard the changes rung on these worthless creeks!

A party of Congressmen were riding round Boston Harbor some years ago. We were being shown the shipping

and the wonderful facilities of that great port by one of the jolliest and cleverest sons of the Old Bay State. We passed a curious old hulk lying in a rather neglected nook of the harbor, when our guide pointed it out as the old Constitution and really grew eloquent in his recount of its heroic achievements. We were charmed!

Then another less imaginative Bostonian broke into explain that this was all a mistake! So far from being the Constitution, it was nothing more than an unworthy barge converted into a houseboat! Turning on this iconoclast our host shouted:

"Well, I knew that all along; but it was serving the purpose most excellent well, and now you have converted this delightful surprise into the biggest disappointment of the morning-and that, too, simply for the sake of uninteresting

#### The Tonnage of the Creeks

IFIT were not for the fact that it would be doing ill service to the cause of waterway improvement, by poisoning the public conscience with palatable though thoroughly unwholesome fallacies, I would not break this insignificant-

creek idol; but I must. Let us, therefore, consider some

dry though very pertinent facts.

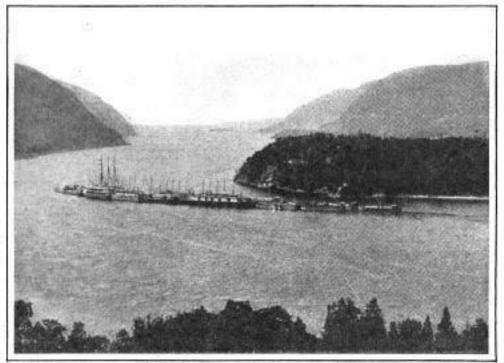
During the past four years Congress has passed four Rivers and Harbors appropriation bills. The total carried in those four bills for the improvement of creeks, all told, was nine hundred and one thousand dollars. These same bills carried, for all rivers and all harbors, something more than one hundred million dollars. Of this sum the creeks got something less than one per cent. During those same four years those same creeks, counting all, floated in commerce among our people a tonnage officially valued at one billion dollars.

The Ohio River runs for a thousand miles through one of the busiest valleys of this turbulent earth. We are now hurrying to completion a project there for a nine-foot depth from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi River, where it will connect with another nine-foot channel out to the Gulf. We are going to spend on this Ohio River project sixtythree million dollars and everybody applauds the enterprise, as everybody must. The tonnage of the Ohio River is about ten millions annually.

Those creeks, which cost us less than one million in four years, bear an annual commerce of nearly seven million tons. How many railroads are there in these United States that can carry a billion dollars of commerce with a trackage maintenance charge of nine hundred and one thousand dollars? Our maintenance charges at Panama, military included, are going to be some twenty-five or thirty million dollars annually.

Is there any poet now in captivity who expects to see thirty thousand million dollars of commerce pass through the Panama Canal annually? If it does not, then the creeks will show better in the comparison.

(Continued on Page 57)



Erie Canal Barge Tow in Hudson River, near West Point, New York

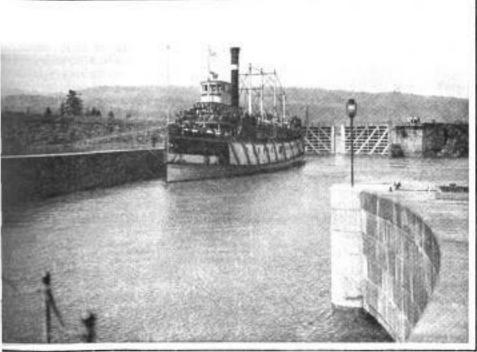
greatest cotton-producing section of the world will then be enabled to use it. Until that good day comes, however, it s been repeated in infinite variations until there are must serve our orators and editors as an illustration of the

wicked waste involved in the annual Pork Barrel, where money is spent on a stream that bears no commerce!

The Brazos has to run this same gauntlet until its progressing improvement brings Waco in touch with the Gulf of Mexico.

These are the bright particular spots that illumine every article on the Pork Barrel, and they are the horrible examples pointed to by the orators who fight this same devil—that is, by those who happen to know these projects are being provided for. As a rule, of course, your political orator does not labor under the handicap of accurate information.

The climax of Pork Barrel orations and editorials usually, almost invariably, finds its fitting cap in the waste of



Cascades Canal and Locks, Oregon

### THE BUSHER COMES BACE

San Francisco, California, May 13.

\*\*RIEND AL: I suppose you and the rest of the boys in Bedford will be supprised to learn that

I am out here, because I remember telling you when I was sold to San Francisco by the White Sox that not under no circumstances would I report here. I was pretty mad when Comiskey give me my release, because I didn't think I had been given a fair show by Callahan. I don't think so yet Al and I never will but Bill Sullivan the old White Sox catcher talked to me and told me not to pull no boner by refuseing to go where they sent me. He says You're only hurting yourself. He says You must remember that this was your first time up in the big show and very few men no matter how much stuff they got can expect to make good right off the reel. He says All you need is experience and pitching out in the Coast League will be just the thing for you.

So I went in and asked Comiskey for my transportation and he says That's right Boy go out there and work hard and maybe I will want you back. I told him I hoped so but I don't hope nothing of the kind Al. I am going to see if I can't get Detroit to buy me, because I would rather live in Detroit than anywheres else. The little girl who

got stuck on me this spring lives there. I guess I told you about her Al. Her name is Violet and she is some queen. And then if I got with the Tigers I wouldn't never have to pitch against Cobb and Crawford, though I believe I could show both of them up if I was right. They ain't got much of a ball club here and hardly any good pitchers outside of me. But I don't care.

I will win some games if they give me any support and I will get back in the big league and show them birds something. You know me, Al. Your pal, JACK.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY 20.

AL: Well old pal I don't suppose you can find much news of this league in the papers at home so you may not know that I have been standing this league on their heads. I pitched against Oakland up home and shut them out with two hits. I made them look like suckers Al. They hadn't never saw no speed like mine and they was scared to death the

minute I cut loose. I could of pitched the last six innings with my foot and trimmed them they was so scared.

Well we come down here for a serious and I worked the second game. They got four hits and one run, and I just give them the one run. Their shortstop Johnson was on the training trip with the White Sox and of course I knowed him pretty well. So I eased up in the last inning and let him hit one. If I had of wanted to let myself out he couldn't of hit me with a board. So I am going along good and Howard our manager says he is going to use me regular. He's a pretty nice manager and not a bit sarkastic like some of them big leaguers. I am fielding my position good and watching the baserunners to. Thank goodness Al they ain't no Cobbs in this league and a man ain't scared of haveing his uniform stole off his back.

But listen Al I don't want to be bought by Detroit no more. It is all off between Violet and I. She wasn't the sort of girl I suspected. She is just like them all Al. No heart. I wrote her a letter from Chicago telling her I was sold to San Francisco and she wrote back a postcard saying something about not haveing no time to waste on bushers. What do you know about that Al? Calling me a busher. I will show them. She wasn't no good Al and I figure I am well rid of her. Good riddance is rubbish as they say.

I will let you know how I get along and if I hear anything about being sold or drafted. Yours truly, JACK,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JULY 20.

FRIEND AL: You will forgive me for not writeing to you oftener when you hear the news I got for you. Old pal I am engaged to be married. Her name is Hazel Carney and she is some queen, Al—a great big strapping girl that must weigh one hundred and sixty lbs. She is out to every game and she got stuck on me from watching me work.

Then she writes a note to me and makes a date and I meet her down on Market Street one night. We go to a nickel show together and have some time. Since then we been together pretty near every evening except when I was away on the road.

Night before last she asked me if I was married and I tells her No and she says a big handsome man like I ought not to have no trouble finding a wife. I tells her I ain't

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



She Was All Broke Up But I Told Her I Didn't Have Enough Dough to Get Married

never looked for one and she says Well you wouldn't have to look very far. I asked her if she was married and she said No but she wouldn't mind it. She likes her beer pretty well and her and I had several and I guess I was feeling pretty good. Anyway I guess I asked her if she wouldn't marry me and she says it was O. K. I ain't a bit sorry Al because she is some doll and will make them all sit up back home. She wanted to get married right away but I said No wait till the season is over and maybe I will have more dough. She asked me what I was getting and I told

her two hundred dollars a month. She says she didn't think I was getting enough and I don't neither but I will get the money when I get up in the big show again.

Anyway we are going to get married this fall and then I will bring her home and show her to you. She wants to live in Chi or New York but I guess she will like Bedford O. K. when she gets aquainted.

I have made good here all right Al. Up to a week ago Sunday I had won eleven straight. I have lost a couple since then, but one day I wasn't feeling good and the other time they kicked it away behind me.

I had a run in with Howard after Portland had beat me. He says Keep on running round with that skirt and you won't never win another game.

He says Go to bed nights and keep in shape or I will take your money. I told him to mind his own business and then he walked away from me. I guess he was scared I was going to smash him. No manager ain't going to bluff me Al.

So I went to bed early last night and didn't keep my date with the kid. She was pretty sore about it but business before plesure Al. Don't tell the nothing about me being engaged. I want to sup them. Your pal,

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST FRIEND AL: Well Al I got the supprise of my life night. Howard called me up after I got to my and tells me I am going back to the White Sox. Cor find out, when they sold me out here they kept a o on me and yesterday they exercised it. He told melv have to report at once. So I packed up as quick as I and then went down to say good-by to the kid. She all broke up and wanted to go along with me but I her I didn't have enough dough to get married. She she would come anyway and we could get married i but I told her she better wait. She cried all over my s She sure is gone on me Al and I couldn't help feeling for her but I promised to send for her in October and everything will be all O. K. She asked me how much going to get in the big league and I told her I would lot more money than out here because I wouldn't I I didn't. You know me Al. I come over here to Sacramento with the club this

ing and I am leaveing tonight for Chi. I will get next Tuesday and I guess Callahan will work me away because he must of seen his mistake in letting by now. I will show them Al.

I looked up the skedule and I seen where we p
Detroit the fifth and sixth of September. I hope th
let me pitch there Al. Violet goes to the games and
make her sorry she give me that kind of treatment
I will make them Tigers sorry they kidded me last:

I ain't afraid of Cobb or n

them now, Al. Your pal, J.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUS

AL: Well old pal I guess I
in right. Did you notic
I done to them Athaletics, t
ball club in the country?
Violet wishes she hadn't cal
no busher.

I got here last Tuesday up in the stand and watch game that afternoon. Wash was playing here and J pitched. I was anxious to him because I had heard a about him. Honest Al he

him because I had heard s about him. Honest Al he fast as me. He shut them out, but they never we of a hitting club. I went to the clubhouse after the and shook hands with the bunch. Kid Glear assistant manager seemed pretty glad to see me says Well have you learned something? I says Ye I have. He says Did you see the game this aftern says I had and he asked me what I thought of J I says I don't think so much of him. He says guess you ain't learned nothing then. He say was the matter with Johnson's work? I says He nothing but a fast ball.

says Yes and Rockefell got nothing but a hundred bucks.

Well I asked Callahan i going to give me a chance and he says he was. But the bench a couple of day didn't ask me to do noth nally I asked him why no says I am saving you against a good club, the At Well the Athaletics con guess you know by this ti I done to them. And I has

against Bends but I ain't a none of them

none of them
Baker didn
hard all after
I didn't have t
with Collins
I let them d
five blows al
the papers g
seven. Thet
ers here don't
more about
than some old
They give B
on a fly ball tl
ought to of
only he stut



Her O. K. I Fell for Her the First Time I Juan Her

omething and they handed Oldring a twobase hit on a ball hat Weaver had to duck to get out of the way from. But I on't care nothing about reporters. I beat them Athaletics ad beat them good, five to one. Gleason slapped me on he back after the game and says Well you learned somehing after all. Rub some arnicky on your head to keep he swelling down and you may be a real pitcher yet. I ays I ain't got no swell head. He says No. If I hated iyself like you do I would be a moveing-picture actor. Well I asked Callahan would be let me pitch up to Detroit nd he says Sure! He says Do you want to get revenge on hem? I says, Yes I did. He says Well you have certainly ot some comeing. He says I never seen no man get worse eatment than them Tigers give you last spring. I says Tell they won't do it this time because I will know how to itch to them. He says How are you going to pitch Cobb? I says I am going to feed him on my slow ne. He says Well Cobb had ought to make a good meal f of that. Then we quit jokeing and he says You have sproved a hole lot and I am going to work you right along gular and if you can stand the gaff I may be able to use ou in the city serious. You know Al the White Sox plays city serious every fall with the Cubs and the players akes quite a lot of money. The winners gets about eight

undred dollars a peace and se losers about five hundred. e will be the winners if I have wthing to say about it.

I am tickled to death at the mance of working in Detroit id I can't hardly wait till we 4 there. Watch my smoke Al.

Your pal, JACK. P. S. I am going over to ilen's flat to play cards a hile tonight. Allen is the leftunder that was on the training ip with us. He ain't got a ing, Al, and I don't see how gets by. He is married and swife's sister is visiting them. e wants to meet me but it m't do her much good. I en her out to the game today d she ain't much for looks.

etroit, Mich., September 6. TRIEND AL: I got a hole lot to write but I ain't got ich time because we are gog over to Cleveland on the at at ten P. M. I made them gers like it Al just like I said would. And what do you nk Al, Violet called me up er the game and wanted to me but I will tell you about game first.

They got one hit off of me d Cobb made it a scratch gle that he beat out. If he dn't of been so dam fast I ald of had a 0 hit game. At it Weaver could of threw him t if he had of started after ball in time. Crawford in't get nothing like a hit and hiffed him once. I give two lks both of them to Bush but is such a little guy that you i't pitch to him.

When I was warming up bee the game Callahan was nding beside me and pretty m Jennings come over. Jen-

gs says You ain't going to pitch that bird are you? And llahan said Yes he was. Then Jennings says I wish i wouldn't because my boys is all tired out and can't the bases. Callahan says They won't get no chance lay. No, says Jennings I suppose not. I suppose he l walk them all and they won't have to run. Callahan 8 He won't give no bases on balls, he says. But you ter tell your gang that he is liable to bean them and they ter stay away from the plate. Jennings says He won't zer hurt my boys by beaning them. Then I cut in. Nor a neither, I says. Callahan laughs at that so I guess I st of pulled a pretty good one. Jennings didn't have comeback so he walks away.

Then Cobb come over and asked if I was going to work. llahan told him Yes. Cobb says How many innings? llahan says All the way. Then Cobb says Be a good fel-Cal and take him out early. I am lame and can't run. utts in then and said Don't worry, Cobb. You won't re to run because we have got a catcher who can hold m third strikes. Callahan laughed again and says to You sure did learn something out on that Coast.

Well I walked Bush right off the real and they all gun to holler on the Detroit bench There he goes again.

Vitt come up and Jennings yells Leave your bat in the bag Osker. He can't get them over. But I got them over for that bird all O. K. and he pops out trying to bunt. And then I whiffed Crawford. He starts off with a foul that had me scared for a minute because it was pretty close to the foul line and it went clear out of the park. But he missed a spitter a foot and then I supprised them Al. I give him a slow ball and I honestly had to laugh to see him lunge for it. I bet he must of strained himself. He throwed his bat away like he was mad and I guess he was. Cobb comes pranceing up like he always does and yells Give me that slow one Boy. So I says All right. But I fooled him. Instead of giveing him a slow one like I said I was going to I handed him a spitter. He hit it all right but it was a line drive right in Chase's hands. He says Pretty lucky Boy but I will get you next time. I come right back at him. I says Yes you will.

Well Al I had them going like that all through. About the sixth inning Callahan yells from the bench to Jennings What do you think of him now? And Jennings didn't say nothing. What could he of said?

Cobb makes their one hit in the eighth. He never would

of made it if Schalk had of let me throw him spitters instead of fast ones. At that Weaver ought to of threw him out. I Am a Belikop and the Big Rube With Me is Nothing but a Pitcher

> Anyway they didn't score and we made a monkey out of Dubuque, or whatever his name is,

ABTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Well Al I got back to the hotel and snuck down the street a ways and had a couple of beers before supper. So I come to the supper table late and Walsh tells me they had been several phone calls for me. I go down to the desk and they tell me to call up a certain number. So I called up and they charged me a nickel for it. A girl's voice answers the phone and I says Was they some one there that wanted to talk to Jack Keefe? She says You bet they is. She says Don't you know me, Jack? This is Violet. Well, you could of knocked me down with a peace of thread. I says What do you want? She says Why I want to see you. I says Well you can't see me. She says Why what's the matter, Jack? What have I did that you should be sore at me? I says I guess you know all right. You called me a busher. She says Why I didn't do nothing of the kind. I says Yes you did on that postcard. She says I didn't write you no postcard.

Then we argued along for a while and she swore up and down that she didn't write me no postcard or call me no busher. I says Well then why didn't you write me a letter when I was in Frisco? She says she had lost my address. Well Al I don't know if she was telling me the truth or not but maybe she didn't write that postcard after all. She was crying over the telephone so I says Well it is too late for I and you to get together because I am engaged to be married. Then she screamed and I hang up the receiver. She must of called back two or three times because they was calling my name round the hotel but I wouldn't go near the phone. You know me Al.

Well when I hang up and went back to finish my supper the dining room was locked. So I had to go out and buy myself a sandwich. They soaked me fifteen cents for a sandwich and a cup of coffee so with the nickel for the phone I am out twenty cents altogether for nothing. But then I would of had to tip the waiter in the hotel a dime.

Well Al I must close and catch the boat. I expect a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and maybe Violet will write to me too. She is stuck on me all right Al. I can see that. And I don't believe she could of wrote that postcard after Yours truly,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 12.

OLD PAL: Well Al I got a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and she is comeing to Chi in October for the city serious. She asked me to send her a hundred dollars for her fare and to buy some cloths with. I sent her thirty dollars for her

fare and told her she could wait till she got to Chi to buy her cloths. She said she would give me the money back as soon as she seen me but she is a little short now because one of her girl friends borrowed fifty off of her. I guess she must be pretty soft-hearted Al. I hope you and Bertha can come up for the wedding because I would like to have you stand up with me.

I all so got a letter from Violet and they was blots all over it like she had been crying. She swore she did not write that postcard and said she would die if I didn't believe her. She wants to know who the lucky girl is who I am engaged to be married to. I believe her Al when she says she did not write that postcard but it is too late now. I will let you know the date of my wedding as soon as I find out.

I guess you seen what I done in Cleveland and here. Allen was going awful bad in Cleveland and I relieved him in the eighth when we had a lead of two runs. I put them out in one-two-three order in the eighth but had hard work in the ninth due to rotten support. I walked Johnston and Chapman and Turner sacrificed them ahead. Jackson come up then and I had two strikes on him. I could of whiffed him but Schalk makes me give him a fast one when I wanted to give him a slow one. He hit it to Berger and Johnston ought to of been threw out at the plate but Berger fumbles and then has to make the play at first base. He got Jackson all O. K. but they was only one run behind then and Chapman was on third base. Lajoie was up next

and Callahan sends out word for me to walk him. I thought that was rotten manageing because Lajoie or no one else can hit me when I want to cut loose. So after I give him two bad balls I tried to slip over a strike on him but the lucky stiff hit it on a line to Weaver. Anyway the game was over and I felt pretty good. But Callahan don't appresiate good work Al. He give me a call in the clubhouse and said if I ever disobeyed his orders again he would suspend me without no pay and lick me too. Honest Al it was all I could do to keep from wrapping his jaw but Gleason winks at me not to do nothing.

I worked the second game here and give them three hits two of which was bunts that Lord ought to of eat up. I got better support in Frisco than I been getting here Al. But I don't care. The Boston bunch couldn't of hit me with a shovvel and we beat them two to nothing. I worked against Wood at that. They call him Smoky Joe and they say he has got a lot of speed.

Boston is some town, Al, and I wish you and Bertha could come here sometime. I went down to the wharf this morning and seen them unload the fish. They must of been a million of them but I didn't have time to count them. Every one of them was five or six times as big as a blue gill,

Violet asked me what would be my address in New York City so I am dropping her a post card to let her know all though I don't know what good it will do her. I certainly won't start no correspondents with her now that I am engaged to be married. Yours truly,

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16.

FRIEND AL: I opened the serious here and beat them easy but I know you must of saw about it in the Chi papers. At that they don't give me no fair show in the Chi papers. One of the boys bought one here and I seen in it where I was lucky to win that game in Cleveland. If I knowed which one of them reporters wrote that I would punch his jaw.

Al I told you Boston was some town but this is the real one. I never seen nothing like it and I been going some since we got here. I walked down Broadway the Main Street last night and I run into a couple of the ballplayers and they took me to what they call the Garden but it ain't like the gardens at home because this one is indoors. We sat down to a table and had several drinks. Pretty soon one of the boys asked me if I was broke and I says No. why? He says You better get some lubricateing oil and loosen up. I don't know what he meant but pretty soon when we had had a lot of drinks the waiter brings a check and hands it to me. It was for one dollar. I says Oh I ain't paying for all of them. The waiter says This is just for that last drink.

I thought the other boys would make a holler but they didn't say nothing. So I give him a dollar bill and even then he didn't act satisfied so I asked him what he was waiting for and he said Oh nothing, kind of sassy. I was going to bust him but the boys give me the sign to shut up and not to say nothing. I excused myself pretty soon because I wanted to get some air. I give my check for my hat to a boy and he brought my hat and I started going and he says Haven't you forgot something? I guess he must of thought I was wearing a overcoat.

Then I went down the Main Street again and some man stopped me and asked me did I want to go to the show. He said he had a ticket. I asked him what show and he said the Follies. I never heard of it but I told him I would go if he had a ticket to spare. He says I will spare you this one for three dollars. I says You must take me for some boob. He says No I wouldn't insult no boob. So I walks on but if he had of insulted me I would of busted

I went back to the hotel then and run into Kid Gleason. He asked me to take a walk with him so out I go again. We went to the corner and he bought me a beer. He don't drink nothing but pop himself. The two drinks was only ten cents so I says This is the place for me. He says Where have you been? and I told him about paying one dollar for three drinks. He says I see I will have to take charge of you. Don't go round with them ballplayers no more,

When you want to go out and see the sights come to me and I will stear you. So tonight he is going to stear me. I will write to you from Philadelphia.

Your pal,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 19. FRIEND AL: They won't be no game here today because it is raining. We all been loafing round the hotel all day and I am glad of it because I got all tired out over in New York City. I and Kid Gleason went round together the last couple of nights over there and he wouldn't let me spend no money. I seen a lot of girls that I would of liked to of got aquainted with but he wouldn't even let me answer them when they spoke to me. We run in to a couple of peaches last night and they had us spotted too. One of them says I'll bet you're a couple of ballplayers. But Kid says You lose your bet. I am a bellhop and the big rube with me is nothing but a pitcher.

One of them says What are you trying to do kid somebody? He says Go home and get some soap and remove your disguise from your face. I didn't think he ought to talk like that to them and I called him about it and said maybe they was lonesome and it wouldn't hurt none if we treated them to a soda or something. But he says Lonesome! If I don't get you away from here they will steal everything you got. They won't even leave you your fast ball. So we left them and he took me to a picture show. It was some California pictures and they made me think of Hazel so when I got back to the hotel I sent her three postcards.

Gleason made me go to my room at ten o'clock both nights but I was pretty tired anyway because he had walked me all over town. I guess we must of saw twenty shows. He says I would take you to the grand opera only it would be throwing money away because we can hear Ed Walsh for nothing. Walsh has got some voice Al a loud high tenor.

Tomorrow is Sunday and we have a double header Monday on account of the rain today. I thought sure I would get another chance to beat the Athaletics and I asked Callahan if he was going to pitch me here but he said he thought he would save me to work against Johnson in Washington. So you see Al he must figure I am about the best he has got. I'll beat him Al if they get a couple of runs behind me. Yours truly.

P. S. They was a letter here from Violet and it pretty near made me feel like crying. I wish they was two of me so both them girls could be happy.

Washington, D. C., September 22.

DEAR OLD AL: Well Al here I am in the capital of the old United States. We got in last night and I been walking round town all morning. But I didn't tire myself out because I am going to pitch against Johnson this afternoon.

This is the prettiest town I ever seen but I believe they is more colored people here than they is in Evansville or Chi. I seen the White House and the Monumunt. They say that Bill Sullivan and Gabby St. once catched a baseball that was threw off of the top of the Monumunt but I bet they couldn't catch it if I throwed it.

I was in to breakfast this morning with Gleason and Bodie and Weaver and Fournier. Gleason says I'm supprised that you ain't sick in bed today. I says Why?

He says Most of our pitchers gets sick when Cal tells them they are going to work against Johnson. He says Here's these other fellows all feeling pretty sick this morning and they ain't even pitchers. All they have to do is hit against him but it looks like as if Cal would have to send substitutes in for them. Bodie is complaining of a sore arm which he must of strained drawing to two-card flushes. Fournier and Weaver have strained their legs doing the tango dance. Nothing could cure them except to hear that big Walter had got throwed out of his machine and wouldn't be able to pitch against us this serious.

I says I feel O. K. and I ain't afraid to pitch against Johnson and I ain't afraid to hit against him neither. Then Weaver says Have you ever saw him work? Yes, I says, I seen him in Chi. Then Weaver says Well if you have saw him work and ain't afraid to hit against him I'll bet you would go down to Wall Street and holler Hurrah for Roosevelt. I says No I wouldn't do that but I ain't afraid of no pitcher and what is more if you get me a couple of runs I'll beat him. Then Fournier says Oh we will get you a couple of runs all right. He says That's just as easy as catching whales with a angleworm.

Well Al I must close and go in and get some lunch. My arm feels great and they will have to go some to beat me Johnson or no Johnson. Your pal,

ACTION WILLIAM DEOWN -

Rub Some Arnicky on Your Head and You May be a Real Pitcher Yet

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 22. FRIEND AL: Well I guess you know by this time the they didn't get no two runs for me, only one, but I bet

him just the same. I beat him one to nothing and Callaba was so pleased that he give me a ticket to the theater. just got back from there and it is pretty late and laired have wrote you one letter today but I am going to sit an and tell you about it.

It was cloudy before the game started and when I was warming up I made the remark to Callahan that the dark day ought to make my speed good. He says Yes and d course it will handicap Johnson.

While Washington was takeing their practice ther me coachers Schaefer and Altrock got out on the infield and cut up and I pretty near busted laughing at them. The certainly is funny Al. Callahan asked me what was laughing at and I told him and he says That's the first time I ever seen a pitcher laugh when he was going to vori against Johnson. He says Griffith is a pretty good fellow to give us something to laugh at before he shoots that go at us.

I warmed up good and told Schalk not to ask me for m spitter much because my fast one looked faster than I ere seen it. He says it won't make much difference what you pitch today. I says Oh, yes, it will because Calaba thinks enough of me to work me against Johnson and I want to show him he didn't make no mistake. Then Giesen says No he didn't make no mistake. Wasteing Circle or Scotty would of been a mistake in this game.

Well, Johnson whiffs Weaver and Chase and mice Lord pop out in the first inning. I walked their first gap but I didn't give Milan nothing to bunt and finally is flied out. And then I whiffed the next two. On the best Callahan says That's the way, boy. Keep that up and we got a chance.

Johnson had fanned four of us when I come up with two out in the third inning and he whiffed me to. I fouled see though that if I had ever of got a good hold of I would d knocked out of the park. In the first seven inning as didn't have a hit off of him. They had got five or six hear ones off of me and I had walked two or three, but I at loose with all I had when they was men on and they could? do nothing with me. The only reason I walked so many was because my fast one was jumping so. Honest Alit was so fast that Evans the umpire couldn't see it half the time and he called a lot of balls that was right over the burn

Well I come up in the eighth with two out and the search still nothing and nothing. I had whiffed the second time as well as the first but it was account of Evans mising one on me. The eighth started with Shanks muffing a fig ball off of Bodie. It was way out by the fence so he put two bases on it and he went to third while they was throwing Berger out. Then Schalk whiffed.

Callahan says Go up and try to meet one Jack. It might as well be you as anybody else. But your old pal did:

whiff this time Al. He gets two striks on me with fast ones and then I passed up two bad ones. I took my healthy at the next one and slapped it over in: base. I guess I could of made two base on it but I didn't want to tire myself out. Anyway Bodie scored and I had then beat. And my hit was the only one == got off of him so I guess he is a pretty good pitcher after all Al.

They filled up the bases on me will one out in the ninth but it was pretty dark then and I made McBride and the catcher look like suckers with my spec-

I felt so good after the game that drunk one of them pink cocktails don't know what their name is. And the I sent a postcard to poor little Violet I don't care nothing about her but it dea't hurt me none to try and cheer bet @ once in a while. We leave here Thursday night for home and they had ought to be two or three letters there for me iron Hazel because I haven't heard from her lately. She must of lost my road address: Your pal. Jack.

P. S. I forgot to tell you what Callhan said after the game. He said I was a real pitcher now and he is going to a me in the city serious. If he does Al W will beat them Cubs sure.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 7 FRIEND AL: They wasn't no letter here at all from Hazel and I guess sto must of been sick. Or maybe she did think it was worth while writeing = local as she is comeing next week.

I want to ask you to do me a favor ! and that is to see if you can find me a house down there. I will want to move in with Mrs. Keefe, don't that soul

(Continued on Page 61)

#### By Edwin Lefèvre CHEAP AT A MILLION

LLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

H. MERRIWETHER drove to the house of mystery in me the the chauffeur to wait and rang the il. One of the overintelligent-looking otmen opened the door.

"I wish to see Mr. - whoever is master this house."

"Yes, sir!"

The footman led the way. At the door the library he knocked twice sharply. en after a pause once, and then twice ain. He waited; and presently, having idently heard some answer not audible the financier, he opened the door and

"Mr. E. H. Merriwether!"

Why had there been any necessity for mals? Why such cheap theatrical clapap? To make him think things? These estions in Mr. Merriwether's mind showed at the mysterious master of the house ew the advantage of suggesting the imrtant sense of difference.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," answered E. H. Merrither, and looked about the room.

It began to irritate him. The man insified the feeling by speaking very delibstely, as one to whom time is no object: "Pray be seated, Mr. Merriwether."

"I am a very busy man," began the autocrat of fifteen ousand miles of railroad.

"Sit down anyhow," imperturbably suggested the man. The autocrat sat down. He said:

"But please understand that." "I won't keep you any longer because you are sitting.

all we get down to business?" "Yes."

"Mr. Merriwether"—the man spoke almost dreamily lo you know why I asked you to call today at eleven?" "No."

"Because when you were here yesterday it was after

"And?" The little czar was in a hurry to finish.

"You, Mr. Merriwether, are one of those fortunate artals about whom the newspapers do not lie."

"Oh, am I? I take it you haven't seen a newspaper in eive years." Mr. Merriwether, after all, was an Amern. His sense of humor helped to make him great.

"I've read every line that has ever been printed about u-I had to, in order to study you exhaustively. I find at you are acknowledged by both friends and foes to be intelligent man."

"Oh, yes!"

"A very intelligent man!" continued the man.

"And therefore?" said the very intelligent man.

"And therefore I now ask you to give me one million llars."

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never so much as batted an eye-He kept his eyes fixed on the stranger's eyes. He eated, a trifle impatiently: "And?"
"A certified check will do."

"Come to the point-I am a busy man," said Mr. erriwether.

The man looked at the little financier admiringly. Then said: "You mean you wish to know why you should the million, or what you will get for it?" "Either! Both!"

"You should give it because it is I who ask it. You will t for it what is very, very cheap at a million." "My dear sir, we'd do business quicker if you'd play

Now that it was a matter of money, of paying, of trading, m's father felt a great sense of relief. Still, there was

m's unhappiness to consider. Poor boy! 'I want you to give me a million so that in r

'e you a daughter-in-law." "You mean you will not give me a daughter-in-law if I

w you a million-don't you?"

"I am in the habit of meaning what I say. The sooner u learn that, the quicker we'll close the deal. I mean at for a million dollars I'll give you a daughter-in-law." Mr. Merriwether shook his head. It was plainly to be m on his face that every moment spent in this room was and waste of time.

"Isn't it worth a million to you?" asked the man, as if knew it was.

Mr. Merriwether proceeded to look as though it were orth even less than a Santo Domingo mining concession. ten he said, with finality: "No!"

The man rose.



"I am Going to Lick You With This Whip!"

"Then"-he spoke indifferently-"come back when it is. I'll ask you to excuse me. I, also, am a busy man. Good

Mr. Merriwether rose and bowed. He looked straight into the man's very shrewd eyes, smiled very slightly-and sat down again.

"Do you mean," he asked very pleasantly, for his bluff had been called, "Miss Calderon?"

The man sat down.

"Oh, no!" he answered unsmilingly.

"No? Then?" Mr. Merriwether was so surprised that he forgot not to show it.

"I am sorry you are a busy man, because what I have to say cannot be hurried. First, you must chase from your mind all thoughts of Wall Street, high finance, railroad systems-and fill it with love!"

Mr. Merriwether looked alarmed. Would it all end with a Biblical text and an exhortation to endow some Home?
"You can do this," pursued the man imperturbably,

"by thinking of your son Tom. He is your only son. You should love him. Once your mind is attuned to thoughts of love, you will be able to understand me more easily. Concentrate on love!"

The man leaned back in his chair as though he were certain the attuning process would consume an hour, this being, alas! a Wall Street man; but Merriwether said very promptly:

"I am ready for Chapter II."

"I doubt it. Love! The love of father for son, of son for mother, of son for wife, of son for father and so on!" "I understand. My mind works quickly. Go on!"

"Do you by any chance happen to know that your son is in love?"

"Yes. Where is the girl?" "It isn't the girl. It's just girl."

"Oh, quit vaudevilling!"

"There is no girl who is the girl. There never was. There doesn't have to be any!"

Quite obviously this man was a lunaticwith the eyes of a particularly sane person. If there was no girl Tom was in no danger of marriage. A million for not marrying an undesirable person-yes; but a million for a daughter-in-law, when Tom was not in love!

"Only," thought Mr. Merriwether, "in e I have the selecting of her! And if I pick her I don't have to pay."

"And yet," said the man musingly, "Tom loves her!"

Mr. Merriwether's perplexity was fast rising to the dignity of anger.

"If there had been a girl of Tom's own class," the man went on, as if talking to himself, "why shouldn't he have been seen in public with her?" Mr. Merriwether was listening now with his soul. "And if the girl were of the other class, that financial geniuses, alas! sometimes have to accept for daughters-in-law-a nice, vivacious choruslady, or a refined Reno graduate, or worseshe would have insisted on being seen in

public with Tom, to show her power and to raise the paternal bid-price for a trip to Europe-alone!"

The man ceased to speak and began to nod his head slowly, his gaze on the rug at his feet. Mr. Merriwether could stand it no longer.

"If there is no girl, what in blazes do I get for my million?

"Your pick of eight!"

"Eight what?"

"Eight perfect daughters-in-law!"

A thought shot through Mr. Merriwether's mind: Was any form of insanity

He looked at the lunatic. The eyes were sane-cold, shrewd, mindreading eyes, full of a sardonic humor.

"They are all," added the man as if he wished to dispel unworthy suspicion, "in love.'

"With Tom?"

"With love-like Tom!"
"With love-like Tom!" helplessly repeated Mr. E. H. Merriwether.

"Your mind"—the man spoke very slowly and distinctly, as if he wished to deprive Mr. Merriwether of every excuse for not understanding him-"does not seem to be working this morning with its usual efficiency!'

"No!" admitted Mr. Merriwether sadly. "If you'd only use words of one syllable I think I could follow you

"It isn't that. It is that your mind was not attuned in the beginning to the thought of love, and therefore could not follow my words. You compel me to spend time in explaining the obvious. Listen! If you wish Tom to become the heir to your name, to your railroad, to your work, and to all the dreams you have dreamed about your work and about your son; if you want him to be your successor, to continue your work, to perpetuate the name and influence of Merriwether in his country-I say, if you wish all this he must do one thing and you must see that he does it. And that one thing, Mr. Merriwether, is for him to marry wisely. Do you get that?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Merriwether very simply. "If he doesn't it will be death to your hopes-a tragic

break in the Merriwether succession. No; don't shake your head. Admit it. Face it frankly. I know it. I know that you also know it. Can you expect me to believe that you want Tom to be the fool husband of a fool girl, whose influence on him -

"Tom isn't that kind," interrupted E. H. Merriwether. "All men are that kind. Does history record the case of a man, greater even than E. H. Merriwether, who when it came to women was an utter ass? Yes, of a thousand; in fact, the stronger the man the weaker she makes himthe better his brain the worse his folly. And the cure? When an intelligent man realizes that he is a hopeless ass over one woman he realizes that his only escape is by

the suicide route. No! It's much cheaper for you to pay the million. Oblige me by thinking. Isn't it cheaper to pay a million?"

He held up a silencing hand, as though he wished Mr. Merriwether to think for a full hour of the bargain he was getting. Mr. Merriwether thoughtquickly and accurately as was his wont. And he admitted to himself that it was indeed cheap at a million. But there must be value received. Promises, however plausible, are no more to be capitalized blindly than threats. It depends on who promises and why; and also on what is promised. He thought of offering a smaller sum and of going through the usual preliminaries of a trade, but decided to be frank.

"If you can deliver the goods I'll pay the million." And after a pause he added: "Gladly!"



as for Tom's Jake"

"I banked on that when I decided you ought to contribute a million to our fund," said the man simply. "I studied you and your fortune and your vulnerability, and I decided to attack via Tom. This was easier and cheaper than a stock-market campaign."

The man somehow looked as though he had said all that was necessary; but Mr. Merriwether reminded him:

"You must prove your ability to deliver the goods."

"I thought"-the man seemed mildly surprised-"we had."

"No; the million hasn't stirred."

"You are a brave man, Mr. Merriwether."

Mr. Merriwether laughed and said:

"What should I fear? People don't murder a man like me and get away with it-not when the motive is money. Political assassination, perhaps; but not for a few dollars-especially when my heirs would spend millions to see that justice did not miscarry." He shook his head smilingly.

"My dear sir, when we decided to go into the gold-mining business -

"Gold-mining business!"

"Exactly! We thought to save time and effort by getting our gold already coined. Our general staff studied various methods-the ticker, for instance, and legislative attacks on your roads; but we went back to Tom. It is, of course, nearly as stupid to overestimate as to underestimate one's opponent; so, while we provided against every contingency arising from your undoubted possession of a resourceful and fearless mind, we also thought—please take note—that you might display stupidity; and we prepared for it. Such as, for instance, in case you pointblank said No! We have also provided ways of preventing you and your uncaptured millions from hurting us. Of course we could make the stock market pay us for the trouble of kidnaping you or of murdering you. Don't you see clearly what you would do if you were in my place?"

"Oh, yes-I see it clearly; but I don't believe you could

do what I could in your place!"

Nobody is free from vanity, for everybody seems to be a natural monopolist when it comes to brains. You are kidnaped at this very moment, aren't you?"

"People know I am here

"Oh, yes! We expect to have you telephone McWayne presently not to expect you to lunch and that we have extended every facility to his detectives for having this house under surveillance. We kidnaped the great Garrettson and kept him out of reach of the great world of finance long enough to enable us to cash in. Not only that, but he never told how we did it. You remember when Steel broke to -

"You didn't do that!" exclaimed E. H. Merriwether. "Oh, yes, we did; and I'll tell you how." And the man

briefly outlined the case for him.

E. H. Merriwether listened with much interest. When the man made an end of speaking the financier shook his head skeptically, which made the man ask:

"You don't believe it?"

"No!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

"Nevertheless it is so. We also might have engineered in your case some deal such as that by which we compelled Ashton Welles to disgorge some of the money he had no business to have." And he proceeded to enlighten the financier.

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether.

"Rather neat!" modestly acquiesced the man. "Suppose we had decided to kidnap you? The first thing to do is to get you here. Well, you are here."

"How will you make money by that?" asked the

financier, smiling.

"We don't expect to. We have not planned to make money by kidnaping you. Nevertheless you must admit it can be made a very expensive matter for you. But please let me kidnap you without interruption!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Mr. Merriwether gravely. It struck him that the possession of a sense of humor makes a crook ten times more dangerous.

made the reporter Tully really formidable. "We assume that you foresaw the danger to yourself in coming alone to this house. You'd employ private detectives to watch it at ten dollars a day a man, exactly as you have had your son watched the moment we decided it was time for you to begin the watching. McWayne, your efficient private secretary, is ready to move to your rescue. I don't see what else you could have done to protect yourself that we have not provided for."

"The police!" mildly suggested Mr. Merriwether.

"And the reporters!" mocked the man. "Pshaw! We know what we are doing. Why, we have rehearsed your kidnaping and even your death. Our ablest members have in turn impersonated you-put themselves in your place



"I Now Ask You to Give Me One Million Dollars"

and fought us, on the principle of the German army maneuvers. I will not bore you with more details and I admit that the human mind cannot foresee accidents; but we have studied how your mind would work. Suppose you assume that you are kidnaped and beyond the possibility of help from your friends. Shall I tell you what we have done to make Tom marry one of our eight desirable candidates?"

"If you still wish that million."

"Having decided to attack through Tom we studied him and his ancestry on both sides. We easily learned that he had never had a serious love affair, and that he was imaginative and adventurous like yourself. There were many young women who would have liked to become your daughter-in-law-too many. That was Tom's trouble. But our problem was really made easier by that. We simply had to turn his thoughts to love and to one girl. We therefore did."

"How?"

"We got him here. I piqued his curiosity and made the affair an extraordinary one by saying all we wished him to do was to answer one question. As we had rather expected, he would not come; but, of course, we had foreseen that, and so we got him here in one of our own taxicabs."

"How?"

"We telephoned him the doctor said he should come instantly and that you were not really in danger. We don't believe in lies; but we took pains that no other cab was in front of the club when we telephoned him from the corner drug store. Attention to details, my dear sir, always brings home the bacon. Having roused the spirit of adventure in a remarkable way I then asked him the great question. What do you think it was?"

Tom's father shook his head.

"It was this: Where did you spend your summer at the end of your Freshman year? He told me. Then I gave him a box made to order for me by a French expert, which would deceive other experts so long as we did not try to sell it. Anybody can imitate the gold work of any period. In all the museums of the world you will find fakes. Attention to details! I was prepared to have him show that box to local experts. I assumed he would do so, being a Merriwether and, therefore, intelligently curious."

"Box with what?" asked Mr. Merriwether, also intelli-

gently curious.

"Wait! When your son told me where he spent his summer at the end of his Freshman year I knew he was then about nineteen-too young to think of marriage but old enough to think of love. He had for the first time in his life been free from home influences and direct parental supervision. He was bound to regard himself as a man of the world and think of innocent flirtations as a manly art. Being in that frame of mind, and at the same time being a nice, rich, good-looking chap, all the girls would naturally make a dead set for him. Their numbers would keep him from having one love affair.

"All love affairs at twenty are much the same. A boy always begins by being it love with love. Indeed I believe twestyyear love to be exclusively a literary pasion-that is, boys get it from reading about it. Of course I studied time, period locality and manifold probabilities; and therefore, I sent him on a mission that suggested love-love for the one girl that Fits intended him to love and to marry. in order to fix, accentuate and accelerate is love-thinking I used the perfume of succ peas."

"How does that work?"

"I picked out sweet peas because the are found everywhere. Their oder a strong and characteristic. He must have inhaled that odor thousands of times when he was flirting with pretty girls the sinner he spent at Oleander Point with Doctor Bonner."

"Yes; but about suggesting -

"I advise you to read up on the paychology of odor associations. You vil learn that there is a very close relation between the olfactory sense and the desirto love. Oliver Wendell Holmes decired that memory, imagination, old sentiness and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel; and, also, that 'other tory impressions tend to be associated with a sum-total of feeling-tone.' This has been known for thousands of years.

"A very interesting paper was written by Mackenzie, of Johns Hopkins. If you read it you will know more than I can now take the time to tell you. The Orient understands the value of perfumes in levmaking, and I could tell you amazing things; but I will refer you to Cabaria. Dadisett, Hobbes, Jaworski, Iwanici.

Schiff, Wolff and Zwaardemaker. If you wish, my seretary will prepare an exhaustive bibliography of the subject for you."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Merriwether. "But I still doo't understand -

The man sighed. Then he said:

"I'll tell you, of course." He then told Tom's father about the message in the dark that Tom had carried.

"But he couldn't possibly believe it!" exclaimed Mr. Merriwether.

"No; he couldn't—but he did. Of course I have talest you behind the scenes—that is, I have opened your eje and turned your head in the proper direction and held a firmly there and shouted Look! And of course you set the machinery standing still and you can't imagine it il motion. You are not so imaginative as I thought you

"Huh!" said E. H. Merriwether thoughtfully. That after a brief pause he said: "I see the wheels revolving

Ingenious!"

"More than that-practical! My object in having Tom fall in love with love, suggesting that there was too girl born to be his bride, accentuated by my use of the sweet-peas odor as a leitmotif, was to have something to offer you which would be cheap at a million. The next see was to make Tom do foolish things-for effect on you First, to make you fear Tom was crazy. I had a girl wis knew young Waters talk to him about Tom's new sad alarming queerness and suggest that he telephone to Mr. E. H. Merriwether.

"Of course Waters wouldn't telephone-and of course did. And, of course, if you had disbelieved or suspected you would have sent for young Mr. Waters and he would have denied the telephone but admitted the queer actions of Tom and the fact that people were talking about thes. That would have allayed any suspicion you might have entertained. So I stage-managed the opera scene and the Boston trip to make you fear the worst. In that frame of mind you could be induced to come here voluntarily. 1 sent Tully to you. You had to come!"

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether with a thoughtid

absence of enthusiasm.

"Therefore," continued the man as if he had not hear the other's interpolation, "your son, being full of the thought of love and, even worse, of marrying the mate that Fate selected for him five million years ago, is DOE ready to marry any girl that smells of sweet peas. We thought that, instead of vulgarly extracting the milist from you by torture or threats, we would place you in exdebt by perpetuating the Merriwether dynasty. Hence the preparation of eight very nice girls-three of them it your own set, three others children of people you know, and the remaining two equally desirable but less historical, = it were."

"Who are they?" If Mr. Merriwether was to pay a million he might as well see the label.

"Cynthia, Agnes and Isabel, daughters respectively of lordon Hammersly, William Murray and Vanderpoel Joodford. Any objections?"

"No; but you can't ----"

"Yes, I can. Also, Louise Emlen, daughter of Marbury mien, the lawyer ——"

"He's a crook!" interrupted Mr. Merriwether,

"He doubtless interfered with one of your deals; I see you respect him. He's a crank, but she is a brick. And a liss Lythgoe, daughter of Professor Lythgoe, of Columa—the most beautiful girl in New York. Ramona Ogden; if father is Doctor Ogden, the lung specialist; her mother as a Jewess. The remaining two are of humble birth, ut all of them are healthy and beautiful, of good ancesy, plenty of honesty, brains, and, above all, imaginative, my one of them will not only make Tom happy but will ake him a worthy successor of a great man. And such andchildren as they will give you! I envy you!"

The man spoke with such fervent sincerity that E. H.

erriwether merely said:

"It is a risky business, even though the chances appear

"That's why we ask one million dollars—because we we eliminated the risk. Very cheap. Are you ready?" "Yes," said Mr. Merriwether grimly.

"Then, will you kindly ----"

"Yes; I will kindly tell you that you are a damned fool! ou've wasted my time. I'm going to my office, and if I in't have you put in jail it will be because I don't want e publicity. But don't push me too far or I'll do it anyw!" And Mr. E. H. Merriwether rose.

"Sit down!" said the man, with a pleasant smile.

"Go to hell!" snarled the czar of the Pacific and Southstern, and looked at the man with the eyes that Sam arpe once said reminded him of a mink's when it kills the sheer love of killing.

For all reply the man clapped his hands sharply twice.

MIT men—the overintelligent-looking footmen—came

m behind the heavy plush portières. Also, the ascetic
pking man who had held the glass of acid in the taxicab

d had brought Tom into the house the first time. The

cetic-looking man held a cornet to his lips, and his lungs

re filled with still unblown blasts.

"Three weeks ago, Mr. Merriwether," explained the mysficus master of the house, "this worthy artist began to actice on his beautiful instrument at exactly this time every orning. This was in anticipation of the morning when you ould be here—the idea being to drown your cries. The ighbors have complained and I have promised to play piasimo; but a few loud blasts, which will do the trick, will be given. Attention to details, Mr. Merriwether! Ready!" The cornetist inflated his lungs and held the cornet to his

 The footmen seized Mr. erriwether by the arms and p, one man to each limb.

"Doctor!" called the master. A sixth man came from behind e portières. He had some tin is in his hand—plainly labeled her—and also a cylinder of impressed laughing gas and an ialer.

"Expert! Anesthetics!" said
man curtly to Mr. Merrither. "We propose to take
u out of this house if we kidpyou. If we decide to kill you
have arranged to do it right
re at home. I think we'll kidpyou. A week or two will
the you amenable to reason.
realize, of course, that every
y you spend under our hospible roof will make it a little bit
we difficult to get the million
to our clutches. Would you
to know how we can kidnap
u and get away with it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. E. H. erriwether with a pleasant

"Tell our Mr. E. H. Merrither to come in," said the man the cornetist, who thereupon appeared and presently remed, followed by a man made to resemble the great financier. The task was rendered easy by a famous flat-brimmed hat, the the crown like a truncated he, so familiar to newspaper aders through the cartoonists' orts. The resemblance was a striking enough to deceive at the range, but it probably and work at a distance.

"Walk like him!" commanded e master. The fake Mr. Merriwether walked up and down the room with the curious swaggering, jockeylike jauntiness of the little railroad man. From time to time he snapped his fingers impatiently in the same characteristic way Mr. E. H. Merriwether almost always used when giving an order to subordinates.

"That will do!" said the man, with a broad grin at the impersonator of the little financial giant. The double left

the room-still walking à la E. H. M.

"I have had that man—an actor of about your build with a gift of mimicry—coached for weeks to imitate you. We told him it was a joke and guaranteed him an appearance before the most select audience in New York at one of Mrs. Garrettson's world-famous functions. We pledged him to a secrecy so natural, under the circumstances, as to rouse no suspicions. A few minutes ago we sent a footman to tell your chauffeur to go away and return at one. He wouldn't do it. The footman said the boss said so. Your man retorted that he took orders from only the boss himself—especially when countermanding previous orders.

"So our Mr. Merriwether went out to the front door, yelled 'One!' in your voice and snapped his finger at the intelligent chauffeur, who thereupon beat it. But the sleuth remains. It makes us laugh! But, after all, since we have provided for him, it would be a pity not to go through the entire program. Does this bore you?"

through the entire program. Does this bore you?"
"Must I tell the truth?" asked Mr. Merriwether.

"Yes."

"I can stand more." In point of fact Mr. Merriwether was sure the situation was serious for him. That is why

he joked about it.

"Over six months ago we opened an antique shop on Fourth Avenue. We had the usual truck. Also we have had this antique dealer—who is your humble servant—go from house to house on the Avenue offering to buy or exchange those antiques of which people have grown tired. We even asked you. We have offered such good prices and such excellent swaps that we have taken antiques from some of the wealthiest houses on the Avenue. Also we have made a practice of importing antiques from Europe, which we auction off every two weeks. The money we get we deposit in various banks, and then we buy bills on Paris. The banks now know us. Remember that—it is important.

"Well, we also have an exact copy of your motor, even to the initials in the door panels. Pretty soon we send for our Merriwether motor and our E. H. Merriwether emerges from this house and gets into his car and off he goes—and the sleuth with him."

"But if there should be two, and one stay?"

"Then Number Two will see not long afterward an elaborately carved Gothic chest taken from here into the antique dealer's wagon—a wagon now known to the traffic squad. We carry you away and lock you in a small sound-proof room, to get to which people would have to move out of the way a lot of heavy pieces of furniture. There is no question of our ability to kidnap you and to keep you a prisoner. I tell you we have paid attention to details persistently and intelligently. Meantime what does Sam Sharpe do to the stock market? And Northrup Ashe? How much will a month's absence from your office cost you?"

"Not half as much as it will cost you when I get out."

"And if you don't get out?"

For reply Mr. E. H. Merriwether grinned broadly.

"My dear Mr. Merriwether," the man spoke very seriously now, "we had not really expected such unintelligent skepticism from you; but, as we prepared for everything, we, of course, prepared for even crass stupidity on your part. In demonstrating our power to do what I say some painful moments will be your portion. This I regret more than I can say. Just now our problem is to prove our complete physical control of you and also our utter indifference to your feelings.

"I am going to do what will make you hate me to the murder point. In deliberately making a violent enemy of a man like you we pay ourselves the compliment of thinking ourselves absolutely fearless. I propose to have you spanked—to whip you as if you were a bad little boy. We shall at first use a shingle on you—undraped. You may begin when ready, James."

"Sir," said one of the footmen very respectfully to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, "will you kindly take off your coat and waistcoat, preliminary to the removal of your trousers?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether tried to smile, but desisted when he saw that the men's faces had taken on a grim look.

"We know," said the master solemnly, "that for every blister we raise you will gladly spend a million to clap us into jail. Do you really wish to be spanked and to hate us for it for the rest of your life?"

"No."

"The alternative is the million-or death."

"You can't kill me and get away with it."

"Oh, yes—even easier than kidnaping. Will you please assume the fact of your death?"

"I'll do that much to please you," said Mr. Merriwether. He still believed that murder would not be profitable to these men and hence did not believe they would go that far.

"Would you like to know how we propose to dispose of the body?"

"I might as well see everything," he answered in a resigned tone of voice. The man looked at him admiringly and said: "Come on!"

They led the great E. H. Merriwether to the cellar. There he saw that the furnace coal had been taken out of

> its bin and put in the adjoining compartment. The plank floor had been taken up, and what looked like a short trench had been dug. Outside stood a pile of crushed stone, some bags of cement, some bundles of steel rods, a section of five-inch iron soilpipe with a mushroom-head trap at one end, and concrete-workers' tools

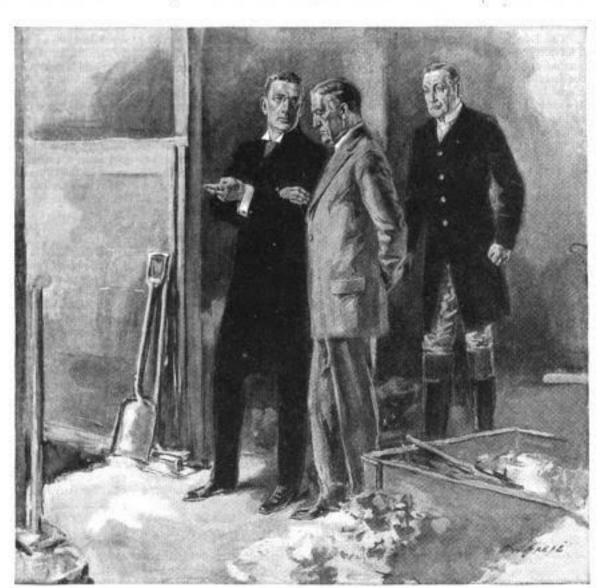
"After we make absolutely sure that you are dead we throw a lot of soft mortar into the grave, deposit the corpse, and then pour in more cement—so that you will be completely surrounded by it. It will make it very difficult indeed to recognize you when they try to chip away the hard cement—if they ever try! Then we fill the grave up to the top with concrete, using plenty of steel rods—not to reënforce the concrete at all, but to make it very hard digging with a pick.

"We also stick the soil pipe into the—er—cavity in order to account for the disturbed pavement. Intelligent searchers—your son and his detectives—will assume it is plumbing, and seek no further.

"We replace the plank flooring in the bin and fill it up with coal, thereby further obliterating all traces of your grave.

"We have provided for that part, you see. Why, my dear Mr. Merriwether, what we really do to you is confer immortality on you. We elevate you to the rank of one of the mysteries. Charlie Ross and E. H. Merriwether! Just assume that we'll

(Continued on Page 52)



"If You Had Been a Realty Conscienceless Financier We'd Have Made it Five Millions"

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



#### FOUNDED A: D: 1728

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1914

#### Feeling the Tariff

AMONG business men nowadays we often hear it remarked that from this time forth, for at least a twelvementh, the country will feel the effect of the new tariff law as it has not felt it hitherto. Probably this is true. Obviously a tariff change the effects of which were entirely imperceptible would have been entirely useless. There is no reasonable doubt that a majority of the people of this country had reached a firm conviction that the tariff was too high and should be radically revised. Certainly they did not expect the revision to go no further than to change some figures on the statute book. They expected it to have some effect on prices. Probably that effect is now beginning to be felt.

Oddly enough the loudest complaints we have encountered come from the South, where steel men declare that English, German and Belgian bars and billets are coming in at prices they cannot meet. The Democratic answer is that, possessing such natural advantages as we do, if we cannot compete with English, German and Belgian manufacturers, after they have paid the freight, we had better shut up shop and buy our steel abroad.

More is made of the importations of corn from Argentina into the Mississippi Valley, resulting in a considerable depression of the price of the cereal at Chicago. Our corn crop in 1913 was twenty per cent smaller than in the year before. As compared with the average of the three preceding years, it fell short about twelve per cent, and the average of the three preceding years was only about equal to consumption. With a deficit in home production the price of corn might have gone somewhat higher than it has, A greater number of immature food animals might have been rushed to market because the owners would not buy the higher-priced corn with which to feed them, which would have resulted in a greater shortage of beef and mutton in the future and still higher prices for meat; but certainly all that would have been no economic gain to the country. Importing some of Argentina's surplus corn is a more rational and profitable arrangement. And at this writing corn at Chicago is fifteen per cent higher than it was a year ago,

Probably in the next twelvementh we shall feel some effects of the new tariff; but that is no condemnation of the act. On the contrary it was for precisely that it was passed.

#### Opportunity

WE HAVE often wondered whether it would be humanly possible to devise equality of opportunity for children, and are quite inclined to believe that it would not be. Certainly matters might be arranged so that the overwhelming majority of poor children would not have to leave school about the time they get into the grammar grade. By free tuition, free maintenance and compensation to the parents for the youths' earning capacity it would even be possible to give bright children from the poorest homes as fair a chance at higher education as the millionaire's son has.

However, even that would not produce real equality of opportunity between the children of successful and unsuccessful men. On the whole, children derive as much from their parents and the environment their parents create as from school. A domestic environment flavored with alcohol, bickering and unpaid grocers' bills must be quite as great a handicap to a child as ignorance of syntax. Moreover, a successful parent is in the way of success. His acquaintanceship is among successful men—those who can say the right word and open the right door for a youth.

Opportunity, so to speak, belongs to his club. Whether in art, a profession or trade, the best education a young man can have comes through the personal, friendly interest of a master of the art, profession or trade—who, very likely, is his father's friend. This is something no school can give.

The parent who abuses his own opportunities squanders opportunity for his children. We do not believe it is humanly possible to get away from that; but it is certainly possible to give children greater equality of opportunity than they now have.

#### Scientific Exploitation

NOBODY will deny that capital lives by exploiting labor. That is its function. To exploit, says Webster, is "to utilize; to get the value or usefulness out of." Certainly, by and large, capital would not pay a dollar for labor unless it expected the produce of the labor to be worth a dollar plus. Capital calls the plus profit; Socialists call it surplus value and various other more or less hard names, which mean exactly what capital means by profit—that for a dollar outgo in wages there must be something more than a dollar income.

Scientific management is simply scientific exploitation of labor. It means making the labor more efficient; getting a greater value out of it. And, so far as it is really scientific, it means better living and working conditions, better pay, reasonable hours, protection from accidents, better schools; for there is no longer any question that all those things heighten the efficiency of labor.

It is true that a good deal of the progressiveness of our day involves a more scientific exploitation of labor. Sanitation, factory inspection, child-labor laws, wider educational opportunities, compensation for industrial accidents—all those things and many more involve conserving the labor resources of the country and making them more productive.

Capital will get part of the increased product; but we cannot understand why anybody who assumes to speak for labor should, on that account, wish these things undone. Yet quite a number of persons in that position speak as though they did.

Capital has not a tenth part of the stake in heightening the efficiency of labor that labor itself has. With labor of the lowest efficiency, capital has got along very comfortably. A man produces two dollars and a half, of which he gets the two while capital gets the half. If his product is raised to five dollars, of which he gets four—or only three dollars and fifty cents—our poor arithmetic cannot figure him worse off.

#### Squandering Public Money

THE National Monetary Commission, by authority of Congress and at public expense, visited Europe and investigated all phases of banking, including agricultural credits. The last of the thirty-odd volumes of its report had hardly been printed before Congress sent another commission to Europe to investigate agricultural credits.

Under the new banking law it was necessary to divide the country into reserve districts. All the information that any one needed to determine the number and boundaries of those districts was already available in print within fifteen minutes' walk of the Capitol; but a committee traveled all over the country, listening to oratory and discovering at first hand that the Mississippi River flows past St. Louis in a southerly direction.

Of course there was dissatisfaction with the committee's findings; so recently the House, as a matter of course, passed a resolution calling on the committee for all the material it had gathered. This would involve the editing, arranging and printing of huge tomes of utterly worthless stuff setting forth the roseate claims of rival cities.

This is typical of what goes on at Washington all the time. When it comes to investigating, Uncle Sam is a veritable Coal Oil Johnny. All the information needed may be obtained in the Congressional Library, just across the Capitol grounds; but Congress must send a committee through the whole country and have it gathered all over again.

What Congress really wishes to know might be contained in three pages of a report, but it must have the whole ten volumes printed again. For a quarter of the money Congress could have had a report of the physical value of railroads that would be exactly as good as the vast detailed inventory of railroad property it has ordered.

#### The Public Defender

ON ONE side of the American criminal court stands the public prosecutor. On the other side stand a horde of private practitioners, some of them most honorable men, some of them men who would disgrace any calling. And in the middle ground stand a large number of others, who are even as you and I—not surprisingly good or surprisingly but but regardful, first of all, of their personal interest is the case, which dictates that they shall win it if possible without doing too great violence to their consciences.

A defendant is free to employ any of these practitioners or as many of them as he can pay. Out of the confict between them and the public prosecutor come the delays quibbles, exceptions, appeals, hired experts and manifeld other scandals that were indelibly exemplified, for example, in the Thaw trials.

Long ago a public defender was suggested, and the like has found favor among many broad-minded lawyers. The public defender should be appointed and paid by the public, exactly as the public prosecutor is. The defense is every criminal action should be in his hands, just as the prosecution is now in the hands of a public officer. The desire of society is simply to know as surely and expetitiously as possible whether an accused man is guilty. The present system of private defense tends to prove, rather how smart his lawyers are.

We hope the legal profession will thresh out this quation of a public defender. That criminal procedure in the country urgently needs some radical reform is not detect by anybody worth considering.

#### A Suggestion for Censors

SHELLEY wrote: "The highest moral purpose sine is in the highest species of the drama is teaching to human heart, through its sympathies and antiputhes knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, shows tolerant and kind."

We wish all men and women whose mental limitation take the form of an itch to censor other adult persons plays and books would cut that out and ponder it until to meaning has, perhaps, illuminated their cloudy minds.

#### The Meat Bill

THERE is a popular idea, especially among people the pay butchers' bills, that meat is a vanishing article of diet in the United States. We hear a good deal of the commous decrease in our stock of meat animals in the face of a steadily rising population; and from the experience of the last fifteen years it would be easy to construct a curve by declining arc of which would touch the last Irish steaded the end of this century. In fourteen years, in fact, the production of meat has fallen off by three billion pouts, though population has risen by twenty-two millions.

However, even this cloud has a bright side. Some recent figures by the Department of Agriculture—for which only approximate accuracy is claimed—give the consumption of dressed meat as one hundred seventy-nine pounds in head in 1900 and only one hundred fifty-two pounds in 1913; but in the latter year seventeen pounds of hear. liver and tongue a head must be added. And, as more than one-tenth of the population is under five years of age, the average inhabitant above that age is eating something more than half a pound of meat a day.

Half a pound of meat a day is enough for a prize fighter in training if the rest of his diet is properly arranged; and we still have meat enough for all rational needs of a population twice the present size. Half the meat make eaten in the United States had better be exported—not so much because health does not require it as because at least half the meat eaten is of poor quality and hadly cooked.

#### An Amendment

SECTION SIX of the newest antitrust bill reads as follows: "That nothing contained in the antitrust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers", agricultural and horticultural associations . . . or to forbid or restrain individual members of such orders and associations from carrying out the legitimate objects of such associations."

To avoid ambiguity, we move to amend this section as follows:

"We stand between the devil and the deep sea. We have declared there shall be no restraint of competition are have made that the corner stone of our popular trustbusting policy; but any logical application of that dictur. would ban every labor union in the country and even cooperative marketing association of farmers and fru growers. We dare not put these labor and agricultura associations squarely inside our trust policy, for that work cost too many votes. We dare not put them squarely ou side, for that would give commercial combinations to great a handle against us. The best we can do is to tip th labor and agricultural associations the wink and whisebehind our hands that they may slip out the back door which is not locked at all—at the same time preserving stony and forbidding face toward all cooperation amous manufacturers and merchants."

That is what the apparently meaningless section re-

### WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

#### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Jenate's Only Claude

THE science of names is an exact and fascinating science, as we are informed by a lady who scientifically makes her living by expounding the same; and few parents, when labeling their offspring, take adequate heed of its requirements. As we understand this science one's success in life depends largely on whether one is named Mike or Montague. One must have a name that vibrates in harmony with one's vibrations in order to achieve the best that is within one.

It is plain enough, the lady who devotes her life to this subject says, that if Fate has scheduled a person to perform under the name of Percival it is a rude shock to his prospects to have a crass father tag him

or life as Patsy. The name Patsy, of course, has few if ny harmonious vibrations; whereas Percival may almost e played on a flute. Now then, if Percival is called Patrick e is out of harmony and not in tune with his innermost nd better self, and he is likely to get the inharmonious orst of it; but if Percival, as decreed by Fate and as set orth by this lady at five dollars a throw, is rightly percialed at the beginning there is no telling how far he may go. Practically none of us has the right handle. I knew a san whose first name was Hank. He gave up his five and

arned that he should call himhif Gwenn, which he did, with
he result that he lost his credit
the bank; but, of course, that
ts outside the realms of scienfic nomenclature and enters
he grosser regions of finance,
which the exponents of this
fience pay no heed further than
manding each five dollars in

ivance. I am moved to these reflecve statements by the contemation of the first name of the nior Senator from Virginia. aid first name is Claude. This, 7 the way, is the only Claude present on the roll of the eatest deliberative body in e world. We have Jims and shns and Williams in profuon, but no other Claude. In e House of Representatives e have three Claudes and one laudius. As will be seen, this a correct ratio, or nearly so. there is one Claude in the mate, with its ninety-six memers when it is running full force, tree Claudes and a Claudius is fair representation for the ouse, with its four hundred sirty-five members-not extly proportionate, but fairly ood, everything considered.

The question resolves itself to his: Is the particular Claude b whom I have reference—Sentor Claude Augustus Swanson, (Virginia—named in harmony ith his vibrations? It seems ot, after contemplating both lames and vibrations. Dissectng Claude, we learn that it means, in its original sense, lame. Also, we discover that Augustus means venerable. Wherefore the parents of this statesman started him out as Lame Venerable Swanson, and that makes us laugh, scientists though we may be.

I have not at hand a compendium that shows what the senator should have been named, but I have access to a rather complete record of his performances; and it can be said that any person who conceives the senator to be either lame or venerable is not much of a conceiver.

Lameness, I take it, predicates a slow and halting progress, and the quality of being venerable is usually coincidental with a full quantity of years. Casting a rapid glance backward over the career of Claude Augustus, it must be affirmed that the only time in the past twenty years when the senator, with any justice at all, could have been called lame was between February 1, 1910, and August first of the same year, a period of six months.

He was a bit lame then, for he was not on the payroll. He held no office. He was merely a private citizen. Still, he recovered his old, graceful, elegant and unimpeded manner of progress on the date last mentioned and has displayed no signs of hobbling since. Lame? Not so one might notice it! He has walked—not to say skipped—from one job to another with all the agility of a gazelle and all the dexterity of a diplomatist.

#### A Quick Cure for Lameness

WE FIND him first practicing law in Chatham, Virginia, after a varied school experience, and exhibiting no signs of impediment either in his walk or his speech, a gallant figure of a young Virginian, true to the historic principles of the statesmen of the Mother of Presidents—which, in short, are to get a job and cling to it. He had no job, but he daily oiled and otherwise kept in good running order his clinging apparatus, with such result as shall be shown. As a clinger Claude is a wonder. He has clung for twenty years and bids fair to cling for twenty more.

It is probably true that if Claude had been named scientifically and harmoniously he would have begun clinging at an earlier date; but he did fairly well. Handicapped as he was, it took him a few years after he left school to grab a congressional nomination, which, no doubt, would have been his instantly if the vibrations had been accurately vibratory. He did the best he could, however, and went to Congress in the fifty-third session of that body, which began operations in 1893, the election having occurred in 1892, which, also, as will be remembered, was Mr. Cleveland's year.

Once in, Claude, not realizing how handicapped he was by his name, found Washington life to his liking and determined to continue as a participant in it. A stalwart and handsome person, he presented himself for the suffrages of his constituents a second time and was reëlected. This continued with pleasurable regularity until the Fifty-ninth Congress, when he determined to add another star to his shoulder straps and entered the primary contest for Governor of Virginia. It is a great thing to be Governor of Virginia—greater perhaps in Virginia than elsewhere, but great. All governors of Virginia admit and have admitted that. Besides, it frequently leads to something.

Our hero entered the primary, prudently retaining his seat in Congress the while, pointed with pride to his record at Washington, and was nominated and elected. He served four years, retiring on February 1, 1910. Then came those eventful six months when he was lame. Apparently there was a period of repose at hand; but Senator Daniel died and the lameness disappeared.

Governor Mann appointed Claude Augustus to fill the vacancy and presently the legislature did its part; and thus we observe the senator wearing his toga in a dignified manner and assured of it until March 3, 1917, at any rate. However, there need be no fears as to the loss of it, for the probabilities are that Claude will be one of our niftiest togaists—not tangoists—for years to come. You see, he has the habit and so have his constituents, and this forms a practically unbeatable combination.

You will never find Swanson going up in an aëroplane when he can just as well take the elevator. You will never see him jumping off the roof when he can come decorously down a stairway. You will never discover him yelling fire until he sees what makes the smoke. He puts on few shows, and those he does put on are along the regular, legitimate lines. When he speaks a piece he speaks a regular piece, according to the rules and regulations for speaking pieces. When he does a thing he does it in the usual way. There is nothing sensational about him and nothing frivolous. His record shows that.

When a man can start in life in any state—much more Virginia—and go to Congress for fourteen years, then get

to be governor, and then take a senatorship, it argues that he knows his people and that his people know him. Also, it argues that he uses little new stuff. The old, accepted, regular lines of procedure—politics, progress and propaganda—have been his support and guide.

Swanson is a typical product of our politics. He is never far ahead of his constituents, but is ahead of them just far enough when it is time to be in that position. If it is his turn to be radical he is radical in a becoming manner. Likewise he is never behind them. His usual position is right along with the main body of the voting troops; so it is in the Senate, and so it was in the House of Representatives.

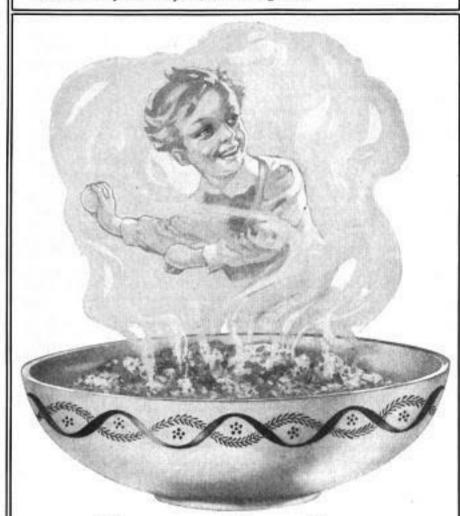
When conservatism is seemly, conservatism is his cue. He is, as I said, a politician and he has made a success of it. At that, he is a most useful legislator and has an uncanny skill for discovering the lines of least resistance. He will never be much of a senatorial soloist, but he always will bring a good, serviceable, well-trained voice to the chorus and will be effective in the close harmony needed now and then.

And, as the lady who makes her living at it might say, what a pity he does not vibrate with his name!—albeit he has done right well in present circumstances. Othomight be right, or Olaf. And we have just elected a Virginian President, too!



#### 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



### Serve Quaker In Big Dishes

#### If You Would Know Its Vim-Producing Power

Quaker Oats is the utmost in energy food. It should multiply vim, create bubbling vitality, make one "feel his oats."

But a little dish, once daily, doesn't go far enough. Active, growing children need three times what most children get.

Serve Quaker in big dishes. Make it the morning meal. Then you will know the fullness of its vim-producing power.

And millions of grown-ups need a month of such breakfasts to put them at their best. Nobody doubts the energy that's there, but few folks get enough.

## Quaker Oats

#### The Luscious Energy Food

Quaker Oats forms a luscious dish because it is made of just the rich, plump grains. It is made to tempt children to eat an abundance. And they will if you put it before them.

We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet Quaker Oats, with all this flavor and aroma, costs no extra price.

Bear this in mind-you who want children to get the full benefit. Get them the luscious flakes which have won the world

to Quaker.

A hundred nations send here now to get delicious Quaker Oats. All because of this flavor, which has taught millions of children to love this food of foods.

It is always there, and always will be, when you order Quaker.

Serve Quaker Oats in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

10c and 25c per Package Except in Far West and South

The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the money

The Quaker Oals Company

(574)

### OUT-OF-DOORS

#### Hinte for the Amateur Vacation Camper

THERE is no purchaser on earth whose needs and notions are better studied or better supplied than are those of the American sportsman. Many firms annually put out catalogues of two or three hundred pages illustrating and describing hundreds and thousands of articles of interest or use to the sportsman. These big mail-order catalogues are best sellers in the best sense of the word. A man may send back a spring bonnet or a plano he has bought by mail, but he is pretty sure to keep any article of sporting gear he has purchased in the same way.

of sporting gear he has purchased in the same way.

Some of these myriad articles are usefuland some are not. You cannot possibly take along with you into the country all the things you see advertised; but perhaps, like others who go vagabonding, you are fond of talking about your outfit. This latter is a most elastic term. A sportsman's outfit is like the dictionary—the editors never get through with the compilation.

Take, for instance, the subject of packbags. Even if you are not going on a tramp-

Take, for instance, the subject of packbags. Even if you are not going on a tramping trip you will have some kind of warbag or packsack in which to carry your clothing and odds and ends. The more experienced you are, the less apt you are to take along a trunk—or even a valise. As the small boy said in his composition: "There are many kinds of packbags—too numerous to mention."

Guides in the Adirondacks and Maine still use the pack-basket, which is practically unknown in the West. The professional woodsman of the Western pine country uses a capacious bag nearly square in shape, with a flap that buckles over with three straps. This bag has shoulder straps and usually a tumpstrap as well. A professional cruiser will get eighty pounds of flour, bacon and odds and ends into one.

The sportsman who has a larger number of knicklenacks will find that such a hag

The sportsman who has a larger number of knickknacks will find that such a bag, though holding them all, will make a jumble of them all; and the thing you want is always at the bottom of the bag. Moreover, this is a shapeless, disreputable sort of package. If you wish something more formal you can buy a smaller and nattier packbag, better shaped to your eye if not to your back. It will not really be any better than the professional packbag of the woodsman. It is a good thing to watch the professional's outfit when you make up your own.

#### The Tumpline Man

If you travel much in Canada you are apt to get the idea that the tumpline is the only way to pack. The aborigine packs with a band passing over his forehead, and does not use shoulder straps. The heaviest loads of the wilderness are carried in this way, and this is how the heavy portaging is done on all the long Northern trails. The tumpstrap man does not use any packbag at all. He spreads his square of canvas on the ground, arranges his loose articles on it, folds in the ends and sides of the package cover, and either fastens his tumpline to the end-straps of the package, or else makes up his package with the tumpline passing through the middle of it. It is more trouble to make up such a pack than it is to throw everything into a packsack. The tumpline man is simply a beast of burden; and as he carries with his neck he cannot look up or look round very much, or pay any attention to the use of the rifle or camera.

After all, each country has its own customs. The tumpline is simply a means of getting heavy loads across the portage. It is useless in mountain country. You will find the hunters and prospectors of the Rockies making up their packages in some such fashion as above described, but they carry their loads by means of shoulder straps and not tumplines. Sometimes they have pads of sheepskin or felt, which are fitted on the shoulder straps to lessen the cutting. They carry heavy loads in the mountain country in that way—and could not carry them in any other way.

them in any other way.

The general lines of the packbag are adapted to the purpose and the country you have in mind. Anything will do to carry flour and bacon. If you have things you want to keep separate you need pockets.

If you are going on short journeys you can carry a large bag. If you are doing mountain climbing you need a small one—and one that sits tight. In general you will bear in mind that you should carry your load well up on your shoulders and not on your hips—any packer will tell you that.

The European rucksack is a light and heady has not yet in general use in this

The European rucksack is a light and handy bag, not yet in general use in this country, but worth studying. It is broad at the base and small at the top. Its mouth fastens with a puckering string, and sometimes it has a cover flap. It sits high and snug on the shoulders, and allows perfect freedom of the head and arms.

times it has a cover flap. It sits high and snug on the shoulders, and allows perfect freedom of the head and arms.

I presume that our old friend Nessmuk the original go-light artist in American camping matters, never saw a rucksack but he invented a sort of packbag on about the same lines. Sometimes also he would just make a turkey, as the lumberman call it—a grainsack, with a string tied from one corner to the top and thrown over the shoulder as soldiers sometimes carry their blanket rolls. You can buy a so-calles Nessmuk bag today if you like. Or you can make an excellent turkey of your own by means of a grainsack and a pair of over alls. That is the use for which overall really were designed. Tie the waist of the overalls to the top of your pack, and a let to each lower corner, and you have a easy-carrying a set of packstraps as you could ask. I have often seen this devicused by hunters in British Columbia.

#### The Norwegian Rucksack

We Americans are apt to think that we can make our own sporting equipment, an certainly we have been prolific and ingeniou enough in that regard. Ordinarily we sai at European sporting gear. Not long aghowever, I wanted a European rucksackalight packbag—and a Norwegian friensent me one. It was a good deal like the duck that was hatched out among the chickens. I never saw anything like it, an joined my friends in the general laughth that greeted its first appearance. Yet thought enough of this bag to try it, made good, and now I shall use it wheneved I want a packbag in the woods. It is work a description, for some thought has be put into its construction. It is, in fact, the knapsack of the Norwegian mountal army—men who often have to carry lon while they are traveling on skees. It wou be hard to devise a better mountain pac sack than this one.

In general description this is a large rue sack, broad at the base, narrow at the top but it is not built limp. Running from t bottom corners to the top there is a frain of brass rods roughly triangular in shall hollow and not very heavy—but rigid. The frame keeps the pack away from the bayet does not touch the back itself. The shoulder straps run from the lower corners the upper corners of the frame, where the are short adjusting straps. The lower part of the triangular frame is not straight, I semicircular, to fit above the hips. It do not, however, touch the hips at all, becaus broad leather band runs from end to end it. The weight of the pack is distributed between this broad band below, the cross shoulder straps between the frame and the body, and the straps as they pass over shoulders. Still another strap runs from the corners of the pack round the bebuckling in front.

When you get this pack on you ke something like a cross between a Jew peddler and a Constantinople hamal; it is there to stay. You could roll over it if you liked. There is an air space between the pack and the back, and the weigh beautifully distributed. It will pack fit twenty-five to fifty pounds, according the contents. So little does it distress wearer that I find I can walk along an hour or two carrying twenty-five thirty pounds, and hardly know the bathere.

The general theory of this bag, howe is not its only excellence. It is a per trunk, handbag and packbag combit Inside the body of the bag you can put y soft stuff or your heavy stuff. Betweet this and the back of the bag there is a d pocket all the way from top to both

enclient for clean shirts or handkerchiefs, a stat you like. Then you fasten the bag with a drawcord like a rucksack—I run a left chain through the grommets on top of size and fasten it with a padlock, so that tranship it as a trunk. Over the open top here is a protecting flap which buckles town. The inside of this flap has still enther pocket in it, excellent for toilet

On the front of this omnium gatherum there is a deep, wide pocket, about half the entire length of the bag. You can put a sweater in that, or any other soft stuff. Nerseventhat all. On each side of the bag from top to bottom runs a narrow pocket, iso with a protecting flap and buckles, as have all the others. You can put ammunitant camera films, or the like, in these side pockets. Lastly, underneath the bag are riged two little straps to hold your slicker of entra coat, or your rod case. Instead of hising one big bag into which to dump oneything, you thus have seven different septacles, all made out of a light waterprof material, and all hung to the easiest aming device I personally ever saw.

sectacles, all made out of a light waterroof material, and all hung to the easiest
arrying device I personally ever saw.

With this kind of rucksack you can find
ruc camera, your fishing tackle, your cleaning nd your camp ax, your combs, brushes,
uses, handkerchiefs, clean clothes, old
dethe and articles of food, and so on, withatary trouble. You could dispense with
dittybag if you wished; but the dittyint or "possible bag"—made of canvas
or tucksiin, or what you like, and holding
rur needles and thread, buttons, fishhole, matches, whetstone, medicine case,
and ill your little odds and ends—is someting no real woodsgoer would care to
standon.

I drop my possible bag inside my rucksek. This gives me eight pockets. With its arrangement you can keep house with sattless and dispatch.

My Norwegian military rucksack lies bein as now, packed for its next journey—
shirh will be, this summer, to the mouth of
the Markenzie River and over the Rat Portap to the Yukon. It has in it everything
im going to take on that trip outside
of my bedroll and my mosquito tent. It
comes three articles without which I should
led lost in the woods—my personal idea
of a good hand-ax; a blue graniteware
usipan, which has always seemed to me
dener than the canvas washpan; and a
strain quart cup, made of block tin, with
Il & branded on the handle. This tin cup
is tiackened now by many campfires. I
put of the sutler in the Yellowstone Park
it 1856, and it has been my mascot ever
inter.

One winter, ten years ago, I conceived it to be an excellent thing to walk across few Brunswick on snowshoes in the winter-time. In some way my mascot got lost but my pack in the middle of that forest statements. I mourned it for months, but he seat spring a trapper found it by sheer-standent; and so by devious processes to back to me the following summer. I have to think then that it belonged to be and ought to be a part of my outfit, her it came back in this miraculous which. Any woodsgoer will understand his attachment to some particular article of an outfit. The sportsman without a thin has not yet been discovered.

#### Internatic Packing of Camp Gear

Some men are neater by instinct than then—the others call them old maids in mp. I confess I like to know where I can ut my hand on a spoonhook without feel-tlosely for the barbs; where I can find heh roll of film, or another box of cartiles, or the spare matchbox, or the extra if of soap. Moreover, there are little imp you want to keep handy when you a stooting or fishing—a small pair of mens; a pair of cutting pliers; not to without fly-hooks, leader box, reels, and wike.

Once we used to carry all these things in a pockets of our coats when we went that. Lately it has become rather the that thing for the angler or camper to be a little bag, with two pockets and little bag, with two pockets and little bag, with the best of pockets and little bag two 
There are all sorts of ideas and uses in bags. For instance, you can carry food in small, round bags, which nest in a larger bag. These are waterproof, and excellent for salt, sugar, tea, coffee, dried fruit, or the like. Such a bag is better for back or boat. The chuck-wagon on the range carried these things in a box and left a trail of tin cans across the range.

One beauty of the packbag, or portable

One beauty of the packbag, or portable carryall bag, is its freedom from injury in shipment. You can arrange locks for any one of many kinds of handy canvas packages, containing your bedroll or sleepingbag, your tent, your clothing, or your nested cooking outfit; and you can ship it by rall as your personal baggage. Of late there has come into use the canvas cylinder, like the sailor bag, fitted, as are most rucksacks, with a row of grommets on the top, so that the bag can be shut by means of a gathering string—or, better, fastened with a chain and padlock. One of these big round bags will hold a world of stuff. It is waterproof and if tied tightly will even float for a while in case of a capsize if it has your bed inside. It goes nicely into a boat or canoe, or even into a wagon; and if you have in your outfit a pair of packstraps you can put your trunk on your back at the end of the wagontrail and march off very happily.

happily.

If you are camping light two or three of these sailor bags will hold all your outfit. In one you can carry your tent and ground-cloth; in another your personal outfit and bed; in yet another the cooking outfit and food. It is just as well to have a little system in your camp work. What are you going to need first when you pitch camp? Hand-ax, floorcloth and tent? Then put these things in last when you break camp, so that you can get at them first when you pitch camp.

Meantime your chum is perhaps making the fire while you are laying out the tent. He wants, first, his cooking outfit—the frying-pan and coffee-pot, and the little folding griddle with legs which serves as a stove. These should go in his bag last when you break camp. Your bedroll and personal duffel, being needed later in the game, can wait in the other bag until you are ready for them.

#### Camp Beds and Bedding

Continually you must qualify all these matters by the factor of transportation. In a very long and hard journey you may not wish to ship your personal outfit in so perishable a case as a canvas covering. I have a friend who swears by the fiber telescope cases, provided with heavy straps and locks. He has sent his sporting outfits almost all over the world in these cases, and they have come back practically as good as new. They are not so heavy as trunks, are provided with good metal corners, and will hold an indefinite amount of stuff and stand indefinite grief—camelback, horseback or manback.

You cannot, however, use one of these as a packbag yourself at the end of the wagontrail. If you have wagon transport or even a packtrain these cases are good to take for rough use. You can pack your sleeping-bag or blankets in one and the rest of your outfit in another. The two will make a good pair of sidepacks on a horse; and when you get back to the railroad you can check them just like trunks.

and when you get back to the railroad you can check them just like trunks.

A manly and workmanlike efficiency ought to characterize any sportsman's outfit; and, for the most part, he should beware of fads and fashions that come and go. It is the business of the professional outfitter to make you think you want a lot of things the most descriptive adjective regarding which would be "cute." You ought not, however, to despise too much the modern tendency toward lightness and compactness. The main thing is to be sincere and simple, and to beware of affectation, whether that shall mean overmodernity or a blind clinging to the old-fashioned past.

An old-time plainsman would not listen to any talk about a bed other than a blanket-and-quilt roll done up in a big tarpaulin. He would point out that a thin waterproof drilling cover might get a hole punched in it. Yet it might be pounds lighter and holeproof enough. Even yet sleepingbags are made with very heavy canvas covers, and a very practical bag will run about fifteen pounds.

about fifteen pounds.

Some like sleeping-bags. I certainly do not. Yet they have the virtue of cleanliness and compactness. It is hard to get a good camp bed down as low as ten pounds



Is there any floor covering you could use on your porch that could be cooler, more beautiful, more cleanly than these sanitary, finely woven, Deltox Grass Rugs? Colored so daintily, patterned so pleasingly—durable, too.

The fabric of Deltox Rugs, nature's own product, is impervious to dust and moisture, and because the dust sifts through to the floor these rugs are always fresh looking. They save labor, too; simply roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done. Once over with a vacuum cleaner makes a Deltox Rug look like new.

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in weight—fifteen is much better. One blanket is not enough for a good camp bed. It should be remembered also that writers who talk about beds of pine boughs are describing only a very limited part of this continent, all of which is open to sporting

travel today.

I am a great believer in a good bed. The nearest approach to it I have made, taking in all the compromises, is the thin mattress of deerhair, with blankets above it, the whole in a light waterproof cover of canvas or balloon silk. I even indulge myself in n pillow—a very small one—of goosehair.
It is only large enough to be of service when used on top of a folded sweater or coat.
You can throw this bed down anywhere as soon as you break camp and it does not

need much softening.

When you come to the matter of beds in your outfit you open up another wide

field of practice and conjecture.

If you are in the hands of a Mombasa outfitter, who will always send out a safari based on the English ideas of camp life, you will very likely have broad camp cots, folding table. ing canvas chairs, a folding table—also made of canvas—and a lot of other things that will take an army of darkies to carry. This is all right for those who like it. I certainly see no use for it—at least in this country. Yet I recall very pleasantly a certain camp cot and a folding canvas chair with a high back that my father enjoyed for many years when we used to camp together. Maybe I shall enjoy them some time.

After your packbag and your tent and your bed comes your campfire or your camp stove. Elsewhere something has been said about the general idea of a camp stove in-side of a tent. Do not use it unless the weather is very cold. In that case some one will have to sit up to tend fire. Most of us, however, do not camp in extreme weather during our vacations, and usually we cook over an open fire out-of-doors. A very practical range, familiar to every one, is made of a pair of green logs, a few inches in diameter, laid side by side. It is not always convenient to get these logs and they have a way of burning out and spilling the coffee, If you can get hold of a couple of steel bars to put across your logs they will help a great deal. Any of the little griddles with folding legs will make a practical camp stove. Better have two, as they are not large enough to hold all your cooking utensils at once. They weigh very little.

#### Stoves for Camp Use

One of the best camp stoves I ever used was made of an old gunbarrel, plugged and sharpened like a spike so it could be driven into the ground. The breech was also plugged, and bored to admit the ends of two or three wire hoops which would swing round as though on pivots. These steel hoops were strong enough not to melt in hoops were strong enough not to melt in the fire, and they would hold a frying-pan very comfortably. Another bent bit of steel supported the coffee-pot. We would drive this spike down into the ground and build a fire round it. If a frying-pan got too hot, or if the coffee boiled over, it was easy to swing the vessel to one side on its hinge. This spike, however, was clumsy to pack, as it was a couple of feet long.

Elsewhere mention has been made of the importance of the camp stove in certain countries. Up in Alaska I have seen pros-pectors and hunters traveling with packs on their backs, and carrying a sheet-iron stove called a Yukon stove. In the coast country of the Alaskan peninsula the only firewood is crooked alder of no great size.
You can't do much with it without a
stove—and, besides, it slways rains up
there. The man who hunts bear on Kadiak
Island, for instance, must either have a Yukon stove under a canvas shelter or else he must live in a native barrabara, where

he can cook down on the ground and let the smoke go out at the top, tepee fashion. There are other kinds of stoves that you can invent for yourself. I have seen a very practical little stove in the tiny shanty of a fisherman on Lake Erie who was fishing through the ice. It was a baseburner, using coal, and was made out of a powder can not much more than a foot in height.

Camp clothing is, of course, something to be selected with reference to the place and season where you intend to use it. For walking or mountain climbing, nothing beats knickerbockers, but they are not good in mosquito country and not good on horse-back. The usual advice is just to wear your old clothes on a camping trip, but this is not

always good advice. When you are in woods or the mountains in cold way you are very likely wearing an inch or more of shirts and underwear than would at home, and very likely your troo

will not meet comfortably.

I recall a friend of mine who went I recall a friend of mine who went winter camp in the Rockies once with with the pleasant anticipation of we out an old pair of trousers, once n fitted by a good tailor. When it can putting on his flannel shirt he had to it outside his trousers. It was picture in a way, but hard to witness with gra The best clothes really are those mad camp life.

camp life.

For cold weather it is hard to mackinaw. Some of this is loose shoddy. Ask for the kind of pants th man wears—a close-woven dark mack man wears—a close-woven dark mack not quite so soft and spongy as the av-mackinaw coat. Get them at least inches bigger in the waist than your-clothes. Have the legs long enough comfortably into your shoetops. The can stoop or sit down comfortably, of over a log without any knee-strain. Ov-or khaki pants will do for warm weat corduroy not!

The only place for corduroy clothe a moving-picture show. In some climates and countries y not much need a coat if you have a shirt and sweater, but the average mado well to take his coat along. It is always cool in the evening—and some if you are riding, you will feel chilled. listen too attentively to the man whyou that if you get cold, either by day night, all you have to do is to put or other suit of underwear. Sometimes not convenient. I prefer to put on a The sort of coat, like the sort of tro depends on the country and climst which you are going. It may be mar or khaki.

#### Raincoats and Gloves

About the only place where you ca a buckskin shirt is in the heart of the ness, where you are entirely alon where it does not rain. There is n softer, lighter or warmer for its weigh a good Indian-made buckskin shirt but an Indian can make one worth but buckskin has strictly gone fashion. It is not good for trousers, is hard to find a place where a shirt v attract attention. Go simply. Dr way the professional woodsmen do, outdoor people of the country who are spending your vacation. I lead to bucksk ing breeches, and I long so much to place sometime where I may wear Perhaps that will never be—certain on the cow-range, in the Far North, South, in the Rockies or in any ever saw.

Everything goes well in camp and trail so long as it does not rain—rai worse than snow. What shall one rains? Some say you should slip rubber poncho which goes under yeat night. That is all very well if ye plenty of transportation. A rubber is about as heavy and cold a thing can get. The hole in the middle lett ness up from the ground at night. ness up from the ground at night. it is just big enough to get you go wet if you wear it as a raincoat. T who devised the poncho for the us-cavalryman must have had some against the cavalryman. If you ing horseback the best raincoat is to puncher's pommel slicker, but it bulky and heavy to consider for ot. The best thing I have ever found is pure-rubber garment gathered in w ber bands at the neck and wrist, and very full. This is perfect for u automobile or wagon, in a cance boat—or while you are working camp. It is very light and portal also puncturable.

Gloves make for comfort in outd Some men like to go bareh always wear gloves—even while The best glove I have found is the glove of buckskin, made for army u regulations now prescribe that it s have a gauntlet—it is the private w gauntlets on his gloves. skin or castor gloves, if large and lo nice to wear. You can also get sh gloves with deep cuffs and with t of the fingers cut out—very nice for in mosquito country. Up in Labra will find it necessary to have ske

# WHIRL POOL DISHWASHER

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Dries and sterilizes china. Hands never touch water.

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"The well-known objections to previous types have all been overcome in this machine."

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drilling, or the like, fastened to your gloves, like a clerk's office sleeves, and fitted with a band of rubber to hold them on the arm. Nor should you despise the havelock or neck cape, which will be serviceable if the midges are bad. You can wear it also as a night-cap.

nightcap.
Some like khaki for outdoor wear. It is useful, but not so warm as it might be. The main trouble with most trousers is that they do not give enough room in the knee and hip. Really, a well-cut pair of English Bedford-cord riding breeches ought to be of general all-round utility for riding or footwork. They would, however, come in for the same restrictions that lie against the use of the buckskin shirt—one does not

use of the buckskin shirt—one does not want to look too "stunty."

The subject of footwear in camp is an old and an endless one. In general the fashion is now against the old high-top heavy hunting boots. If you are going on slippery rocks you will need nails, otherwise you will not often need them. You can get an easy shoepack, without any heel, and with a sole of what is called elk leather, probably horsehide, soft and pliable, which will do you very well for walking or boatwork. It is not really waterproof or snowproof—and it is not suitable for riding, of course; nor will you find it above reproach in mountain climbing. Cut the tops down so that your trousers will just go into the tops of the shoes. Usually it is the high-top boot that causes the agony of the chafed Achilles' tendon at the heel. If you are troubled with that take your tall boots off, take out your trusty hunting knife, cut them down to street-shoe height—and go on your way happy.

happy.

In the Far North moccasins are worn as regular footwear by red men, halfbreeds and white men; but for the average American sportsman they are an affectation except when used round the camp; then they are most comfortable. You cannot get without trouble real moccasins anywhere except in Northwestern Canada, in the fur country. When you get them you can't walk in them with much comfort if there is any gravel or other hard going. I have a pair to which I have sewed soles of soft elk leather. They now go very nicely, but are, of course, rather slippery on wet rocks. In certain kinds of straightaway walking, where the going is good, the moccasin is comfortable footwear for a white man, but it takes an education for most persons to enjoy it. However, nothing is better to have in your packbag when you come in tired at night. They are good in cold, dry snow—horrible and worthless in wet weather.

#### Watches and Handkerchiefs

Good socks are hard to get in this country. They should be thick, but soft and of good wool—not full of knobs and gobs. Ah, what a comfort there is in a pair of moccasins and a soft, dry pair of socks at night! Have your boots big enough for two pairs of socks, one of light soft wool and one of heavy soft wool. Your feet will look large, but they will feel good!

Always wear a waistcoat, whether you keep it buttoned or not. It is full of pockets for matches; your compass—or your two compasses—vour everlasses: matchesfe.

Always wear a waistcoat, whether you keep it buttoned or not. It is full of pockets for matches; your compass—or your two compasses—your eyeglasses; matchsafe, and such odds and ends. Some men wear wrist watches—Englishmen very generally in many parts of the world. Do so if you feel that you are obliged to, but please do not come round to my camp, especially if you have a handkerchief tucked up your sleeve at the same time, for I might not ask you to supper. I see no reason why you should not wear your watch in camp as you do at home. If you are afraid of losing it get a cheap one in a gunmetal case. Tie the watch to your person with a thong as you do your compass, your dog whistle—or perhaps your hunting knife.

Do not forget a good, big soft-silk handkerchief. It is good to keep off the sun or the cold or the mosquitoes. Wear it sensibly, and do not tie it as though you were posing for a picture. It was made for use, not for show; in fact, that is a very good test to apply to yourself as you turn out in your camp outfit—let it all be for use and not for show.

In one pocket of your waistcoat you will have your matchbox—waterproof of course—and in your possible bag, which goes inside of your main warbag, you will have your extra box or bottle of matches. As all sportsmen know, you can make a fairly good small matchbox out of two brass shotgun-shells, ten and twelve gauge, by telescoping them. I traded one such for



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### PUBLIC LEDGER





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another similar with a forest ranger up on the Peace River once. The primers had started on his matchsafe and let in the water. As mine was still waterproof I gave it to him; and I have his today. Also I have a large-mouthed bottle full of matches which has been in my camp outfit, corked and unopened, for some twenty years, in many parts of the country and under many conditions of transportation. You can break a glass bottle, of course; but until you do it makes a very practical matchsafe. Your hunting knife—or perhaps you should rather call it your camp knife—is something by which you may be judged among professionals. The fashion in knife-blades, as in boot-tops, is for smaller longitudinal dimensions. A four-inch blade is long enough to cut up anything. Such a knife, with any kind of handle that has no guard will fit tight in a sheeth. You can guard, will fit tight in a sheath. You can bore the handle, if you like, and fasten the knife to your belt or scabbard with a thong, so that it will not be lost should it slip out of its scabbard. Another item of personal equipment is

the camp ax. Personal habit comes into play here also. When hunting alone in strange country I always like to have a light ax at my belt, as well as a knife and some matches. The best handle is not straight, but has a knob on the end so that it will not slip. About a pound's weight for the head is effective. The steel cannot be too good and it should be kept sharp. Such a tool will do for camp work, but is not heavy enough for a trapper or a regular woodsman, of course.

The half ax used by the New Brunswick trapper is a mighty efficient tool. If you are going on a long trip with a wagon or a packtrain it is best to have one man-size ax along. You cannot do much in getting fuel for the whole night with one of the little axes, though it is very handy in camp or bivouac work, or general tinkering. Per-haps it is partly habit that makes a man feel so uncomfortable unless he has some such little friend along with him. Let the weight of your ax go into the head and not into the handle. The camp ax ought not to be a toy but a tool. Somewhere in your outfit there should be a file and a whetstone— carborundum is keen cutting. The steel in your ax and your hunting knife ought not to be too brittle and not too soft. When you get hold of a really good piece of steel in either it is apt to be by accident. Cherish

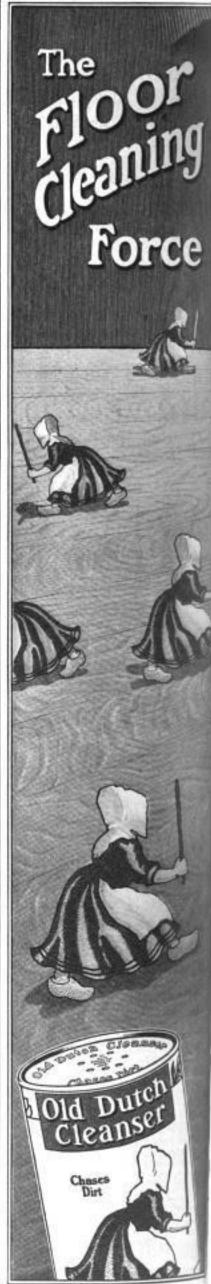
#### Things That Come in Handy

Your camp light is something of a problem. Usually it will be your campfire. The little electric lights that work with a pushbutton are convenient, but are apt to wear out on a long trip where you cannot renew the batteries. Candles get crushed and kerosene lanterns frequently are impos-sible. Perhaps you will have to do your best with the campfire. If you want to sit up all night you can build a fire, and if you want to go to sleep you do not need much light.

Keep your fishing rods and your guns dry at night by putting them under the edges of your blankets. If you have a smallbore, high-power rifle you cannot keep it clean with water and vaseline. You should have along a bottle or a screw-top tin of one of the thin modern cutting oils. Not even this will really clean the grooves of a high-power rifle. When you get home take some high-power ammonia and moisten your cleaning rags. They will come through dirty for a much longer time than you would expect. Ammonia is hard to take into expect. Ammonia is hard to take into camp, though it is very useful to soothe mosquito bites. Castor oil is something disliked by mosquitoes very much.

Many other items will occur to other men as useful or even indispensable, and some readers will perhaps mark off the list some of the suggestions above noted. The beauty of the sportsman's catalogue is that it provokes discussion. There is no better reading than can be found in its handsomely illustrated pages.

Following even in most rudimentary fashion its wide range of suggestions, you may thus transport your own hand-picked, wholly delectable outfit by train, by wagon, by horse, or by your own back, to your chosen spot-may unpack it there, from tent to bed and campfire equipment. You may walk all day with comfort or fish all day with delight; or you may come into camp wet and tired, and soon be dry and comfortable.



- - - -



### The Letters of William Green

#### The Mutations of the Biehop's Butter

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me are in a little more trubble at home witch is ushual but not seryus.

Hennry said it would not do enny harm

to rite to you about it and see who is to blaim witch is genrelly us becaws we are the

smallust witch is verry offen the case.

Hennry said we otto tell you about it and if we otto be scoalded to go ahead and scoald us witch would be the last straw but we

could probily stand it.

Hennry said he had grate confydunce in you becaws you seam to understand a boy on account of not haven too menny of them yourself witch a grate menny do and are afrade thay will get spoilt frum too mutch

And Hennry said when he thinks of his bloo off thum and the serkus and the Forth of July and how kind you always would be he would not be afrade to go to you for ennything eaven a scoalden witch is quite a

big complymunt to you don't you think so?
If you are not afrade to go to sumbuddy
eaven for a scoalden it is a sine thay are your best frend and a boy needs more places ware he can go for a talken to and not feel had about it afterward and makes up his mind he will not do it agen whatever

But sum scoaldens are wurse than if you did not get enny at all and would never

make you a better man.

Sum of our fathers scoaldens are with
the best intenshuns but do not seem to do us mutch good probily becaws of him beein

us mutch good probily becaws of him beein too bizzey to lurn how to scoald the rite way witch makes you sorry you did it and you will not do it agen until the neckst time and maybe not then.

Hennry said it is a grate feelen to be scoalded the rite way and go out hangen your head and full of shaim back of the barn ware you will stay for sevrel hours wanten to do rite in the fewchure and not go fishen on Sunday witch broke your mother's hart and she will never hold up her hedd before the minnistur agen.

But a harebrush or a strap or a shingul

But a harebrush or a strap or a shingul will not help you to sit down and think it over but only make you wunder if thay are your reel parunts out in the shed ware one of them did it.

Sumtimes Hennrysaid his father tells him to go in the shed and wate till I come and Hennry is offle mad at furst but by the time his father comes Hennry is all out of the noshun of it but his father is not but he would be if he would wate a curple house.

would be if he would wate a cupple hours.

Hennry said a boy's father always otto
wate a cupple hours before he goes in the
shed and then it would be quite diffrunt
becaws a saingul is appto brake a boy's
host because he is too provid and hates to hart becaws he is too prowd and hates to turn over.

Hennry said to tell it all to you and not spare us at all and so Hennry's muther sent him to the grosserey store at fore o'clock and get sum butter for the bishup who was commen to dinner and it was not enuf in the ice box for him becaws a bishup is appto eat more butter than ushual when he is away frum home for dinner and Hennry's muther told him to hurry back becaws she mite want him to borro sum table things for the bishup's dinner when he came home with the butter.

So Hennry's muther gave him a tin pale with a tite lid on it soze the butter would be purfeckly safe becaws a boy is dangerus to carry butter with onley a paper on frum beein so soft in the hot wether.

So Hennry and me started for the grosserey store and got the too pounds of butter witch was all nice and cool and little drops of wotter on it and a big flour on top of the both of them frum the butter mold.

Furst Hennry would carry the pale and then I would carry it a wile and then Hennry would swing it round his head in the pale and then I would swing it round and it was lots of fun and not like wurk at all to carry it.

After wile we were passen the livvurey stable and Hennry swung the pale round and the handle came off frum heein bent by too mutch swingen and the pale went about twenty feet becaws of haven sutch a good start frum swingen.

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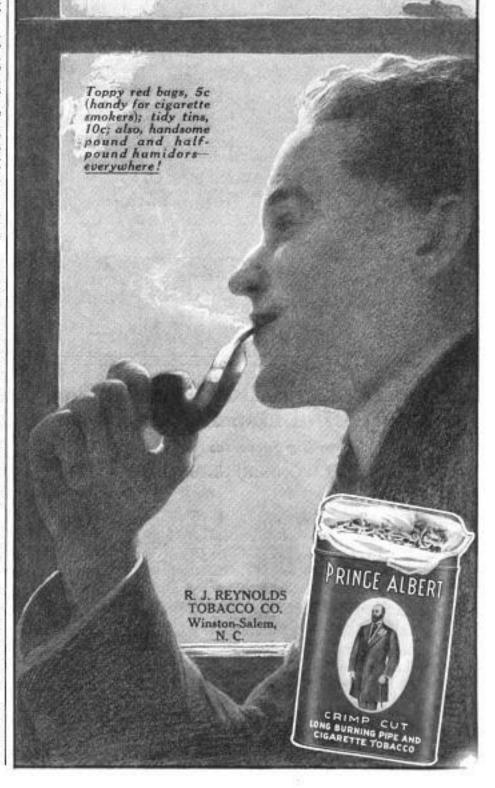
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### PRINCE ALBERT

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"Deam Waltz", introducing Barcarolle from
"Tales of Hoffman."
Thanks For the Lobster", Tango.
"One Wonderful Night", Waltz (Hesitation).
"In Search of A Husband", Tango.

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Then it struck the rode in frunt of the from it struck the rone in trunt of the livvurey stable ware it was verry dusstey frum so menny horses trampen all the time and the lid floo off and both of the butters fell out and rolled quite a ways before Hennry and me could get them.

Hennry and me could hardly beleave our

eyes when the butter was rollen in the dusst becaws it was all so quick we hardly knew

what happened.

But Hennry and me hurried up and caught it almost before it got through rollen but a grate deel of dammidge was done already becaws you would never beleave how mutch dusst you can get on a cupple pounds of butter just by rollen a little wile in the rode.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me but we both got out our jaknives and scraped off as mutch as we could get and then we washed both of the butters off in the wotteren troff witch did sum good but it did not seem to look like the same butter but probily just as good to taste Hennry said verry hopeful witch is the kind of a boy

Hennry is.

So Hennry filled the pale with wotter and we put the butters in and put the lid on tite and Hennry and me started agen quite seryus sloshen the butter up and down in the pale to wash off a little more dusst but not sure how it would come out but hopen it would be nice and cleen and we would emty the wotter out before Hennry got home and probily nobuddy would know

After wile we took the lid off to see how it was commen out and it was mutch wurse and a verry dark brown culler all over. But it was onley dark brown for a little ways in becaws Hennry scraped sum off with his fingernale and it was all brite and yellow underneeth.

Hennry and me took it out of the pale and looked at it but it was verry mornfle and we could not see mutch hope for it.

So Hennry and me lade it on the grass under a tree ware it was shadey and we pored the wotter out of the pale and then we both lade down to think it over. We had to think quite fast for it was nearly time to be home.

Then Hennry turned round quick ware the butter was on the grass behind us and a purfeckly strange dog was licken it witch by this time was quite brite and cleen but a little ruff on the outside frum the dog licken them witch seemed verry hungry for butter when Hennry chased him away and we put then in the pale agen and started home walken offle slow.

On the way home there was sum boys batten up flies and Hennry and me stopped with the butter and batted up a few flies with the tin pale under Hennry's straw hat to kepe it frum getten too warm in the

After we batted up sum flies Hennry looked in the pale under his hat and it was quite soft and runnen a little on the outside

edge.

It was mutch cleener though frum the dog axsiduntly licken it witch was for-chunate for us Hennry said and it mite be we would still bring home sum fare butter

for the bishup after all.

By this time Hennry and me started home agen and in a little wile Hennry had a good skeem just as we went by the pump a little ways frum Hennry's house and we both washed our hands purfeckly cleen witch is better for a boy handlen raw butter.

Then Hennry pumped a lot of cold wotter on the butter one at a time in the pale and then we took turns squeezen it with our hands and wurken them into a purfeckly round shape witch was sumthing like a baseball but bigger round.

By dooen this way the dusst was wurkt all through and did not show hardly at all and you would hardly known but it was too big balls of butter rite out of the grossery ice bocks if thay made it that way witch Hennry told his muther thay offen did when thay are in a speshul hurrey.

Hennry and me tasted it after we got it fickst over and could not find ennything the matter with it Hennry said.

His muther was a little supprized at the shape of them but Hennry said maybe it was sumthing new as thay offen are. Hennry and me lissened at the dore for dinner becaus Hennry could not ete with the bishup on account of beein onlyy grone peeple and Hennry's muther said to ecks-cuse spex in the butter witch she never saw so menny before but it was a new kind

After dinner Hennry and me went in the parler to see the bishup witch was quite a



THE efficiency of a motor can be made or marred by the spark plugs used. Bosch Plugs are the right plugs for every motor. There are scientific reasons why they are right. Here are four of them:

1. The intense heat of ignition sparks will been away soft spark plug points. That is why the points or electrodes of chean plugs hall to list. Beach Plugs have especially heavy, nickel electrodes that persist is witheranding the intense heat. That is why the 1914 Grand Prize and Vanderleit Cup Race winners used Bosch Plugs.

2. Bosch electrodes are not pointed to because pointed types make a thin streaky spark and burn away quickly. Bosch electrodes are crescent single are have a knife edge that provides a read-path for the electric current and make starting casy. For a quick get-away is Bosch Plags.

3. The exclusive, crescent shaped rice of flame, lamiting a larger number of games, lamiting a larger number of ga-particles than any other form of ricetrate. That is why Stock Plung give new life to angloss not previously Bosch-Equipt.

4. Booth Plags give satisfaction without continual adjustment because they have three electrodes, which are not too many nor too few Gest Historianin. The stark himps the gap affering the least residure. When this gap grows wider the spatk automatically passes to the next, and so on That is why succrosful long engine tools are those made with Booch Plags.

Perhaps your car is not efficient, perhaps it needs new plugs. Try a set of Bosch Plugs; the same as those used by all high grade cars such as the Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Mercer, Garford, Speedwell, Jeffery, Velie, Marmon, Case, Stutz, Moline-Knight, Lozier, etc.

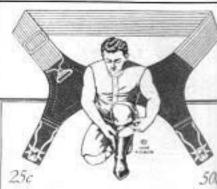


Bosch Plugs can be bought for \$1.00 each from your dealer, Bosch Service Stations, or direct.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug," sent free to any motorist upon request.

Bosch Magneto Company 233 West 46th Street New York, N. Y.

199 Service Stations to Serve Bosch Users



The man who wears Double Grip

#### PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you

ot only the physical comfort of fit and snug, smooth socks. He has the mental satisfaction of knowing that he's wearing the best possible garter. The name PARIS is stamped on the back of the shield.

A. Stein & Company Makers

Chicago

New York



### The Pioneer Broad Leaf Havana Cigar

No man who loves a really fine cigar should overlook the pleasing qualities of this famous brand.

The pure Havana filler and matured Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly in producing a deliciously mellow, sweet, full-flavored smoke of distinctive character.

#### The National Smoke

HAVANA AMERICAN CO., N. Y.

nice man and he yoosto be a boy once he said witch a grate menny minissturs never

were Hennry said afterwurd. He said
Hennry and me were fine boys witch made
us feel offle gilty about the butter.

Then he told us some storeys of how he
yoosto do when he was a boy and lots of mischuff and Hennry and me felt verry frendly
and so Hennry thought it was all rite to tell
him about the butter rollen in the dusst and
the wotteren troff and the doch linken it and the wotteren troff and the dog licken it and batten up flies and the pump and how we fickst it soze to be purfeckly good after all the trubble we had with it.

Hennry's muther hurd us laffen and the bishup too and my muther hurd us too becaws she was cumpuny and the bishup lafft a grate deel but Hennry's muther did not and my muther eather becaws it did not

seem to be so funney for them.

After wile the bishup went away and Hennry and me thought we would go outside a wile frum the way our muthers looked witch was not verry cumfortable for us and slepe in the barn.

The rest of the butter was not used eaven

for cooken but throne out in the garbidge barrel witch was the last of it after goen through a grate deel of expearence.

Hennry and me did not slepe our best and this mornen Hennry said we otto to rite to you and get the butter off of our mind. There is a boys' camp in the woods ateen miles frum here and Hennry wundered if it would be all rite to go up there for a few days till our muthers blows over about the butter.

It would be fiffty sense fare for us to go thare and a dollar apeace to stay a week and we mannidged to save up twenty-too sense this summer and we can probily get the rest of the munney sumway.

We could walk back the ateen miles to

save the fare cummen home.

We have been quite helthy this summer but not as strong as a boy mite be ruffen it and Hennry is sumtimes quite week caven after eaten haffa wottermellun and sum pares. He thinks it mite be stummick trubble commen on as thay offen do.

Our muthers would be glad to see us when we came back and they could get the butter off of their minds.

A promt ansur would probily help Hennry and me to make up our minds about goen to camp.

Mutch love to Uncle William and you mite ast him if he ever did sutch a thing and how mutch he was to blaim.

Your affeckshunate nephew, WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—The ateen miles would be quite a walk but probily we could stand it all rite.—W. G. —J. W. Foley. -J. W. Foley.

#### A Poor Family

AVETERAN surgeon of the Civil War, who still practices in the Piedmont sec-tion of Fauquier County, Virginia, where his patients include the wealthy horse fan-cier of the bluegrass and the shiftless, poverty-stricken mountaineer of the Blue Ridge hollows, was recently summoned to the bunkside of a lank, chin-whiskered hill-billy, stricken with a sluggish fever.

Some two months prior a barrel of whisky had been added to the meager possessions of the hill-billy's family—the ethics of the acquisition does not enter into this tale— and of this the good doctor had learned; not, however, through any member of the hill-billy's family.

Desiring to tone up the patient with a stimulant, the doctor concluded his

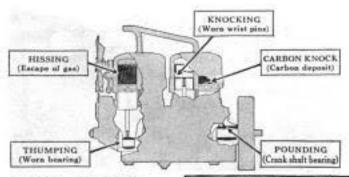
instructions thus:

"Now, madam, the best thing for you to do is before each meal to give Jim a good, strong whisky toddy."

"Laws sakes, doctor," replied the woman of the house, "we-all ain" got no whisky

an' ain' got no money fer to buy it neither!"
"What, no whisky!" exclaimed the
doctor severely. "I know you had a barrel
of it here two months ago."
"Yassir, I know," came the prompt explanation; "but a barrel o' whisky don' las'
long in a fambly what can't afford ter keen long in a fambly what can't afford ter keep





### NOISE

#### The motor's complaint against incorrect oil

If your motor makes some unusual sound, stop your car. Investigate.

Noise frequently means unnecessary friction — the direct result of incorrect lubrication.

#### Common noises are:

"Thumping." A dull thump at each revolution of the main shaft indicates worn main or connecting rod bearings. This trouble is hastened by oil of low quality or incorrect body—will finally result in badly worn bearings and knocking.

"Knocking." This may be due to loose wrist-pins. It may be due to badly worn bearings or bushings which should be refitted or replaced. Incorrect lubrication will cause both of these troubles.

"Carbon Knock." A sharp muffled ring, at ignition, indicating excessive carbon de-posit usually caused by oil of low quality or

"Pounding." Due to engine laboring under overload. Lubrication plays no part in this trouble.

"Hissing." This is frequently due to heavy scoring of cylinder walls. It is most often brought on by inefficient lubrication.

There is only one insurance against the re-sults of incorrect lubrication. That is the use of oil of the highest quality which is correct in body for your type of motor.

You can secure this oil by referring to the Lubricating Chart which is partially shown at the right. For a number of years this Chart has been a standard guide to correct lubrication.

It represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication.

Our complete Chart will be mailed to any motorist on request.

We will also send on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrica-tion of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils, in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

> Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" Gargoyle Mobiloil "B Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

MODEL OF

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car
related the grade of Gargoote Mobiled that should be used.

For example: "A" means "Gargoote Mobiled A." "Arc."

rears "Gargoote Mobiled Actic." For all electric vehicles

to Gargoote Mobiled "A." The recommendations carer all
reducts of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless

thereign noted.

1910 1911 1912 1919

CARS	Semmer	Wlater	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Same	Where	Semmer	Winter
Aldon Detroit	A	Arc		Ant	A	Anc		An	Are	An
Alco American	A	Apri	Asc	An	Ars	Arc.	Ar.	Arc Arc	X	Ar
Autocar (2 cyl.) (4 cyl.)	12	Marc.	1	Arc	12	Arc.	Α	Asc	^	An
Avery (Model Cl	Ä	E	Ä	E	Ä	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Ä	Ä	Ä	A	And	An
" (4 cyl.) 	Arc.	Arc.	^	Acc	^	Are.	^	Anc	12	Arc
Cadillate income.	Are:	Arc.	Arc	Art.	Are	Age.	1	Agi	Arc.	Arc
Court	A	E	1.0	Arc.	10	Art.	18	Acc	Arc	Arc
halmers	Arc	Arc	1	An	An	Apr	100	Arc	12	Arc
Chase (alt)	B	B	B	В	В	В	В	В	B Are	D.
Cole	Vet.	Are	Ä	As:	A.c	Air	in.	Apc	Arc	Arc
Delatmay-Belleville E. M. Pi	B	An	Arc	Ar	A.	A.	В	A	В	A
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other management	A.	Lrc.	Arc.	Arc E	An.	Arc.	AK E	Arc E	A	Arc E
" (Model S)				1.000	1.00	Con.	A	A	A	A
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Dikland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Ä	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
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Parkael	EC.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.	A.	Apr.	Art.	Art.	2	Arc.
Pathdinder	a.	i.i.	10.200	1000	P. S.	1104		Acres	None	Acres
Pierce Arrow	Sec	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Ant. Ant. Ant.	Apr.	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Pope Harriord	100	April	Arc.	Arr.	Anc.	Asc	Asc.	Asc.	Arr.	Apri
remier	14	Max.	A	Arc.	A	Asi.	A	Anc	A	Arti
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selden	X	E	A	Apr.	BI	Ans	B	Anti	A	Arc.
Suplex	Arc.	Arca	Arc.	And	Ani.	Arc. Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Mead	ARC.	Arc.	1111	Arc.		1	A	Arc	B	A
Knight	Ap.	Arc	٨	Arc.	A	A		X	В	A
Sevens, Harren	Arc.	Atv.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.	AK.	Aec.	Arc.		Arc.
Rockland-Payton F	An.	Ar.	^	^	A	A	A	A		
Knight 5	E	E	A	Arc				An	A	Arci
mercenny state		- 62	140		Arci	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
(6 cpl.)	A	E.	A	Arc.	*	Arc	^	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Walter	A	E.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc. Arc. Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Wiston	1000	Acres	Apr	An	Arc	Anc	Are	Acc	Ann	Acc



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The big, thick "nobs" on "Nobby Tread" Tires stand out so far from the shoe that nails, glass, sharp stones, etc., hardly ever reach the shoe.

Study the "nobs," their size, their thickness, and the way they are placed, and you will understand why.

And remember this—you have got to wear out these big, thick, tough "nobs" before you even start to wear out the extra strong tire underneath—that is one reason why experts call "Nobby Treads"

# Two Tires in One



Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread' through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and re

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE. Your own dealer or any relief them for you at once—or go to another dealer. Note This:—Dealers who sell I



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are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world, and they are REAL anti-skid Tires.

The original wear-resisting quality, the quantity of rubber, the methods of construction—all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

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ler can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.







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Shirley President Suspenders

Leave you free for

"Satisfaction or money back" Be sure "Shirley President" is on backles TheC. A. Edgarton Mig. Co., Shirley, Mass.





### THE LAME DUCK

#### Views of an Innocent Bystander

Washington, D. C.

DEAR JIM: This is the second war—if this is a war, to say nothing of the Boxer uprising, the Cuban intervention, the Philippine insurrection, with a considerable slant at the Japanese-Russian fuss and some small angles on the Boer imbroglio—this is the second war that has found me at the theater of executive operations; but it is the first war that has left me tions; but it is the first war that has left me in a position where I could not express my burning thoughts on the same in the evening and discover them illuminating asbestinized first pages of newspapers on the

following morning.

Now, Jim, it is true that I am producing as many burning thoughts on this Mexican question as any thought producer you know and at as high caloric pressure; but, as you may realize, war in addition to being hell is also hurried, and there is grave danger that if I light up my cerebrating apparatus the product thereof would not keep hot during the period of time that must elapse between flame and public formulation. In short, what might be perfectly proper to-day might be in the discard long before it reached you.

Hence, I am confined to the fixed occurrences, the settled propositions, that have seethed their last seethe in our heaving midst and are historical, as mayhap they were originally hysterical. To this end it is my intention to comment on a grave matter of precedent maintained, an affair of state that was put over in the conven-tional and regular manner. These incidents, whatever you may think to the contrary, are not so common that, incidental as they are, they are not deserving of comment. Indeed, respect for precedents in our State Department and observance thereof have

not been so frequent or so marked that they may pass unnoticed. We make up our own precedents as we go along, or have been doing so; and that makes this matter I have in mind of greater import.

What I have to inform you about relates to Mr. Edward Savoy, of the State Depart-ment. Mr. Edward Savoy is a negro and he has been a messenger at the door of our various Secretaries of State for the past forty-four years. Thus it has happened in the past—not now, of course, but in the past—that Mr. Edward Savoy has been in completer possession of knowledge of diplomatic procedure than some of his superiors. He is a most intelligent as well as a most polished messenger, and he has watched the happenings within the door he guards for forty-four years. Small wonder that he is wise!

#### The Right of the House of Savoy

On the day when Señor Algara, the Mexican chargé, came to the State Depart-ment to get his passports or to request them, Mr. Edward Savoy bowed the Mexican chargé into the office of Secretary Bryan and then hastened to his good friend that of Mr. Bryan.

"Majah," said Mr. Savoy, "you are a good friend of mine?" Major J. J. Dickinson, who has a room near

"I trust so, Eddie," the Major re-sponded. "I have felt sure that you have

"I have with your friendship."

"I have, Majah—I have."

"That being the case, Eddie, what can I do for you at the present moment?"

"Majah," said Mr. Savoy, moving close to the Dickinsonian desk, "that Mexican

to the Dickinsonian desk, "that Merchargé is in there with the Secretary. So I understand. And what has that to

do with me?"

"Nothing, Majah; but it has a lot to do with me. Majah!" And Mr. Savoy's voice became low. "That Mexican charge is there for only one purpose."
"And that is?"

"He has come for his passports, suh. have been here for forty-four years, and know. He has come for his passports. I have knowledge of diplomatic procedure.

He is here for no other purpose."
"Well, what of that?"
"Majah"—and Mr. Savoy's voice as well as other portions of Mr. Savoy shook with earnestness—"he won't get them!"

"Won't get them! Of course he will get

"Begging your pardon, suh, I don't mean what you mean. What I mean is that he won't take them with him. I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, suh. His passports will be delivered to him at his embassy, suh—delivered to him."

"I fear I do not get the drift of your remarks, Eddie."

"Majah, I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, suh. The precedent is, suh, that I shall take them to him-that's the precedent, Majah. This is the third time this has happened since I have been here, and on the former two occasions I took the passports to the dip-lomat who demanded them. I took them,

Majah. That is the precedent."
"Well, you probably will take them this

time."
"Thank you, Majah; but that is the precedent. I remember when Lord Sackville-West was handed his passports. He came here and the preliminary negotiations en-

"Then, suh, he returned to his embassy. I was summoned by the Secretary and given his passports, incased in an official envelope. I took them to the embassy. I brushed by all the clerks and doorkeepers and entered the room where Lord Sackville-West was sitting. I put my heels together and stood up straight; and I said: "'A communication from the Honorable the Secretary of State, suh.'"

#### All According to Precedent

"'Let me have it, my good man,' Lord Sackville-West replied; and I handed him the envelope containing his passports. He tore it open and said: 'Very well! Very well! They are in regular form; and I thank you.

"'But, Lord Sackville-West,' I replied, will you be so kind as to give me some receipt so I may show it to the Honorable the Secretary of State on my return to my post of duty, thus satisfying him that I have discharged my trust?" "Lord Sackville-West looked round and

"'What sort of a receipt do you want?'
"'If I may be so bold, Lord SackvilleWest,' I replied, with a bow, 'kindly write
as follows on the back of the envelope: Received intact the contents of this envelope; and sign your name.' He did so. I returned to the State Department and showed the envelope to the Honorable the Secretary of State; and he glanced at it

and said:
"'Very well! Very well!'"

Mr. Savoy lowered his voice again.

"That envelope, Majah, is in the archives
of my family and is one of my priceles
heirlooms. And it is so with the envelope in
which I delivered his passports to the
Spanish Minister in the spring of 1898. I
have that also in the archives of my family."

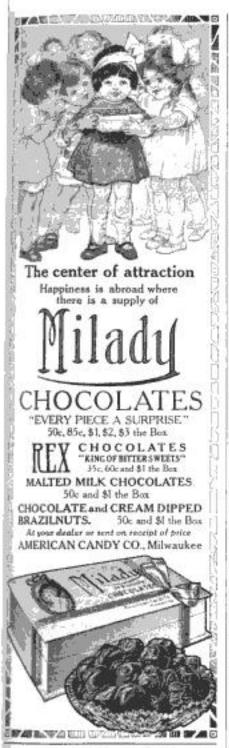
have that also in the archives of my family."
"But, Eddie," commented Major Dickinson, "I do not understand what is needed.

How can I assist you?"

"In this way, Majah—in this way: That white man who is the messenger Mrs. John Hay put in here, he knows what is going on too, and he's hanging round the Secretary's door. I thought that perhaps, as the Secretary hasn't been here very long, perhaps he wouldn't think of the precedent established and held sacred for forty-four years; and when it becomes necessary to send his passports to Señor Algara he might call in the white man and let him take them.

"It's very important, Majah. The prec-edent has continued in force for forty-four years. It wouldn't look well or sound well in the public prints to have it spread abroad that a precedent established for forty-four years had been broken. I am sure the Secretary wouldn't do it knowingly; but there are many things, many forms of pro-cedure, with which he may not be entirely familiar, and I feel that in such an important matter as this he would not care to be misled. It's precedent, Majah—precedent; and I shall be obliged if you will call his attention to the far-reaching consequences involved."

You want me to suggest to the Secretary that you are the proper person to take the passports to the Mexican chargé?"





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"Yes,sah—that's it. Yes,sah—diplomat-ically, Majah, diplomatically; but in such a manner that the proprieties and amenities shall be observed. You are from the South, Majah?"

I was born in Kentucky."

"Well, Majah, you knows how it is; you-all don't want no white man doing a black man's work—especially in delicate matters like this. Now, if I may be so bold as to say it, Mr. Bryan, the Secretary, he's from Nebraska, and he might not understand that side of it; and he might think nothing at all about the precedent, either." So Major Dickinson went in to see

Secretary Bryan.
"Chief," he said, "Eddie Savoy, who has been a messenger outside this door for forty-four years, is desperately afraid you will let the white messenger take the pass-ports to the Mexican chargé. Eddie claims, if you do, that a diplomatic precedent of forty-four years will be broken. He asked

me to suggest to you diplomatically that he is the proper person to carry the passports." "Major," Mr. Bryan replied, "your presentations are received in the diplomatic spirit with which they are tendered. Mr. Savoy shall take the passports. The precedent shall be observed."

"I thank you, sir," said the Major, bowing and retiring.

And in consequence of this understanding Mr. Edward Savoy took the passports to the Mexican charge, officiating in this capacity for the third time in forty-four years, or on every occasion when such offices were required in our diplomacy. This, too,

is settled, fixed, immutable.

Meantime you should hear the Senate growl over the net results of its justification

The trouble grose in this way: After the President made his war speech and the House passed the justification resolution, that resolution went to the Senate and

that resolution went to the Senate and there they wrangled over it for some time. Then came the debate. There was criticism, both welled and open, for the President and his Mexican policy; and it was the duty of the organization members not only to defend the President but to urge the resolution as he wanted it. Also, it was their duty to make it clear to the world that this was a great patriotic movement, and that they—the organization leaders—were great patriotic people; and that the other great patriotic people; and that the other great patriotic people comprising the residue of the population were with them.

#### The Screaming Eagle Gagged

Now the only people who can be with the Senate in a public debate, so far as public and immediate manifestations of approval are concerned, are the people in the gal-leries; and naturally the galleries were full. Thus we have the stage set: The organiza-tion leaders ready to be patriotic until they burst the buttons off their vests; the galleries crowded with citizens who were anxious to be patriotic by applauding these senators; and the presiding officer—who was for a time the Vice-President— Thomas Riley Marshall by name. What happened? Why, Jim, every time

a person in the gallery clapped a patriotic hand in approval of some flag-waving, rally-boys-rally, this-is-our-country-and-our-President sentiment, the Vice-Presi-dent—himself a Democrat—sternly repressed such manifestations, and twice put this entire body of patriotic American citizens out—cleared the galleries, sup-pressed the applause, and otherwise injected himself into the proceedings.

Then he went away; and he called Senator

J. Ham. Lewis to the chair. This position in the chair kept J. Ham. off the floor and out of the debate. He could not fling any polysyllables about; could not wave the flag in unison with his whiskers; could do nothing but preside—that is, nothing but one thing. That one thing was to suppress applause.

Imagine a senator waving his arms about and, in the middle of a grand, golden and gorgeous peroration about the beauties of the flag, being stopped, just as he is prepar-ing to take his final soar into the empyrean, by the rat-tat-tat! of the gavel of the presiding official who says: "The senator will suspend for a moment. The chair desires to admonish the galleries"—and so on. Talk about funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth a marriage table! What about suspense for the senator of the scale!

about such gags for the scream of the eagle! I tell you, Jim, these senators have their Yours, unvexed, BILL. troubles.

## "The Boss Told Me to Get the Book"

That's the way a few have asked for one of the three books advertised below. Out of thousands of requests, only a few "let George do it."

No doubt the boss read the bookbut he took a big chance. Don't follow

These books were written for executives - not for subordinates. They reveal an all too common lack of connection between advertising and sales, and suggest the remedy.

Have your copy addressed to you personally.

If there is sales and advertising waste and inefficiency in your business you ought to know it first.

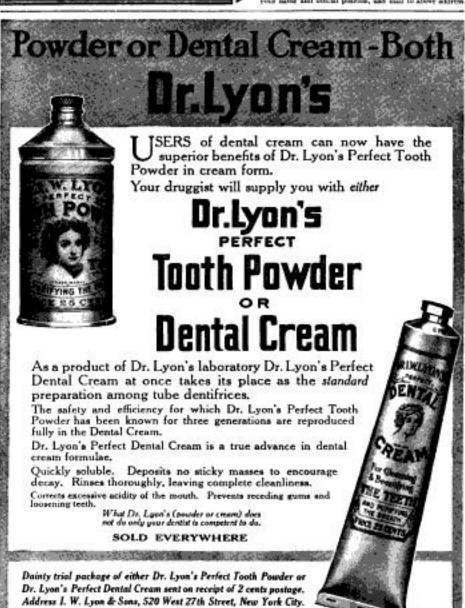
#### An Astonishing Revelation

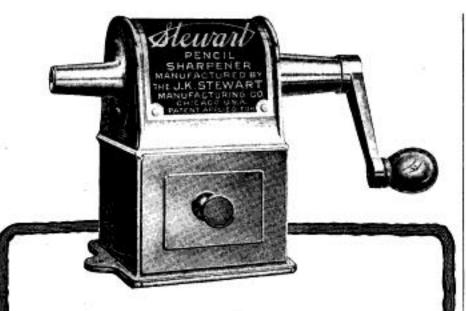
These books hold something impor-tant for every business man. They tear the mask off advertising and show the man who pays the bills how to get the most for his money.

If you check "A" on the coupon be-low, you'll receive "Blazing the Trail," a book for non-advertisers; "B" will bring you "Building the Rose way," a book for men who spend \$25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open," a book for those who spend over \$25,000.

One book—whichever fits your needs —will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for each additional copy.







#### I'm the little pencil sharpener you've been waiting for. I'm the Stewart-I never break the point.

I'm a new thing in the world-and I fill a long felt want.

A clever little device—all my own-an automatic stopper-makes it impossible for me to break the pencil point.

I've been a long time coming-but at last I'm here.

And as a pencil sharp-ener I'm going to put the jack-knife out of business.

For I save time and trouble-I make no dirt-and I'm thoroughly efficient.

Also I'm fool-proof.

I'm built of only a few strong parts. I'm as simple as simple can be.

My twin cutters are made of a special cobalt alloy steel which will outwear ordinary cutters eight to one.

I'm really a very important individual.

And I'm sure I'm quite as much needed in the office, factory, school and home as any other needed modern

I'm a necessary tool-

and you need me—now.
I am built by the J. K. Stewart Manufacturing Company of Chicago—the world's largest makers of diecastings and I'm constructed with all the care of the world-famed Stewart speedometer.

You will find me on sale in practically every store where stationery or cutlery is sold.

Price, \$3.50

#### Money-Earning in Small Towns

THE man or woman in a small town who wants to learn some money "on the side" usually lacks the opportunities possessed by those living in larger places. We have a plan by which this can be accomplishedwhich is open to anyone with a little spare time on his or her hands, day or evening.

If you live in a town of less than 5000 inhabitants and expect to have some spare time on your hands this summer, we'll pay you liberally for it. We have a new proposition to make to those living in towns of that size. If you will drop us a line of inquiry we will explain the offer fully to you.

It is an unusual opportunity and if you want to make some extra money - to turn leisure hours into cash - it will interest you.

Agency Division, Box 514

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

#### *THE SPRING SONG*

(Continued from Page 9)

in the sun and magnetizing a she-cub with

The tyranny of home has carpet-slippered the world. It has preserved its hearth tra-ditions in the denatured atmosphere of the city apartment and the fireless fireside. city apartment and the fireless fireside. The roaring peat logs, with their flame-lit circle of cold-backed squires and dames, are the gas grates and the gilded steam radiators of today; but the tyranny of home is still godfather to the easy chair, and has sponsored the lounging robe, the hartshorn smoking set, and the hand-embroidered cushion-top to the Christmas shopping list of useful gifts for men.

Gentle-tingered, it bound Mr. Heyman to the plush depths of his golden-oak reclining chair, and held him until the seventhong of the seven-day wedding present on the mantelpiece lost its echo and his wife's voice drifted to him through the fragrant

voice drifted to him through the fragrant haze of a dream and his morning coffee. "Hey-man!"

"Yes—yes, petsie."
"Come! Each morning you read your
paper longer and get later."
He yawned and stretched his arms back-

ward to their limit.

ward to their limit.

"I should worry! With a flat completely furnished, from a dumbwaiter to a wife, I ain't in such a hurry to get out in the heat and talk pickled tripe and liverwurst to the trade."

Mrs. Heyman leaned through the frame of the doorway, a blue-aproned Vesta, with the sacred fumes of breakfast bacon hovering in an aura about her and a smear of

pancake flour across the flush of her check.
"I got a surprise for you, Heyman. You
ought to see! Honest, mamma herself could

learn from me how to make griddles!"
"Griddles! I could die for joy! But
what we got a new parlor for if we can't sit
in it a minute? Mamma and papa can save
their parlor; but I sit in mine! Come! You ain't give me but two this morning, little canary! Married only two months and she forgets I take three kisses before breakfast— three kisses and a glass of water." She slipped into the big breadth of his embrace and transferred the flour streak to

his coat.

his coat.

"Ack, Heyman, quit! That's four already you've had. Come on out in the kitchen, everything's getting cold. Don't put your cuffs on the table, Heyman, they scratch."

"Already it's too hot to wear cuffs."

"Ain't it so! Look out, will you? The backs of the houses look like summer, don't they? Look over at all them flowers in

they? Look over at all them flowers in Feraldini's windows. The paper says the opera closes tonight and she sails next Saturday. Won't I miss her, though, limbering up every morning on the Spring Song and them little arpeggios I copy after her! Won't I miss her?"

"It's like mamma and papa say, we got the cheapest flat in New York, twenty dollars, steam heat and grand opera thrown

"And me getting free singing lessons from listening to her!"

"Honest, petsie, last night when I came home you was singing the same things as she sings, and I didn't know which one it was, it sounded so fine. So help me, it did, Ray. She ain't got nothing on you."

"Aw, Heyman!"

"Come, little canary, I'll run you a race to the kitchen."

"Aw, Heyman, quit such nonsense!"

Aw, Heyman, quit such nonsense!"

"Ach, how pretty she sets the table with the fringe on the napkins turned up!" "Here, sit on this side, Heyman, so I can reach the griddles hot off the stove

They drew up before a tiny table spread in the tiny kitchen. May sunlight wandered in and lay on the fresh red-and-white tablein and lay on the fresh red-and-white table-cloth, and glanced off the new tin utensils hung like armor round the walls. Mr. Heyman plunged a fork into the topmost four of a stack of steaming griddlecakes, transferred them to his plate and tilted a sluggish stream of golden syrup over them, cup of happiness only to find it bubbling

anew.
"These cakes, with this syrup, Ray! Before we was married, believe me, I sat more than once in the Subway and looked at the advertisement pictures of 'em with a emptiness inside me that made me dizzy."

"When you are downstairs. Herman

"When you go downstairs, Heyman, stop in the store with a batch of 'em for papa—ten he can eat and not know it! You should eat your eggs first, Heyman."

"Petsie! Such a care she takes of me I don't deserve it, Rachel; such a happi ness I don't deserve. I wonder sometime what right I got to it."

His tones were suddenly low and treme-

in his throat.

Ach, Heyman, you should talk so! Only last night I says to mamma and papait was lucky day for me when you came in th store and tried to sell us that first order a pickled goods. I only wish all girls shoul-be so lucky."
"Ach!"

"Ach!"
I says to Becky Kopf yesterday when was downstairs in her flat: 'I got it bette even than you, Becky. Look at Moe, tw weeks a year on the road!' How mad sh got!—just like I said something to get maat! Can I help it that Moe's house send him on the road?"

"Aw that reminds me. I forget to give

"Aw, that reminds me, I forgot to giv Moe and Becky last night what I brough home for the baby—a little monkey in a bo I seen 'em selling down on Fourteent Street for six cents. What's the different I thought: I get the little shaver one, i can't break me. Always when I come i

that kid goes right in my pocket, like I wa
a five-and-ten-cent store."

"Tonight when we come home from
mamma's we'll stop in with it. Always a
ten o'clock he wakes up and cries a little.

"Just like a buzz-saw he cries, so cute!

"Backly called upstairs, last picht the

"Just like a buzz-saw he cries, so cute:

"Becky called upstairs last night the
she's got something for you—a surpris
I should be jealous! Some more griddle
Heyman? Ach, if you eat ten you can es
a even dozen too."

"Too much is enough, canary bird. Him
me! —half past seven already. If I don
sell Sol Herzog & Company that chowcho
and ielly order today don't you and mamm.

sell Sol Herzog & Company that chowchos and jelly order today don't you and mamm let me in when I come home tonight Whew! How warm it is already, not?"

"It's grand weather for mamma and pap to be going to the country, not? Yesterday Heyman, you ought to seen—papa on the sly bought hisself a fishing pole as long a you are. How mad he was when I seen is standing behind the refrigerator—like is was something to be ashamed of that he was going to enjoy himself."

"The old man'll have the time of hilife—bait he's got already too."

"Today when I'm done in the flat I'll gover and help 'em pack. For her and papa two weeks in the country mamma packs his for Europe! A basket yesterday shought special for their luncheon on the train—like a shoebox wouldn't do! Chi

brought special for their luncheon on the train—like a shockox wouldn't do? Chi dren they are? I'm glad they spend the money on page fifty-six for pleasure: a poor grandma's money one vacation in the lifes they can afford."

"It's grand! With Aunt Hanns and you the store can run just as good. We can pickle mamma's tongues for her while she gone and surprise her—not, Ray?"

"Ach, Heyman!" She slid round the table and placed the warmth of her thee

"Ach, Heyman!" She slid round the table and placed the warmth of her chee close to his shaved one. "How good you are, Heyman! How I love you!"
"My little canary bird! I—sh-h-h-Listen how early in the morning she sing When I get a thousand dollars each operasearly in the morning I wouldn't get up!"
"Listen, Heyman—sh-h-h-h!"
"Why does she always sing the sam songs—always.—"

"Why does see always sing the same songs—always—"
"Miss Anson says she probably im limbers up on those—light little things lik the Spring Song; she don't sing grand oper in the morning. Listen, Heyman! Ain'that swell? Listen to her take that C!"
"What's she singing, petsie—the Sprin Song?"

Song?"
"No, silly! Ain't I been trying to lear
"No, silly! Ain't I been trying to know i you ever since we moved in how to know i when you hear it? The one where she take

when you hear it? The one where she take
the little grace-notes on high C is the Sprin
Song—like this—Tra-la-la-la! Them'
arpeggios she's singing now."
"I should stand and listen to the differ
ence between the Spring Song and granopera, yet; with Isaacs tryin' to beat me! that chowchow order! Put a napkin eve them cakes if you want me to take 'em. Ray

Sixth Avenue don't need to know what w had for breakfast."
"Tell mamma she should fix him som country sausage out of stock with then and that I'll be over later. Good by, Hey man. Don't come home so late—we exover at mamma's tonight and she gets mad Take care, Heyman, the papers are full a street-car accidents!" "Good by, petsie. Go out for a little en-joyment today. Walk out with Becky and the baby. I come home early. Good by!" "Heyman?"

"Heyman?"

"You only kissed one ear and I feel lepsided."
"Baby! There now, you got more as you

He closed the door lightly after him and his heavy-shod feet clattered down the flights in a rapid avalanche.

Except for the tenuous twitting of sparrows from zigzag wires and the shouts of children playing in a rear courtyard be-neath a network of clotheslines, the apart-ment was suddenly quiet. With a little sigh that died in a smile, Mrs. Heyman turned to her kitchen, plunged the waiting dishes into a shining pan, pushed her sleeves further off her round elbows, and let the hot terrent from a high-pressure faucet plunge into the sink.

Presently she broke into a little warble gently, like a bird singing in its throat, and with her blue-and-white cup towel polished the face of a plate with a rapid rotary mo-tion. The warble grew to a trill and the trill to a full, joyous crescendo that brought her down the scale again in little silvery staccatos, like a tiny mountain rill trickling through the roof of a cave and suddenly terminating in delicate suspended stal-artites. Then upward again, higher, freer, swifter, pat against the back doors of Fifth Avenue, up over the roof of the fifteenstery De-Luxe, down into a cat-infested courtyard—a lark warbling out its joy; a mother cooling her most sacred lullaby; Progening over her flowers. Proserpine crooning over her flowers.

Beneath the kitchen window a voice hallooed twice. Ray paused on the crest of her flight, placed a dry teacup beside its mate and leaned half out of the window.

"Yes, Becky!"

"What you doing up there, Ray? I heard Heyman go long after Moe." A head protruded from the window beneath and a round, olive-skinned face turned upward like a pansy in the sun. "Was that you singing, Ray? Honest, half the time I can't "It was me, Becky, trying to copy some of her high notes. I—I could take 'em, too, if I had the training."

"Come on down a while, Ray."
"You come up."
"Can't leave the baby—he's asleep."
"I ain't done my dishes yet."

"What you fixing for supper, Ray?" "We're going over to mamma's for sup-per. Next week they go to the country."
"On your way home stop in—I got some-thing for Heyman. We'll be sittin' out in

front tonight till you come back.'

"I keep my eyes on my hubby; you don't give him no surprises behind my back. How you two carry on together!" Laughter.

"I'm fixing sweet-sour tongue for supper; Moe is so crazy for it. I got a grand big one off your mother."

Heyman likes it too."

"Come on down a while, Ray, your housework ain't so heavy."

"When I've done my dishes, all right; that kid I ain't seen for a day. Honest, he's all Heyman talks about. Wait, I must go, Becky; there's my bell." Mrs. Heyman drew inward and opened

her door cautiously, her checked apron

fung backward over one hip.
"What is it, please?"
"Ees thees the place where madame——"
"This is Soi Heyman's flat, Number 2." "Ess thees the place where madame seeing thees morning—and all the morn-

"Yes." Mrs. Heyman narrowed the open doorway and placed her foot half aggressively in the opening.
"Madame who seeng early thees morn-

After seven o'clock the lease says that tenants are allowed to use all musical instruments—ain't the voice a musical

The small black-clad figure without, the silk-stockinged variety, which has opened the first act of every society drama whose gold furniture ever required flecking, whose vaist is the size of a small-sized embroidery hoop and whose apron is as sheer and small as a cambric handkerchief, ventured one tall-heeled slipper across the threshold.

"Zee note for madame."

Rachel broke the seal of the ciel-blue envelope with fingers that fumbled, and read rapidly and with darting eyes. Then the note fluttered as though it had turned to an aspen leaf in her hand and drifted to the

floor.

"Feraldini! She—she wants to see me, girl? My voice—she—she—she wants—me! Feraldini! My apron—I—oh—now?"

"Yes; madame come weeth me now, be-fore madame go to the opera house. Now, please!"
"Yes! Come! We go now—now—
"Madame's hat?"

"Here on the hatrack-this-my hus-

band's cap will do. Let's hurry, girl!"
With her eyes like phosphorus on black water and senses swimming, Rachel dragged the small black figure along with her out

into the gaslit hallway.

In its sulky stream of light she paused for a moment and glanced down the shabby front of her house-crinkled skirt in sudden hesitation—then went down the stairs with her heart beating in her ears, throbbing in her throat, leaping high in her bosom; and clutched in her hand, like a damp ensign, was the blue-edged cup towel.

In the red-velvet-and-walnut parlor, in a circle of light flung by a painted china lamp and in a silence that was as singingly electric as a wire transmitting its message, a tribunal sat on the least uncomfortable chairs of the six-piece velvet-and-walnut set, and two women wept frankly; and an old man rubbed a gnarled hand across his

"For heaven's sake, mamma, Heyman, papa, say something, one of you! I can't stand no more of this awful stillness!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer rocked herself to and

fro.
"Always this room was bad luck to us! In this room poor Grandma Hoffheimer laid on that red sofs when she was dead; in this room, when papa broke his foot with the keg falling on it, we laid him till the doctor came. Always when we don't sit like always in the kitchen and talk it's bad luck"

"Bad luck! Listen to her, Heyman and papa, bad luck she calls it yet! Bad luck!" "Bad luck I said; and I say it again— bad luck!" "Bad luck!" repeated Mrs. Heyman, her

"Bad luck!" repeated Mrs. Heyman, her voice rising in a semi-hysterical crescendo. "Bad luck, Heyman, when Feraldini—think once!—wants me to go to Vienna with her, in two days, on the same boat! When for nothing, with no expenses, she will make out of me a great singer! Bad luck yet!" "Sh-h-h, petsie!" Mr. Heyman stroked his wife's hand an analyse.

his wife's hand up and down with a razor-strop movement. "The trouble is we all get excited at once. We got to get calm. Re-member, when I left home this morning, Ray, you was like always; and when I came home tonight a singer like Feedelici came home tonight a singer like Feraldini wants to take you to Vienna with her. It

don't get in your head all at once."

"Heyman, such rooms as hers you never seen! Honest, for gold I couldn't see a minute—gold halls; gold elevators; gold furniture! And for flowers! You can believe mer many there were your in her. lieve me, mamma, there were more in her rooms than that time we had tickets for the flower show at Madison Square Garden."

"In springtime flowers ain't so expensive and all what glitters ain't always gold neither. With a bottle of gold I gilded three headcheeses for our window last Christmas, didn't I, papa? We got 'em yet. For fif-teen cents we got all the gold we wanted. A married woman, Ray, has got her first duty to her husband -

But, mamma -

"In twenty-five years not one hour have I left papa. A woman's place is with her husband; and not even being a biggest singer, like her over there, can go before making him a home. Don't get no new-fangled ideas like that in your head."

She ain't American, mamma, she's Eyesne and t American, maining, sne s Eye-talian. Oh, Heyman, would you believe it how plain she is? She gave me some grapes as big as walnuts, and asked that I should sing the Spring Song and some scales up and down, like I did this morning over the dishes, and then the Flower Song from

"If I say it myself I bet you sang grand!" "I did, mamma, only I was so scared; and afterward she took me in her arms and cried, and me such a sight, with the dishtowel in my hands! And she asked me such questions about you and papa, and who else in the family was a singer."

Mr. Hoffheimer rubbed his dry fingers

together.
"Back in the old country, Rachel, I remember in our family once was a great singer, who went to Nürnberg and ——"

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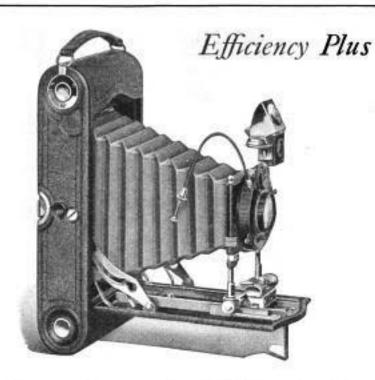
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"Always on your side Hoffheimer! In my family I guess we didn't have no voices! I ain't sayin' peddlin' needs a singing voice like yours, Rachel, I know better as that; but when poor grandpa selig his tinware used to mend, even when I was a little girl I remember how loud and fine his voice was—two blocks away we could hear him coming home to lunch!"
"Ach!" Suddenly Mr. Heyman rose and pushed back his chair until it whined

on its casters; his face had lost some of its light, as though dusk had fallen sadly, and his eyes were dark, like windows with the shades drawn. "It ain't what she's got or shades drawn. "It ain't what she's got or where she got it, mamma and papa, it's what she's going to do! That's what we got to decide here now—tonight. Rachel, we leave it to you to decide what is best for you to do!"

"Oh, Heyman, what to say I don't know! I—I want to go! I can't sit home and see the greatest singer want to take me to Europe and —"

Mrs. Hoffheimer trembled to interrupt.
"In my day wifes didn't leave their husbands, voices or no voices!"

"Keep calm, mamma! It's a grand thing, just the same, that you got a daughter and I got a wife with such a voice."

I got a wife with such a voice."
Rachel turned toward her father, with her hand on her bosom as though she would

still its heaving.
"A thousand dollars, papa, she told me

"A thousand dollars, papa, she told me this morning, she gets every time she sings a rôle. Think of it! Such rooms you never seen! Two maids like the one that came for me, and ——"

"A thousand dollars! Go'way! It don't sound good to me!"

"Ask anybody, papa, what money grand opera singers get! Heyman, you tell him."

Mr. Heyman placed his cold hands on his wife's shoulders and his lips grazed her hair.

"Ray's right, papa. There's big money in the business. I used to sell greengoods to Lispinsky's, down on Green Street, and his daughter gets four hundred a week with a music show called The Queen of Hearts; and in grand opera it's more." and in grand opera it's more.

"In two years, papa, Feraldini says of me she'll make a singer like herself—two years in Vienna, with the best!" Heyman interposed in a voice that verged

on acerbity:

"Wait, Ray, three times you've told us all that! Now let's get down to business."

"A wife's place is ——"

"No; let me do the talking, mamma.
Three hours we been talking! Where she
gets her voice ain't the question. The fact
is she's got it! What kind of gold furniture

gets her voice ain't the question. The fact is she's got it! What kind of gold furniture Feraldini's got don't get us nowheres. Two days Ray's got to get ready. Tonight we must decide does she go or stay!"

"Ach, Heyman, my husband, I——"

"That don't get us nowhere, Rachel. You can't go and stay here with me and mamma and papa too."

"You decide for me, Heyman; you ——"

"That none of us can do! For yourself you must decide. We don't stand in your way. If we must give you up, then we—we say, if it's for your good, you should go!"

"It is, Heyman! I want to sing! Every night I wake up with something soprano in my throat that wants to sing. A voice like pure gold, she says, I've got."

"Ach, listen to her, Hoffheimer, our only baby! Married two months—and listen! Her husband shouldn't be so easy with her; his foot he should put down! For a married woman two years away from her husband—it ain't decent! Heyman, ain't you no man? it ain't decent! Heyman, ain't you no man? Papa, ain't you got no foot to put down?
Her grand new flat, her grand new furniture,
her grand new husband! And now, just
because a Eyetalian singer ——
"Sh-h, mamma, sh-h-h! Heyman's right.

Rachel should decide for herself. A woman that ain't happy is a bird in a cage. For her flat she don't need to stay home, they can sublet and make money on it. Heyman can come with us. For herself Rachel must

Mrs. Heyman swayed backward into her

husband's arms.
"I-I'll come back and make you all three proud! I'll sing in opera, with all of you in the middle box. I want to go, Hey-

man, even when it breaks my heart to leave you and mamma and papa, I want to go!" "You go, then, Rachel. That settles it!

Now we're getting somewheres."
"Ach, my child—ach, that I should live to see the day when she leaves me and her papa to go across the water! Parents like

we been; a husband like hers; a ——"
"Mamma!" Heyman's voice was like

"Heyman's right to be mad at you, mamma!" Mr. Hoffheimer waggled an angry finger before his wife's eyes. "She wants to go and we can't hold her. You want a cooped-up woman in the family? Not me! We ain't got nothin' soprano in our throats, Gott sei Dank! Me and Heyman say, Ra-chel, that you should go, and mamma says

With a mean that was torn out of her breast, Mrs. Hoffheimer folded her daughter within her arms and sobbed through lips that blubbered outward in frank emotion.

"My baby! They don't understand. Nobody can care like a mother for her flesh and blood! Ack, my baby, like papa says, I say you should go; but my heart goes too. I ——"

too, I — "
"Mamma! Mamma! I can't stand it! It's
"Mamma two years "Mamma! Mamma! I can't stand it! It's
only for a little while, mamma—two years
and I make you all famous! Think, once,
how you hate the store in winter when the
bulk olives freeze, mamma! And when I
come back we can give up the store, and—
think once, mamma!"

"When your heart is being torn out you
can't think!"

Ray turned to her husband, with each breath catching on the crest of a sob.
"Heyman, you—you ain't mad at me.

"For what should I be mad, Rachel! You should do what makes you happy. There ain't many girls got a chance like—like—you."

"Lyric she said I was, Heyman; lyric soprano. It won't be for long. With mamma and papa you won't get lonesome."

"So soon you sail, Rachel! Ach, Hoffheimer, day after tomorrow our child goes

heimer, day after tomorrow our child goes to Europe, and not even warm clothes for the ship she's got!"

"I don't need nothing, mamma—all expenses she says she pays. Tomorrow—"
Mr. Hoffheimer batted a remonstrating

hand.

"You ain't no beggar that you go without pocket-money. How glad I am to stay home from the country, you should know All day I fight with mamma—country I got to go yet! How glad I am to get this mone, here on the table in page fifty-six out of the house you should know! Here, take it book and all, so I get it out of my sight!"

"No-no-no, papa; no-no-no!"

"Take it or, so help me, I throw it out the window!"

"Papa, for my own wife I can pay he expenses."

expenses."
"Takeit, I say; no monkey business! To the country I almost had to go! Schnapps next door, went; and like the measles he came home with mosquito bites. Me and mamma say: 'Gott sei Dank! We don't go to the country,' not, mamma?'

Mr. Hoffheimer cackled in a heady, this roice, and showed the book for the country.

Mr. Hoffheimer cackled in a heady, this voice, and shoved the book further into hi daughter's resisting hands.

"Papa's right, Rachel. What'll old folk like us do in the country? Climb trees' With Aunt Hanna tending store, we lose the clothes off our backs, such overweight shi gives. Me and papa can sit in the parl sometimes this summer, if papa don't make me ashamed and take off his shoes to purhis feet in the grass! We like it just as well and better, not, Hoffheimer?"

"I should say so!"

"Mamma, papa, I can't!"

"Tomorrow, Rachel, I take you out and buy you what you need. For a husband, got something to say too."

"Ach, mamma, papa, I—honest, I fee sick-like inside with happiness! I could crymy eyes out at leaving, but I could holle for happiness because I'm going. She criew when I sang, mamma, and wiped her eyes of the dishtowel and kissed me. Ach, it was wonderful!"

"Such dishtowels like those she don'need to be afraid of."

Mr. Heyman reached for his hat.

"We go home now. Rachel: tomorrow.

Mr. Heyman reached for his hat.

"We go home now, Rachel; tomorrow
we got enough excitement before us."

"I be over at six tomorrow, Rachel, with
papa's valise he brought from the old coun
try and them flannels you left here from
your trousseau." Tears rose in Mrs. Hoff Tears rose in Mrs. Hoff trousseau.

heimer's voice and she swallowed then gulpingly. "You take my sweater for the gulpingly. "You take my sweater for the hoat, too, it's heavier as yours ——"
"Don't worry her with such nonsense tonight, mamma. Ach, don't you put the book out of your hands, Rachel—page fifty-six!"
"Papa, I can't take it!"

Papa, I can't take it!"

"Papa, I can't take it:
"Papa, my wife don't need ——"
"Sh-h-h! Good night, children. Good night!"
"Ach, mamma, good night!"

"Take her home, Heyman. These wimmin with their cryin'! Where they get so much of it from I don't know. Look at 'em on each other's shoulders, like wilted celery heads! I—I—ach!"

"Good night, papa!"
"Sh-h-h! All wet she makes my face
with her nonsense! Look at Heyman. Like a ghost he looks so tired! Go home, go, go!
You scalawags, you!"
"Come, Ray!"

"C-comin'! G-good night, mamma, papa. Good night!"

The door closed on her sobs; and on the dark stairway without she swayed toward her husband, with the tears streaming from

her open eyes.
"Heyman, promise me you ain't mad

at me!

"I ain't mad, baby—for why?"
"It won't be so hard after I get started,
Heyman; and when I come back I——" Sh-h-h! All tired out you are, Ray."

They stepped out into a momentary whiff of cool May evening. Children danced in shrill groups under arc lamps; and, beneath the giant network of the Elevated, surface cars clanged at the traffic; and in chairs ranged along the sidewalks, backs to chairs ranged along the sidewalks, backs to buildings, shopkeepers and their families could glimpse a navy-blue sky between the trellises of the Elevated, except that the arc lamps were so bright they could not see

the stars.
"Sh-b-h, Rachel; there's Becky and Moe sittin' out in front! Put that book in your pocket; don't tell them all our business. Till tomorrow, when it's all settled, they

don't need to know."
"You're right, Heyman, not a word!
Jealous like a cat Becky'll be when she knows it.

The Kopfs tilted their chairs back against the plate-glass window of the plumber's shop and greeted them in reproachful pantomime:

"Hello, night owls! We been waitin' for you. Moe wanted to go up to bed half an hour ago when you didn't come; but I wanted to wait to give Heyman his surprise."
Heyman mopped at his damp brow and rubbed the inside band of his derby.
"All day I been greening Books, what

"All day I been guessing, Becky, what you got for me. One of two things it is, I bet you—a new trick the little shaver's got,

or some of that apple kuchen it makes my mouth water to think about."

Mr. Kopf rose to his corpulent five feet

and closed his campstool.

"You ain't right neither time, Heyman.

A surprise she's got for you and Ray that's a real surprise!"

Mrs. Heyman showed her teeth in a re-mote and aërial-like smile, and closed her hand over her husband's arm.

"How jealous I am of Heyman, Becky, you should know-you and him with your surprises!"

Mrs. Kopf's small, beady eyes danced

inquiringly in her head.
"What's the matter, Ray? You ain't sick, are you? You and Heyman look like you've seen ghosts! Nothin' ain't wrong, is it? Huh?"

"Such a headache I've got, Becky. And Heyman, like a rag he gets the minute it gets a little hot."

Mr. Kopf whacked his thigh with the short, fat hand of inspiration.

"I got it, Becky! We'll take 'em upstairs and fix 'em both up with some of our root beer! How's that?"

"For once, Moe, you got a good idea in your head. Come, we go up to our kitchen; it's cool like ice. Here, take my campchair up for me, Heyman. I keep tellin' my old man if he don't stop eating all the good things I make for him we'll soon have to take

a ground-floor flat, 'cause be can't climb."
"You hear, Rachel," cried Heyman,
stretching the rims of his eyes in mock formidability, "how good some husbands get treated?

They trooped up the stairs, their gauzy

laughter drifting backward and downward.
"Moe, go light up the kitchen, so Ray
and Heyman can see, but don't wake the
baby! It ain't his time for half an hour yet. Come right in, folks. Feel how cool my kitchen is? Sit down."
"Ray ain't feelin' so well, Becky, and we

can't stay. We take a drink of your grand

root beer and then go right upstairs."

"Moe, hurry up and bring in from under
the sideboard some of that apple kuchen for

Heyman, but don't wake up the baby!"

Mr. Kopf returned with a well-piled cake plate, which he balanced on his upright fingers with the exaggerated genuficctions of a waiter.

"Don't go so soon, folks! In a few minutes the baby wakes up—always he wakes up to be fed at ten o'clock. Me and Becky nearly die laffin'; just like a buzz-saw he yells. You can hear him upstairs, ain't it? You stay and watch him.

"Not tonight, Moe; Ray ain't feelin' so well."

"Look, Heyman! Here's the surprise for you and Ray. Me and Moe had a extra one made. Look!"

"Now what do you think of that? A picture of the little shaver! Say, honest now, look at them little bare feet and all! Honest, Moe, if you like it or not, I'll kiss your wife right here for that! Look, Rachel; see the picture of the little shaver!"
"Aw, ain't he sweet! How grand he got posed! How grand that embroidery took,

Becky—look, you can see the pattern! Ain't he sweet?"

Mrs. Heyman bored a kiss into the paste-

board and rose to her feet. "It was a grand surprise, Becky. We'll have it framed and hang it in the parlor along by mamma and papa. Thanks!"

"Thanks, Becky! It's a grand picture of the little shaver."

the little shaver.

"Don't mention it." "Good night, folks!"
"Good night!"

In their little flat above it was as quiet as the inside of a shell. Heyman raised the bedroom window and tweaked on the electric light. Heyman's face sprang out yellow and at strange variance from its habitual terracotta pink.

"Heyman, you—you look like the dead!"
"Don't begin that, Rachel; I'm all right."
She sat down on the uncrinkled bedcover and regarded him with tear-swelling

eyes.

"Promise me you ain't mad at me,
Heyman!"

"For what should I he med Rachel?

"For what should I be mad, Rachel? Don't begin that again." "I-sometimes when I think of mammamamma and papa, Heyman, and—see how—Becky and Moe are so happy—I—

-feel like I—can't-I -Ach now, Rachel, such talk! Won't we

all be here when you get home? The old folks and me won't run away, we—"
"So easy he gives me up! He don't—
don't care; and me—I—I could die for homesickness already—before I'm gone!"
She burrowed into the fluffy pillow-shams.
"I—such a terrible feeling I have——"

"I—such a terrible feeling I have——"
"It—it ain't a question of me, little canary; you got a bigger chance than anything I can ever do for you. It's you I gotta think about! Ach, Rachel, quit crying so, baby! When you go on like this I feel myself losing—losing my nerve!"
"Heyman, I—such a husband you are! A girl to have all at once such a husband

girl to have all at once such a husband and such a mother and father!"
"Sh-h-h!"

"What can being the greatest singer give me that I ain't already got? I-promise me, Heyman, I don't have to go. I can't,

Heyman! I ——"

"Sh-h-h! Tomorrow, Ray, you feel different."

She flung her arms round his limp collar and clung to him like a rockbound Andromeda.

"No-no-no! Promise me, Heymanpromise me I don't have to—promise me!"

He moved his lips to speak; and because the words would not come he leaned over

and took her in his arms silently.
"You stay home, then, baby—home!"
"Ach, my—my Heyman!"
From below, the Kopf infant raised its voice to the night in a lusty scream that

speed-hot buzz-saw biting into hard wood.
"Listen, Hey-Heyman, listen to the little s-shaver! He's singing the song for sure!"

"What song, darlin'?"
"Silly boy! You never know it when you hear it."
"Darlin', you're like me, so upset and happylike that you don't know what you're sayin'. Lie still there, darlin'. That ain't singin', it's only the little shaver yellin'-

the "The Spring Song, silly boy! It's the Spring Song for sure that the little shaver's singin'!"

He took her cheeks between his thumbs

eyes.
"Rachel, I—don't——"
She jerked her head away for the refuge on his shoulder, the timid hope under her heart beating against the high hope in his.



## "White at Last"

"I certainly am glad to get this house white. What makes this so much whiter than the paint we had before?"

"Well, I asked Henderson who painted his house last spring and what paint he used. He told me that Davis & Son did the work with Carter White Lead and linseed oil, so I told Davis to send his men up."

"Hasn't our house always been painted with white lead?"

"Yes, but Carter seems to be whiter than other white leads. Davis showed me a couple of samples of white lead that he said were pure and they both looked

gray alongside of Carter. He says it's Carter that made Henderson's house so white, and this looks as if he were right."

#### CARTER Strictly White Lead

is a perfectly clear, pure white because it is manufactured by a modern process that eliminates even slight impurities and employs no discoloring agents. It is unusually fine because it is being constantly and thoroughly pulverized during the fifteen days it is being chemically changed from pure metallic lead to white lead.

Carter White Lead is unexcelled in its affinity for linseed oil, its spreading and covering qualities, in durability or in any of the other qualities that have made white lead the most widely used white pigment.

Carter White Lead is preferred by experienced painters as the base for making colored paints because it contains nothing to dim the brilliancy of the tinting colors used.

If you are thinking of having your house painted in colors ask your painter or paint dealer to show you a copy of "The Paint Beautiful" portfolio, which shows twelve modern houses painted in up-to-date color combinations.

Whether your house is to be painted in colors or white you should send today for a free copy of "Pure Paint, a Test-book on House-pointing," illustrated with four color plates from "The Paint Beautiful" and containing in small space information of great salue to property owners.

If you have had any trouble with paint or paint-ing, write to our Paint Information Bureau about it.

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Until you have eaten Calarab you can never even imagine the fascination of

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that will turn your longing for a "taste" of California into a "satisfied desire." *Calarab* gets away from that "sameness" in confections and gives you a fig "in season" every day of the year. A package for you at your dealer's, just arrived from California.

Ask also for Bishop's Calorange, something else new under the California sun. A confection to charm you.

> If you can't buy from your dealer, send 30c in stamps to nearest address for full size prepaid package, Calarab or Calorange.



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## End time-waste in your billing

This complete correspondence typewriter automatically foots and proves your bills while it types them

## 11 questions answered

No business man can shut his eyes to this new time-saver. It will soon be as standard as the typewriter itself.

Below are some natural questions:



"Will it really save time and money?"

This is effectively answered in many letters we receive from users large and small. The following is a sample:

".... Beg to say that we consider that we are saving 20% of our time in handling orders, entering, billing, etc., and for making out statements at least 25%."

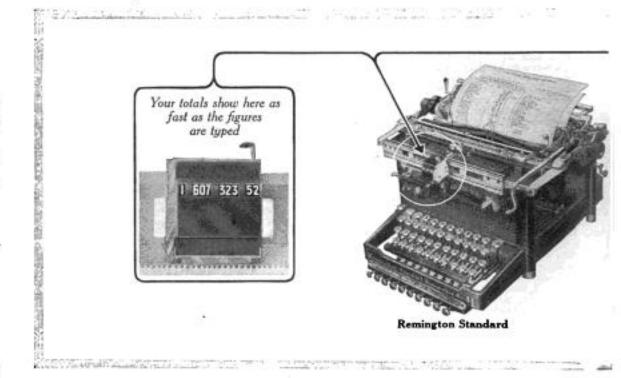
This is one of the more conservative statements.



"Why should I bother about bookkeeper's work?"

It is not a question of bookkeeping. It is a question of time-saving.

This machine, by totalling and proving bills while it types them, saves valuable clerical time. The saved time can be used for collections or other productive purposes.



3

"Will it fit my present billing system?"

Yes. It requires absolutely no changes in system. It does your work your way. It applies to small billing departments as effectively as it applies to large ones.



"Is it absolutely accurate?"

The best evidence is this: It is used constantly by the United States Sub-Treasury and by prominent banks throughout the country.



"What is the cost?"

That varies with the carriage-width. It is higher than the cost of a plain typewriter. Compared with the cost of a standard, first-class adding machine it is low. And remember: It is an adding machine combined with a complete typewriter.

The initial cost is soon wiped out by the time-saving, to say nothing of the accuracy insurance.



"Is it complicated?"

No. While it totals with coldsteel precision, its actual operation is simplicity itself.



"Can my present operator use it?"

Most assuredly. Within an hour your typist can learn to operate it readily.



"Can it be used readily on my regular correspondence?"

Yes. It is an absolutely complete Remington Typewriter for correspondence purposes. The simple switch of a lever prepares it for letter writing.



"Who are using it?"

Thousands of manufacturers and retailers-large and small-insurance companies, banks, city departments, railroads, express companies, steamship lines, telegraph companies, brokers and many in other lines.

machines were the first on the market. How much longer they will keep in first class condition, we do not yet

The Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown on this page. Each is a member of the famous Remington family—each is a complete, easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature—each is designed to insure maximum durability—each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Two ways to investigate

Sooner or later the adding and subtracting typewriter will be considered as fundamental in practically every up-to-date business equipment as desks and chairs.

Its use is spreading rapidly.

The chief reason why most offices or stores-where bills and statements are part of the day's work—are not using it now is because the office heads have not yet investigated its time-andmoney-saving possibilities.

A new illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work", makes it possible for business men, who are alive to the advantages of relieving human effort with improved mechanical helps, to learn specifically how the Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter will save clerk-time-and how it will do away with unnecessary error-risk and expensive calculations on their bills and statements.

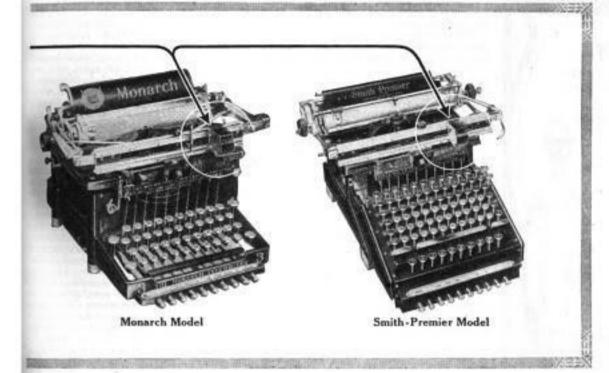
We will send a copy of "The Story of a Day's Work" to any employer of clerical or stenographic help-on request. The information in this helpful little folder will probably mean to you the important difference between efficiency and inefficiency in certain departments of your business-the difference between an extra profit and a needless reduction of your "net" for the ensuing

twelve months.

A note now dictated to your stenographer will bring you this folder by return mail. Later, if you wish, we will install a machine in your office, where you can demonstrate its use-fulness on your bills — without expense to you.

We recommend that you send now for "The Story of a Day's







"Is the touch light or heavy?"

Light. The keys are not punched as with the usual adding machine. They operate with a light typewriter touch.

When the adding and subtracting mechanism is connected the touch of

the numeral keys is slightly different. This prevents adding on correspondence work. On correspondence work, the adding mechanism is detached by touching a lever. The numeral keys then operite as lightly as the letter keys.

If you wish to have the name of a user in your neighborhood we shall be glad to supply it.

"Is it durable?"

Decidedly. We have testimonial letters from offices which have been using this machine for 5 years. Their

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (Branches Everywhere)

For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico Brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons





### To San Francisco in 1915

PROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as we suggest.

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PA.

#### AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Continued from Page 12)

vividly of that which inevitably happens when a millionaire's daughter is being mar-ried to a duke in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church—it reminded me of that because it was so different.

Fortunately for us we were so placed that we saw quite distinctly the entrance of the wedding party into the chapel inclosure. Personally I was most concerned with the

members of the royal house. As I recollect, they passed in the following order: His Majesty, King George the Fifth. Her Majesty, Queen Mary, the remaining Four-Fifths.

Small fractional royalties to the number

of a dozen or more.

I got a clear view of the side face of the queen. As one looked on her profile, which was what you might call firm, and saw the mild-looking little king, who seemed quite eclipsed by her presence, one understood—or, anyway, one thought one understood—why an English assemblage, when standing to chant the national anthem these times, always puts such fervor and meaning into the first line of it.

Only one untoward incident occurredthe inevitable militant lady broke through the lines as the imperial carriage passed and threw a Votes for Women handbill into His Majesty's lap. She was removed thence by the police with the skill and dexterity of long practice. The police were competently on the job. They always are— which brings me round to the subject of the London bobby and leads me to venture the assertion that individually and collectively, personally and officially, he is a splendid piece of work. the inevitable militant lady broke through piece of work.

The finest thing in London is the London policeman and the worst thing is the shame-fully small and shabby pay he gets. He is majestic because he represents the maj-esty of the English law; he is humble and

esty of the English law; he is humble and obliging because, as a servant, he serves the people who make the law. And always he knows his business.

In Charing Cross, where all roads meet and snarl up in the bewildering semblance of many fishing worms in a can, I ventured out into the roadway to ask a policeman the best route for reaching a place in a somewhat obscure quarter. He threw up his arm, semaphore fashion, first to this his arm, semaphore fashion, first to this his arm, semaphore fashion, first to this point of the compass and then to that, and traffic halted instantly. As far as the eye might reach it halted; and it stayed halted, too, while he searched his mind and gave me carefully and painstakingly the direc-tions for which I sought. In that packed mass of cabs and taxis and busses and carriages there were probably dukes and arch-bishops—dukes and archbishops are always fussing about in London—but they waited until he was through directing me. It flattered me so that I went back to the hotel and put on a larger hat.

#### The Holders of the Balances

Another time we went to Paddington to take a train for somewhere. Following the custom of the country we took along our trunks and traps on top of the taxicab. At the moment of our arrival there were no porters handy, so a policeman on post out-side the station jumped forward on the instant and helped our chauffeur to wrestle the luggage down on the bricks. When I, rallying somewhat from the shock of this, thanked him and slipped a coin into his palm, he said in effect that, though he was obliged for the shilling. I must not feel that obliged for the shilling, I must not feel that I had to give him anything—that it was part of his duty to aid the public in these small matters.
I shut my eyes and tried to imagine a

New York policeman doing as much for an unknown alien; but the effort gave me a severe headache. It gave me darting pains across the top of the skull—at about the spot where he would probably have belted me with his club had I even dared to ask him to bear a hand with my baggage.

I had a peep into the workings of the system of which the London bobby is a spoke when I went to what is the very hub of the wheel of the common law—a police court. I understood then what gave the policeman in the street his authority and his dignity—and his humility—when I saw how carefully the magistrate on the bench weighed each trifling cause and each petty case; how surely he winnowed out the small grain of truth from the gross and tare of surmise and fiction; how particular he was

to give of the abundant store of his patience to any whining ragpicker or street beggar who faced him, whether as defendant at the bar, or accuser, or witness

It was the very body of the law, though, we saw a few days after this when by invitation we witnessed the procession at the opening of the high courts. Considered from the standpoints of picturesqueness and impressiveness it made one's pulses tingle when those thirty or forty men of the wig and ermine marched in single and double file down the lofty vaulted hall, with the Lord Chancellor in wig and robes of state leading, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, kneebreeched and sword-belted, a pace or two behind him; and then, in turn, the justices; and, going on ahead of them and following on behind them, knight escorts and ushers and clerks and all the other human cogs of the great machine. It was the very body of the law, though, of the great machine.

of the great machine.

What struck into me deepest, however,
was the look of nearly every one of the
judges. Had they been dressed as longshoremen, one would still have known them
for possessors of the judicial temperament—men born to hold the balances and fitted and trained to winnow out the wheat from the chaff. So many eagle-beaked noses, so many hawk-keen eyes, so many smooth-chopped, long-jowled faces, seen here together, made me think of what we are prone to regard as the highwater period of American statesmanship—the Clay-Calhoun-Benton-Webster period.

#### London's Safety Value

Just watching these men pass helped me to know better than any reading I had ever done why the English have faith and conf-dence in their courts. I said to myself that if I wanted justice—exact justice, heaping high in the scales—I should come to this shop, I should bring the trade to this oldestablished firm; but if I were looking for a little mercy I should take my custom else-

I cannot tell why I associate it in my mind with this grouped spectacle of the lords of the law, but somehow the scene to lords of the law, but somehow the scene to be witnessed in Hyde Park just inside the Marble Arch of a Sunday evening seems bound up somehow with the other institu-tion. They call this place London's safety valve. It's all of that. Long ago the ruling powers discovered that if the rabidly dis-contented were permitted to preach dyna-mite and destruction unlimited they would not be so and to practice their cheerful does not be so apt to practice their cheerful doctrines. So, without let or hindrance, any apostle of any creed, cult or propagands, however lurid and revolutionary, may come here of a Sunday to meet with his disciples and spout forth the faith that is in him until he has geysered himself into peace—or, what comes to the same thing, into speech-

When I went to Hyde Park on a certain Sunday rain was falling and the crowds were not so large as usual, a bored police-man on duty in this outdoor forum told me; still, at that, there must have been two or three thousand listeners in sight and not less than twelve speakers. These latter balanced themselves on small portable platforms placed in rows, with such short spaces between them that their voices internetween them that their voices intermingled confusingly. In front of each orator stood his audience; sometimes they applauded what he said in a sluggish British way, and sometimes they asked him questions designed to baffle or perplex himheckling, I believe this is called—but there was never any suggestion of disorder and never any violent demonstration for or against a statement made by him. against a statement made by him.

At the end of the line nearest the Arch under a flary light, stood an old bearded man having the look on his face of a kindly but somewhat irritated moo-cow. At the moment I drew near he was having a long and involved argument with another controversialist touching on the sense of the word tabernacle as employed Scripturally one holding it to mean the fleshly tenement of the soul and the other an actual place of worship. The old man had two favorite words—behoove and emit—but behoove was evidently his choice. As an emitter he was only fair, but he was the best behoove

I ever saw anywhere.

The orator next to him was speaking in a soft, sentimental tone, with gestures gently appropriate. I moved along to him, being

(Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 46)

minded to learn what particular brand of hrotherly love he might be expounding. In the same tone a good friend might employ in telling you what to do for chapped lips or a fever blister he was saying that clergy-men and armaments were useless and expensive burdens on the commonwealth; and, as a remedy, he was advocating that all the priests and all the preachers in the kingdom should be loaded on all the dreadnoughts, and then the dreadnoughts should be steamed to the deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean and there cozily scuttled, with all on board.

There was scattering applause and a toice: "Ow, don't do that! Listen, 'ere! Hi've got a better plan." But the next speaker was blaring away at the top of his voice, making threatening faces and waving his denched fists aloft and pounding with

them on the top of his rostrum.
"Now this," I said to myself, "is going to be worth something worth while. Surely this person would not be content merely with drowning all the parsons and sinking all the warships in the hole at the bottom of the seas. Undoubtedly he will advocate something really radical. I will invest five minutes with him."

I did; but I was sold. He was favoring the immediate adoption of a universal tengue for all the peoples of the earth-that was all. I did not catch the name of his universal language, but I judged the one at which he would excel would be a language with few if any h's in it. After this disap-pointment I lost heart and came away.

Another phase, though a very different one, of the British spirit of fair play and tolerance, was shown to me at the National Sporting Club, which is the British shrine of boxing, where I saw a fight for one of the championship belts that Lord Lonsdale is scever bestowing on this or that worthy and worshipful fisticuffer. Instead of being isside the ring prying the fighters apart by main force as he would have been doing in America, the referee, dressed in evening dothes, was outside the ropes. At a quick word from him the fighters broke apart from clinches on the instant.

The audience—a very mixed one, rang-ing in garb from broadcloths to shoddles was as quick to approve a telling blow by the less popular fighter as to hiss any suggestion of trickiness or fouling on the part of the favorite. When a contestant in one of the preliminary goes, having been ad-judged a loser on points, objected to the decision and insisted on being heard in his own behalf, the crowd, though plainly not in sympathy with his contention, listened to what he had to say. Nobody jeered him down.

Had he been a foreigner, and especially had he been an American, I am inclined to think the situation might have been differ-ent; but, as this man was a Briton himself, these other British hearkened to his sputterings: for England, you know, grants the right of free speech to all Englishmen—and denies it to all Englishwomen.

#### Much Ado About a Lion

The settled Englishman declines always to be jostled out of his hereditary state of intense calm. They tell of a man who dashed into the reading room of the Savage Club with the announcement that a lion was loose on the Strand-a lion which had broken away from a traveling caravan and was rushing madly to and fro, scaring horses and frightening pedestrians. "Great excitement! Most terrific, old

dears—on my word!" he added, addressing the company.

Over the top of the Pink Un an elderly gentleman of a full habit of life regarded

"Is that any resson," he inquired, "why a person should come rushing into a gentleman's club and kick up such a deuced hullabaloo?

The first man—he must have been a Colo--gazed at the other man in amazement. "Well," he asked, "what would you do if you met a savage lion loose on the

Strand?"
"Sir, I should take a cab!"

And after meeting an Englishman or so of this type I am quite prepared to say the story might have been a true one. If he met a lion on the Strand today he would take a cab; but if tomorrow, walking in the same place, he met two lions, he would write a etter to the Times complaining of the growing prevalence of lions in the public thoroughfares and placing the blame on the

Suffragettes or Lloyd George or the Nonconformists or the increasing discontent of the working classes—that is what he would do.

On the other hand, if he met a squirrel on a street in America it would be a most ex-traordinary thing! Extraordinary would undoubtedly be the word he would use to describe it. Lions on the Strand would be merely annoying, but chipmunks on Broadway would constitute a striking manifestation of the unsettled conditions existing in a wild and misgoverned land; for, you see, to every right-minded Englishman of the insular variety—and that is the commonest variety in England—whatever happens at home is but a part of an orderly and an or-dered scheme of things, whereas whatever happens beyond the British domains must necessarily be highly unusual and exceed-

ingly disorganizing. An Englishman's newspapers help him to attain this frame of mind; for an English newspaper does not print sensational stories about Englishmen residing in England—it prints them about people resident in other lands. There is a good reason for this—a reason based on prudence. In the first place the private life of a private individual is a most holy thing, with which the papers dare not meddle; besides, the paper that printed a faked-up tale about a private citizen in England would speedily be exposed and also extensively sued.

#### Sensations to Order

As for public men, they are protected by exceedingly stringent libel laws. As nearly as I might judge, anything true you printed about an English politician would be libelous, and anything libelous you printed about him would be true.

It befalls, therefore, as I was told on most excellent authority, that when the editor of a live London daily finds the local grist to be dull and uninteresting reading he straightway cables to his American corre-spondent or his Paris correspondent—these two being his main standbys for sensationsasking, if his choice falls on the man in America, for a snappy dispatch, say, about an American train smash-up, or a Nature freak, or a scandal in high society with a rich man mixed up in it. He wires for it, and in reply be gets it. I have been in my time a country correspondent for city papers, and I know that what Mr. Editor wants Mr. Editor gets.

As a result America, to the average provincial Englishman's understanding, land where a hunter is always being nibbled to death by sheep; or a prospective mother is being so badly frightened by a chameleon that her child is born with a complexion changeable at will and an ungovernable appetite for flies; or a billionaire is giving a monkey dinner or poisoning his wife—or something. Also, he gets the idea that a through train in this country is so called because it invariably runs through the train ahead of it; and that when a man in Connecticut is expecting a friend on the fast express from Boston, and wants something to remember him by, he goes down to the station at traintime with a bucket.

Under the headlining system of the English newspapers the derailment of a worktrain in Arizona, wherein several Mexican tracklayers get mussed up, becomes Another Frightful American Railway Disaster! But a head-on collision, attended by fatalities, in the suburbs of Liverpool or Manchester is a Distressing Suburban Incident! Yet the official Blue Book, issued by the British Board of Trade, showed that in the three months ending March 31, 1913, 284 persons were killed and 2457 were injured on railway lines in the United Kingdom.

Just as an English gentleman is the most modest person imaginable, and the most backward about offering lip-service in praise of his own achievements or his country's achievements, so, in the same superlative degree, some of his newspapers are the most blatant of boasters. About the time we were leaving England the job of re-modeling and beautifying the front elevation of Buckingham Palace reached its conclusion, and a dinner was given to the workingmen who for some months had been engaged on the contract.

It had been expected that the occasion would be graced by the presence of Their Majesties; but the king, as I recall, was pasting stamps in the new album the Czar of Russia sent him on his birthday, and the queen was looking through the files of Godey's Lady's Book for the year 1874, picking out suitable costumes for the ladies



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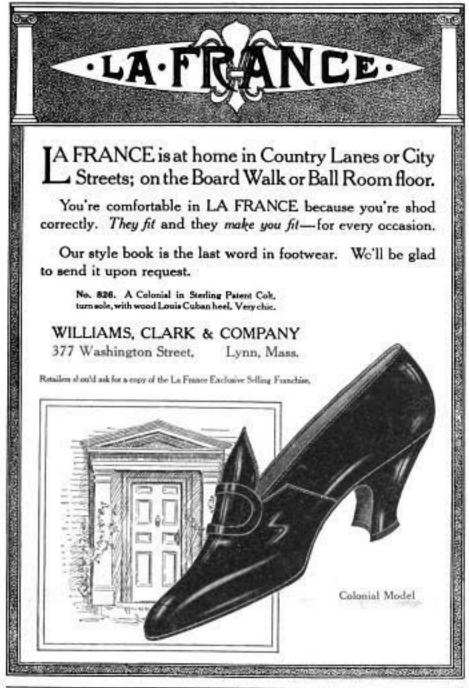
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of her court to wear. At any rate they could not attend. Otherwise, though, the dinner must have been a success.

Reading the account of it as published next morning in a London paper, I learned that some of the guests, "with rare British pluck," wore their caps and corduroys; that others, "with true British independence," smoked their pipes after dinner; that there was "real British beef "and "genuine British plum readding" on the means and that plum pudding" on the menu; and that repeatedly those present uttered "hearty British cheers." From top to bottom the column was studded thick with British thises and British thats.

The editorial writers of that very paper are given to frequent and sneering attacks on the alleged yellowness and the boasting proclivities of the jingo Yankee sheets; proclivities of the jingo Yankee sheets; also, they are prone to spasmodic attacks on the laxity of our marriage laws. Perhaps what they say of us is true; but for unadulterated nastiness I never saw anything in print to equal the front page of a so-called sporting weekly that circulates freely in London.

In the campaign to give the stay-at-home Englishman a strange conception of his American kinsman the press is ably assisted by the stage. In London I went to see a comedy written by a deservedly successful dramatist, and staged, I think, under his personal direction. The English characters in the play were whimsical and, as nearly as I might judge, true to the classes they as I might judge, true to the classes they purported to represent. There was an American character in this piece too—a

American character in this piece too—a multi-millionaire, of course, and a collector of pictures—presumably a dramatically fair and realistic drawing of the wealthy, successful, art-loving American.

I have forgotten now whether he was supposed to be one of our meaty Chicago millionaires, or one of our oily Cleveland millionaires, or one of our steely Pittsburgh millionaires—or just a plain millionaire from the country at large: and I doubt from the country at large; and I doubt whether the man who wrote the lines had any conception when he did write them of any conception when he did write them of the fashion in which they were afterward read. Be that as it may, the actor who essayed to play the American used an in-flection, or an accent, or a dialect, or a jar-gon—or whatever you might choose to call it—which was partly of the oldtime drawly wild Westerner school of expression and partly of the oldtime nasal Down East school.

#### A Continent at a Glance

I had thought-and had hoped-that both these actor-created lingoes were hap-pily obsolete; but in their full flower of perfection I now heard them here in Lon-don. Also, the actor who played the part interpreted the physical angles of the character in a manner to suggest a pleasing combination of Uncle Joshua Whitcomb, Mike the Bite, Jefferson Brick and Coal-Oil Johnny, with a suggestion of Jesse James interspersed here and there.

True, he spat not on the carpet loudly, and he refrained from saying I vum! and Great Snakes!—quaint conceits that, I am Great Snakes!—quaint concests that, I am told, every English actor who respected his art formerly employed when wishful to type a stage American for an English audience; but he bragged loudly and emphatically of his money and of how he got it. I do not perceive why it is the English, who themselves so dearly love the dollar after it is translated into terms of pounds, shillings and respect should insist on regarding us as and pence, should insist on regarding us as a nation of dollar-grabbers, when they only see us in the act of freely dispensing the aforesaid dollar.

They do so regard us, though; and, with true British setness, I suppose they with true British setness, I suppose they always will. Even so I think that, though they may dislike us as a nation, they like us as individuals; and it is certainly true that they seem to value us more highly than they value Colonials, as they call them—particularly Canadian Colonials. It would appear that your true British can never expense another. British subject for the headcuse another British subject for the shockingly poor taste he displayed in being born from home. he may forgive us for refusing to be licked in an early number.

by him, he can never forgive the Colonials for saving him from being licked in South

When I started in to write this article I meant to conclude it with an apology for my audacity in undertaking—in any wise-to sum up the local characteristics of a country where I had tarried for so short a time; but I have changed my mind about that. I have merely stolen a page from the book of rules of the British essayists and novelists who come over here to write us up.
Bless your soul! I gave nearly eight weeks
of time to the task of seeing Europe thoroughly; and of those eight weeks I spent
upward of three weeks in and about London—indeed, a most unreasonably long time
when measured by the standards of the
Englishman of letters who does a book
about us

He has his itinerary all mapped out in advance. He will squander a whole week on us. We are scarcely worth it; but, such as we are, we shall have a whole week of his company! Landing on Monday, he will spend Monday in New York, Tuesday in San Francisco, and Wednesday in New Orleans. Thursday he will divide between Boston and Chicago devoting the forence. leans. Thursday he will divide between Boston and Chicago, devoting the forencon to one and the afternoon to the other. Friday morning hewill range through the Rocky Mountains; and after luncheon, if he is not too fatigued, he will take a carriage and pop in on Yosemite Valley for an hour or so.

But Saturday—all of it—will be given over to the Far Southland. He is going 'way down South—to sunny South Dakota to see the genuine native American darkies, the

the genuine native American darkies, the real Yankee blackamoors. Most interesting beings, the blackamoors! They live exclu-sively on poultry—fowls, you know—and all their womenfolk are named Honey Gal.

#### The Northcliffe Playwrights

He will observe them in their hours of leisure, when, attired in their national cos-tume, consisting of white duck breeches, banjos, and striped shirts with high collars, they gather beneath the rays of the silvery Southern moon to sing their tribal melodies on the melon-lined shores of the old Oswego; and by day he will study them at their cus-tomary employment as they climb from limb to limb of the cottonwood trees, picking cotton. On Sunday he will arrange and revise his notes, and on Monday morning he will sail for home.

he will sail for home.

Such is the program of Solomon Grundy, Esquire, the distinguished writing Englishman; but on his arrival he finds the country to be somewhat larger than he expected—larger actually than the Midlands; so he compromises by spending five days at a private hotel in New York, run by a very worthy and deserving Englishwoman of the middle classes, where one may get Yorkshire puddings every day; and two days more at a wealthy tufthunter's million-dollar cottage in Newport, studying the habits and idiosyncrasies of the common people.

And then he rushes back to England and hurriedly embalms his impressions of us in a large volume, stating it to be his deliberate opinion that, though we mean well enough, we won't do—really!

He necessarily has to hurry, because, you see, he has a contract to write a novel or a play—with

He necessarily has to hurry, because, you see, he has a contract to write a novel or a play—or both a novel and a play—with Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. In these days practically all English novels and most English comedies play up Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. Almost invariably the young English writer chooses him for the axis about which his plot shall revolve.

English journalists who have been dis-charged from one of Northcliffe's publica-tions make him their villain, and English journalists who hope to secure jobs on one of his publications make him their hero. The literature of a land is in perilous case when it depends on the personnality of one when it depends on the personality of one man. One shudders to think what the future of English fiction would be should anything happen to His Lordship!

Business of shuddering!

Editor's Note-This is the eighth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The ninth will appear



1



#### The Pretty Suffragette And Billy Waring

Went down to Morton's for a week-end, and there, much to Billy's surprise, the Suffragette did a number of things that no one expected of her-least of all Mrs. Morton. What those things were is the story.

#### Is Any Woman Easy to Live With?

That is a question that only a man can answer, and a man has answered it - for the women's sake no less than for the sake of his brother men.

#### The Wife's Side of The Liquor Problem

It isn't the sitting up waiting for him to come home, but it's quite another aspect of what liquor means in the house-those little chafing-dishbeer suppers-the bottle of champagne for the prominent guest - a side of the liquor problem that is usually overlooked.

#### When Henry Was Married

The girl's home was in the East. And not a soul back in Navarre - Ohio - where Henry lived and was to take his bride-sent a single gift. It was rather hard for Henry. And then - but that's the story, too.

#### Judge Van Doren Went to Europe

It was on business, but just the same he met a girl there that made him forget Loretta, canning fruit and hunting dust back home. Then he returned and made a discovery-which makes another story.

In fact The Ladies' Home Journal for June is mostly stories-The Summer Story Number, it is called. Of course there are the numerous practical articles as well, and the fashion pages in full color, besides a complete section devoted to vacation suggestions and experiences.

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#### CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 23)

do what I say. Very well! Now, visualize the search made for you. Endow your people with superhuman ingenuity. Useless!"

The man waved a hand toward Mr. Merriwether; but Mr. Merriwether said:

"You assume that the search will be exclusively for me—but they will also search for you!"

"My dear sir, that is unkind of you!"

The man spoke reproachfully. "We know that when we go into crime as a business we must guard against the chief contributory must guard against the chief contributory cause of the vast majority of all business failures, according to the statistics of Dun and Bradstreet—to wit, insufficient cap-ital. Murderers are caught when their faces and habits and families are known. Usually their lack of means forces them to betray themselves. But nobody knows how the men who will kill E. H. Merriwether look. And we have enough money to go anywhere. We will become tourists—like thousands of others. Some of us will stay in New York; others will go on round-the-world tours. See this?"

The man rolled from his pocket some

round-the-world tours. See this?"

The man pulled from his pocket some packages of well-worn bills, with the bank-wrappers round them, though a finger hid the bank name. Also the man showed to Mr. Merriwether several books of travelers' checks of the fifty-dollar denomination—the specimen signature also being covered by the man's finger.

"Enough for all," said the man. "Kindly oblige me by thinking of what you would do in my place; and in all frankness acknowledge that nothing would be easier than to get away. Ordinary crime is so largely accidental that the average criminal is at the mercy of even the unintelligent police. Professionals do the same thing over and over and acquire telltale mannerisms. Also, they lack culture and find the class attraction too strong to resist—besides always being hard up and therefore defenseless.

"We had come about this case systematics." therefore defenseless.

We had gone about this case systematically. We wanted your million—but, more, we wanted the sport of taking it from a man who had no moral right to the particular million we desired. If you had been a really conscienceless financier we'd have made it five millions; in fact it is because we are not sure that even this million is tainted that

we ask you to pay it to us for giving you a fine daughter-in-law. Shall we go upstairs?"

The master of the house led the way upstairs and Mr. E. H. Merriwether, escorted by the stalwart footmen with the intelligent force followed his own intelliintelligent faces, followed, his own intelli-gent face impassive. That he was thinking meant only that he was doing what he always did.

The man sat down in his chair, with his back to the stained-glass window. He asked pleasantly:

"What do you say now, Mr. Merriwether?"

"I say" the little crar answered with a

"I say," the little exar answered, with a frown of impatience or anger, or both, "that when you are tired of playing the damned fool I'd like to return to my business."

The man rose to his feet quickly, his face pale with anger. He took a step toward the financier, his fists clenched—and then

the mancaer, his lists cienched—and then suddenly controlled himself.

"You jackass!" he said. "You idiot! Have you no brains whatever? Must I lash common sense into you? Take 'em off!" It was a command to the footmen. "Will you disrobe, sir?" very politely saked the cliest of them.

"Will you disrobe, sir: very pointery asked the oldest of them.

Mr. Merriwether, six inches shorter than the speaker and a hundred pounds lighter, drew back his fist, but the four men seized him and began to take his clothes off. "Tie him!" commanded the master.

They tied him to the library table, face down

down.

"Music!" cried the man; whereupon the cornetist began to play the Meditation from Thais softly, but obviously ready to play fortissimo at a signal from the chief.

"I am going to lick you with this whip!"

"I am going to lick you with this whip!"

"Management it viciously and walked round

He snapped it viciously and walked round the table until he stood behind Mr. Merriwether. He lifted his arm and then the great Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, iron nerved, fearless, imaginative and intelligent, yelled: "Wait!"

"The million?"
"Yes!"

"Help him!" said the man; and the intelligent-looking footmen respectfully

"I don't believe you would kill me-tut I never liked spankings." Mr. Merriwether Mr. Merriwether

spoke jocularly—almost!

The man confronted Mr. Merriwether

and said, very seriously:

"Mr. Merriwether, we should certainly have killed you if you had persisted in your stubbornness to the end. We knew we had

The man looked inquiringly at the financier to see whether any doubt remained; but Mr. Merriwether asked quixzically;

"Honest, now, would you —"
"We would!" interrupted the man, looking straight into Mr. Merriwether's eyes. And what Mr. Merriwether say there made him ask:
"How will you have the milliont"

"How will you have the million?"
"In cash. I'm glad you will make the payment. But really, sir, I wish to impress on you that Tom is ripe to be taken for better—or for worse."

on you that from is ripe to be taken for better—or for worse."

Mr. E. H. Merriwether looked long and earnestly into the eyes of the mysterious man who was despoiling him of a million dollars. It began to seep into his under-standing that if Tom could be married to a nice girl the resulting peace of mind would indeed be chosen at a million.

indeed be cheap at a million.

"Now, if you please," pursued the man pleasantly, "telephone to McWayne that you wish him to come here with certified checks on your different banks, aggregat-ing one million dollars, made payable to Michael P. Mahaffy."

Mr. Merriwether started. The name was

New York City. Explanations as to the million might be embarrassing to any political boss; but for a million dollars any political boss; but for a million dollars any political boss would be glad to explain—or even not to explain.

political boss would be glad to explain—or even not to explain.

"From this house Mr. McWayne will go to the banks, accompanied by the studious gentleman who had the honor of holding your left leg. You will indorse each check by writing 'Indorsement Correct' and signing your name. McWayne will go with our Mr. Michael P. Mahaffy and get the monay in fluor tane and twenties in hands. money in fives, tens and twenties, in handy wads-old bills preferred and so requested from the paying tellers, who will intelli-gently understand that Mr. Mahaffy is not signing his name in person; so he can swear signing his name in person; so he can swear in any court of justice that he never saw the checks. Asking for old bills is to make them impossible to trace. This will also allay the banks' suspicions. The worst that can happen will be that a few tellers will wonder what Mr. Merriwether has to do with city realities that he needs Mahafiy's

with city politics that he needs Mahaffy's aid."

"I see!" said Mr. Merriwether thoughtfully. Then, after a pause: "Where is the telephone?"

"There!"

In plain sight and hearing of the master of the house the master of the Pacific and Southwestern called up his own office. He spoke to McWayne;

"Make out checks on all banks according "Make out checks on all banks according
to my balances in them, so that the checks
will aggregate one million dollars; payable
to Michael P. Mahaffy.—What? Yes?—
Have the checks certified.—Of course if
there isn't enough!—We shall want bills
that have been used—fives, tens and twenties.—Yes, all cash. Come up to 777 Blank
Avenue. You will go to the bank with a
man——"

"With Mr. Mahaffy," prompted the man "With Mr. Mahaffy," repeated Mr

Merriwether.

"And tell Tom to have luncheon and was for me," again prompted the man.

"And tell Tom I can't go to luncheon with him, but to wait for me."

Mr. Merriwether hung up the receive and turned to the man saying:

"The idea of using Mahaffy's name—"

"Rather good, isn't it?" smiled the man "Of course you wondered how we were "Of course you wondered how we wer going to cash the checks, didn't you? Well that's the way. The bank officials will be surprised to see the checks and they will watch McWayne and my man to the last

waten alcowayne and my man to the asset They will thus be able to hear my man so loudly to the chauffeur: 'Tammany Hall Charlie!' Attention to details, my dear sir! 'Istill am not quite convinced that—'My dear Mr. Merriwether, there are smany ways of safely getting money from you Wall Street magnates that the odd thing that really protects you is the safely getting the safely protects. thing that really protects you is the sa fact that the professional crooks are eve more stupid than you. Men like you at



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compelled to bet your entire fortune, your very life, on averages. The average man is both stupid and honest; so you and your like are fairly safe for fairly long periods of time. Of course if we had been obliged to kill you we should have done so and buried you, and we should have been wise enough to utilize your death in as many ways as

possible in the stock market—and out of it.

"For instance, I should have instantly telephoned to all the men in your class and told them we had eliminated you—as an example-and to remember that in case we ever had occasion to ask anything from them. We should also give them a countersign, so that they would be able to rec-ognize us when the proper time came. I can kidnap or permanently suppress any millionaire in New York, with neatness,

dispatch and safety.

"If Big Tim Sullivan could be killed and lie in the Morgue for days unrecognized, what chance do relatively unknown people like you great millionaires stand to be like you great millionaires stand to be found, once dead? A dead capitalist, remember, is no more impressive than a dead street-car conductor. If I got you into this house on the strength of Tom, as I got Tom to come in on the strength of you, what millionaire would refuse, for example, to go—in answer to a telephone message that his child had been run over and was now—let us say—at 128 East Seventy-ninth Street? Or that his wife, acting more or less as if she were intoxicated, was scatterless as if she were intoxicated, was scattering money at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street?" Mr. Merriwether looked at the man a long time. He could not deny that to really

desperate men such deeds offered no particular difficulty. The average crook is not dangerous to a millionaire; but a man like this is more than dangerous. He thought quickly and formed his conclusions accu-

rately.
"How are you going to make Tom marry one of the girls whose names you men-tioned?" he asked in the tone of voice one

uses toward physicians.

The man smiled slightly and said:
"Oh, I am not going to do it. I don't care whether he marries or not. You must do that. But I'll tell you how—if you wish—after McWayne gets here. Just think over the affair. It will put you in a more intelligently receptive frame of mind."

And with a pleasant smile the man took And with a pleasant smile the man took a little book bound in green leather and

began to read.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether, as was his wont when thinking, began at the beginning and reviewed the entire affair quickly but carefully. He did this again—it did not take him long—and then he began to coordinate his ideas and study the case. Within ten minutes he had forgotten his animosity. In fifteen he felt respect for this man. In twenty he was thinking how helpless any one man is against his ten billion trillion natural foes—microbes, seismic disturbances, floods, and the chemical reaction of hostile brains. This man whose very name hostile brains. This man, whose very name was unknown to him, had vanquished the victor—had looted the tent of the general! This was incredible when spoken in a conversational tone of voice. Perhaps this

same remarkable man might tell how to make Tom choose a desirable wife. It was worth while making the experiment. It was in the nature of a gamble in which E. H. Merriwether stood to win a happiness worth all the money in the world and stood to lose nothing! to lose nothing!

A knock at the door roused him from his reverie. One of the footmen arrived from the threshold.
"Mr. McWayne!"

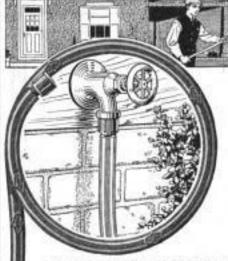
Mr. Merriwether's private secretary en-tered. E. H. Merriwether held out his right hand.

Mr. McWayne took four slips of paper and gave them to his chief, who quickly looked at them and passed them over to the master of the house. The man looked at them, indorsed them and handed a pen to Mr. Merriwether. The czar of the Pacific and Southwestern wrote on each of the checks:

"Indorsement Correct.

"E. H. MERRIWETHER."

He returned the checks to the man, who thereupon pushed a button a number of times. One of the footmen with the nonmenial faces appeared dressed for the street. He looked Irish. He wore a big solitaire scarfpin. His hat inclined to one side noticeably. He carried a square value in each hand. They looked as if they had seen service. On each was printed: Treasurer Tammany Hall.



"On Tap" Easter to Thanksgiving

Many a garden hose has died from "too much weather." The average hose is "on tap" continuously all spring and summer. Sun and rain, dew and "tug-of-war" soon do their work. Then-a new hose.

But you can leave Goodyear Lawn Hose "on tap" month in and month out with every confidence. Store it away in the late fall - take it out next spring, and it's good as new. Repeat the next year, and the next, and the next.

That's hose value!

A New Feature Goodyear Lawn gated hose with six additional heavy ribs that withstand all bending, tugging, twisting, yanking and friction of corners, trees, posts, lawn and gravel.

You can't kink it. You never have to "unravel" it. In addition, Goodyear Lawn Hose contains 19 per cent more rabber—live, active rubber that won't crack, chip or quickly deteriorate.

Goodyear Lawn Hose is the result of 13

Goodyear Lawn Hose is the result of 13 years' experience in all hose making. Its inventor is America's master hose maker.

Five Seamless Thicknesses

There are five other advantages—the inner rubber tube, a jacket of tested braided cotton, another rubber covering, another braided jacket, then the ribbed outer cover, all "cured" to one solid, wearproof unit.



How to Buy Buy lawn hose wisely, and be sure the hose has the famous Good-year trademark on every foot. That insures years of service—and beffer service.

If your dealer happens to be out of Good-year Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immedi-ately, by express, prepaid. Price in 50 foot lengths: %-inch, 10c a foot; %-inch, 19c a foot; %-inch, 18c a foot.

We recommend the %-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY Lawn Hose Dept., Akron, Ohio



turers have tested NEVERLEEK. A sample top on the General Manager's or Chief Engineer's car for a year or two years. Actual service, Winter and Summer, -- constant folding and unfolding -- hard-est kind of usage. Then, because it stands up under every

test, NEVERLEEK Top Material is adopted as regular equipment. Many of the best cars made in America now include it.

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This is a guarantee that means something. Any NEVERLEEK Top that leaks through the fabric will be replaced without cost to the owner, without live limit. NEVERLEEK cannot strink, stretch or sag-out of slape. Constant folding will not blister it. A NEVERLEEK Top is especially handsome and keeps its good looks through years of service. III about to buy a new our, write name of cut here

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SCOTT PAPER CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Originators of the Absorbest Paper Town.



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by equipping your home with a scientifically constructed sanitary refrigerator, which pre-vents waste of food through spoilage, tainting and souring.

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has a perfect circulation of pure, cold, dry air that keeps toods fresh, healthful, and free from taint. Its scientific insulation economics ice. Sanitary, easily cleaned linings of opal glass. percelain, white enumel or odorless white word. A great variety of stock sizes ready for immediate shipment. Also built to order for any purpose. Send for the Catalog.

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A peep sight that has won the approval of thousands of sportament.

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No danger of breaking sight when hanting in wood or underbrish. Can be locked down it descred. Instantly released by alding botton. Has elevation lock, interchangeable discs, point blank adjustment. For all American rifles. Price 83 99. By mult, if not at your dealer's. Write for free catalog Marbic's Sutly Specialties for sportswere.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 6008 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

"Go with Mr. McWayne to the banks

"Go with Mr. McWayne to the banks and cash the checks. Mr. McWayne will identify you," said the master of the house. "Yis, sor!" said the footman. The brogue was unnecessary; but E. H. Merriwether smiled slightly. McWayne and the footman in mufti left together. "Think some more!" said the man to E. H. Merriwether and resumed his reading of the little green-leather book.

Mr. Merriwether leaned back and

Mr. Merriwether leaned back and thought some more. To him the milliondollar loss was already ancient history. The only virtue that the Wall Street life gives to a professional is the ability to take a loss of money with more or less philosophy. That philosophy is also met on the racetrack, among experts in faro—also among real Christians.

McWayne and the man were gone an hour and eighteen minutes. Mr. Merri-wether had time to think of Tom and of himself and of the relation that had existed between himself and his son, and of the relations that would exist between them in the future—God willing. "Mr. McWayne!" announced the serv-

The private secretary entered; also the Irishman with the two valises.
"Tell the others! At five o'clock!" said the master of the house, and the footman

left the room—with the valises!
"Mr. McWayne, will you kindly wait in
the other room?" The man rose and parted the portières for the secretary to pass

through. "Certainly," said McWayne, frowning

politely.
"Now, Mr. Merriwether," said the man, "as I told you, Tom's mind and soul are prepared for love. The romantic vein in him has been worked to the limit. He can be laughed out of it very easily, for he is not entirely convinced; but it is too valuable a frame of mind for a really intelligent father. frame of mind for a really intelligent father

to destroy.
"The young ladies, also, are ripe for the coming of the one man in all the world. They will respond readily—and, I may add, respond with relief if they see he is a man like your son, against whom nothing can be said. It will clinch the affair. My advice is for you to call on the young ladies I have mentioned and judge for yourself, and then you be your own stage manager!"
"Have you any choice yourself?"
"You know Woodford?"
"Very well."
"And his daughter Isabel?"
"No."

"Well, she has the complementary qualities. She will, as it were, complete Tom. She is bright, healthy, very handsome, utterly unspoiled by the knowledge of her good looks—that is, she is highly intelligent. Her mind functionates quickly and is regulated and made to work safely by her keen sense of humor. You will love her for herself, as well as for Tom's sake and

for herself, as well as for Tom's sake and for Tom's children's sake.

"Arrange two things and you can do it. One is, prepare her to meet Tom. Tell her you don't know why you want her to know him, but you do. Tell her you wanted this before you ever saw her. And tell her you know she must think you must be going crazy—but will she meet Tom in her father's home?—in some room with the lights turned out? She will ask you why you ask such things. And you will rub your hand across your eyes and say, dazedlike: 'I don't know! Will—will you do it?'

"And when you take Tom to her, take advantage of the dark, and open this little bottle and touch Tom's lapel with this. It is essence of sweet peas. He will associate Isabel with the mysterious girl to whom he

Isabel with the mysterious girl to whom he took a message in the dark, and by the same token she will know he is the man who destiny decrees shall be her husband.

"Then leave the rest to Nature." Then

"Then leave the rest to Nature. They won't struggle. They couldn't if they wished; but they won't wish to fight. My parting words to you are: The man who was smart enough to get a million dollars out of you finds it even easier to make a young man who wants to love fall in love in the spring-time with a handsome, healthy girl who wants to be loved. You and McWayne will now use one of my prisoner-carrying motors. This way, sir!"

He led the way into the next room, picked up McWayne, and escorted the

financier and his private secretary to the curb. A neat little motor stood there, Mr. Merriwether climbed in. McWayne

Mr. Merriwether climbed in. McWayne followed. And then the man said:

"You will find that the doors cannot be opened from the inside. The chauffeur was told this queer feature was due to the fact that his master expects to use this car for his two very active and very mischievous children. He will drive you anywhere. You can arrest him if you wish; but it will be useless. We have spent a good many thousands in accessories that will be thrown away." And the man sighed.

"Who do you mean by we?" asked E. H. Merriwether politely.

Merriwether politely.
"The Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndi-

cate, which, having completed its opera-tions, will now dissolve. Good day, sir."

In the issue of the World of June ninth two advertisements appeared. One, under Marriages, read:

"MERRIWETHER-WOODFORD .- On June eighth, at the Church of St. Lawrence, by the Reverend Stephen Vincent Rood, Isabel Woodford to Thomas Thorne Merriwether.

The other, under Personals, read:

"T. W. R. SYNDICATE. — It was cheap at a million! E. H. M."

(THE END)

#### Recovering Radium

RADIUM is enormously more valuable than diamonds, and one of its advantages is that it cannot be lost easily, as a diamond may be. Wherever a bit of radium is it will vigorously declare its presence. An odd way by which it can be found was recently demonstrated in a Liverpool hostial when a quantity of radium was lost. pital when a quantity of radium was lost. The hospital had been given five thousand dollars' worth of radium, amounting to about one-five-hundredth part of an ounce, about one-five-hundredth part of an ounce, somewhere near the head of a pin in size. This, in a little case, was bound one night on the face of a patient to treat a cancerous growth and in the morning the radium was missing. The staff authorities were immediately notified, and it was agreed that in all likelihood the patient had accidentally swallowed the radium during the night. It was easy to decide that question. The patient was carefully examined by X rays, which would surely disclose the location of the treasure in its case if it was in the patient's body. Not a sign of the missing fortune body. Not a sign of the missing fortune was discovered, however; so it was agreed that the next most likely explanation was that the radium had fallen out of the band-

ages and been swept up.

The sweepings were then traced and it was discovered that those for that morning were just then being carried out of the hos-pital yard in a cart. The cart was stopped: but the problem then was to find out whether the tiny case of radium was somewhere in that cartload of dirt and trash. On the face of it the task seemed like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but actually it was

simple enough.

A hurry call was sent to Professor Lione
R. Wilberforce, of Liverpool University, a
noted authority on radium. He came a
quickly as possible, with an instrument
called an electroscope. As soon as he placed
the electroscope against the wooden side of
the cart he announced that the radium was
in the cart.

in the cart. By this time it was night; so all the doctors and scientists decided to postpone for there search until morning. The cart was backed into the yard and guards place over it for the night. In the morning Professor Wilberforce came again with the electroscope. The dirt was then taken out of the cart, a bucketful at a time. As each bucketful was passed down Professor Wilberforce tested it with the electroscope an announced, "It is not there," until elever loads had been rejected. The twelfth bucketful caused a jump in the instrument; an By this time it was night; so all the doc etful caused a jump in the instrument; an when this dirt was spread on a table th case of radium was found.

In another hospital a patient actually swallowed about the sa radium, and its location was quickly discovered in the intestines by X rays. The doctors were afraid that the powerful action of the weird metal would destroy the inte tines; so the patient was promptly cut ope and the radium recovered.





#### More Miles per Gallon Cheap oils, like cheap tires, are not

## **WOLF'S-HEAD**

gives greater mileage because it retains its perfect inhercating body at high tempera-tures. It has been tested and endorsed by the greatest motor manufacturers.

Write for Book on Lubrication Wolf's-Head Oil is made in bodies to suit every motor.

### Wolverine Lubricants Co.

78 Broad Street, New York Bronches: Chicage, Philadelphia, Boston, Utica Philadelphia, Detroit, Washington, Jacksonville Distributors W. F. Fuller, San Francisco, Cal.

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fall Canada)

Canadian Pairbacks-Morse von Land Sons Co., Distroit, Mich.
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Milliand Gasse & Paint Co., Dearwi, Col.
Codes Paint, Oil & Glass Co., Oples, Utah
Paner Glass & Paint Co., Omaha, Neb.
The Equipment Co., Kainse City, Mo.
Orbura Auto Supply Co., Merupha, Tean.
Elyes-Assell Co., Allanta, Go.
Soithern Hardware & Woodstack Co.
New Orleans, La.

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Send for this pound can at our Risk.

Don'tsendusany money unless you want to—just say you are willing to beconvinced that



is the richest, sweetest, coolest and best tobacco for pipe or cigarette you ever smoked.

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was one pound of Europia Milatore and the French better Pipe, coerringe proposid. Smoke ten pipefuls, and if you are not pleased, return at our expense. If you DO like it, simply send as the price. \$1.50. When ordering, please we business mationers or we also offer at \$1.00 for a full pound, our lefterson Mixture, a bully rod-cut tobacco for pipe at clarette, blended from choice Virginia. North Caroline, Kentucky, Havans and Perique, and give with first order a fine 5%; pipe free:

interesting booklet about choice tobaccus mailed on request.

CAMERON TOBACCO CO.



#### THE INSIDE OF THE Pork barrel

(Continued from Page 17)

We are all gratified at the commerce on the Great Lakes. It amounted last year to seventy-eight million tons. We have spent something less than fifty million dollars in their improvement and maintenance to date. Four-fifths of the commerce of the Lakes is ore and coal. Expressed in tons of ore this billion dollars of commerce floated on our creeks during the past four years would load fifty-five thousand ore ships of six thousand tons' burden each. If these should set out on the ocean in line, three ships to the mile—and the law will not permit them to travel that close together-we should have a line of loaded ships from Boston through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific Ocean to Hongkong!

If this ore were loaded on cars carrying thirty tons each it would fill eleven million cars and require three hundred and seventy thousand locomotives to pull them. Putting the trains one mile apart-less distance would be dangerous-they would cover every mile of track in the United States and have enough trains left over to encircle the world four times, a double track round the world at the Equator and another double track round the world passing through the North and South Poles

on the way.

If one is at all interested in the development of our transportation facilities the next time he meets one of these much-maligned creeks he should take his hat off

This is what the inside of the Pork Barrel looks like.

Senator Burton's criticism was not con-fined to the items of the bill. No man understands all the phases of waterway improvement better than he. That Con-gress has invested many dollars in waterway projects which have not returned the way projects which have not returned the service hoped for and expected is most cer-tainly true. That the future will demon-strate we are today no better prophets in such matters than our predecessors may well be granted. No project was ever more ardently advocated both in and out of Congress than the old Hennepin Canal.

#### How the Money is Spent

Representatives, and maybe some senators as well, came in on the flow as their predecessors went out on the ebb of the tide of popular clamor for the construction of this once far-famed canal. It was the most paramount of all the paramount issues in a number of districts of the Middle West. It serves today as the horrible example.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

Mr. Burton's criticism went to the method of appropriating rather than to the items for which the appropriations were made. I should say, perhaps, his shafts were better aimed at the method than at

In the days of his chairmanship, Rivers and Harbors bills were passed only every two or three years. A cash appropriation would be made and then authority given the secretary of war to enter into contracts for continuing the improvement for several years ahead, to be paid for by the Commit-tee on Appropriations from time to time as

the work progressed. Great pressure was brought on Congress to have an annual Rivers and Harbors Bill just as we have annual bills for the army. the navy, and so on. This plan became so popular, in fact, and for obvious reasons, that the committee could not resist either the clamor or the arguments in its favor. Mr. Alexander, therefore, determined to try it. Until it could be tested by actual practice and experience no man could foretell with certainty its success or failure as an economic policy. There were no prophets to read the future—none, at any rate, who could show any divine commission; so the policy was looked on as an experiment.

If it was to be attempted, every consideration of wisdom and expediency required that the test be fair and complete. Inter-preted in the light of this purpose, the con-clusion was irresistible that the annual bill should carry no authorization for continuing contracts. Cash sufficient to carry on



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Did you get your copy of "Passing of Salome," that new Oriental His by Jorce, World Femous "Dreaming "? Price 30c postpaid

#### Governor Mann's Testimony

"I am heartily in sympathy with any work that gives boys an uplift, for they are our future citizens," said Governor Mann to our representative.

Virginia's distinguished executive sees in our service for boys an influence that contributes to better citizenship. Are you familiar with the reasons for Governor Mann's indorsement of our solution for your boy problem?

The Sales Division, Han 511 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY the work for one year only made it certain that the next year's bill would pass. In this way alone could a fair trial be had.

Four annual bills have since been passed and the fifth is on the House calendar today ready for action. The policy is now as completely fixed as a part of the legislative program as the policy of any other annual appropriation bill. Several lessons have been learned.

Under the plan universally followed by Congress no river or harbor improvement is ever undertaken until it has first been investigated by the engineers of the army and recommended by them as desirable, cost and commerce both considered. Before the annual-bill policy was adopted it therefore frequently happened that a bill providing for a survey would remain on the committee's calendar for three years; and after the survey was ordered another three years would intervene before the report of the engineers could be acted on.

This country is growing at a very rapid

pace. Six years is a long time to wait; so it can be asserted with assurance that the annual bill, in obviating this needless and costly delay, has justified itself.

This, however, is not the whole story.

Mr. Burton thought the continuing-con-tract system was the economical way to do the work, and time and experience have abundantly justified his theory. When a project has been adopted that will require five or even ten years to complete—the nine-foot project for the Ohio River, for illustration—the businesslike course is to ascertain just how rapidly the work can most economically progress, and then authorize the engineers to proceed. One Congress cannot bind its successor,

One Congress cannot bind its successor, and there can be no guaranty that funds will be provided next year if the matter be left entirely to the determination of a future Congress. Contractors hesitate to invest in the necessary plant if work for only one year is absolutely assured, and but one method of assurance is possible, and that is to give authority by statute to the Secretary of War to enter into binding contracts.

#### The Shibboleth of Economy

Experience is the best of all schools, and Experience is the best of all schools, and Congress now has taken the course prescribed. We have learned the lesson and must either return to that system or be convicted of wasteful negligence. The policy of annual bills has been thoroughly justified for the reasons above referred to, though not amplified, and should and will continue; but, if just criticism and even censure are to be avoided, those projects which can be most economically prosecuted which can be most economically prosecuted under authority to make contracts for work or materials for several years ahead must be so undertaken.

Congress is always sensitive—supersen-sitive, in fact. Members must return to their constituents every two years for judgment. The cry of economy and the charge of extravagance are always the shibboleths of the opposition.

The temptation, then, is indeed great to

adhere to the policy of making allowance only for one year's work, though conscious all the while that by so doing the cost of the completed project will be increased. This is the real measure of the service rendered to the taxpayers of the country by those whose zeal for economy focuses their mental vision on the total, let the items be what they may.

If constituencies can be satisfied by assurance that the year's budget is no larger than its predecessor the election re-turns will give no cause for complaint, and the professional economist can continue his wasteful practices while the happy taxpayer foots the bills.

Every thoughtful citizen understands and confidently expects that the growing needs of this developing country will be reflected in increasing demands on the public treasury. What it is their right to demand and duty to require is that no project for the improvement of any water be undertaken by Congress that cannot reasonably be expected to promote the general welfare. When such a project is adopted it is the part of statesmanship, as it is the duty of patriotism, to provide for its completion in such manner and in such reasonable time as will effect the result at the minimum cost.

If this rule be faithfully followed the criticism of those who speak without knowledge and the censure of those who scold without reason may well be disregarded.



are made with pre-shrunk neckbands and remain comfortable. They are accurate in pattern and cut, measure true to size mark, and are worn with same size collar.

Guaranteed fit, color and wear

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Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman":
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#### Good Luck Wobbler

(Wisco's Paisets, fermeth known as Wilson's Wobblers The sensation of 1913. They ratch had when fine but it now made in two styles, Fluted and Winaged. Fluted the bler is for sensationer fishing. Moves with tail motion live minnow. Winaged Wobbler is for deep water fish a Moves with rigrag motion. Both styles float when no motion. Nickel plated hooks. Becautifully enameled white and colors. Price 15 centsench. Ask yeartackle ded to show you these hairs, and also the Good Luck Spectrals and the Control of the Co

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#### THE BUSHER COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 20)

funny Al? sometime in the week of Octo-ber twelfth. Old man Cutting's house or that yellow house across from you would be O. K. I would rather have the yellow one so as to be near you. Find out how much rent they want Al and if it is not no more than twelve dollars a month get it for me. We will buy our furniture here in Chi when Hazel comes.

We have a couple of days off now Al and then we play St. Louis two games here. Then Detroit comes to finish the season the third and fourth of October.

Your pal,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 3. DEAR OLD AL: Thanks Al for getting the house. The one-year lease is O. K. You and Bertha and me and Hazel can have all sorts of good times together. I guess the walk needs repairs but I can fix that up when I come. We can stay at the

that up when I come. We can stay at the hotel when we first get there.

I wish you could of came up for the city serious Al but anyway I want you and Bertha to be sure and come up for our wedding. I will let you know the date as soon as Hazel gets here.

The serious starts Tuesday and this town is wild over it. The Cubs finished second in their league and we was fifth in ours but that don't scare me none. We would of finished right on top if I had of would of finished right on top if I had of been here all season.

Callahan pitched one of the bushers against Detroit this afternoon and they beat him bad. Callahan is saveing up Scott and Allen and Russell and Cicotte and I for the big show. Walsh isn't in no shape and neither is Benz. It looks like I would have a good deal to do because most of them others can't work more than once in four days and Allen ain't no good at all.

We have a day to rest after tomorrow's game with the Tigers and then we go at them Cubs. Your pal, Jack.

P. S. I have got it figured that Hazel is fixing to surprise me by dropping in on me because I haven't heard nothing yet.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7. FRIEND AL: Well Al you know by this time that they beat me today and tied up the serious. But I have still got plenty of time Al and I will get them before it is over. My arm wasn't feeling good Al and my fast ball didn't hop like it had ought to. But it was the rotten support I got that beat me. That lucky stiff Zimmerman was the only guy that got a real hit off of me and he must of shut his eyes and throwed his bat because the ball he hit was a foot over his head. And if they hadn't been makeing all them errors behind me they wouldn't of been nobody on bases when Zimmerman got that lucky scratch. The serious now stands one and one Al and it is a cinch we will beat them even if they are a bunch of lucky stiffs. They has been great big crowds at both games and it looks like as if we should ought to get over eight hundred dollars a peace if we win and we will win sure because I will beat them three straight if nessary.

But Al I have got bigger news than that for you and I am the happyest man in the world. I told you I had not heard from Hazel for a long time. Tonight when I got back to my room they was a letter waiting

for me from her.

Al she is married. Maybe you don't know why that makes me happy but I will tell you. She is married to Kid Levy the middle weight. I guess my thirty dollars is gone because in her letter she called me a cheap skate and she inclosed one one-cent stamp and two twos and said she was paying me for the glass of beer I once bought her. I bought her more than that Al but I make no holler. She all so said not for me to never come near her or her husband would bust my jaw. I sin't afraid of him or no one else Al but they sin't no danger of me ever bothering them. She was no good and I was sorry the minute I agreed to

But I was going to tell you why I am happy or maybe you can guess. Now I can make Violet my wife and she's got Hazel beat forty ways. She ain't nowheres near as big as Hazel but she's classier Al and she will make me a good wife. She ain't never asked me for no money.

I wrote her a letter the minute I got the good news and told her to come on over here at once at my expence. We will be married right after the serious is over and I want you and Bertha to be sure and stand up with us. I will wire you at my own

expence the exact date.
It all seems like a dream now about Violet and I haveing our misunderstanding Al and I don't see how I ever could of accused her of sending me that postcard. You and Bertha will be just as crazy about her as I am when you see her Al. Just think Al I will be married inside of a week and to the only girl I ever could of been happy with instead of the woman I never really cared for except as a passing fancy. My happy-ness would be complete Al if I had not of let that woman steal thirty dollars off of Your happy pal,

P. S. Hazel probibly would of insisted on us takeing a trip to Niagara falls or some-wheres but I know Violet will be perfectly satisfied if I take her right down to Bedford.

Oh you little yellow house.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 9.

FIRIEND AL: Well Al we have got them beat three games to over the control of the beat three games to one now and will wind up the serious tomorrow sure. Callahan sent me in to save poor Allen yesterday and I stopped them dead. But I don't care now Al. I have lost all interest in the game and I don't care if Callahan pitches me tomorrow or not. My heart is just about broke Al and I wouldn't be able to do myself justice feeling the way I do. I have lost Violet Al and just when I was

figureing on being the happyest man in the world. We will get the big money but it won't do me no good. They can keep my share because I won't have no little girl to

spend it on.

Her answer to my letter was waiting for me at home tonight. She is engaged to be married to Joe Hill the big lefthander Jennings got from Providence. Honest Al I don't see how he gets by. He ain't got no more curve ball than a rabbit and his fast one floats up there like a big balloon. He beat us the last game of the regular season here but it was because Callahan had a lot of bushers in the game.

I wish I had knew then that he was stealing my girl and I would of made Callahan pitch me against him. And when he come up to bat I would of beaned him. But I don't suppose you could hurt him by hitting him in the head. The big stiff. Their wedding ain't going to come off till next sum-mer and by that time he will be pitching in the Southwestern Texas League for about fifty dollars a month.

Violet wrote that she wished me all the luck and happyness in the world but it is

too late for me to be happy Al and I don't care what kind of luck I have now.

Al you will have to get rid of that lease for me. Fix it up the best way you can. Tell the old man I have changed my plans. I don't know just yet what I will do but maybe I will go to Australia with Mike Donlin's team. If I do I won't care if the Donlin's team. If I do I won't care if the boat goes down or not. I don't believe I will even come back to Bedford this winter. It would drive me wild to go past that little house every day and think how happy I

Maybe I will pitch tomorrow Al and if I do the serious will be over tomorrow night. I can beat them Cubs if I get any kind of decent support. But I don't care now Al. Yours truly, Jack.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 12.  $A^{L}$ : Your letter received. If the old man won't call it off I guess I will have to try and rent the house to some one else. Do you know of any couple that wants one Al? It looks like I would have to come down there myself and fix things up someway. He is just mean enough to stick me with ouse on my hands when I won't have no use for it.

They beat us the day before yesterday as you probibly know and it rained yesterday and today. The papers says it will be all O. K. tomorrow and Callahan tells me I am going to work. The Cub pitchers was all shot to peaces and the bad weather is just nuts for them because it will give Cheney a good rest. But I will beat him Al if they don't kick it away behind me.

I must close because I promised Allen the little lefthander that I would come over to his flat and play cards a while tonight and I must wash up and change my collar. Allen's wife's sister is visiting them again and I would give anything not to have to

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go over there. I am through with girls and don't want nothing to do with them.

I guess it is maybe a good thing it rained today because I dreamt about Violet last night and went out and got a couple of high balls before breakfast this morning. I hadn't never drank nothing before break-fast before and it made me kind of sick. But I am all O. K. now. Your pal, Jack.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 13.

PAR OLD AL: The serious is all over Al. We are the champions and I done it. I may be home the day after tomorrow or I may not come for a couple of days. I want to see Comiskey before I leave and fix up about my contract for next year. I won't sign for no less than five thousand and if he hands me a contract for less than that I will leave the White Sox flat on their back. I have got over fourteen hundred dollars now Al with the city serious money which was \$814.30 and I don't have to

Them reporters will have to give me a square deal this time Al. I had everything and the Cubs done well to score a run. I whiffed Zimmerman three times. Some of the boys say he ain't no hitter but he is a hitter and a good one Al only he could not touch the stuff I got. The umps give them their run because in the fourth inning I had their run because in the fourth inning I had Leach flatfooted off of second base and Weaver tagged him O. K. but the umps wouldn't call it. Then Schulte the lucky stiff happened to get a hold of one and pulled it past first base. I guess Chase must of been asleep. Anyway they scored but I don't care because we piled up six runs on Cheney and I drove in one of them myself with one of the prettiest singles you ever see. It was a spitter and I hit it like a ever see. It was a spitter and I hit it like a shot. If I had hit it square it would of went

shot. If I had hit it square it would of went out of the park.

Comiskey ought to feel pretty good about me winning and I guess he will give me a contract for anything I want. He will have to or I will go to the Federal League.

We are all invited to a show tonight and I am going with Allen and his wife and her sister Florence. She is O. K. Al and I guess she thinks the same about me. She must because she was out to the game today and seen me hand it to them. She maybe ain't as pretty as Violet and Hazel but as they say beauty isn't only so deep.

Well Al tell the boys I will be with them soon. I have gave up the idea of going to Australia because I would have to buy a

Australia because I would have to buy a evening full-dress suit and they tell me they cost pretty near fifty dollars. Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 14.

PRIEND AL: Never mind about that lease. I want the house after all Al and I have got the supprise of your life for you.

When I come bome to Bedford I will bring my wife with me, I and Florence fixed things all up after the show last night and we are going to be married tomorrow morning. I am a busy man today Al because I have got to get the license and look round for furniture. And I have also got to buy some new cloths but they are haveing a sale on Cottage Grove Avenue at Clark's store and I know one of the clerks there. I am the happyest man in the world Al. You and Bertha and I and Florence will have

all kinds of good times together this winter because I know Bertha and Florence will like each other. Florence looks something like Bertha at that. I am glad I didn't get tied up with Violet or Hazel even if they

was a little bit prettier than Florence.
Florence knows a lot about baseball for a girl and you would be supprised to hear her talk. She says I am the best pitcher in the league and she has saw them all. She all so says I am the best-looking ballplayer she ever seen but you know how girls will kid a guy Al. You will like her O. K. I fell for her the first time I seen her.

Your old pal,

JACK.

P. S. I signed up for next year. Com-iskey slapped me on the back when I went in to see him and told me I would be a star next year if I took good care of myself. I guess I am a star without waiting for next year Al. My contract calls for twenty-eight hundred a year which is a thousand more than I was getting. And it is pretty near a cinch that I will be in on the World Serious money next sense.

P. S. I certainly at that

that

get-

- all

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#### NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

A warrant! Already he saw himself in the police court, hunted there by this vin-dictive, libelous female. Of course he could prove his innocence; but, then, think of the scandal! What would the world say to hear that he, Homer Drum, had been charged with stealing a ballet singer's clothes! Yes, that was what she must be—a ballet singer! Then there swam into Mr. Drum's mind

a sudden remembrance of to what and to whom he owed this outrageous affront-

Mrs. Drum!

Pale with righteous wrath Mr. Drum no longer gave heed to that noisy convocation outside. He turned and, stalking down the hall, entered the dining room, where he closed the door behind him. Again that ballet woman had resumed her tattoo on the panels; the uproar grew, but now he had closed his ears to it. Mr. Drum seated himself. Above the fireplace was a faded rectangle of wall paper, and on this he fixed his eyes. He waited. His mind, meantime, was busy.

was busy.

How long that night Mr. Drum sat there in the dining room he was not at the time aware. Some hours passed. Vaguely he recalled hearing eight o'clock strike; then nine; then ten. Hours before this, however, with a final resounding assault on the door panels Miss La Ray and her allies, the Schnabels, had departed. In the quiet that ensued Mr. Drum was again enabled to think of Mrs. Drum. Where was she? His reflections on the matter were complex. His reflections on the matter were complex. They ranged from moments of icy, austere calm to instants of righteous, superheated

wrath.

These last, though, burned quickly, their flames subsiding as swiftly as they arose, only ashy members remaining. At the end an air of grim, freezing gravity fixed itself on his face and brow.

Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust!
That was it. And, a clock at that instant striking eleven, Mr. Drum was counting the strokes, when all at once a thought leaped into his mind. It was one that had not occurred to him before. What if some-

thing had befallen her!
"Huh!" said Mr. Drum; and he had
half risen from his chair when a sound

suddenly arrested him.

Miss La Ray evidently had returned home. Down the airshaft again came float-ing the strains of Too Much Mustard, and with a rumble of rage he strode toward the window. Just as he was leaning out, though, to roar "Stop that noise!" Mr. Drumthought betterofit. What if she again descended on him? The thought made him moist. Just then the music stopped suddenly. There was a pause; and afterward Mr. Drum heard a murmur of voices. In the midst of this Miss La Ray's all at once arose. Its tone was one of profound aston-

"Well, whattier know about that!" ejaculated Miss La Ray.

Again there was a murmur of voices. Listening, Mr. Drum pricked up his ears. Presently some one said something, on

which there was a sudden burst of laughter.
"Huh!" said Mr. Drum to himself. His
face was thoughtful. Then, as though the thought were too preposterous, he idly shrugged his shoulders. Gingerly closing the window he returned to his seat before

the fireplace. The thought, though, whatever it was, would not down. "Absurd!" he told himself, and in the next breath "Huh!" he said self, and in the next breath. Hun? he said again. Overhead the music all at once had started up again; in turn with which there followed a steady thumping, which made the gas fixtures rattle and sway. Mr. Drum, however, gave no heed to this. The question of Mrs. Drum's disappearance now was paramount. She must be somewhere, but where? What if, indeed, she had been hurt! She might have fainted in the streets! She might have been run over! Even now she might be lying in some hospital, uncon-scious, unidentified. There might have been railroad wreck, and

Mr. Drum gave a sudden snort. A rail-road wreck! What would she be doing there? She had no business on a train! Abruptly Mr. Drum pushed back his chair.

What if she had run away!

Then reason returned to his aid. Run away? Ridiculous! She would not dare! The idea of any woman running off and leaving him! There was nothing in it. Pshaw! Then, besides, when they ran off they always took their trunks. Then, too, they pinned a note to the pincushion. It was absurd, though, to think of such a thing. Just think of the good home he had given her. Leave a home like that? Leave a life of ease and comfort? Nonsense! It was hardly worth while looking at that pincushion. No; it would be just a waste

Still, if by any charce she had — Huh! Oh, well, he would look; but he knew without doing so that there was nothing there. She would not have the impudence! He knew she had just been delayed somewhere. Before long now she would be home. Then she would explain. She would apologize, too, for worrying him. Yes; he would see to that. Meantime the pincushion was on her bureau and the bureau right beside the door. It was outrageous— the way she had worried him! Yes; .but

what if she had run off?

Mr. Drum had darted halfway down the hall when, with a jerk, he stopped, halted by a sudden sound. It was the click of a

key in the lock!
"You outrageous crea— -" Mr. Drum

began; then he got no further.

Mrs. Drum had just entered. His eyes rounding, he stared at her agape. Or was it she? Either he had lost his senses or she

Clad in a dress such as he had never seen on her before, she came slowly down the hall. That she limped he did not notice; neither did he observe her air. It was negligent, idle, easy. All Mr. Drum could see was her dress. There was a slit in the skirt and it was cut V-shape at the throat. To his scandalized sight V and split seemed to meet.

To his scandalized sight V and split seemed to meet.

Then she spoke.

"Oh, hello!" murmured Mrs. Drum.

"What are you looking so red about?"

The wellsprings of Mr. Drum's righteous wrath suddenly bubbled over. If he recalled his former resolution, "Firm, not harsh!" and so on, he must have felt that now was no time for etiquette. Where had she been? That was the question he wished answered. What is more, Mr. Drum wished it answered forthwith.

"Don't shout, Homer," begged Mrs. Drum as she began to remove her hat. "You know your throat isn't strong." Then, just as he was about to risk his throat again, she interrupted him. "Where have I been? Why, at a tea," Mrs. Drum responded calmly.

"A tea!" she repeated. "You heard me."

No hint of what was coming had as yet dawned on Mr. Drum. All he could grapple with at the moment was the effrontery of the reply.

Dawdling at a tea all these hours? Idling

the reply.

Dawdling at a tea all these hours? Idling her life away while his dinner burned! As she removed her last hatpin Mrs. Drum

turned to gaze at him.
"What's that you're mumbling?" she inquired idly.

There was a pause. Mr. Drum seemed to struggle to express himself. Perhaps he felt speech to be inadequate; for, pointing his forefinger to the neighborhood of Mrs.

Drum's knees, he began violently to wag it.
"Do you mean the dress?" asked Mrs.
Drum. And with bland satisfaction she
smoothed out a wrinkle in its folds. "Swell, ain't it?" she remarked.

Mr. Drum suddenly exploded.
"Where did you get it? That?" he
demanded. "Answer me!"
"I stole it!" said Mrs. Drum.

The reply, in its inconceivable frankness and simplicity, swept Mr. Drum from his feet. Then it was true! Right, after all, had been on the side of that unspeakable female overhead. Mrs. Drum had purloined the ballet-woman's clothes! However, ere Mr. Drum could voice the turbulence of his mind, Mrs. Drum delivered him a second

crushing blow.
"Yes; I stole it," she said; "only you needn't worry about that. I won't have to go to jail and you won't have to pay for the dress, because I went upstairs and squared myself! Yes, I did! I took the dress to wear; then when I'd worn it I got scared. So I thought I'd tell her everything. Well, she hardly said a word. She just laughed and laughed and laughed. Then she asked me whether I wouldn't come into the parlor and dance. She had a lot of friends there, you know—only my feet hurt and I couldn't. So she kissed me," said Mrs. Drum, "and I came away. Yes, that was how it was."



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Mr. Drum waited until she had finished. Even he himself wondered at his dignity, his self-control.

"How dare you!" he said then; and again Mrs. Drum stared at him. "Dare what?" Mrs. Drum inquired. "Steal her dress or tell her about it? I wish you'd stop puffing up your cheeks like that," she added.

With difficulty Mr. Drum repressed himself.

"Silence! What do you mean by such

behavior?"
"What behavior?" she asked.
"Answer me!" said Mr. Drum. "Where
have you been all day?"

Mrs. Drum for a moment gazed thoughtfully at him.

"All day, Homer? Let me see. Well from half past eight till half past eleven this morning I washed dishes, made beds, swept floors, scrubbed the kitchen, dusted the parlor and dining room, made a pie and oiled the hardwood floor. Then from half past eleven until half past three I mended your socks, sewed your underflannels, took your shoes to the cobbler, your hat to get ironed, and then went to the cleaner's for

your coat. At three, then, I ——"
"No impertinence!" said Mr. Drum.
"Answer me, I say!"

Mrs. Drum smiled curiously.
"I went to a tea, Homer, as I've said.
It was a tango tea."

It was a tango tea."

She did not even alter her tone as she told it. The speech flowed from her as unconcernedly as though she announced that chalk is chalk. A pause followed; and during it Mr. Drum's face gradually assumed the hue and proportions of a toy balloon. Then he found his tongue.

"A tango tea!" he echoed.

"Yes, Homer; only you mustn't shout so," Mrs. Drum again begged.

"You danced! There—in a public place!" asked or rather accused Mr. Drum.

Mrs. Drum nodded.

Mrs. Drum nodded. "It was a charity dance, Homer. I forget the name of the charity; but they gave it at the New York Roof. It was one of a series of mid-Lenten dances and it cost me a dollar to get in. At first I just meant to look on; but after a while one of the man-agement asked me whether I'd like to dance with any one. I said no; but he looked so disappointed I had to change my mind. I said I'd dance just once—just for charity, you know; so he introduced me to a partner.

"And you danced—you danced with him!" said Mr. Drum, his tone incredulous.

"His name was Benny," replied Mrs. Drum. "First we did the Castle Walk and then the Grapevine Dip. That was easy; so we tried the Horse Walk next, following which we gave the Kitchen Sink, the Lame Duck, and I dunno what. . . . Oh, well, what's the use?" murmured Mrs. Drum. "We just danced and danced, and I had the time of my life!"

Mr. Drum cared to hear no more details. "You abandoned fe——" he began.

"You abandoned fe-" he began, when Mrs. Drum swiftly turned on him.

"There now, don't you get excited! I know exactly what I've been doing and I know exactly what you're going to say—only you needn't," added Mrs. Drum. "I don't want to hear about Satan and idle hands, or that a stitch in time is a penny earned, or that a bird in the hand is the noblest work of God."

There was in her voice a note that Mr. Drum had never heard before. He gasped

slightly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Drum; "and I'm sick of hearing woman's place is the home and that idleness is woman's curse, and a whole lot of stuff like that you've been telling me for the last eleven years. . . . Keep still!" said Mrs. Drum as her husband rose suddenly, his face purple. "Ever since we walked to the altar you've been doing all the talking; and now I mean to do a little too.

You're always saying marriage is a partner-ship, and—well, I guess you're right—only up to now you're the only one that's been drawing any dividends. Hereafter I'm going to have mine too."
"You—you——" began Mr. Drum;

"You-you—" began Mr. Drum; but Mrs. Drum gave him no chance to

"What are you going to call me now—an ungrateful female? Well, maybe I'm a female and maybe I'm ungrateful—only that don't alter anything. Woman's place may be the home, but just the same that depends on what sort of a home it is. I didn't marry you to be put in jail. Yes; only the last few years you'd have thought I was in for life at hard labor. That's why I took that girl's dress and that's why I went to that tango tea!"

"I—why—now——" Mr. Drum said;

"I—why—now——" Mr. Drum said; and one noted now there had crept into his face a new, somewhat astonishing note. He seemed less sure of himself than usual.

He seemed less sure of himself than usual. He would have been thought a little startled. "I—why, well—"
"Oh, stop mumbling, for heaven's sake!"
Mrs. Drum exclaimed. "I was just saying I am sick of working on a stonepile and getting nothing for the job! I'm sick, too, of living in solitary confinement.
And that reminds me," added Mrs. Drum,"I took that fool worsted thing this afternoon and sent it downstairs with the garbage. There may be no place like home. I know. and sent it downstairs with the garbage. There may be no place like home, I know. Yes; but, thank heaven, there are other places that ain't!" Then she sniffed. "If I can't have a little fun in my own house I know where I can find it now! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Mr. Drum, pale to the eyes, did not reply. In the imagery of his mind a spectacle had been upraised before him. It was the picture of Mrs. Drum whirling amid the mazes of the turkey trot in the arms of the

mazes of the turkey trot in the arms of the anonymous Benny! Just then some one overhead again put a needle in the machine and down the airshaft came the melody of

Too Much Mustard! Mr. Drum considered. Woman's place,

after all, was the home!
"Say," he said, his voice breaking, "what's
the cost of a machine like hers upstairs?"

#### **Vocational Training**

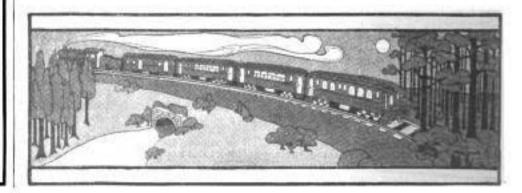
THE barber is the only workman for whom there is a really fixed demand in American cities. Analyzing the Twelfth Census reports for cities having fifty thousand or more inhabitants, the Russell Sage Foundation finds that in every city there are substantially three barbers to each thousand inhabitants. Every other occupations shows greater variability.

Those occupations that have as many as the representatives for each ten thousand.

ten representatives for each ten thousand inhabitants in all cities, number only twenty for men and seven for women. Without knowing the facts one would probably say that every city would show at least one butcher, physician, lawyer, clergyman and dentist for each thousand inhabitants; but he would be mistaken. Those occupations are not among the twenty constant ones. The printer, plumber and baker have steadier jobs in the sense that for each thousand eitre follow there will be at least one. sand city folks there will be at least one.

The only constant occupations for women—one worker for each thousand inhabitants in all cities—are those of servants, dressmakers, teachers, saleswomen. laundresses, nurses and housekeepers. All but one of these, it will be noted, have to do with the household or with children—from which those who take the Kaiser's view of woman's proper place in the universe may derive much comfort.

Even our vocational schools mostly train youngsters for the jobs they want rather than for the jobs they can get. No doubt that is the right method; but an analysis of the actual supply of jobs is helpful.



#### SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

"Pet, you'd better go to mademoiselle.
... Ask her, with my love, to fix you up some French history to translate,"

Laty Beaumaris suggested.
"I should prefer a Gallic verb," Lord
Beaumaris amended. "I marry in accordance with my parents' wishes. Thou marance with my parents' wishes. Thou mar-nest in accordance with thy parents' wishes. He marries—and so on. And make a sold schoolroom tea while you are about it, my child," he continued, as Susanna hestowed a parting strangle on Alaric, kicked over a footstool, and rose to leave the room; "for I fear we are to be deprived of your charming society at dinner this of your charming society at dinner this evening.

Susanna's lovely red underlip pouted; her blue eyes clouded with tears. She fashed a resentful look at her sire and went

"She is not manageable by any ordinary methods," said Lord Beaumaris, running his forefinger round the inside of his collar and shaking his head. "In such a case contamacy must be combated with craft, and defiance met with diplomacy. Alaric, regrettable as is the course you have counseled us to pursue, I feel inclined to adopt it. . . I shall write tonight to make an appointment at the Carlton on Wednesday with the Duke of Halcyon, and I shall to obliged if you will—at your early conbe obliged if you will—at your early con-venience—favor me with the address of the young man Wopse."

THE garden chalet was damp. It had been raining and the glittering appearance of the walls betrayed the fact. "As though a bally lot of snails had been dancing a cotillion on 'em!" said the Duke of Halryon. He yawned dismally as he opened the casement and leaned out, looking in his width based allow picks with the state. gaudily hued silken night suit like a tulip

drooping from the window sill.

Then the keeper's wife came splashing up the muddy path carrying a tray covered with a mackintosh; and the knowledge that his breakfast would presently be set before him, and set before him in a luke-warm, flabby and tepid condition, caused Halcyon to groan; but presently, when tathed, shaved, and attired in a neat inickerbocker suit of tawny orange velvet-ee, with green silk stockings and tan shees, salmon-colored silk shirt, rainbow necktie and panama, he issued, cigarette in mouth, from the chalet and strolled in the direction of the newly restored west wing, his grace's equanimity seemed restored.

He even hummed a tune, which might have been The Honeysuckle and the Bee, or God save the King! as he mounted the short, wide, double flight of marble steps that led from the terrace, and, pushing open the glazed swing doors, entered the ballroom, the entire space of which was filed by a bewildering maze of ropes and scaffolding, as though a giant spider had span a cobweb in hemp and pine.

A smell of turpentine and size was in the ar, and a paint table occupied a platform immediately under the skylight dome, the sides of which were already filled in with outlines transferred from cartoons designed by the artist engaged to ornament the apartment. That gentleman, arrayed in this carrying a deerstalker cap on the back of a well-shaped bead, was actively engaged in washing in the values of a colossal nude-figure group with a bucket of sepia and a six-foot brush. He whistled rather queerly as his bright eye

fel on the intruder.

"You're there, are you?" said the duke unnecessarily. "Shall I come up?"

"If you can!" said Halcyon Wopse with a decided smile that revealed a very complete set of very white teeth. "But, to save time, perhaps I had better come down to you." And the painter swung himself lightly down from stage to stage until he ightly down from stage to stage until he reached the ground level of his august relative.

"Put what you've got to tell me as clearly
as you can," said the duke. "I never was a up at Eton, and the classic names of these Johnnies you're thingumbobbing on the

"The design outlined on the plaster in the central space on the left-hand side of the stright dome," said Wopse, A. R. A., "is the Judgment of Paris. The three figures of the real medical space out." of the rival goddesses are completely outlined: but, as you see, Paris is only roughly blocked in."

"I don't see a city," said the duke, with some annoyance. "I see only a bit of a man. And as for being block tin -

"Paris was a man—or, rather, a youth," said Halcyon Wopse, quoting:

Fair and disdainfully lidded, the Shepherd Holding the golden apple, desired of -

"Hold on! When people get to spouting it knocks me galley-west," said the duke. "Just tell me plainly what the beggar was to judge. Goddesses? I savvy! And which of 'em took the biscuit—I mean the apple? Venus? Right you are! That's as much as I can hold at one time, thanky!"

"Sorry if I've overestimated the extent of the accommodation," said Halcyon Wopse, smiling and lighting a cigar.

smiling and lighting a cigar.
"One of the Pailagas. Now, hang it,"
said the duke, "that is infernally stupid of

my man."
"Of my man, you mean," corrected the

"I begin to think," said the duke, "that I have, in falling in with the absurd plot cooked up by that old footler, Beaumaris, and swopping characters with a beg—with an artist fellow like you in order to take the fancy of a long height less than the said of a long height of a fancy of a long-haired, long-legged colt of a

girl —"
"I presume you allude to Lady Lymston?" put in the painter coldly.
"Of course! I say, in tumblin' to the idea and embarkin' in the game I've made an ass of myself," said the duke. "As for you, you're in clover."
"Say nettles!" sighed the painter.
"Passin' under my name —"

"Passin' under my name ——"
"Passin' under my name ——"
"Pardon!" said the painter. "The name is my own. And let us say simply that in changing identities with your grace, in order to enable your grace to cast a glamour of artistic romance over a very ordinary

"Eh!" interjected the duke.

"—situation," continued the painter—
"in doing this I have laid up for myself a considerable store of regret."

"Regret! Why—hang you!—you're chalkin' up scores the whole bally time!" shrieked the duke, stamping his tan shoes on the canvas-protected parquet. "Beaumaris' guests—only a few purposely selected fogies and duffers who don't count, it's true—believe you to be me. They flatter you and gies and duffers who don't count, it's true— believe you to be me. They flatter you and defer to you. You take the dowager in to dinner and I'm left to toddle after with Susanna's French governess. I'm out of everything and obliged to talk art—bally art!—from mornin' until night! While you—you've ridden to cub hunts on my mounts driven my motor curs and bust my mounts, driven my motor cars and bust my

"And very good ones they are," said the

"You ride infernally well, and show off before the field at Henworthy Three Gates, where the hardest riders in the county hang back. You ain't afraid of a trappy take-off—you weren't built for a broken neck!" screeched the incensed peer. "You play golf, too, and win the Coronation Challenge Cup for the Lymston Club, takin' seven holes out of the eighteen, and holin' the round in the score of sixty-eight."

"It was my duty to maintain the honor of your grace's name, once I had consented to assume it," said the painter with a bow. "And you're a dead shot, confound you! knockin" the birds over right and left, and

getting a par. in every sportin' newspaper for a record bag of four hundred! You're a pole player too—hit a hall up and down the field and through the goals at each end, and look as though you didn't care whether the ladies applauded you or not, da—hang you. And you must own to bein' a bit of a cricketer and consent to play in the County Cricket Match on Thursday; and I wouldn't like to bet against your chances of makin' a big score—an all-round admirable what's-its-name of a fellow like you!"

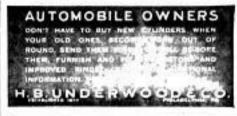
"Perhaps you'd better not," the painter remarked calmly, knocking off the ash of his

"But I should be glad to know the reason for this display of temper on your grace's part, all the same," he added. "If I rode like a tailor and shot like a duffer, hit your ponies' legs instead of the ball, and played cricket like a German governess at a girls' boarding school, I could under-

"Don't you understand, when I get back into my own skin again I'll have to live up to the reputation you've made me?" yelled Halcyon. "I could pass muster before

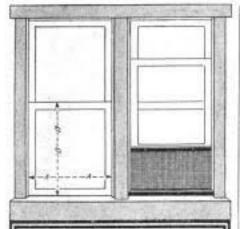












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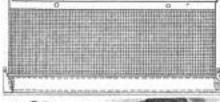
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If he can't supply you send \$1 with size, weight

because nobody looked for anything; but

"And what of my reputation? I think I

heard you telling Susanna ——"
"Susanna!" echoed the duke.

"She is Susanna to your grace. Did I not hear you telling her that Chiaroscuro was an Italian painter of the Cinquecento—who, you said, was a pope who patronized art! You went on to say that Chiaroscuro lived on hard eggs and designed carnival cars, and

on hard eggs and designed carnival cars, and that Benvenuto Cellini won the Gold Cup at the Ascot Race Meeting in '91."

"Look here; we won't indulge in mutual recriminations. It's beastly bad form!" said the duke. "And, though you can ride and all that, I never said I thought you could paint for nuts: in fact, between ourselves, I don't half like havin' these spooks on the ceilin' set down to me." He twisted his little sandy mustache and fixed his eyeglass in his eye, and started. "Here's Lady Lymston comin' over the lawn, with a whole pack of dogs, to ask me how I've got on pack of dogs, to ask me how I've got on

pack of dogs, to ask me how I ve got on since yesterday."

"Take my blouse!" The painter de-nuded himself of the turpentiny garment, appearing in a well-cut tweed shooting suit.

"Get into that rag? Not me—thanks! Hand over your brush and give me a leg-up on that scaffoldin', like a good chap. I'd better be discovered at work, I suppose," and His Grace of Halevon as he slowly said His Grace of Halcyon as he slowly mounted to the platform under the dome.

He had just reached it when Susanna's fresh young voice was heard outside calling to her dogs, and a moment later she appeared. Her fair cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were bright with exercise. She wore a rough gray skirt which, though less attenuated than of yore, still showed a slim, arched foot and suggested a charming ankle; a white silk blouse, confined by a Norwegian belt; and a loose beret cap of black velvet crowned her yellow head, its silken riches being now disposed in a great coil through which a silver arrow was care-lessly thrust. She started and reddened from her temples to the edge of lace at her round throat when the tweed-clad figure of the painter caught her eye, and gave him her hand with an indifference that was too ostentatious.

"I didn't know you were interested in art," she said. "Oh, yes," responded the painter; "at least, if this can be called art," he added modestly.
"'Sh!" warned Susanna. "He is up there

and will hear you.

"He?" echoed the painter, reveling in the blush.

"Did I bear my name?" called the duke sweetly from above. "Hello, Lady Lym-ston—that you? Come to record progress? As you see, we're going strong." His six-foot brush menuced a Hera's drapprise; a callingt of size upset tripbled its contents. gallipot of size, upset, trickled its contents through the planking; his velveteen conttails placed Paris in peril as he turned his back to the cartoon and, resting his hands on his knees, assumed a stooping attitude and peered waggishly down over the edge of the scaffolding at Susanna. "Take care—you!" shouted the painter,

forgetting his aristocratic rôle.

"My foot is on my native thingumbob— ain't it, Lady Lymston?" said the owner of nin tit, Lady Lymston?" said the owner of the small, cockneyfied, grinning counte-nance above. "How do you like the wax-works? This is the"—he flourished the six-foot brush perilously—"this is the Judgment of Berlin!"

"Paris!" prompted the false duke

hoarsely.

"He is trying to joke," said Susanna in an undertone. "Don't discourage him." "I should think that would be difficult,"

remarked Wopse grimly.

remarked Wopee gramy.

"Papa tries to be crushing and Uncle
Alaric's rudeness is simply appalling," said
Spearen in a confidential undertone. "And Susanna in a confidential undertone. grandmother walks over him as though he were a beetle-no; she would run away from a thing like that I should say an earwig or a snail; so one feels bound to be a

"If only out of opposition!" said the painter, with a keen look of intelligence, at

which Susanna blushed again. "He is idiotic when he tries to be funny about art and mixes up names and dates— and tells you that Titian sang in opera and and tells you that Titian sang in opera and Rubens is a popular composer; but he can paint, and Uncle Alaric thinks he will be president of the Academy one day. These cartoons are splendidly bold and effective."

"You think so? Wait till I've colored being up a bit," said the duke, catching the sentence, "Then you'll—"

He lowered his brush and advanced it, dripping with cobalt, toward the group of

"Don't touch them!" shouted Wopse in

agony.
"Why not?" asked Susanna.
Prouse me,

"I don't know. Excuse me, Lady Lymston; I believe the smell of this size isn't wholesome," Wopse stammered. "I'll get out into the air." He bolted.

"Good heavens!" he moaned as he

strode unseeing down a broad path of the dazzling west-front pasture. "I can't stand this! I'll tell that idiot, Osmond-Orme, that the deception must come to an end." "Why do you walk so fast?" said the voice of Susanna behind him. "I have had to race to catch you."

to race to catch you."
"I am sorry," said Wopse, stopping and turning his troubled eyes on the fair face of

his young relative.
"Let us walk on"—Susanna cast an apprehensive glance behind her-"or some-

'Somebody will see us walking together!"

said Wopse acutely.
"It is so much nicer," Susanna said de-murely, "when one can keep pleasant things to oneself. And we have had a good many walks and talks since you came down here, haven't we? And cliff scrambles—and bi-cycle rides—and rows on the river. And the fun of it is that, though we are such pals really, father and grandmother and Uncle Alaric believe that I positively detest you."

Her young laugh rang out gayly; she thrust a sprig of lavender, perfumed and spicy, under the painter's nose. He cap-tured the tantalizing hand.

"Do you not?"

"Detest you? You know I don't."
"May I have it?" It was the sprig of lavender; but the painter looked at and squeezed the hand.

"If you promise to make a big score on Thursday." Susanna, it must be admitted, was

learning coquetry.
"I will—if you are looking at me!"
"Done!"

"Done!"

"Done! Come into the beech avenue,"
the painter pleaded, "just for a few moments, before that little beast follows us.
You know he will!"

"He can't!" Susanna's golden eyelashes drooped on her crimson cheeks. "He can't get down! I—I took away the ladder before I came away!" she owned.

Both hands were imprisoned; her blue

Both hands were imprisoned; her blue eyes lifted and lost themselves in the brown

ones that looked down at her.

"Was that because you wanted—to be alone with me? Was it?" demanded Wopse, "Oh, Mountstuart!" "I'll let you go when you have owned up—not before," Wopse said sternly.

Susanna's reply came in a whisper:
"You—know—it—was!"
The whisper was so faint that Wopse had to bend quite low to catch it. Of course he need not have kissed Susanna; but he did, as Alaric Osmond-Orme and Lord Beaumaris appeared walking confidentially. maris appeared, walking confidentially together arm in arm.

"I think my little stratagem succeeds!" Lord Beaumaris had just said, in reference to the preference exhibited by his daughter for the society of the pretended painter; and Alaric had responded: "Yes, as you say, my plan has proved quite a brilliant success!" when Lord Beaumaris clutched his cousin's arm.

"Merciful powers! Susanna and that-that young impostor!"

Alaric's eyeglass fell with a click, and the diabolical left eye twirled and twisted fiend-ishly in its socket as its retina embraced the picture indicated.

"Feign not to have observed.
Well, Susanna! How are you, Halcyon?
We are strolling toward the ballroom for a
glimpse of Wopse's work."
"We are stro—" Lord Beaumaris

"We are stro—" Lord Beaumaris choked and purpled. Alaric dragged him on.
"Do you think "—Susanna's cheeks were white roses now—"do you think they—"
"Saw me kiss you? Not a doubt of it!"
"Oh!" Susanna confronted him with blazing eyes. "You—you did it on purpose! It was a plot——" She clenched her strong young hands hattling with the desire. strong young hands, battling with the desire



to buffet the handsome bronzed face before her. "I'll never—never speak to you
again!" she cried.
"You will not be allowed to," grouned
the poor painter. "Our walks and rides
and all the rest are over. . . . Yes,
there has been a plot, but not of the kind
wood suspect. I am a traitor, but not the you suspect. I am a traitor, but not the kind of traitor you think me. Lady Lym-ston, I am not the Duke of Haleyon. I am a poor devil—I beg your pardon!—I am a painter; my name is Wopse, and I have disgraced my profession by the part I have played." He sat down miserably on a rustic bench.

"Oh! It has been a put-up thing between you all!" Susanna gasped. "Oh!" She towered over Wopse like an incensed young

"If I could only paint you like that! Yes, I deserve that you should hate me. Never mind who planned the thing; I should have known better than to soil my hands with a deception," said Wopse. "As for the

"The duke! Do I understand that that earwig in velveteen is my Cousin Halcyon?"

Susanna's voice was very cold. "Yes. I am a kind of cousin too," said

Wopse.

But not that kind. Those—those de-

"But not that kind. Those—those designs—the work on the ceiling! They are really yours?" Susanna asked.

"Mine of course! Do you think that fellow could have done them?" cried Wopse, firing up. "I've risen at four every morning to work at them, and ——"

"And you ride splendidly, and you're a crack shot and polo player, and you're going to win for the county eleven on Thursday!"

to win for the county eleven on Thursday!

came breathlessly from Susanna.

"Ah, you won't care to look at me now!"
said the depressed Wopse.

"Won't I?" Susanna's eyes were dancing;
her cheeks were glowing; she pirouetted on
the moss-grown ground of the avenue and the moss-grown ground of the avenue and dropped a little curtsy to the painter. 
"When doing it will drive father and grand-mother and Alaric and the earwig wild with rage! . . . When—when I like doing it too! When ——" She stooped, and her lips were very near Wopse's cheek. "When I love doing it!"

"Oh, Susanna!" cried the painter.

"My dear Halcyon!" said Lord Beau-maris, peering shortsightedly upward through a maze of scaffolding. "I think you may as well come down."

"In other words, the game is up!" said Alaric Osmond-Orme mildly. "Come down, my dear fellow, and resume your own rolls of hereditary legislator. Allow me to

down, my dear fellow, and resume your own rôle of hereditary legislator. Allow me to replace the ladder." He did so.

"So that fellow's done me! I guessed as much when that little—when Susanna took away the ladder," said the duke, preparing to descend. "And then when I saw him kiss her—there's a remarkably good view of the gardens through the end window—I—"he pointed to some remarkable effects of color solashed on the ground so carefully color splashed on the ground so carefully prepared by the painter—"I took it out of the beggar in the only way I could, don't you know!"

"Take it out of him still more," suggested Alaric, his tinted eyeglass concealing a fiend-ish twinkle, "by playing in the County Cricket Match. He's entered in your name, you know."

"You're very obligin'," said the duke:
"but I don't think I'm takin' any," He
gracefully slithered to the floor as Susanna
and Halcyon Wopse entered the ballroom,

and Haicyon Wopse entered the ballroom, radiant and hand in hand.

"Papa," said Susanna, taking the bull by the horns, "Mr. Wopse and I are engaged. We mean to be married as soon as possible after the County Cricket Match." She kissed the perturbed countenance of Lord Beaumaris noded to the dule and added t Beaumaris, nodded to the duke, and walked over to Alaric. "Your plan has succeeded beautifully!" she said. "Aren't you pleased? And won't you congratulate us?" I am delighted!" said the imperturbable Alaric. He dropped his eyeglass, and before the preternatural intelligence of his left eye even Susanna quailed. "And I congratulate you both most heartily."

He smiled and pressed the hands of Su-

He smiled and pressed the hands of Su-sanna and her lover; then, moving away, he stepped into the garden. There, unseen, he rubbed his hands, twinkling with mourning

"I loved that boy's mother very dearly, boy as I was then!" said Alaric. "As for Susanna, if she knew that I knew she was listening at the library door -

He replaced his eyeglass, and his expression became, as usual, a blank.

#### MEXICO: The Record of a Conversation With President Wilson

(Concluded from Page 4)

and what it might bring forth, but has no information beyond the general knowledge that Huerta had accepted the friendly offices of the self-proposed mediators. I sked him whether, in the event of successful mediation, his plans for the betterment of Mexico would be carried out.

"I hope so," he replied; "for it is not my intention, having begun this enterprise, to turn back—unless I am forced to do so—still have assurances that the great and

ustil I have assurances that the great and rying wrongs the people have endured are in process of satisfactory adjustment. Of course it would not do for us to insist on an exact procedure for the partition of the land, for example, for that would set us up in the position of dictators, which we are not and never shall be; but it is not our intention to cease in our friendly offices un-til we are assured that all these matters are on their way to successful settlement. It is a great and a complicated question, but I have every hope that a suitable solution will be found, and that the day will come when the Mexican people will be put in full posses-sion of the land, the liberty and the peace-ful prosperity that are rightfully theirs." President Wilson banged the desk again. His smile vanished and his face became

stern and set.

stern and set.

"And eventually," he said slowly, "I hall fight every one of these men who are now seeking and who will then be seeking to exploit Mexico for their own selfish ends. I shall do what I can to keep Mexico from their plundering. There shall be no individual exploitation of Mexico if I can stop it."

He walked over to the big blue globe.

"It is a wonderful country," he said as he put his finger on Mexico, "a wonderful country! There is every advantage there for the peaceful and prosperous pursuit of happiness. Have you ever noticed that if you draw a line straight south from New York it will touch the western coast of South America instead of the eastern, and that it runs along by Chile and Peru, and the other countries on the western side of

the Southern Continent?

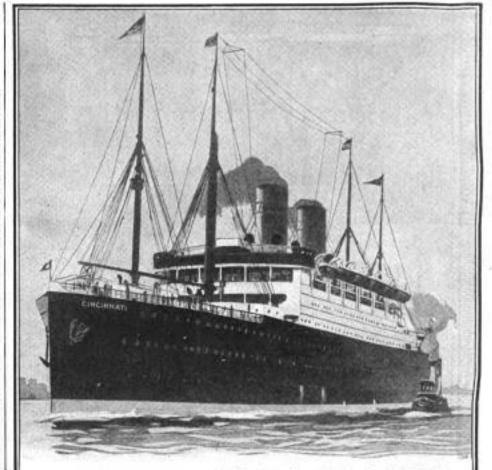
"Thus, with the Panama Canal running practically north and south, this brings these countries, which have been so remote, into close touch with us, and the commerce of this Western Hemisphere will brood over

Central America.
"What we desire to do and what we shall do is to show our neighbors to the south of us that their interests are identical with our interests; that we have no plans or any

thoughts of our own exaltation, but have in view only the peace and the prosperity of the people in our hemisphere."

The little clock on the bookcase struck nine. The President rose. He walked down the stairs with me and took his hat to be across to his office where there was to go across to his office, where there was to be a conference on the vexing situation in Colorado. As we parted at the end of the corridor he held out his hand and said:

"It will be a great thing not only to have helped humanity by restoring order but to have gone further than that by laying the secure foundations for that liberty without which there can be no happiness."



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## Sense and Nonsense

The Tactful Cop

CHARLES COMISKEY, who runs the White Sox ball club in Chicago, is widely acquainted in that big town and in his day has been lavish with passes to his ball park.

Last year he gave a season pass to a young man he had helped to an appointment on the Chicago police force. Soon after this Comiskey was pushing his automobile a bit beyond the speed limit up Michigan Boulevard and was stopped by a policeman.

The policeman opened the door of the car
and saw Comiskey sitting inside.

"Hello, Bill!" said Comiskey. "How
are you getting along since I got you your
job on the force?"

The reliesement coupled and stattered

The policeman coughed and stuttered.

Finally he said:

"Look here, Charlie; you'll have to go slower with this car of yours or I'll have to give back my pass."

#### Nothing on the President

APROPOS of the human side of President Wilson, the President was out for a ride in his automobile one afternoon. The machine passed a small boy standing beside the road.

"Did you notice what that boy did when we passed?" the President asked. "No, Mr. President; I did not."

"He made a face at me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the shocked companion. "I didn't observe him."

"He did," said the President; "but did you notice what I did?"

"No. sir."

No, sir."
Well," answered the President happily, "I made a face right back at him!"

#### Two-Minute Lights

TWO-MINUTE lights for stairways and a spartment-nouse entrances are just coming into use in the United States, though they have been in common use abroad. When one reaches home late at night and finds the halls and stairways dark, a pressure on a push button at the door lights up the various lamps; and two minutes later the lights go out, thus giving enough light for the latecomer's conven-ience, but thriftily obviating the necessity for constantly burning lights.

An added attachment is a switch that will keep all the hallway lamps burning until a fixed hour, such as eleven-thirty,

and at that time turn them all out, but connect them with the two-minute control for the remainder of the night.

#### Caves of the Winds

CAVERNS filled with stored air are a O comparatively recent trick in mining. Abandoned drifts or tunnels through rock are sealed up and air is pumped in until they contain it at the pressure necessary for run-ning air drills and other mining machinery. The caverns thus have stored-up power for emergency use or to help keep up an even pressure in the regular supply.

At the great Anaconda Mines this same idea has been ingeniously used to give a prefectly regular pressure. An under-

perfectly regular pressure. An under-ground rock receiver for the air was blasted out at the foot of a hill and compressed air is pumped into this receiver. Far up on the hill is a reservoir of water, with a pipe running down below the air receiver and coming up into it through the bottom.

The water from the reservoir would nat-urally flow down into the air receiver, but the air pressure there keeps it out. When the stock of stored-up compressed air is reduced water comes up into the air receiver, and when an excessive amount of air is pumped in, the water in the hill reservoir rises; but the air pressure in the rock cavern always remains steady.

#### No Place for Ladies

A FAMOUS foreign newspaper corre-spondent, a German, was stopping at a seaside hotel where the dining-room helpers, following the New England custom, were nearly all college girls, working during vaca-tion in order to keep themselves at school

the rest of the year.

The spectacled young person who pre-sided over the table where the German wananer man ate was undoubtedly o excellent breeding, but she never seemed able to remember whether the eggs were to be fried on one side or scrambled on both.

Finally, one evening after he had been served with a meal entirely different from the one he had ordered, the foreigner lost his temper and spoke rather sharply to the

young woman.

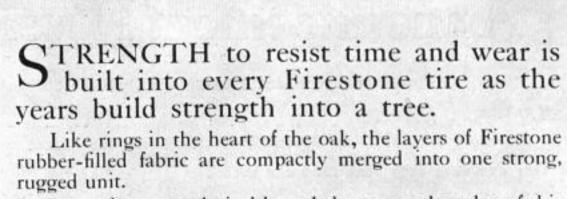
"Easy there!" admonished his table mate, an American writer. "She's a lady, you know, old man."

"But I do not vant a lady," said the German plaintively. "I vant a vaiter!"









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# TICES AND RIMS

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It has constantly been my ambition to deliver the flakes to you as fresh and crisp as they are when they come from our ovens.

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This is the most important announcement I ever made.

V. K. Kellogg



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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ENATOR William H. Paxton, universally known as the Old Fox of the Senate, had been to the White House that morning, had wheedled the president into promsing an important appointment to a nan from the Paxton organization, and was well pleased with himself as ie walked down Pennsylvania Avenue loward the Capitol. His hat was tocked a bit to one side, he swung his ane jauntily, and he blew little clouds a smoke into the sunshine from the igar that tilted upward from one orner of his mouth. He smiled geniilly at the passers-by, and added a low to his smile whenever any person ie met displayed the slightest sign of ecognition, which was frequently, for Paxton was serving his twentieth year n Congress and was a familiar figure in the streets of Washington.

The senator was not only pleased with himself, but pleased with the olitics he had played, with the presilent who had helped him play it, with is party, his prospects and his power. leveral of his colleagues had candilates for the place Paxton had secured or his own man, and the fight had een lively and at times acrimonious. By a judicious scheme of elimination and some cleverly disposed charges gainst the others he had brought his wn candidate into a front position, and, choosing this particular morning s the psychological time, had decended on the president, persuaded im that the matter should be settled, hat the only safe way to settle it was o appoint the Paxton applicant, and ad won. He contemplated with seene satisfaction the meetings he would ave with the senators who had lost, and framed the speeches of joking ondolence he would make to them.

As he passed the corner of Sixth Street he heard the clatter and clang of an ambulance whind him. He turned. The wagons and carriages on the broad avenue slowed down, ad in common with all those on the sidewalk the senator stepped out to the edge of the sphalt to watch the ambulance go by and to wonder what unfortunate was in it or miting for it and the young doctor who sat behind. Apparently the case was an urgent ee, for the driver was leaning forward and the clamor of the warning gong was incessant. he ambulance was halfway down the block between Seventh and Sixth streets when be senator reached the curb and joined the people who fringed it, staring at the pproaching conveyance with that mixture of curiosity and terror the progress of an mbulance always excites.

Paxton, a masterful man, had taken a sort of a supervisory mental control of the ituation. He saw a little boy, whose mother had forgotten him in her interest in the rogress of the ambulance, start across the street, dodging between two wagons. The man lriving the ambulance did not see the child, for he made no attempt to stop his horses or

"Look out, kid!" shouted a man on the curb. "Look out or you'll be run over!" The mother screamed. The boy ran ahead, laughing at his escape from restraint.

The ambulance came swiftly, the gong beating a strident tattoo.

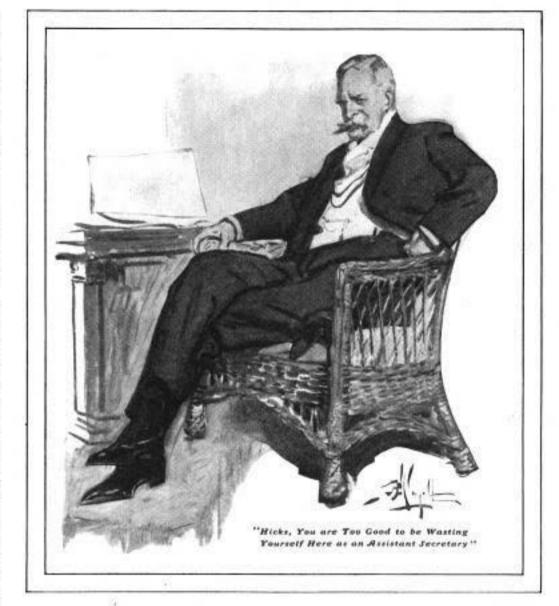
The mother screamed again. Then Paxton, pushing ahead of half a dozen men who tarted forward, stepped quickly out on the pavement, scooped up the boy and, holding im in his arms, carried him back to the curb and gave him to his mother. He received or profuse and tearful thanks graciously, bowed, expressed his polite pleasure over what \* called a slight service and resumed his walk to the Capitol.

"That's Senator Paxton," said one man in the crowd. "The Old Fox."

Everybody was interested. "Senator Paxton," the onlookers said one to another;

Old Fox Paxton." And as Paxton passed out of view the bystanders spoke of him in atimate terms, as if they all knew him well, after the manner of Washington people.

It was halfpast ten o'clock when Paxton reached his committee room. T. Marmaduke licks, his assistant secretary, was in the outer office opening letters and sorting the ommunications into piles.



"Morning, Tommie," greeted the senator. "Much grief in the mail this morning?"

"About the usual amount," Hicks answered, "with one particularly pitiful wail from Primston because you don't land that job for him."

"Fixed it today. Wire Primston to come on. Bring in the letters I need to see in about fifteen minutes. I want to look at the paper first."

Paxton walked into the private office and closed the door. Hicks slit another envelope with his opener, opened it dexterously, took out the letter that was within, glanced at it and tossed it on one of his piles. Then the telephone on his desk rang.

"Hello," he said, as he put the receiver to his ear. "Yes, this is Senator Paxton's committee room. . . Who's talking, please? . . . the Evening Dispatch. . . . What's that? . . . Somebody telephoned in the senator rescued a child from death this morning? . . . Hadn't heard of it. . . . No, the senator isn't here yet—expect him any min-ute. . . . Sure, tell him to come down, we'll be glad to see him."

Hicks hung up the receiver and whistled. "What do you know about that?" he asked himself, and knocked on the door of the private office.
"What is it?" asked Paxton as

Hicks entered.

"The Evening Dispatch just called up and said they hear you rescued a child from death on the Avenue this morning."

Paxton laughed.

"Bosh!" he said. "Where did they get that yarn?"

"But didn't you?" asked Hicks, his disappointment showing in his voice.

"No, I didn't rescue a child from death, or anything like it. I'm no hero dashing into the street at the peril of my own life to snatch a babbling, prattling, golden-haired infant from beneath the pounding hoofs of wildly galloping horses. What I did do was to proceed in a decorous and elderly manner across the asphalt at Sixth Street, pick up a little boy who had strayed out there in the way of an ambulance and restore him to his mother. It was no heroic or thrilling rescue. It was simply a precautionary measure, for the ambulance would have stopped anyhow, and that's all there is to it.

"But a Dispatch reporter is coming to see about it. What'll I say?"

"Tell him just what I have told you, and ask him to forget it," and the senator resumed the reading of his paper.

Hicks returned to his desk much grieved. He sensed a story. Hicks liked stories. He realized the advantages of publicity. He had planned to depict the rescue to the reporter with many exciting details and great declamatory effect. He felt the senator was overlooking an opportunity.

The reporter came. Hicks knew him well—Garson, the man who covered the Senate end of the Capitol for the Dispatch.

"Senator in?" asked Garson.

"No," Hicks replied. "He was here, but had to go to a committee meeting."

"Our people telephoned up to me they have a story that the senator rescued a kid from death down on the Avenue this morning. Heard anything of it?"
"Yes," said Hicks; "he told me about it. Good story too."
"Well, they've got the yarn and they want me to verify it. Can't get a statement

from the old man, can I?"
"He isn't here," repeated Hicks; "but it's true. What have you got on it?"

"Oh." said Garson casually, "I don't know the details. All they told me was that the old man was coming along the Avenue simultaneously with an ambulance that some fool of a driver was pushing past the speed limit to pick up a souse or something that one of the intelligent first-aid corps had diagnosed as a fractured skull. A kid ran in front of the horses, and Paxton chased out and grabbed the kid just in time to save it from being run down, and restored it to its distracted mother, as our story will undoubtedly say.

As Garson talked, Hicks fashioned the incident into narrative form, aided by an active and useful imagination.

"That's right," he said, "those are about the main points. The ambulance was coming to beat the band, and the driver didn't see the kid. It was only a little bit of a boy, just able to toddle along, and there wasn't a chance. Everybody was paralyzed with fear—that is, everybody except the senator. He dashed out, plucked the goldenhaired child from beneath the pounding hoofs of the wildly galloping horses"—Hicks had seized on the senator's irony—"and jumped aside just in time to escape death or severe injury himself and to save the child from being awfully mangled on the pavement. The senator carried the child back to the curb and gave him—I guess it was a him—to the hysterical mother and resumed his walk to the Capitol, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the witnesses of the heroic deed."

"Say," commented Garson, "you talk like a man in a best-seller. Back up! What's the kid's name?"

"He didn't stop to inquire."

"But it's straight goods, is it?"

"Sure, and it's a good story. It isn't every day a senator as well known as Senator Paxton pulls a thing like that."

"All right," said Garson. "Let me use your phone, will you? They want it in a hurry for a flash in the noon edition."

Whereupon Garson called his office and verified the thrilling rescue, unconsciously repeating some of the phrases used by Hicks.

"Tell them to put some feathers on it," whispered Hicks.

"Oh," said Garson as he hung up the receiver, "they'll
do that all right. There isn't anything else in sight for
a flash."

Hicks waited impatiently for the noon edition of the Dispatch, which went on the streets at a quarter to twelve. He was highly gratified to find a large black heading across the entire top of the front page, reading: "Senator Paxton Rescues Child From Horrible Death," and a much-paragraphed story beneath reciting, in the most vivid language at the command of one of the desk men on the Dispatch, the circumstantial story of the rescue, wherein the principal figures were the famous senator, who was "heroic" in every other line, the weeping mother, who was "distracted" as frequently, and the child, who was a "prattling, sunny-haired babe" proceeding laughingly to his inevitable and frightful doom had not the heroic senator been on the spot and quick to act. There was a four-column picture of the senator, hurriedly taken from the cut rack, and the smaller headlines screamed of heroism and courage and bravery and modest deprecation on the senator's part.

"If that ain't a peach I don't want a cent," commented Hicks. When the second edition came up Hicks was sorry to observe the seven-column head had been dropped, the leads taken out of the article and the picture of the senator reduced to two columns in width; but an artist had drawn a decoration to go with the picture of the senator—a bold freehand sketch of that agile statesman reaching beneath the upraised hoofs of two infuriated horses and taking therefrom a child that looked up with joyful trustfulness into his steel-blue eyes.

He was a little uneasy, however, for Paxton, though not averse to publicity, was particular as to its character, and he awaited the senator's coming with some apprehension. Soon after three o'clock Paxton stormed in with a copy of the Dispatch in his hand.

"Hicks," he shouted, "what sort of rot is this?"

"What do you mean, senator?" asked Hicks innocently.

"This—this hysterical balderdash about me being a hero."

"Oh, you mean that story in the Dispatch?"

"Yes, I mean that story in the Dispatch! I thought I told you to stop it."

"How could I stop it?" protested Hicks. "They had it. I didn't give it to them. What's the matter with it? Isn't it a good story?"

Paxton laughed. "Good story," he repeated. "I should say it is a good story. It's so good that forty senators have already advised me to apply for a hero medal and have offered to testify to my general heroism, and I won't hear the last of it for weeks."

"But," insisted Hicks, "I don't see how it will do you any harm, and it may help you a lot out home."

Paxton looked curiously at Hicks. He crumpled the paper and threw it on the floor. Then he laughed again. "Hicks," he said, "you didn't try to stop it, now did you?"

"No, sir; it was true and I couldn't see any harm in it. It's fine publicity."

"In fact," continued Paxton, "you rather pushed it along."
"Well," confessed Hicks, "I may have added a thrilling detail here and there."

"Thinking, no doubt, that you are working for an actor instead of a senator, or that I do a high dive in a circus and need attention from the press?"

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, "not at all. It occurred to me that it would be a shame to waste the incident, especially as there can be no political comeback, and I let it go. I would be glad to have a story like that printed about me."



Hicks Found the Study of Coke and Littleton and Kent a Tedious Business

"I am sure you would; I am sure you would," said Paxton, and he sat down, lighted a cigar and looked at Hicks for a long time, watching that young man as he worked busily at his typewriter.

"Hicks," said Paxton finally, "you are too good to be wasting yourself here as an assistant secretary."

"That's what I think," assented Hicks, turning quickly from his desk and facing Paxton expectantly. Paxton smiled. "I am glad my views on the subject

Paxton smiled. "I am glad my views on the subject coincide with yours," he said. "Well?" prompted Hicks after a moment's silence.

"Oh, nothing," Paxton replied as he rose to go into his private office. He stopped at the door. "I'll study it over," he said. "I have an experiment in mind I think I can work out with you."

11

TOMMIE HICKS changed his name and style of appellation from Tommie to T. Marmaduke in his senior year at high school in Salestown, a county seat in Senator Paxton's state, where Tommie was born and lived until he came to Washington. To be sure, nobody in Salestown took the change seriously and all his boyhood friends continued to call him Tom and Tommie, but in Washington he used T. Marmaduke for himself and found it was accepted without question. They are familiar with such things in Washington.

He was a delight to Senator Paxton, who saw in him undeveloped traits of demagogism that he was sure, with proper cultivation and conservation, would enable Hicks to gain a success in politics. Paxton hated demagogism but he enjoyed demagogues. He made friends with the fakers who came to Congress-and there were many of them-and took a huge pleasure in urging them to greater efforts for the relief of the common people and all the quackery that goes with the professional propaganda of that sort. It was a pastime with him, not dangerous, for at the time the Republican organization was so firmly in power in the Congress and in the nation that even the astute Paxton could see nothing ahead but years of uninterrupted rule for the conservative organization of which he was one of the leaders. Paxton had great private contempt for the people as a mass, holding that they allowed themselves to be fooled so easily that they deserved nothing more than they allowed themselves to get, and using as examples and proofs for his arguments various political charlatans who attained and held political place entirely by their charlatanism.

Hicks was a type. Even as a small boy he liked to be conspicuous and aspired to lead, and was indifferent as to the methods he used to gain his ends so long as he succeeded. He invariably proclaimed himself the leader in every hoyish enterprise, and often had force enough to hold himself at the front. He never went to a party without reserting to little expedients to make himself stand out from the other children at the gathering. At a picnic he was the boy who did the loudest shouting. He insisted on being the captain and pitcher at the ball games, and always had an excuse ready for his failure to pitch winning ball. If another boy swam farther than he did, Tommie, observing his defeat, immediately organized a cramp within himself and gasped with pain when he reached the shore. H another boy ran faster than he did, Tommie said his foot hurt. When he told his tales, with his companions not present, Tommie always caught the most fish, gathered the greatest number of hickory nuts, knew where most birds' nests were, and he never by any possibility acknowledged he was not entirely familiar with any topic of current boyish discussion.

A great egotist, he was not particularly offensive, even with all his proclaimed smartness, for he was good natured and affable. Moreover, he was smart. His mind was brighter than the minds of most of the other boys, and though he never did get the highest marks in his classes he always made the showlest recitals and never failed to take advantage of a situation that would lead to his own elevation in the classrooms of the school. He skimmed through everything he could skim through, claiming all there was in sight, but, if put to it, he often could and would make good his boasts. And he had a talent for publicity Thomas Wentworth Hicks, his father, a judge of a lone court, often looked at Tommie speculatively and wondered where he would come out. The father hesitated to guess. Tommie's sisters were awed by his showiness, as were most of the other girls of his age, and Tommie's mother shock her head over him and complained: "He's too smart."

Tommie continually thrust himself before his elders in the hope that he would get a few commendatory words. He listened to the conversations between his parents and the people who came to his father's house, storing in his retentive memory what they said, in order that he might show off later by repeating the wisdom of the comment to his boy companions and claim it for his own. He cultivated the big men of the village as much as he could, and hung about law offices and his father's court, trying to impress himself on the men who were there, and was supremely happy when some lawyer or merchant patted him on the shoulder and told him he was a "bright kid."

Tommie edged his way through high school along the lines of least resistance. He studied Latin and Greek because his father wanted him to, but he hated both languages. He was one of the first in his class to find out about the use of translations, and when they reached Circu and The Anabasis, after he had somehow mastered the intricacies of the readers and prose composition and conjugations and declensions, and had a dim realization of verts and their roots, he procured interlinear translations and often read from these books instead of from the text when called upon to translate in the class. His nerve carried him through. He found a book that contained the English equivalents for his composition work in these languages and used that instead of studying; also, at examination times, he resorted to these translations and boldly copied the answers to his questions, regardless of the fact that the students were supposed to be on honor. He was prominent in the literary societies, having taken great pains to be elected to the oldest and strongest one, and he developed himself into a rather fastidious dresser, wearing bette: clothes than his companions, and being the first boy of those of his particular set who donned a cutaway cost.

He was rather fond of feminine society, largely because he could make more of a personal impression on the young ladies than he could on the boys, who probed into his superficiality farther than the girls did; and he never lost at opportunity to associate with men older than he was, not did he fail to try to impress himself on them as their intellectual equal. There was a lecture course at the high school, and six or seven platform orators came each year to talk to the students. T. Marmaduke invariably sought out these lecturing stars and introduced himself to them. In his senior year he contrived to have himself elected manager of the course for that year, and he took great pains to meet the orators and always referred to them as his friends No man of prominence came to the village who was not besieged by young Mr. Hicks, usually with a request for his autograph, and led into a conversation that would enable T. Marmaduke to say later, in some company where he could make an impression: "I was talking to my friend, Mr. White. He's a member of Congress, you know, and he said to me

He showed an ability for florid oratory and, though be did not shine particularly in the debates of the literary society, he was much superior to most of his classmates in declamation. He could string words together so they sounded well, and his perorations always were flowery and usually cribbed from his father's set of Notable Speeches and Debates. His graduation oration was highly commended. It discussed The Trend of the Times eloquently and learnedly, and Tommie stole most of it from a bound copy of the Congressional Record he found in the office of a young man friend of his who was studying here.

He wanted to go to college and had selected Harvard as the institution of learning on which he would confer his talents; but his father died soon after the younger Hicks graduated from high school, and college was out of the question. Some years before he had decided to become a lawyer. He felt he had a talent for the law. Also he was interested in politics, and he knew that most of the politics of the country—the showy part of it, at least—is in the hands of the lawyers. So he entered the office of Judge William Percival Smith, the lawyer of Salestown, to study law, and after the proper period of apprenticeship to take his examinations and be admitted to the bar.

T. Marmaduke Hicks, aged nineteen at the time he began the study of law, was a tall, good-looking youth who had taken earnest and frequent stock of his personal attributes. He wore his hair long, brushed it back straight from his forehead and affected gay ties and clothes of extreme cut. When trousers were baggy T. Marmaduke's were baggier than any of the baggy ones worn by his associates; and when trousers were tight T. Marmaduke's were the tightest in the village. He went to the city as often as he could, and was the first to appear in a straw hat with a brilliant ribbon on it. He denied himself some necessities to buy a pair of patent-leather shoes with pearl-colored

tops, and he was the first young man in those parts to wear spats.

Hicks found the study of Coke and Littleton and Kent a tedious business. He much preferred the appearances he could make in the minor courts, and never failed to be at the courthouse when the various terms of court were in progress. He took his prerogative of sitting in the indosure devoted to members of the bar with a grand air, and became acquainted with all the lawyers of the county and with those from other sections who came to try their cases there. He had a smattering of legal phrases which he used on every occasion. He spent little time at his desk. His father left some money, and T. Marmaduke lived at home with his mother, who thought him the most wonderful person in the world and supplied his financial needs as well as she could, fondly looking forward to the tay when he should take his ather's place at the local bar.

The presidential campaign of 1896 gave Hicks a further excuse for neglecting his law studies and an opportunity or mingling in politics. He oudly supported the gold tandard, was vociferously for McKinley as against Bryan, erganized the young men of is village into a first-voters' :lub although he was not yet first voter himself, and wrote nany letters to state and sational headquarters telling if the good work he was doing for the cause." He proudly xhibited the replies he rexived, and by dint of peristent effort and many letters nanaged to secure a brief rommunication from Mark Janna himself, thanking him or the interest he was showng in the loyal endeavor to edeem the country from the Democracy, and, as Mr. Janna's note had it, "saving is from the ruin and disaster hat will inevitably arise if we dopt the heresy of free silver is preached by the enemies of he republic."

When there was a big speaker in the neighboring city he borrowed enough money from his mother to enable him to go to hear him, and he never came away without shaking hands with the orator and saying a few kind words for himself. He would loaf for hours about a hotel corridor awaiting a chance to edge up to a spellbinder and grasp him by the hand.

by the hand.

"Aw, come on, Tom," a companion said one day;

"what's the use of sticking round here just to shake hands
with that hot-air artist? He don't care anything about
you."

"I know that," Hicks replied, "but I care something about him." And he waited.

The speaker, who was Senator Paxton, came down into the lobby. Hicks rushed over and extended his hand.

"I am Mr. Hicks, senator," he said — "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown; and I want to shake you by the hand and tell you how much inspiration I get from your magnificent speeches."

The tired campaigner looked at this ardent young man curiously.

"Well, son," he said, "I'm glad you like 'em. What did you say your name is?"

"T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown."

"Glad you like 'em," repeated the senator. "Come and see me if you ever happen to be in Washington." And he moved away.

"There," exulted Hicks to his companion, "you see what that means. He asked me to come and see him in Washington. Like as not he'll get McKinley to give me a big place after election."

"Huh," scoffed the other, "I can see him giving you a place! What a nerve you'd have to ask him for one."

Hicks looked at his friend compassionately. "Charley," he said, "maybe he won't give me a place, but you can bet your life it won't be because he won't have an opportunity."

"Do you mean you're going to ask Billy Paxton for a job?"

"Sure!" Hicks replied. "I'm doing a lot for McKinley and I know darn well that I won't get anything for it unless I do ask. Besides, he told me to come and see him." "Told you to come and see him," mimicked his friend.

"Why, I heard him tell that to forty other people."

"That may all be," assented Hicks genially; "but perhaps the other thirty-nine won't accept the invitation."

III

AFTER the election Hicks wrote another letter to Mark Hanna, recalling his own efforts in the campaign, but generously giving Mr. Hanna due credit. He received a short reply thanking him for his congratulations, a short letter signed with a facsimile signature done by a rubber stamp. Hicks carefully traced the rubber-stamp signature with a pen, giving it the appearance of an autograph signature, and showed the letter round Salestown as an evidence of his political acquaintance with Hanna. Also he wrote to Senator Paxton, congratulating him on his "noble efforts which had borne such glorious fruit" and saying therein that he contemplated an early visit to Washington, when he intended to call on the senator and congratulate him in person. The senator wrote that he always was glad to see his constituents, and Hicks carefully preserved that letter.

He had decided to go into politics, to get an office, to become a statesman. Judge William Percival Smith advised him to take up stenography and seek a secretarial position

first, and Hicks thought that might be a good idea. He stopped loafing, abandoned his law books and applied himself to shorthand. He could work when he wanted to, and he spent hours over his stenography and practicing on a typewriter. By inauguration time he was fairly proficient at taking dictation and had a good speed on the machine.

"Mother," he said at the dinner table one day late in February, "I think I'll go down to see McKinley inaugurated and call on Senator Paxton."

"That will be nice," assented his adoring mother.

"Probably," continued Hicks, "I shall not come back."

"Won't come back? Why, Tommie, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I guess I'll take some place under this new administration. Mark Hanna and Billy Paxton will get me a good job. I have letters from both of them, you know."

"Mark Hanna!" gasped his mother. "Do you mean Mr. Mark Hanna?"

"Sure, Mark Hanna; old friend of mine; fine old chap too. He knows I did a lot of work for McKinley."

"What place will you take?" asked Mrs. Hicks, gazing at her son in frank admiration.

"Oh, it's too early to say about that. Something good."

"Don't you let them appoint you ambassador," warned Mrs. Hicks. "I couldn't allow you to go away

off to a foreign country."

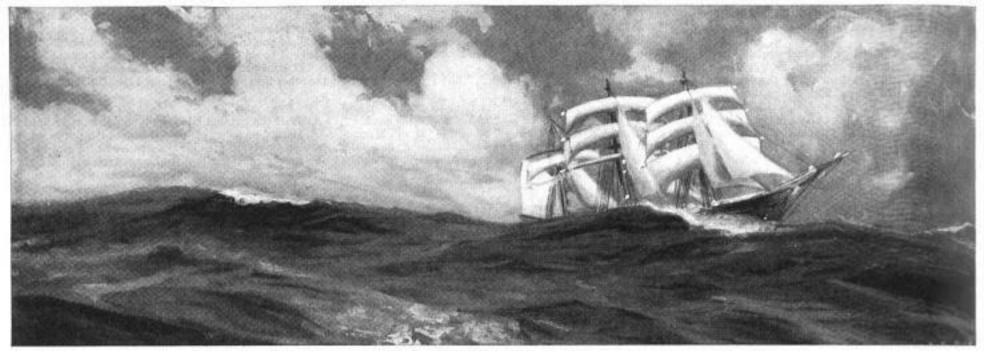
"Of course," responded Hicks, holding out his plate for another piece of pie, "if they insist on my taking an ambassadorship I suppose I would have to oblige. But," and he smiled across at his mother, "you needn't worry much about that, I guess. I'll pick out something, and put up such a fight they'll have to take care of me."

(Continued on Page 40)



Ne Came to Dinner Ten Minutes Late, and Made an Impressive Entrance

## THE SQUAREHEAD



For a Month the Palgrave Bucked the Westerlies

KRAGERÖ gasped in wonder when, as winter was setting in, Eric Sigurdsen returned to take away his widowed sister, Besla Svensen, and her little daughter, Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes.

Life in the Norse fishing village paused in amazement just to behold him. Many a son of Kragerö had fared out of its flord and gone down the Skager-Rack, but never had one come back like this.

It was hard to believe that this man of the world, with a diamond as large as a hazelnut on one of his ropelike fingers and another, its mate in size and refulgence, in his magenta satin scarf, was the tow-headed fisher boy who ten years before had gone away to sail on deep water. Kragerö saw nothing at which to smile in the ornateness of these gems—no incongruities; no bad taste in Eric Sigurdsen's apparel. It had no esthetic conscience to be upheaved by magenta satin ties and green plaid tweeds and yellow-topped shoes.

To the unsophisticated villagers these things were but the habiliments of the miracle that had happened; but what drew and held their imaginations above all his other belongings were a thick golden watch chain across his wide chest and, hanging midway on it, a nugget charm the size of a pigeon's egg. This chain and this nugget were symbols of the miracle. They were literally a part of the golden hoard he had wrested from the mountain breasts of California. That nugget was the first of his riches the earth had given him.

"As you see this nugget so I found it!" he loudly boasted to the oldtimers on the one night he spent with them in the inn of the Northern Light.

And for the most part they were old men, who awesomely passed the nugget and chain from seaworn hand to
seaworn hand. The past three seasons had taken heavy
toll of Kragerö. The youngest there was Olaf Greig; and,
being the youngest, it was to him that the nugget and chain
came last to beft and to admire; but without so much as a
word he returned them to Sigurdsen and his silence went
unnoticed, for the parting drink had been tapped and stood
ready. Otherwise the fact that Greig had nothing to say
would have occasioned no comment. This sea orphan was
not one to talk. Since the great fleet disaster two years
previously of which the lad was one of a handful of survivors, who owed their lives to him, he had come to be
known as Olaf the Silent. It was this disaster that had
widowed Besla Svensen.

"It's like one of the Edda tales—eh?" said Old Jon Thorsen a few minutes later, turning from closing the inn door on Sigurdsen and as he spoke slipping into his trousers pocket three goldpieces, which the miner had left in his knotted palm. A murmur of assent was answering him through the pipe-smoked atmosphere when his gaze picked up Olaf Greig in front of the hearth. "There!" he exclaimed, pointing at the lad. "Just as you see my smack partner now so I saw Eric Sigurdsen ten year ago! Standing that way at that very fireplace he was!"

All eyes centered on the boy at this. Olaf, his back toward the company, was staring down at the flames, lost in a study of their play. Against the yellow, leaping light his tall, sea-booted form stood out like the trunk of a young oak. Thorsen had to call him twice to bring round his curl-matted blond head.

"But Eric was never the makings of such a man when he was eighteen- never!" said the host of the Northern

## By William Brown Meloney

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHES

Light, beginning the distribution of a freshly filled set of mugs, an installment of Sigurdsen's largess. A chorus of indorsement answered this comment, for it was known of all there that no man or boy in Kragerö, or for miles up and down the coast, was Olaf Greig's equal in strength.

In this moment the lad became aware that he was the subject of discussion. He shifted uneasily, self-consciously returned, with something of defiance, the drink-fuddled gaze of those who stared at him, and then, jamming on a storm cap, made for the street.

"Going home," was the answer he gave to Thorsen's query as to whither he went. He did not drink and nobody sought to detain him, but he paused a second in the closing of the Northern Light's door. Jon Thorsen was speaking.

"It's like it is in the Scriptures," was what he said:
"'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Eric Sigurdsen is
one in a hundred thousand. Aye, one in a million!"

Sigurdsen had left behind him at the Northern Light the price of much drink, and so it was not until an early morning hour that Thorsen tacked homeward. A blur of light from the window of a shack by the waterside, which Olaf shared with him, was his leading beacon; but this morning his partner was not sitting up with a book. By a candle's spluttering gleam he was putting the finishing touches to the rigging of a model brig, a dainty thing to be held in the palm of one hand. And an hour later, while old Jon lay snoring, Olaf stood on the quayhead waving goodby to Hildigunn Svensen—Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes—where she stood between her uncle Eric and Besla, her mother, at the rail of the steamer that was carrying them away from Kragerö.

The model was in the girl's hands, but Olaf could not see that her tears were falling on it like rain; the distance was too great. Besides, there was a mist in his own eyes, which had come there when he had put the little brig in her clasp and she had reached up and kissed him full on his broad mouth. With the exception of his Tromsö mother, whom he could not remember, this girl of twelve was the first woman to touch her lips to his.

Eric Sigurdsen had spent but two days and three nights in Kragerö. There were some who said they would not believe he had been among them if it were not that Besla Svensen and Hildigunn were gone and that so many had strange American goldpieces to show for it. His coming and going were like the passing of a comet, and like the passing of a comet he left old men and women nodding and whispering of the past; but also he left a boy stargazing.

Winter's hard clinch was loosening on Kragerö, its tattered white cloak drifting down the Skager-Rack, when a letter—the first he had ever received—came to Olaf Greig from Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes in far-away California. His blue eyes glittered as he spelled from the childish scrawl the message that she would never cease to think of him, and finally this tremendous sentence:

"Uncle Eric says that if you should come to California there would be work for a man like you. Come!"

In the hour that brought that letter Olaf found Jon Thorsen in the Northern Light and told him he was going away. And Thorsen said, as he had before:
"'Many are called, but few are chosen."
Eric Sigurdsen is one in a hundred thousand—in a million! Better stay here fishing, Olaf." And there he paused at what

he saw in the youth's eyes—that light of long, far-flung dreams that freezes the tongue of age. His last weak attempt at argument was: "How can you go? You have no money to pay for your travel."

"I'll go to the Golden Gate as a sailor goes—round the Horn!" the boy answered; and when May was yet young he had found him a California-bound ship, an Englishman, and was sailing out of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

On the last day of July at midnight he was stamping his feet in the forecastle of the Falls of Dee and beating his arms round his body, like the rest of his watch, in an endeavor to make the blood flow again in frozen toes and fingers. For six weeks the Falls of Dee had been trying to weather Cape Horn; for six weeks she had been bucking the dreaded westerly gales of those latitudes; for six weeks the voices in her had been lifted in blasphemy—but never once had Olaf Greig complained. He was smilling now what all his mates were cursing their lot with gall-steeped tongues.

tongues.

"What makes you smile—eh?—always as at a joke!"
demanded an old cockeyed Swede who, during these hard
times, had more than once marked the unvarying happiness of the boy's expression. And, foolishly and youthlike,
boasting, Olaf answered, using his own Norse tongue, for he
knew little English:

"I go to sea no more after this. In California I go to work in the gold mines."

With a scoffing laugh the Swede translated this to the forecastle and the forecastle remembered it.

Suddenly one September midday Olaf Greig saw the land of his dreams ahead. He saw it from the highest point in the ship—from where he had been sent to reeve the halyards for the Falls' house flag. Standing on the main-skysail yard, with an arm round the bare pole, and swaying with it as though part of it, his eyes snatched it to him. And of a truth it was a golden land. The Marin Hills and the Coast Range, which loomed up at the end of the vista formed by the gleaming Gate, had already put on their autumn garb. With the sun shining through a shimmering haze on this brown dress, they seemed, in fact, burgeoning of the yellow riches of which the watcher had come to ravish them. Nor as the ship sped landward did the

likeness grow less.

"Won't Hildigunn be surprised, and Besla and Eric
too?" he was repeating for the twentieth time in his excess
of joy, when a hail from the deck started him descending.

As he reached the crosstrees, his eyes cast down, he sailor and waterwise though he was, paused in fascination of such small boatmanship as he had never believed possible. Little open craft, some carrying two and other three passengers, were reaching up to the lee side of the Falls of Dee and fastening to it with long iron hooks. For a second one of the narrow cockleshells would ding to the huge surging hull, risking destruction, courting death, and in that second deliver an occupant or two over the ship rail. The next instant the cockleshell, apparently fit only for a summer lake, but now ten miles from land in the deep sea, was safely trailing astern at the end of a long line attached to its iron hook. It made Olaf's sailor blood hat

with admiration. This was a great country to which he was coming-a marvelous land, indeed, whose watermen could do things like that!

Some of the strangers ran aft to where the captain stood beside the pilot, and the boy saw them force cards into his hands. One knocked another down. He guessed they must be traders, the Yankees who, Jon Thorsen had told him, could outwit a Stockholm ship chandler; but he had no more than a moment of his wonder to give them. Another cockleshell was riding almost flush with the Falls' rail amidships. In the instant that he caught his breath, expecting to see the boat crushed, a man in such a garb as government folk wore in Norway—a long black coat and a tall, shiny hat-leaped aboard. And he had just time to mark that this man landed on the deck with an ease and lightness that none of the others had shown, when a hail from the mate stopped his descent and sent him climbing aloft again to furl the slatting skysail.

Once again in the hour that followed the boy glimpsed the man in the tall, shiny hat talking to the captain on the peop. And he could not know that this person, whom he took for somebody of importance, was Bull Wilson, king crimp of the port; but, even had he known it, he had no time or interest to give to what went on below him. There was the welcoming land for an eye feast and the furling of

many sails for his hands.

Not until the ship lay anchored in the stream off San Francisco did Olaf's feet touch deck again. As he swung out of the rigging, drunk with the drink of his dreaming. the man in the tall hat and frock coat met him and, more wonderful than all, hailed him by his own name.

"Yuh bound fer th' mines-eh, Greig?" he asked in English, only to repeat the question immediately in a

bastard sort of Norwegian.

"Oh, jes-jes, sir," stammered the boy, removing his cap and not daring to look above the diamond sparkling in the middle of Bull Wilson's blue necktie. "Ay go bay Eric Sigurdsen's—bay Coffee Creek in day County Trinity."

"Right enough!" And Bull Wilson pretended to read from a card: "Got yuh on m'list. I'm Sigurdsen's agenthis labor agent. Yous is de kind dey need in de mines!"

The kindly pat on the shoulder that accompanied the last brought Olaf's abashed gaze up to Bull Wilson's face, but he did not mark then its thin, cruel lips, or the small, crumpled ears—cauliflower ears, prizefighters call them. This important person was simply a part of the whole wonderful golden scheme of things that was enmeshing him.

"'Ere, me square'ead pal, 'ave a wipe!" cut in a Cockney sailor, reeling between them and pressing a whisky

fask to Olaf's lips.

The boy gave the sailor a push that sent him twenty feet. It was an exhibition of strength that brought a low whistle from the crimp; but there was no time to be lost.

"Come! Over de side wid yuh, me lad!" he urged. "It's all right! Yuh dunnage's in de boat. Quick-'fore de skipper comes for ard an' stops yuh!"

There was no danger of interference from that quarter, hough, for it was money in the ship's pocket to let the

rimps take her sailrs; by their deserion all they had arned on the passage out would be forfeit to her. And, enger to put foot on the hore of his dreamand, congratulating imself that he was so soon and so easily to scape the vessel on which he had signed intil she should each England again, Maf Greig dropped wer the side into one of the Whitehalls he ad admired so much itsea. The Cockney was already there, and with him was he cockeyed Swede.

"Ay got a yob bay lay mines!" cried he Swede at sight of laf. "Ay goan to nake fave tollar a lay too!"

And thereat the oy's imagination eaped. Five dollars day! That was wenty kroner! For me day's work in his land of gold ie was to receive as nuch as a month in he home fisheries grought!

As these figures raced through his brain the boat passed under the stern of a big merchantman at anchor and so near that he spelled her name and port—the Seafarer, of London. By the few men he saw aloft bending sail and by her deep lading he knew her for an outwardbound, and his heart was stirred of pity for her and her sailors. They were going away from the golden shore! Why could not they know enough to stay?

That night, as the city clocks struck ten and the bells in the harbor echoed the hour, Olaf Greig stood against the bar of Bull Wilson's boarding house, the Bowhead, gazing into the blue eyes of Olga, the crimp's wife. They were

alone. The few whom drink had not put to bed on the floors above had gone seeking adventure along the adventurous Barbary Coast. For nearly an hour this woman had held the boy in conversation, held him by an attraction with which he had never yet reckoned. He thought he liked her and that his heart had opened to her because her hair was yellow and her eyes blue, and because she was the daughter of a woman of Tromsö, which was his mother's birthplace.

Often, as he talked or listened, his eyes went to the street door expectantly; for when Bull Wilson had gone out he had told him that it was to purchase the railroad tickets to carry him and the other sailors to the mines in Trinity County. And always the woman's eyes followed the boy's, but not with expectation of her spouse's return. Suddenly she leaned far across the bar, the light of a strange desire in her face.

"You are a pretty boy, sailor—do you know that?" she laughed tremulously, and one of her hands closed on his. Olaf reddened; his breath caught at the insinuation.

With a feeling akin to fright he drew his hand away. The woman frowned; and then, laughing tremulously again, she whispered:

"I believe you now-that you've never touched a woman's hand before."

There was hardly anything Olaf had not told this slattern Circe about himself, even including that. And as he was struggling to save his senses from the spell that was closing on them—he felt like one who had been under water too long—the street door banged open and Bull Wilson entered.

"Come, sailor!" he called, ignoring the woman and signaling the boy to follow him into a dimly lighted hallway

that led toward the rear of the Bowhead.

"Don't go with him!" Olaf thought he heard the woman whisper; but, without fear and glad to escape her, he obeyed the crimp.

With the utterance of that warning whisper, Olga Wilson hesitated a second and then stole from behind the bar and into the hall after them. She overtook her husband as he bade Olaf enter the silencing room, a dim, gaslit, sound-proof hole the ice-chest door of which stood open on his right.

"Please, Bull!" she pleaded. "Don't do him up!"

"Gwan! Beat it! You're soused!"

"He'll shanghai you! Run! Run!" she shrieked at the boy in his own and her mother's native tongue; and her arms encircled her husband's.



"I'll Go to the Golden Gate as a Sailor Goes -- Round the Horn!"

At this warning Olaf Greig instinctively leaped toward the door, only to pause as he saw one of Bull's fists strike the woman and fell her. In that instant all the chivalry of youth lighted the fire of a consuming, berserk rage. And above the roar of this blaze he heard the primitive racial call. He was Norse. This woman was Norse. Her mother, like his own, had been a Tromsö woman. With the cry of a wild beast he flung himself at Bull Wilson who, sneering as had been his wont in his prize-ring days, certain of the outcome, calmly waited to receive the attack.

There could have been only one result of that clash. The skill of fist, the brain cunning, the cold blood, that had made Bull a champion of champions, were still his despite his forty-odd years of age and long retirement. He ground the Norse boy as a mill grinds grist. Thus it happened an hour afterward that

Olaf Greig, triced hand and foot, and unconscious, was sold, with the Cockney and the cockeyed Swede, across the main hatch of the Seafarer, of London, the ship to whose people his heart had opened in pity only that afternoon. And thus it happened that as this Liverpool-bound merchantman cleared the Gate in the morning light it took the strength of her three mates to prevent this squarehead from jumping overboard and to tie again the hands and feet they had loosened to put to work.

Toward the end of the day the captain and chief mate, with pistols in hand, freed him again and lifted him upright where he had been lying prone beside the hatch on which he had been sold. He was dazed; his strength was spent. His limbs trembled under him. A handshove would have toppled him over; and, realizing this with something of shame, his masters put their weapons away. As they pocketed the pistols a lurch of the ship dropped him on his buttocks. He did not attempt to rise. The shock sent his bruised and swollen hands to his chest, which gaped black-and-blue with heelprints through his rent shirt. From the chest they went uncertainly to his raw face and finally

clasped his rocking head; but he uttered no sound, not even when the captain leaned over him anxiously and, with no tender hands, felt of his ribs and his limbs for breaks.

"Seems all right," he announced, finishing the examination.

"But we'd better not turn him to till morning, sir," suggested the mate doubtfully; and with that, their voices sunk to a murmur, they went aft together.

Where they left him there he continued to sit until, of a sudden, the breeze freshened and bore down the vessel's lee rail to an angle that revealed a low, indefinite shadow along the ocean's rim to the eastward. That shadow was land. It stirred Olaf's bewildered, groping brain-gave it something to fasten on.

Slowly, painfully, he rose to his feet, and as he reached



A Week They Had Been Fighting Their Way Toward the Land

his full height his face came on a level with a glistening, brass-bound glass port in the house at his side. In its mirroring surface he saw himself, and the memory of what had happened returned like a floodtide—engulfed him. That receding coast in the distance was the land of his dreams!

His blackened eyes leaped toward it. A low moan escaped him, and as his puffed lips shut again the setting sun's blood-red disk dyed sea and sky and coast a crimson hue. A reddish glow shot through the sails of the ship. All the world was incarnadine, even as was the soul and brain of Olaf Greig. In that moment he was ten thousand of his Viking ancestors aflame with blood lust—an unquenchable desire of vengeance.

"I will come again! I will come again!" he swore, his right hand uplifted in witness. By the gods of his heathen forebears he swore it—by Frey, by Njord, by Odin! By Odin's ravens of thought and memory, Hugin and Munin, he dedicated himself! The Christian God of his own childhood had departed from him.

Barnacled, foul of bottom, undermanned, the Seafarer made a long passage home. It was the end of September when she cleared the Golden Gate. March was a week old when she went up the Mersey. As her last mooring line was made fast a blond-headed young giant known fore and aft as the Silent Squarehead went over her side, alone and penniless. Under one arm he carried a thin bag of clothes purchased from the ship's slop chest. It represented his part of the earnings for the half-year's toil. The rest had gone to make up the blood money the ship had paid Bull Wilson for him.

Twenty-four hours later Olaf Greig was outwardbound for San Francisco. Three months' wages he had signed away to a Norwegian boarding-house keeper for the chance. What manner of ship the Palgrave was mattered not to him. She was bound toward the Golden Gate. That was sufficient. He had not paused to write so much as a line to Jon Thorsen. Eric Sigurdsen, Besla Svensen, Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes—all in Kragerö might never have existed; in fact, there were only two persons in the silent red world in which he was living now—himself and Bull Wilson.

The one link that connected past and present was little Hildigunn's letter, now a year old; but no tender thought, springing from the days when she had called him Olaf the Happy, prompted his keeping the blood-stained scrap of paper. It was the symbol of his oath, the silent acolyte of his terrible passion. It was the one thing Bull Wilson had not taken from his pockets the night he had beaten him and sold him as they sold cattle at the

Summer, the season of his own Northern summer, but the wintertime of the South, found him again off Cape Horn in an ice-sheathed ship. For a month and until her foremast went by the board the Palgrave bucked the westerlies. Then she put back to the Falkland Islands. August saw her at last enter the Pacific. A September hurricane took her three topmasts from her to the west-ward of Valparaiso. A wall went up from her forecastle.

Kragerő fairs.

"This iron bucket'll never fetch Frisco!" proclaimed an Irishman the morning the ship's head was turned toward the Chilean port to seek repairs.

"Jes, we goan come bay Frisco in good time," said Olaf solemnly in the broken English that was now his. And for the rest of that day the forecastle had something else besides ill luck to talk about. It was the first time that anybody there had ever heard the Squarehead—thus was he called as he had been on the Scafarer and on the Falls of Dee before her—say more than Jes or No.

More than half the crew deserted in Valparaiso, but Olaf Greig was not one of those. The Palgrave was bound toward the Golden Gate. She would have been sinking before he could have thought of leaving her. The Palgrave finally would carry him to where his enemy lived and trafficked; sooner or later she would set him down there, and then—

With his bare, unweaponed hands he planned to wreak his vengeance, and the broad day was to look on. And after he had benten and trampled Bull Wilson as the crimp had benten and trampled him, and broken across his knee, as one would break a stick, the arm with which he had struck the woman who had sought to befriend him—that was to be the last

The plan went no further than that. There was no afterward-we reckening

of consequences. The death of his enemy would be the end—that was all. The course of his passion was like the irresistible motion of one of his native glaciers. Of the law, of what might happen to himself, of the possibility of his own death or life, he held no comprehension. That accident or death, or any other agency, might remove the boarding-house master from his vengeance never suggested itself.

After two months' delay in Valparaiso the Palgrave sailed a third time for her destination. Baffling winds stayed her passage through December; contrary gales beset her in January. It was on November second, nearly eight months out from the Mersey, that Olaf Greig, on the lookout at daybreak, sighted the Heads of San Francisco. And though they loomed up gray-browed and white-toothed under the onslaught of a westerly storm, he nevertheless strained his eyes to discover a small boat carrying a man with a tall, shiny hat; but no boat came off from the land to board the Palgrave. No small boat could have lived in the sea that was running.

Not until the ship lay anchored in front of the hillsprawled city did the crimps and their runners appear; and as he realized that Wilson was not among them something akin to doubt assailed his passion. It began to pass in a moment, however, for the second man to solicit him and offer a flask was a Wilson runner. Olaf wanted to ask him where Wilson was, but he dared not. He was fearful his purpose might be guessed. He remembered nearly all the runners, but the fact that they did not recognize him made him suspicious. Perhaps this was but a pretense on their part; so he got another sailor to make the inquiry, and when this man brought him word that Bull Wilson was not only alive but more prosperous than ever the Squarehead scuttled into the ship's dark sailroom and sat there alone for nearly ten minutes. As suddenly as he had disappeared from the deck he reappeared and, going up to Wilson's runner, said:

"Ay go ayore veet you."

Without a belonging he went over the rail into the Wilson Whitehall; and, seeing him do this, the Palgrave's skipper and her young chief mate could not believe their eyes. They had a warm feeling for this Norse blond head, who had stuck by them and the ship with an incredible loyalty. They hailed him from the poop, beckoned him back, shouted warnings against the crimps; but his only answer was a dogged shake of the head.

And the runner, fearful that this sailor might change his mind and demand to return to the ship, signaled the boat puller to lay to his oars the while he patted the giant familiarly on the back and whispered him ruby promises. The runner knew that he had accomplished a feat worthy of Bull Wilson himself—the pulling of this seaman out of a ship that owed him eight months' wages. He had done something to brag about in this season when the whaling fleet was paying a bonus of two hundred dollars a man but in the glow of his artistic pride—and let it not be fergotten there is art in all things—he did not mark that this squarehead listened with no eagerness to his panderer's tongue. Silent, grim, his jaws clenched, his hands locking and unlocking where he held them between his cramper knees, his eyes half shut, his head nodding now and then Olaf sat until they reached the shore.

"Take it from me, sailor, yuh'll git a real welcome at de Bowhead," said the crimp, exhausted by Olaf's silence. As he spoke he was hustling his game into the covered wagon that awaited them at the boat landing. "Bull Wilson' de man tuh treat yuh right."

"Jes," assented Olaf, taking a seat on the bottom of the wagon and letting his legs hang over the tailboard. He ame Crocky, the runner, were the only passengers, but with decisive shake of the head he refused to ride beside him of the driver's seat. It was thus he had ridden the first time through San Francisco's crowded downtown streets to the Bowhead. He remembered how easily he had alighted a the wagon had backed up to the curb in front of the boarding house. He wanted to be in readiness to spring. This was one of the things he had thought about in the darkner of the Palgraye's sailroom.

The wagon had made half the distance from the water front toward the Bowhead when a messenger boy, with bundle, attempted to crawl up beside the man on the tail board, missed his footing and fell sprawling. Hurt in spiteful, he picked up a stone and hurled it straight: Olaf. It clipped the Squarehead cruelly on the chin and drew blood.

"That rat hit yuh, sailor?" called the driver, pullir up and looking back to where Olaf sat as motionless as cigarstore Indian.

"Naw," he answered, his gaze balefully fixed on the be running round a corner. Nothing must delay him not and, as he wished it, the driver whipped up his hor again.

And five minutes afterward the wagon stopped sudden and began backing. It was in front of the Bowhead, as standing in the open door, with his silk hat acock is shortly cropped gray head and a larger diamond than evin his blue-striped shirtbosom, was Bull Wilson. He wsmiling the stage smile with which he was wont to me that covered wagon when it returned from a ship. As t

vehicle's end squared with the curb advanced on it. In the second that put out his stage hand of welcome human avalanche, uttering a wild, articulate cry, launched itself at him.

A quarter of an hour later—not more Bull Wilson was kneeling beside the a conscious form of Olaf Greig where it! on the floor of the room with the ice-ch door. At his side, watching what he d stood Olga, his wife, and Crocky, a runner.

"If he'd ever landed on me once! dat," said Bull, shaking his head," der have been a wake in de Bowhead t night!"

He was holding up the limp arm i which he had just driven a hypodermi morphine. It was bare to the should Below the elbow it was of the his bronze; above as white as Parian mar Michelangelo must have had sud model for his Moses. But it was its pacity of terrific strength, not its be tiful formation, that made Bull Wilrun a hand lovingly along its length

"Gee, what a pile driver!" he claimed in admiration, patting the round biceps. "Wid half a head an's like dese dis squarehead cud clean u Nigger an' Jeff an'a couple o' John-N in a night—make'm all look like t' cents! Take a pipe at dat chest!" pulled back the torn front of Olaf's sl "It's a hunderd-gallon bar'l!" T with a sigh, he dropped the arm a standing up, added: "An' tuh the's jest a plain nut!"

"What's gettin' me, though," cu Crocky, "is, what set him nuts on y Bull? Sure yuh never seen him—n handled him?"

"Maybe I've handled him. I du

The woman interrupted:

"It's that young Norwegian you upan'shanghaiedmore'n a yearagoone that wanted tuh go tuh th' mit (Continued on Page 52)

With the Cry of a Wild Beast He Flung Himself at Bull Wilson

# The National Pastime—Indoors and Out By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

A BASEBALL fan would be all right if he could forget it once in a while. Whenever I meet one I'm reminded of that line in Huck Finn—"Harmless when not out of his head."

A fan is usually a good fellow; but he can't understand that the man who plays baseball for a living doesn't want to eat it, drink it, sleep it and talk it. I suppose I've met thousands and thousands of fans, ranging all the way from true sports to the rednecks who want to lynch you for kicking away a close game, and not one of 'em would ever let me talk anything but baseball. I try to be polite to 'em, because it's better to have boosters than mockers sitting over beund third base; but the ther day I handed a fan i jolt that he'll remember or months.

He was a nervous little arty with noseglasses and whiskers which he weeded all the time with one hand.

The whiskers prejudiced me against him at first, because I've ever been able to figure out why a man should go to a lot if trouble to raise a crop of hair on his face when it grows wild on the top of his head. I met him on a street car.

"Excuse me," says he, edging up alongside, "but you're dike Purcell, aren't you? I've watched you play ball for o long that I feel as if I know you. The very first week ou joined the club I said to the boys: "There's a shortstop or you!" It's hard to fool me on a ballplayer. I can tell a tar as far as I can see him."

Well, that was fair enough. I'm always willing to listen o any man who starts in by telling me how good I am. ome of the boys pretend they don't like that sort of stuff; ut, take it from me, they do. Whiskers handed me his ard and it turned out that he was a statistician or somehing with an insurance company. Figures were his long nd heavy suit; and, say, he certainly had 'em trained le could make 'em lie down, roll over, double up, and arch in a column a mile long; but the best thing he did as to string 'em out five points beyond the decimal.

He passed me a line of talk so full of figures that it bunded like a census report. Part of the time I was treadig water and the rest of the time I was coming up for air. "he best I could do was to look wise and nod my head noe in a while. He had a new system of figuring fielding verages that would be a wonder if anybody besides imself could understand it. By and by he started in to emonstrate to me just when and where we won the World's eries from the Panthers. He was so darned sure about it int I had to break in on his argument.

"No," says I; "your dope is all out of line. We licked to Panthers the second week in September."

"Eh?" says the human multiplication table, digging into is whiskers as if he wanted to pull 'em out by the roots. But the World's Series was not played until October!"

"Right you are," I says; "but, even so, we licked the anthers in September. If you're ever in St. Louis go to the Transcontinental Hotel and you can see the table that the World's Series was won on. It's in Room Three-meteen."

"Table!" says he, rooting into his whiskers harder than

"Mahogany table," says I, "with bum legs and a

Then I got off the car and left him standing there, teasing s whiskers with both hands and trying to make up his ind which one of us was crazy. Unless he reads this he'll ever know that he was being tipped off to some inside

That World's Series was decided a month before it was ayed, and it was won on a marble-topped table in Room hree-nineteen at the Transcontinental Hotel, in St. ouis. Here is the story:



We needed another winning pitcher. I've never yet seen the ball club that wasn't in the same fix. Winning pitchers can't be bought—they must be developed. They can't be bought because the mints don't work nights. There isn't enough money in circulation to pay for one. If you think this is a joke ask to see the price tag on Matty or Walter Johnson.

We not only needed a winning pitcher but we had to have one or drop out of the first division. We had three good men in Jim Ainslee, Tod Sholter and Myles McNabb; but McNabb—the best one of the trio—was getting old and he could work but once a week. That left a gap in between, and to fill it we had only Ainslee, Sholter and a flock of has-beens and never-was-ers.

We needed another good man the worst way; and it was up to Silvertip Jamieson, our manager, to rustle up one if he expected us to have a fighting chance for the pennant. He turned the ivory-hunters loose, with instructions to go the limit.

It is remarkable what a number of pitchers a few scouts can scare out of the tall timber between the Twilight League and Southwest Texas. A scout is a good deal like a detective—he thinks he's got to find something or the boss will accuse him of laying down on his job. If he can't find the real thing he digs up a counterfeit and gets credit for being busy.

Pitchers came rolling into the training camp by the carload, and some of 'em couldn't be trusted to pitch hay into a barn. There were tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones, righthanders and lefthanders; and there was one foolish boy from Oklahoma who pitched with either hand and called himself The Amphibious Wonder.

Fatty Fitzgerald, our retired catcher, who does nothing now but coach young pitchers, gave the bunch the onceover and roared like a lion.

"I want a commission in lunacy to sit on these scouts of ours," says Fitz. "The pitchers they have shipped us so far are worth about seven dollars a ton on the hoof."

One recruit pitcher reported late—a long-legged, lopsided Shanghai rooster of a kid named Doty—Maxwell Doty. I think one of the scouts caught him in a beartrap somewhere in Wyoming. He had all the earmarks of a farmer and he walked as though he was used to following a plow; but, suffering centipedes! How that kid could pitch!

He had an audience the first time he began to warm up and get the kinks out of his arm, and before he started for the shower room the jury was for him sixty ways. It seems that he had been working some all winter and his arm was in first-class shape.

His fast one was better than Jim Ainslee's best and had more of a hop to it; and he knew where his slow one was going when he cut it loose.

Give a man a good fast ball, a good slow one, and absolute control of 'em both, and there isn't much more to it - except, of course, the heart and the head. It's necessary for a pitcher to be game and he ought to be able to think every so often. We didn't know much about Doty's heart, and his head was shaped too much like a turkey egg to suit me; but he seemed to have everything else that he needed. After the third day with Doty old Fitz was going round with a broad grin on his face.

"If this fellow's nerve is all right," says Fitz, "we've got a winner sure. It don't make any difference whether he's a pinhead or not—the catchers can do the thinking for him. All they've got to do with that boy is to show him where they want him to put the ball. I can give him a sign, shove the mitt down and shut my eyes—bang! right into the cup every time. If

he can keep that control—even when he's scared—he'll be all right. A whole lot depends on the start he gets. Let him lick a few second-division ball clubs and get confidence, and after that you can shoot him at the tough ones. Yes, sir—he looks like a million dollars to me!"

It's queer about pitchers—you never know when a star is going to turn up or where he'll come from, though it's a safe bet that it will be some little whistling station that nobody ever heard of. The best pitchers in the world come from the small towns—very few of 'em are big-town boys. Every so often a kid is born with the ability to throw a stone where he wants it to go—the rest of it is training and practice, though all the training and practice in the world won't make a pitcher unless he's born to be one.

It took Doty some time to get acquainted with the gang. He was the most bashful chap I ever saw in the beginning; but the boys didn't josh him much. We all wanted him to have the best start possible. A pitcher is bound to go a lot stronger when he knows that the men behind him are his friends. If Doty had been an infielder, say, trying for somebody's job, it wouldn't have been made so easy for him; but he was a pitcher and we all knew we were going to need him. It makes a difference, you bet!

At the training camp Doty used to come up to my room and look on when we played poker. He would sit on the bed for hours and never say a word. Once we asked him whether he wanted to play, but he blushed and shook his head.

"I don't know enough about the game," says he; "but I'm learning. By and by I'll be able to give you boys a whirl."

That tipped us off that he was broke and wouldn't have any money until the season opened. It was a cinch he wouldn't have any too much then, because it's only the pitcher with a strong minor-league reputation who gets a chunk of coin out of his first season in the big league. Doty had no more reputation than a rabbit and nobody had ever heard of him. As a matter of fact he signed for two hundred dollars a month—and I'll bet he thought it was a lot of money.

H

WE OPENED the season away from home and Silvertip kept Doty on the bench for quite a while, waiting for something soft. In addition to that he wanted him to get used to the crowds and the noise. We all took turns shooting confidence into him, because we wanted him to win his first game. A licking right off the reel might have set him back a whole season. You have to figure all these angles with a green pitcher. There's nothing in the world like a good start.

When we got up against the Canaries—the weakesthitting team in the league—Silvertip turned Doty loose on 'em.

"If he can't beat these lizards," says the boss, "he can't beat anybody! If he does beat 'em he'll feel just as good over it as if he'd trimmed a sure-enough ball club."

Doty won his opening game all right enough; but, at that, there was some credit coming to us. We stepped up there in the first half of the first inning, before Doty even took the ball in his hand, and we whaled in four nice juicy runs-and that's the stuff that puts heart into a pitcher.

Pitching winning ball for us isn't like doing it for a weakhitting outfit, where a pitcher knows before he starts that he's got to be fifty per cent better than the man he's up against in order to get an even break. We wallop the ball behind our pitchers, and when we start hitting we generally go right down the line. Our twirlers walk into the box with a certain amount of confidence. They know they're going to have help in winning the game, and a run or two by the other folks won't lick us.

We staked Doty to four aces, and the kid pitched like a veteran. The Canaries got him in the hole twice, but Monk Mundon, our first-string catcher, steadied him down with a little talk; and Doty braced up and pitched himself out of trouble in a way that was beautiful to see. The Canaries got only five hits off him, but they didn't even get foul tips when men were on the bases. Monk called for the fast one,

up round the neck, and Doty put it therea white streak under the chin. They didn't score on him and nine of 'em fanned. It was a happy bunch that went to the clubhouse after the game. It was a toss-up as to who was the most tickled-Silvertip, Fatty Fitzgerald or Doty himself.

The kid said the big league wasn't as tough as he had expected, and that was taking quite a lot of credit for licking a lot of cripples; but we let him get away with it. We told him that so long as his fast ball was working, shoulderhigh and inside, all clubs would look alike to him. It annoys a batter quite considerable to have to pick a ball off his ear and hit it

somewhere. That was the beginning of Doty's winning streak—fifteen games in a row and nine of 'em shut-outs-and there's no telling how far he would have gone if we hadn't booted the sixteenth away behind him. He let the Game-

cocks down with three hits in eleven innings, and we lost by a two-to-one score.

All the sporting writers in the country had hysterics trying to dope out how a raw kid, with about as much intelligence as a rabbit, could go on licking the best-hitting clubs and the wisest heads in the league game after game. They haven't explained it yet; and the only point where they all agreed was that Doty didn't have any license to do it. Any fool could have told 'em that.

Some of 'em took to analyzing his pitching motion and printing photographs of the way he gripped the ball. If they could have found out where he was different from other pitchers they would have laid his winning streak to that peculiarity. I think they were all bark-

ing up the wrong tree. I've studied Maxwell Doty just like a kid studies a new monkey in the zoo, and I believe the secret of his success as a pitcher isn't in his right arm at all, but in his number sixand-five-eighths head. He wins baseball games because he thinks he can. There's a whole lot in that. Take it from me, mental suggestion works on ballplayers just the same

as on other folks. I'll grant you that Doty can put a lot of stuff on a baseball; but so can Billy O'Dayand Billy hasn't won a game this season. He's afraid he's

going to be licked-and he is.

Take another instance of what mental suggestion will do for a ballplayer: Jack McShane, our pinch hitter, used to play regularly until his legs went bad. He never hit over .270 in his life. Silvertip asked for waivers on him, and while Jack was waiting on the bench the boss sent him up three times to hit in the pinches. Jack peeled off a double, a triple and a home run. He's getting four thousand dollars a season now just for going to the bat two or three times a week—and he's worth it. He can't field a ball to save his neck; he can't outrun an applewoman; and he's not even a good coacher, because he is mostly bone upstairs—but how he can belt 'em in the pinches!

There isn't a pitcher in the league who doesn't hate to see McShane come up out of the pit, dragging his big black bat behind him. Why? Because deep down in his gizzard Jack really believes that he's got something on the best pitcher that ever lived. He thinks that Matty himself isn't able to throw him a ball that " it on the nose. He's so sure of it that he isn d the way o the fence

a do all the

enods.

he can look at two and to is a caution! His syste worrying. Three time Explain it? I can'

Doty is another Jack McShane. After he had licked three teams in a row he got the notion jammed crossways in his little teacup of a head that there wasn't a club in the league that could beat him. He had it settled in his own mind that the batters were more afraid of him than he was of them, and that's a mighty useful idea for a pitcher to have. It keeps him from choking up when the bases are loaded, the count is three and two, and the next one has to be over.

Call it confidence if you like; it's really a deeper and stronger feeling than that-more like what the nut specialists call a fixed delusion. And what difference does it make whether it's a delusion or not, so long as it produces effects and wins ball games?

The thing that you're afraid of is the thing that will get you in the long run every time; and they say that where there's no fear there's no danger. I can't go so far as to indorse that last statement in full, but this much I do know: Doty isn't afraid of the most dangerous batter in the league. I've seen him stand up there, three and two on the Dutchman, and the bases loaded for bear, and laugh at Honus as he let the big one fly.

It's a queer proposition all round and I don't pretend to understand or explain it. I've looked at it from several



"It's Hard to Fool Me on a Ballplayer. I Can Tell a Star as Far as I Can See Him"

angles, and I've come to the conclusion that mental suggestion works better on a fellow with just room enough in his head for one idea at a time. I've tried it on myself, but it didn't get me anything.

I can't hold a thought in the face of a lot of other notions when they come crowding in. I can go up there to the bat with my mind all framed up for a hit, but I get to thinking about the amount of stuff the pitcher has got on the ball and double plays and infield flies and blind umpires—and the original thought gets lost in the shuffle. In the end I have to dlg my spikes into the ground, grit my teeth and pray for luck.

WHILE Doty was winning ball games he was losing out at the indoor national pastime. We got our first paychecks in Boston, and as soon as he could get his cashed Doty was right on the job, hunting up poker games.

Silvertip isn't so cranky as some managers. He knows that, rules or no rules, a certain amount of poker is sure to be played. He bars a table-stakes game, but with a decent limit and eleven o'clock as the deadline, he never says anything. I've heard that before he was married he paid better salaries than he does now-and got most of the money back in the poker games.

Doty went hunting for trouble and he found it. It wasn't exactly the sort of a game that an amateur would have picked out. There are some fairly tight poker play with our clubs-sure-thing boys who can wait all night the cards to come, and bet 'em good and hard when t do arrive.

I've heard that I play 'em pretty close to the cl myself-but I've got to do it, with Walker, Owly Elliott Jib Smith in the game. Those birds won't spend a w chip to help out a short pair; a raise before the drawme aces-up or better, and when they begin tossing in the and blues afterward you can put three kings back in deck without regretting it in the least.

This was the sort of a contest that Doty picked out himself. A lamb in a slaughter-house would have sto better chance. We sold him a ten-dollar stack and it la him almost as long as his cigarette. The poor boob alv wanted to see the next three off the top of the deck; : to make it worse, he had a notion that everybody was tr to bluff him. Then, when he got off loser, he went cr

There are a few baserunners in the league who will: down from first on anything. We say they run hogo Doty was a hogwild poker player. When he was losing which was pretty much all the time-he would draw cards to an ace, back-raise on a pair and call with any thing whatever. That system will break a Rockest

for, though you may catch a man blu once in an evening, the rest of the time

likely to have 'em.

Just to make it more binding Doty cou get rid of the notion that poker is me luck anyway, and that it's the cards you for in the draw that do the work. U certain conditions there may be an eleme luck in the game, but in the long run. playing with a bunch of hardshells, 1 comes nearer being an airtight cinch.

Doty's first check lasted him two night then he had to borrow a ten-spot to tide over the next two weeks. When the se check came it was the same thing over a but he lasted a little longer. One nig had a lucky streak and lost only about dollars. When the cleaning process wa ished he went to bed with his lowe hanging, and we held a council of w wanted him barred from the game.

"Playing poker with Doty," grand larceny from the person. If I n the money I wouldn't mind shaking pennies out of a kid's bank, or I might bag a blind man and empty his tin cup separating this poor loon from his pay is my notion of rotten sport. He out be playing five-cent limit with the wo

"Listen to him, boys!" says Elliott. sore because Doty paid five dollars to di a pair of treys and took in another trey pair of queens against his pat flush!"

Well, I don't pretend that I had for the circumstance. It makes a good player sore to have a sucker take a blin and hook up the winning hand when an with sense would have stayed out. The worst of a hogwild player. Sometimes! a thousand-to-one shot over on you-ar himself on the back for using judgmen

We had quite an argument about w ought to do. Most of the boys though if Doty had the gambling fever the on was to let it run its course.

"He'd only carry his dough to an c game or lose it shooting craps. M you're so stuck on getting rid of hir don't you tip it off to Doty on the q. t. that he's a outclasted in this company?"

That was Walker's suggestion and I acted on it. the thanks a fellow usually gets for a disinterested Doty didn't say it in so many words, but it was plain that he thought we didn't want to give him a chance his two hundred back again.

He had fixed delusions about poker, too, one being that luck is bound to turn sometime. He exthat much to me.

That made me sore and I washed my hands of hin can't save a fool from his folly or build a moral fen will keep habit within bounds. The born gamb gamble, whether you provide tools for him of I had all the money I've seen won and lost with two of sugar, spotted as crap dice!

Doty became a regular contributor. Every pay walked right in, laid down his check, and walked ri again. For all the chance he had he might just have indersed it and mailed it to us to be split five When he went broke he played on tick and ran ta us, paying up every two weeks.

The poor kid didn't even hold out enough money a new summer suit. All the rest of us blossomed pin-striped flannels and Panama hats; but Doty w same old heavy thing he brought to the training c

March—a double-breasted blue serge suit made by some hick tailor who probably hadn't seen a fashion card in ten

Because he always looked shabby and never spent a nickel, Doty got credit for being close-fisted. One of the boys caught him going into a cheap-lunch joint for dinner, and after that he was called the miser on the sly. You see, when a ball club is on the road each man is allowed three dollars a day to eat on—and he's supposed to spend the three dollars for food. A penny-pincher will eat waffles and coffee for breakfast, a bowl of soup at noon, an Irish stew at night—and sink about two and a quarter to the day. That's what they figured Doty was doing; but I know now he was holding out that money to gamble on. Tod Sholter, who roomed with Doty on the road, had a hunch how things were going and made a few sarcastic cracks from time to time—but not when Silvertip was about. We've never had an informer on the payroll.

You'll recall there wasn't much of a battle in our league that year. It was more like a pursuit race. Doty was stacking up victories every time out, Ainslee, Sholter and McNabb were all going great guns, and the team was hitting hard and consistently. There are seasons when all the breaks in the luck are with one club, and this was our turn. In July we had such a long lead that it seemed as though nothing but a trainwreck could beat us; and naturally we began to count on the World's Series money as already in our pockets—twenty-five hundred dollars apiece at the lowest estimate, and from that up to four thousand dollars.

It's funny how the spirit of extravagance hit every one of us about the same time. Sholter began talking about the piece of property he was going to buy out near Walla Walla, where his folks lived. Fatty Fitzgerald paid nine iollars for a hat—marked down from fifteen because the season was half over on straws. Silvertip gave his wife a pair of diamond earrings on her birthday. My wife ordered a mahogany sideboard for the flat, and I loaded up with clothes and things.

Thinking about that soft money coming to us in October and unsettled our notions of economy—we were spending t in advance.

The poker game got a little steeper and once in a while we played table-stakes. Doty's I O U's got bigger. The time came when his check wasn't enough to cover 'em.

"Oh, well," says some fool at the table, "that's all right, id. Charge up the difference against your split of the World's Series."

"Is—is there any objection to that?" asks Doty, looking from one to the other of us.

I wanted to object; but I remembered how he'd acted before and I kept my mouth shut. It didn't seem right to me to let the boy run up a tab against money that he only hoped to get and which a switch in the luck could beat us out of. "No objections?" says Doty. "All right, boys! Put me on the slate for a couple of stacks and I'm playing fifty behind 'em. I feel lucky this evening."

#### IV

WE WERE at home the last week in July and the first half of August. When the team isn't on the road I'm as quiet a married man as anybody and I don't play much poker. In the first place, my wife won't stand for it. In the second place, if I do play she finds it out and asks for the winnings. That sort of thing makes a losing session come high.

While we were at home I lost track of the poker bunch, but I understood the game had been running three or four nights a week, with the roof for the limit and Doty slipping his paper to everybody. I had a couple of his I O U's myself—one for fifty and one for seventy-five; and, as it turned out, I didn't have a chance to get any more.

My wife, still thinking about that soft October money, invited herself to go West on the last trip of the season. I'm not what you'd call a seasoned and hardened married man, but I've learned some things in two years—and one of 'em is that when Bess wants to do anything I save time and trouble by saying Yes right off the reel. I knew her being with me meant no poker and, to tell the truth, I wasn't sorry. I was a winner on the season and satisfied to keep that way.

Our first stop was with the Canaries—still at the tailend of the league—and we figured to wallop 'em four straight and pass on without drawing a long breath. Doty had had their number all the season, so the boss sent him in to pitch the opener.

Before the game I overheard snatches of a talk between Doty and Owly in the clubhouse. Owly was arguing and Doty seemed to be begging.

"I'm only telling you what the boys think," says Owly.
"But—it ain't fair!" says Doty. "It ain't fair! Can't
you see it don't leave me a chance? And look how deep——"

After Doty had left the dressing room I asked Owly what was doing.

"We've barred him from the game," says Owly. "Confound it, we had to do it to keep him from owing us a million dollars!"

"Is he hooked in deep?"

"Deep enough! I wish this I-O-U thing had never been started."

I knew then that if those hardshells were getting conscience stricken they must have the kid gaffed for further orders.

Well, sir, there wasn't but just room enough for his troubles in Doty's little peanut of a head that afternoon. Whatever the thought was that he was holding crossways in his belfry, it certainly didn't have anything to do with

pitching winning baseball. The kid didn't have a thing in the world and he couldn't locate the plate with what he did have. He pitched like a sandlotter, which means that he was even worse than a busher. Silvertip yanked him in the sixth; but by that time the game was gone.

All good pitchers have bad days now and then. I didn't really begin to worry about Doty until the fourth day, when the boss sent him back to close the series and fight for an even break. The Canaries had licked us two out of three and were twittering about it. Between his games the kid had been mooning round the hotel, smoking cigarettes and looking as though he'd lost his last friend. He tried to persuade the poker players to let him have a final whirl, but they stood firm.

His second game against the Canaries was even worse than his first. His control was gone and so was his nerve. He showed that by walking out of the box to talk with Monk Mundon every time he got in the hole. The real Doty would have laughed at those weak batters and fed 'em



A Long-Legged, Lopsided Shanghai Rooster of a Kid Named Doty

the fast one between the ear and the shoulder. Once more Silvertip pulled him out; and the Canary coachers told Doty that he was about through and that they knew when he broke in that he was too lucky to

"I dunno what's the matter with me," says the kid as he started for the clubhouse. "I guess I'm all in."

"Forget that!" growls Silvertip. "You'll be all right when we get to Chicago. There's a team you can beat by just walking into the diamond."

But in Chicago they knocked Doty out of the boxin the second inning—and you can bet that gave us something to think about. I don't know of anything that can worry a ball club like having the winning pitcher go wrong; and we had something special to worry about.

With Doty in shape for the World's Series, we figured on a cinch with the Panthers. Those fellows have always been suckers for a righthander with a good fast ball. With Doty out of it the

battle would be a desperate one, with the odds the other way. It meant a matter of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars to every man on the team—the difference between winning and losing the big series.

The newspapers were full of Doty's collapse, as they called it. Three games in a row he'd been taken out or knocked out. Some of the critics explained just how it happened and what made him go to pieces. It's queer how a newspaper man who can't catch a foul tip in a clothes basket can pick a real player apart joint by joint and find out exactly what ails him!

Silvertip was as much worried as anybody and as puzzled. I suppose the real answer never occurred to him certainly he wouldn't have believed that five or six men who should have known better had made the kid a nervous wreck by winning a big chunk of his World's Series money in advance.

This was the situation when we reached St. Louis and rolled over to the old Transcontinental Hotel. We won the opening game with McNabb in the box, and as I was leaving the clubhouse Tod Sholter touched me on the arm.

"Mike," says he, "Max Doty owes you some money. Come up to my room as soon as you get to the hotel. I want to see you."

"What business is it of yours?" says I. "Where do you come in on this?"

"It ain't where I come in—it's where the kid is going to come out that counts. If you don't want to see me you can see Silvertip about it."

Well, I didn't want to see Silvertip. I knew what he'd say; and, besides, I'd been feeling rotten enough about my part in the Doty business. When I opened the door of Tod's room, Walker, Jib Smith and Owly Elliott were sitting on the bed, and Hetherington and Dowling were over in one corner.

"Hello!" I says. "Is this a mass meeting of Doty's creditors?"

"Just that, exactly," says Tod. "Sit down."

Sholter is one of those serious-minded, slow-talking country fellows. Without raising his voice once or giving anybody a chance to interrupt him, he told his story.

"Boys," says he, "I've known right along that there was something doing with Doty, but I never knew how serious it was until the other night in Chicago. I went upstairs late and found Doty crying over a lot of torn paper on the writing desk. He didn't want to tell me what was the matter, but I made him. It took me two hours to get at the truth.

"That kid has got a girl out in Nebraska somewhere it doesn't seem possible, but he has—and she expects to marry him after the World's Series is over. He'd been trying to write her a letter to say that there wouldn't be any wedding—first, because he wouldn't have enough money; and second, because he was all in as a pitcher.

"He talked a lot of nonsense about his ruined life and how he'd be better off dead and all that sort of thing. You know what notions a kid gets sometimes. . . . I'm not going

(Continued on Page 37)

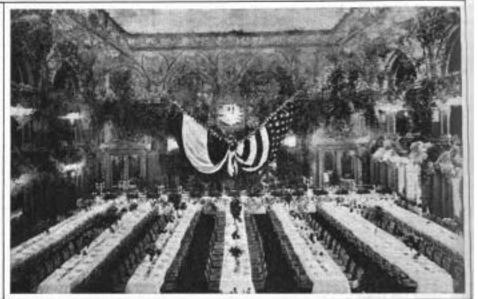


She Plays Casino With Him and Beats Him Out of All His Small Change

## PULLING OFF A BIG DINNER

#### How Organization Feeds You Occasionally at Ten Dollars a Plate





Oyster Openers Preparing Oysters to be Jerced at a Big Banquet

Where One Thousand Guests Dined With Prince Henry of Prussia

THE steward of the Van-Waldorbilt took down a bulging letter file. It held several hundred sheets of thin paper, each bearing the type-

written menu of a dinner given at that hotel during the past of professional men, college graduates and fraternities, winter. "There's the story for the season," he said; "but natives of the different states and foreign countries, and it isn't finished, because the season isn't over yet. Some of these were small private dinners of a dozen plates, but most of them represent public banquets of a hundred plates and upward. Half a dozen hotels in New York now do as large a business as ourselves.

"Not so long ago," the steward added, "a dinner for seven or eight hundred guests was an event with us-a great big banquet. We had maybe two or three of that magnitude in the winter and looked forward to them with anxiety. The chef's department and my own had busy days ahead, and when the night finally came the boss stayed down until everything was safely over. Our mechanical equipment for handling the food still needed improvements, and the human organization to handle the equipment had to be built up. Everything was excitement and tension. Nobody knew what might happen. Smoke made in taking the flashlight picture might mysteriously disappear in the hotel's ventilating system, to emerge later in a guest's room and cause trouble. The kitchen force might slip up or the waiters fall down.

"Nowadays, however, we serve a dinner of from one thousand to fifteen hundred plates almost as a matter of routine; and, though we now call fifteen hundred people a big banquet, everything goes off on a smooth schedule."

New York's dinner industry is a big one. No accurate statistics have ever been compiled to show its magnitude, but there are some interesting estimates.

Just after the guests sit down to a banquet, and while the tables are still in nice order, a flashlight photograph is taken. One concern in New York makes these pictures at all the large hotels, and the manager estimated that seven hundred and eighty thousand diners had been photographed by his concern during the season of 1913-14.

#### Banquets for Fifteen Hundred

THE New York public-dinner season lasts from October to April, about six months; though, of course, banquets are being given throughout the year. One of the largest hotels serves an average of three banquets each week night during the season, or a total of about five hundred. There will be an average of one hundred and fifty guests at each dinner, or seventy-five thousand for the season. About six of the largest hotels do a business of equal magnitude, making a total of nearly half a million diners, and the business in the smaller hotels and restaurants will probably bring the grand total up to a million. At an outlay of ten dollars a plate, therefore, there is an expenditure of ten million dollars-if exact figures could be gathered probably it would be much more.

The dinner industry is constantly growing, for dinners play a vital part in the business, social and political life of the town. All the industries have organizations to promote their interests.

New York is a favorite city for conventions, conferences and movements of one sort or another, and these gather-ings invariably wind up with a dinner. There are societies

## By John Mappelbeck

many other kinds of organizations that make a practice of assembling at least once a year for a dinner. Local organizations dine as often as once a month in the winter; business houses bring their executives and salesmen together for conferences and dinners; traffic men and others whose work keeps them on the move find periodical dinners a means for keeping in touch with each other.

If a personage comes to town a public dinner is the best way of according him recognition, and also enables plain John Smith to see and hear the animals for from five to ten dollars a plate. Affairs are started and finished with public dinners, and important announcements are made; and when there is no other excuse for dining, New York will get together on an anniversary or a birthday-and so the industry thrives and expands.

A dinner for fifteen hundred guests is considered a big one, and about New York's limit in size; for if it is given at one of the hotels prominent in the industry the great ballroom must be used and some of the diners must be placed in the gallery. Fifteen hundred persons is about as large a number as can hear the speakers comfortably, because the audience is scattered round small tables; so the size of a public dinner tends to be limited by that condition. Moreover, it takes a strong organization, like one of the great college alumni associations, to bring out such a gathering, or the attraction of a very notable guest of

The big dinner starts when the hotel receives an order for approximately so many guests on a given date. First, the price of a plate is settled. At the prominent hotels this will not be less than four dollars, without wine. From that it may range upward to any figure. Theoretically the only limit is the sky, but practically the charge for a large affair is seldom more than ten dollars; for guests pay for their own dinners, or small parties are made up, with one man acting as host at a table—and so the expense must be kept within reason.

Higher prices prevail where one man gives a small dinner for some purpose. The motive for spending is then entirely different, and the souvenirs may cost more than plain John Smith's dinner at a large public affair. The host often plans months ahead, and the souvenir may be a privately printed book containing portraits and information bearing on the occasion, or specially designed articles of plate or jewelry.

Probably the most luxurious public dinners given in New York are those of the sheriff's jury panels, which are made up of men prominent in the city's life, who are fined whenever they fail to serve when drawn for duty on the sheriff's juries. These fines are spent in dinners, at which guests receive souvenirs of silver plate engraved with their

After the price has been settled the chef and dinner committee discuss the menu. Very often the occasion calls for special dishes. For a Southern gathering there will be delicacies from Dixie, and if the affair has a Scotch or Bussian character typical food products may be ordered

from abroad. For every dinner the chef likes serve something scarce or fine. Boats have been to catch a particular kind of fish, and hunte to get strange game for big dinners. These specialties nat rally take some time. New York's cold-storage reserv afford many unusual food products, such as Egyptian qui and kangaroo tails, and the canning industry now provid novelties like palm hearts; but when the chef is asked serve reindeer steaks or elephant's foot he appreciates it he is told a few days in advance.

It is a common belief that all the food for a big ding must be cooked many hours before it is eaten. That m have been necessary in the early days of the dinr industry, but it is not today.

Supplies are bought by the steward's department a turned over to the chef's men the day before the dinn so that all the raw materials may be in hand; but t actual cooking is done mainly while guests are at t tables, and most of the dishes are handled just as thou fifteen hundred patrons had suddenly walked in from street, sat down, looked over the menu, and given th order to the waiter, with directions to hurry it up.

#### Making the Final Count

THE soup requires longer cooking than anything else that is started on the morning of the day set for dinner. Grapefruit can be cut and oysters opened a hours ahead; so that is done and they are placed in the hot cold-storage rooms, to be ready when wanted. The f roasts and broiled meats, however, are cooked on a sch ule governed by the time the dinner starts, and the etables are cooked with them. As the waiters serve schedule, the flashlight picture is taken on schedule: even the tables are set, the decorations arranged and music played on schedule. There is really but one elen of uncertainty about a big dinner—the guests. How m shall there be, and at what time shall they sit down? Half past six in the evening is the time and all reso

tables set, first course prepared for serving, orchestra hand, flashlight apparatus in place, the waiters in hotel, who have had their own supper. It is highly im tant to feed waiters well before they go to work; other they would eat half the dinner themselves.

Men in evening clothes stroll in through different d ways of the hotel, check hats and overcoats, and awkwardly in the anteroom. Lights and mirrors da clawhammer coats offer no refuge for hands, and they cautiously round in the crowd until friends are acquaintances made or an attendant puts them at with a cocktail. The number grows, and count is being kept and word sent down to the kitcl

"Now they're coming in fast-eight hundred; a t sand; fourteen hundred. There will be fourteen hun and ninety in the final count. Now they are going inthey are sitting down."

First comes the flashlight picture, taken just as guests are seated, an admirable product in itself, mad a highly developed separate industry. The cameras have been designed especially for this purpose. The made with self-focusing features that give almost flexibility of a snapshot camera, and in compact for

aluminum, so that they may be carried about easily. The flashlight powder has been perfected for this work and is set off in fireproof cloth bags, which retain all the

At seven-fifteen the photographer says, "All ready!" and fires his shot. In an emergency he could quickly make another exposure. Three minutes later he is in a taxicab with the camera, and on his way to the darkroom maintained in the heart of the Dinner Belt for convenience. Ten minutes after exposure the plate is developed, in twelve minutes fixed; and after five minutes' washing it is put into wood alcohol and quickly dried before a hotair blast. Twenty minutes after exposure it is ready to print, and three minutes after that a proof is taken and in the hypo.

Two minutes' immersion serves to fix it so it will last for a few days, though from ten to fifteen minutes are needed for a durable print; and not much more than half an hour ater this proof is being circulated round the dinner tables and orders taken for copies. Sales of pictures must be made while the interest of the dinner is fresh, and so the photographer delivers all pictures the next day. If the finner happens to be one of great news interest an enlargement of the speakers' table will be made for the newspapers and perhaps be started running on the presses before the finner ends.

While the flashlight is being made, waiters are lined up sutside with the grapefruit and enter on signal. About that time the fish goes on the fire, and then come oysters; the soup is sent up from the kitchens piping hot, and other courses are cooked on a schedule governed by the progress of the dinner. Even roast fowl will not go into the ovens until the meal is well under way, and everything s done to a nice turn, dispatched from kitchen to table in the shortest possible time, and kept warm on big trucks, with covers that protect the food. These trucks are wheeled bodily into the ovens and heated, and then go firect to service elevators which land them on the banquet foor in a few seconds.

The serving room is as busy as a factory. Usually this is he anteroom where, twenty minutes before, guests were setting acquainted. The moment they enter the banquet nom there is a quick shift of scenery. Rugs come up, palms and furniture disappear, trestles are laid and converted into long serving tables, and a force of kitchen men in white pops up from below to deliver the food to the waiters. A great deal of space is needed, for while waiters are serving one course it is necessary to spread long lines of trays for the next, so that they can get everything simultaneously and take the food to the tables hot from the fire.

When the waiter battalion marches into this factory annex for the next course it is a good deal like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, for everything is done on signal, by number, together. The black-coated waiters pour out of the dining room in a long column of twos, bringing armfuls of dishes, which are set down, seized and whisked off, while they pour back with fresh plates of hot

Each waiter serves eight guests, but can usually carry food for only four; so the brigade makes two complete assaults on the trestles for each course, and there is a tremendous rattle of china and silver, prodigious bustle and joking, very apt to get into the blood of anybody who likes to be where things are going on fast in a large way. Probably that is why banquet waiters are regular war horses at the game, working night after night through the season, going from one hotel to another, and piecing out earnings by serving at downtown restaurants during the noon rush.

To serve a dinner of fifteen hundred places requires a force of more than six hundred workers. There will be two hundred table waiters; a hundred wine waiters; a service force of ninety men to portion out food as it comes up from the kitchens; a staff of one hundred twenty-five cooks in the chef's department; and seventy-five helpers under the steward, who cut butter, prepare vegetables, fruit, nuts and other sundries, wash dishes and carry on odd jobs. This makes a total of five hundred ninety workers directly engaged and does not include coatroom helpers, messengers, supervision, bookkeeping and overhead generally.

The upstairs work on a big dinner starts about two o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour one waiter in every ten reports for duty, sets up the tables, lays them and makes preparations. The others arrive in the evening, have their suppers, make a few final touches to the tables and are assigned to places.

It was once difficult to get the large number of trained waiters needed for a dinner of more than a thousand places, and extra men were recruited; but nowadays the

seasoned banquet waiter is available in greater numbers and understands his trade so well that a dinner of the largest size goes off smoothly. His service is skillful. He takes his place almost automatically, according to the scheme laid out for the occasion, and performs on signal many little tasks not perceived by guests.

When the flashlight man was ready, for instance, there used to be a hitch while word was passed round to remove the number cards on the tables, which hide faces and spoil the picture; but now a signal is given and each waiter lifts his numbers, retires out of focus and replaces the cards when the flash is over.

The table waiter works about four or five hours in serving a big dinner and is paid pretty good wages-two dollars and a half a night in the leading New York hotels, or three dollars if he comes to work in the afternoon. As soon as cigars are lighted and the speaking begins he is free to go home, for the regular hotel force clears the tables after the guests leave. As he goes out the timekeeper pays him for the night's work, because in six nights he may serve dinners at six different places.

A big dinner calls for an interesting investment in tools and equipment. For a ten-course affair, served to fifteen hundred guests, there will be needed about six thousand knives, six thousand spoons, eight thousand forks, fifteen thousand plates, twelve thousand glasses, two hundred tablecloths, fifteen hundred napkins, and a miscellany of other tableware. The investment in tableware alone amounts to several times the whole charge for the dinner.

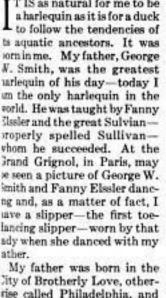
As an illustration, take the silver-plated trays used by waiters. Two hundred waiters serving a large dinner will need more than seven hundred trays, for while they are carrying in one course another is being spread on extra trays to facilitate service, and odd trays are necessary for incidentals. These trays cost ten dollars apiece. So plain John Smith, who pays five dollars for his banquet, must be served from ten dollars' worth of tray.

Another costly item is chairs. Hotel chairs cost anywhere from ten dollars to forty dollars apiece, and in a big establishment a thousand chairs are as nothing. So the seating for a big dinner represents an investment of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars; and the money

(Concluded on Page 27)

# THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

# By JOSEPH C. SMITH



T IS as natural for me to be

rise called Philadelphia, and hat dancing agreed with him s pretty well established by he fact that he lived to be inety-seven; and he was eaching and producing as a usiness and attending balls md parties for the sheer fun of t until a few days before he lied. Naturally he was in great lemand. He danced with all he premier dancers who visited America in his time, even as I ave danced with all the great lancers who have come to this ountry in my time.

My father and myself were the only two Americans who ver went through a thorough school of dancing-that is, arlequin dancing, which is the most artistic, the most lifficult, and withal the most dangerous of the terpsichovan arts. You will wonder at the word dangerous used in onnection with dancing. But more of that later on. My ather firmly believed in the European system—a system



Chinese Maxixe—Improvised by Joseph C. Smith and Rita Jolivet, Leading Woman With 1000 Years Ago

now gradually being abandoned-that of handing an art down from father to son, and so gave me the real French schooling, with the benefit of such inventions and eliminations as he had made.

He was better than any school-teacher I have ever known. both in dancing and in speaking, and a self-educated man at that. To illustrate: When he was the harlequin with the great Revelles, and I was only a little boy, he wanted to teach me to be a harlequin; but I did not want to be one-doing all those quick movements of head and body and having everybody laughing at me, I urged.

My father would listen to my protestations and then, just to throw me off my guard, would say: "Oh, well; I must rest a while now."

Then he would sit down and yawn and stretch his body, and do all the funny little movements of the harlequin. That was his way of amusing me, of engaging my interest, of making me like a thing I did not like-in brief, of teaching me to be a harlequin without my knowing it.

When my father was dead and gone, and they wanted some one to play the harlequin, they came to me. I was twenty-two years old; and, though I had never done any harlequinading since I was a little boy, yet I had never forgotten a single detail of what he had taught me, and was able to go on and do the work.

Once he tried to teach me to do a double turn in the air. I do not mean a double somersault, which is comparatively

easy, but springing erect into the air and whirling like a top. I kept falling all the time and at last rebelled.

"It can't be done!" I cried.

"Can't, eh?" said he. "Come to the show with me tonight!"

When we got there he pointed out an Italian who was doing a one-and-three-quarters turn.

"What one man can do another man can do," he said, which was his way of exciting the spirit of rivalry in me.

I was only a boy at the time, but I went to the theater next morning, practiced a bit, and actually, did a triple turn before my father got there. And I can do a triple turn today, though I am forty years old.

My father was not only a great dancer but a great producer of pantomime. Among other famous productions he put on The Black Crook and during the run of the piece danced with seven premier dancers at each performance, which was some work, believe me! Among these dancers were De Rosa, Diana and Bon Fonti. Bon Fonti is now

fact also tends to refute the idea that dancers die young because of excessive heart tax and the like.

That my father was a strict disciplinarian was shown by his treatment of the great dancer, Countess Lola Montez, whom he taught and brought out. That lady had a very uncertain temper and used to indulge her penchant for horsewhipping everybody she did not like; but my father would not stand any of her nonsense. One day at rehearsal she had just begun one of her violent outbursts when he

teaching dancing in New York at eighty years of age, which

spanked her in the presence of the whole company.

My father never intended me for the stage, but when I was a little boy I was very delicate and he started to train me for my health. He first put me on a horse; in fact I learned to ride before I learned to walk. He used to hold me in position in order that I might learn the horse's motions. So I got to be quite a rider; and when

grabbed her, bent her over his knee, and soundly

I was ten years old I was the first one to leap from the ground to a horse's back and stay on a horse fifteen hands high. It was a running jump—a dash across the ring and then into the air; and when I struck the horse's back I stayed there. I never touched him with my hand. As a matter of fact, it was due to this training that I

was at one time the greatest high jumper in the world.

Circus riding is very difficult and one should begin early to learn. There are few child circus riders today. The training is too severe; it is considered cruelty. Today they put a strap round the youngster's waist and he is supported by a pole that goes round like the arm of a derrick as the horse gallops. In my day the child had to stand on the horse's back without any support, and every time he fell off he got cut with a long whip, which sometimes drew blood. Many a time I have fallen off a horse's back and hung on to his tail, his hind legs kicking me, and then struggled up on to his back again rather than touch the ground and get a cut from the awful whip.

#### Years of Fencing and Dancing

EVEN when I was a little chap of five, before I had become a full-fledged circus rider, my life was exceedingly strenuous. I used to get up at seven o'clock and at eight was riding a horse. Then I went to school from nine until two. In the afternoon when I came home I put on the gloves and sparred. Then I would take the swords, the combat, the quarterstaff, the single-

stick, until I was able to handle every kind of sword known. I kept up this sort of thing for ten years before my father would admit that I amounted to anything at all.

When I was fourteen years of age, and was just about finishing school, an Italian dancer came to this country and wanted a dancer to go to Europe in a hurry. He took me to Italy with him and I was made premier male dancer over ten Italian dancers at La Scala, in Milan. There was a young woman there who got so jealous of what this young foreigner could do—I had grown to be a very husky chap that when I used to hold her up in the air as we danced she would shake herself and wriggle and try to fall, so that I should be blamed for it. And, as Kipling would say, "I learned about women from her."

While I was still very young I was engaged at a theater in New Orleans where there was a skating ballet—all Frenchmen—who performed on roller skates. One day one of these performers was injured and I was asked whether I would help out the following night. I promised to do so, though I had never had a skate on my foot. The next morning I went to the rink and practiced for an hour or so, during which time I got a few pretty savage bumps; but got on to the way of the skates all right. The rehearsal was at ten o'clock.

"Have you ever had skates on before?" said the principal Frenchman.

"No," said I. "Give me a pair and let's see what I can do."
I put them on and fastened them while the Frenchmen stood round and laughed.

"Watch the Yank break his neck!" they said.

The Yank did not break his neck, however. Instead, he took a whirl round, and that night he went on and made a

big hit. It would have been quite impossible for a man who had not had my early gymnastic training to have done that.

The harlequin originated in Italy. His art is unique. It is the finesse of pantomime. The eight characters that are in all plays start from the harlequin. He is, for instance, the leading man and the juvenile. Then comes Pantaloon, the grouchy old father; then the clown, who is the comedian. Columbine is the soubrette, the prima donna, or whatever else she may be; and the fairy queen is the peacemaker in the family. The fop is the dude of today, the English fool. He is always the butt-in, the one father likes best for the daughter because he is an aristocrat; but he has no money. He is always coming in and getting beaten and batted about; they all go up and hit him with a stick, or something like that. The old witch is the mischiefmaker, who comes in and upsets things; and the devil is the villain.

The work of the harlequin is dancing, facial expression, pantomime. He never speaks. His every pose or movement of the head, hand or foot has a meaning of its own. These various movements are called animations. When his



Finale of the Maxixe as Danced on the Stage. When Danced in a Drawing Room the Man Raises His Partner Only a Few Inches From the Floor

mask is down over his eyes he is invisible; when it is up he is visible. The old nursery rhyme expresses it best:

Take this mask; when over your eyes No one can see you if he tries.

The harlequin is the sleight-of-hand man, the arch magician. He taps a coalscuttle and lo! it changes into a wagon or whatnot; he taps the wall and a bed comes out; he taps the bed and it disappears. He pulls the nose of Pantaloon and coins tinkle out, much to that gentleman's amazement and the delight of the children out in front. He is the marvel of wonder-workers. He picks up a quarter and it becomes half a dollar right before your eyes.

His dress is no less brilliant than his accomplishments. The colors on it represent the seven different passions. Black is death; if any one must die the harlequin points to this particular spot. White is purity; blue is truth; green is envy; yellow is jealousy; and red is love or passion. These colors in themselves give the harlequin quite a dumb vocabulary, and taken in combination they afford him an unlimited means of expression.

To make this wonderful dress was no mean job in the old days. They used to put tights on the artist and then sew each patch on separately. My father used to stand for hours while my mother thus built him up, patch by patch; but nowadays they weave the colors in, which makes the dress very expensive indeed. Also, the woven suits are very heavy and difficult to jump about in.

The most difficult thing in a harlequin dance is whirling in the air with the feet off the ground. Compared to this a double somersault is easy. The acrobat who does the latter makes a run and leaps many feet into the air and lands several yards distant. Again, he turns in the same direction in which he is going, thus availing himself of the momentum acquired as he leaps. But the harlequin jumps straight  $\psi$  into the air and then turns quickly at right angles. To be sure, he is able to gain direction and some momentum below he leaves the ground; but he must maintain the momentum by contortive work in the air, which is about the neares to lifting oneself by one's bootstraps of anything I know.

A double turn in the air is very difficult; but, as I said. I can do a triple turn, and I am forty years old. I do not do this often. It is done so fast the audience does not resize it and does not applaud me when I do it; but if I do 1 double turn they can follow it and they always roundy applaud. So what is the use? Another thing, I can pass my feet eight times in the air; but when I do, the action a so fast the audience cannot follow me and does not applaud. A six-pass, however, they will applaud every time: so I rarely do the eight-pass except when Harry Dixey, who appreciates it, is my audience. I never notice the other audience.

In a pirouette you always look at a light or some other object, and it is your head that does the pirouetting-thm

is, you hold the light with your eyes as long as possible while your body is whirling, then bring your head round quickly and eatch the less again. This turning of the head gives momentum to the body and, if done quickly enough, has the appearance of wringing one's own neck. Yes start in the second position—that is, with the leg out straight-and hop round until you per perfect balance; then you bring in your fort and start with your head. You have get to be absolutely rigid. You dare not move from that position after you have started. If you doe your chest an inch you will fall backward. When I am in good condition I can pirouette to sixtyfour bars of music, probably one hundred and twenty times.

#### The Art of Pirouetting

THE Frenchman and the Italian begin slowly and work up to top speed in pirouetting, stoping instantaneously at the very height of the velocity they have attained; but the Russin does not know how to turn a pirouette. He starts with a fast spin and turns until he dies down.

The dangers a harlequin encounters are sufas the general public would never dream of. We have heard of men falling and breaking their lepor ribs on highly polished ballroom floors. The harlequin must guard not only against slipping but against many other dangers. For instance in pirouetting, though he stops with electric suddenness, he must stand motionless. It would never do for him to go reeling about the stage after he ceased to pirouette, seeking to regain in balance. The effect and beauty of the morement would be lost. It would be grotesque. To get this absolute control and balance is the work of years. I have known only two men besides myself who could do a triple turn in the air, and one of them broke his neck at it at last.

The harlequin wearing soft-soled shoes always has the terrible dread of getting a tack in his foot. Once I had just taken my first step in the dance

when I landed on the point of one of those little devil's daggers and did fourteen jumps into the air before I could stop driving the deadly thing farther and farther into the ball of my foot with each jump. My friends had to take piners and pull the tack out of the bone.

In a dance like this, which requires the finest balance and adjustment in every way, it is necessary to have an absolutely secure and reliable floor from which to start. The public does not realize the difficulty and danger I am under from lack of this prime requisite. Where I am dancing now they put on three floor cloths, one on top of theother, inside of five minutes, and when I jump from the staircase and land on these I slide. I cannot get any purchase on these with which to leap into the air as I should from a bare floor but even when dancing on a bare floor you are apt to encounter a bad board, one that is not absolutely secure. The dancer, however, can detect that sort of thing the instant he touches it and is careful to avoid it therealist.

Changing from theater to theater has its disadvantages. I may dance one week on a perfectly flat stage and psi somewhat used to it. The next theater I go to may have a terrible rake to it—say, one inch in eighteen. I get used to dancing on the slanting stage and when I change backagain to the flat stage I am apt to fall backward unless I am carful. I would rather dance on a slanting stage, because I was practically born on one—that of Niblo's Garden.

The least thing will take your mind off your work, just as the shifting of a featherweight will throw you off your halance when you are in the air. For instance, the lights go out and the scene is changed; then the lights come on and you have to begin your movement before your sight is adjusted to the new glare. Or some slight change in the location of things will throw you off. One night, as I made that leap off the stairs, one of the fellows happened to have the flag a little too far front, which, trifling though it seems, would have thrown me out had not my brain, trained to neet just such emergencies, automatically adjusted itself to the unexpected conditions and saved me.

There is also danger of the rope or wire, by which the urlequin is sometimes suspended or swung in doing his urious stunts, giving way. A wire when straight may fand a great strain, but if it be bent or kinked it is greatly

veakened and becomes very treacherous.

Once I was playing in Denver, in The Statue Blanche, was the harlequin and was supposed to steal Columbine and run away with her. The crowd pursued; a balloon ame by with a trapeze attached, which I grabbed as the affated bag swung into the air and was carried away, with he girl under my arm. As a matter of fact, the girl was ally a dummy. I knew that I must rise forty-five feet to the air before I was swung into the wing. I had got limost that high when I heard the wire going Pin-n-n-g! in-n-n-g! You always have warning of a breaking wire. s it stretches it makes that little pin-n-n-g—such a sound s you would make by touching one of the wires of a piano ith the point of a feather very, very lightly, but instantly aught by the ever-listening, apprehensive ear of the an who has to do that kind of stunt.

I knew that I must act at once. It would never do a drop feet first and drive my legs up into my body. I dropped the dummy figure, doubled up round the ar, bent my head forward and clasped my hands round by knees—in short, made myself into a ball; and as se wire broke I dropped to the stage forty feet below, riking on my thigh. I cannot tell you how hard I ruck, but instantly my whole body began to turn black. They put me into an alcohol bath in the star dressing som and I was back on the stage within two days.

#### The Dangers of the Star Trap

) FALL dangers that threaten the harlequin, however, that of the star trap is the most terrifying. The star ap is an octagon-shaped contrivance let into the stage. has eight points of half-inch oak and is designed to eate the illusion that the harlequin is bursting through it very surface of the earth, so to speak—an illusion at was impaired by the old square trap, which everyody in the balcony and boxes could see.

When the harlequin says Go! the men underneath all the bolts, the weights are released, and he is shot to the air. His head hits the points of the octagon, liftg them; and, once he has passed, these immediately 
ll back into place. This is the most dangerous trap 
the world. If anything should go wrong and it should 
see slowly you might in your descent strike this hole 
if the descending oak points would run you through 
the spears of a horde of savages. There is one way 
avoiding this danger. If you see that you are comg down straight on the trap spread your feet and they 
and on each side of it. Or something may happen so



Mr. and Mrs. Smith Turkey Tretting

that you are shot only halfway through the trap, in which case you can quickly put your hands on the stage and rest your weight on them, thus saving yourself from being pinioned.

There is always the possibility of something going wrong in the working of the trap under the stage. The contrivance from which you are catapulted up through the octagon-shaped opening is something like an elevator weighted down. If this is released ahead of time the performer is apt to be banged against the stage. On one occasion I had just stepped on to the trap and was not quite in its center when the word was given to let go, and I was thrown up against the stage so hard that I forced three boards loose and my back was nearly broken.

Pantomimists are more jealous, I believe, than any other professional people, and this quality sometimes forces them to the most deadly extremes in dealing with rivals. This is another very definite danger that must be reckoned with.

I started the present dancing craze in America. A hall in Thirty-ninth Street was the cradle of the mania. I used to go down there and dance the Turkey Trot, which I had just invented or, rather, adapted. I did this dance in Chicago when we were putting on Madame Sherry at



Another Step of the Chinese Maxixe

the Colonial Theater. Then I put it on at Wallack's in A Certain Party, and later on used it in The Country Girl.

The Turkey Trot does not come from the Barbary Coast, the orgy zone of San Francisco. As a matter of fact the original of this dance is a hundred years old, and goodness only knows how much older! I got it by watching the negroes on the banks of the Mississippi. Down there the darkies go along the levees carrying their bags or sacks, moving with a slouching, swinging, half-gliding, half-loping gait, and singing or, rather, intoning: "Tote 'lon-n-g! Tote 'lon-n-g! There you have it—the Turkey Trot. That is where I got it. Variations of this dance are called the Bunny Hug, the Gobbler Glide and other names; but they all come from that "Tote 'lon-n-g!"

I was the first to do the Tango in this country. I brought it over from Spain, where the natives have danced it for generations. It is nothing more or less than the Spanish Fandango modified and adapted for ballroom purposes. The claim that the Tango was brought from the Argentine Republic is absurd. Even the Cubans have been dancing it for a long time. Really nobody invented the Tango; it just grew and came to this country in the natural course of events.



Mr. Smith Wearing His Father's Harlequin Dress

It is curious that a dance like this can have such a tremendously popular hold in one country and not be taken up by another; but when we consider that golf was the great game in Scotland for centuries before it was developed in England, right next door, we cease to wonder. It is curious how these wonderful things are confined to a small territory for centuries, and then quite accidentally burst into a world-wide craze.

When I first brought the Tango here I put it on at the Winter Garden and everybody laughed at it—the funniest and the most absurd thing they had ever seen, they declared. Now it is the rage of the world. Maurice saw how it went here and started it in Europe, and now it is all the rage there, where it has practically forced every other form of amusement to the wall.

#### The Apaches of Paris

THE Apache Dance is another modernized, debarbarized and transplanted form of the terpsichorean art.
There are probably more claimants to the foster parentship of this dance in America than in any other case.
Though many foreigners in Paris witnessed this dance,
I claim to be the first to have discovered from its crude
and villainous form in the dives there the possibilities
of beauty and grace; in fact some of the persons I taught
to perform this dance have most vehemently protested
their authorship of it.

There are twenty thousand low, murderous, cowardly, skulking characters in Paris called Apaches. These men are, in a way, like the gangsters of New York, though neither so cowardly nor so treacherous—that is, they do not betray their pals to save their own miserable

skins. Many of them work during the day. You may have one in your employ and not know it. Perhaps he is a salesman in your shop, with well-manicured nails and suave manners—a dandy.

All day he stands behind your counter and waits on your customers—suavely, manicuredly—and at night puts on the red bandanna and black sash, the signs of his avocation, and goes forth to join the boys.

The Apache used to hold up his victim in a dark street; but, since he has got the police of Paris demoralized, his audacity or bravado leads him to attempt coups in the most frequented thoroughfares. However, where murder is to be his means, he tackles his victim in a lonely street, throws his red bandanna over his eyes, makes him hold his hands over his head and ties them with his black sash; then he moves round behind his victim and thrusts a knife into his back, letting go of the instrument instantaneously and stepping back as the blow falls. Thus he avoids getting blood on his hands; and his precaution of blindfolding the man and turning his face away helps to prevent the identification of the murderer.

This, in brief, is a description of the Apache and one of his methods of procedure. There are many others that no

(Continued on Page 28)

# Corporal Billy's Come-Back

HIS thing of bravery under fire should be better understood. We may not all be cowards at heart; but we are gifted with a mighty discretion that would

stamp us such if we were not too cowardly to give it play. Fearing our own cowardice we sham a valor we have not. It works out like one of those scrambled-looking algebraic affairs with plus and minus signs that finally equal something you were looking for. The more cowardly, the more reckless-in proportion to our conceit. This has averaged high enough thus far to insure plenty of reckless behavior on battlefields. The men who run away are merely honest

men who very modestly crave no undeserved applause.

Private Hicks hates to be shot at; but he would rather be shot at than have Private Henderson beside him know how he hates it. And he believes, of course, that Henderson really loves being shot at. It never dawns upon him that Henderson's bravery is like his own, assumed to impress Hicks and the other privates and the officers and the war correspondents and the folks back home. If they understood each other there would be fewer fool charges and less of that pretty but uneconomic flagwaving outside the trenches. And fewer wars, to be sure. If the current brand of Scotch philanthropy—with a side-line of armor plate—had run to a Palace of Truth instead of a Peace Palace, which is a nice enough place for squabbles, soldiers might by this time be coldly refusing to let the powers make fools of them for the sake of proving to each other that they are not something which each man knows he is. Any ordinary union psychologist should be able to show them in twenty minutes that they all equally hate to be shot at, and if ever they come to see through each other's little game

No, it isn't a war story; no spies with cipher messages; nor two brothers fighting on opposite sides at Shiloh; nor the sergeant in the Philippines who has an affair with a beautiful native girl and gets cut to small bits-all but what the head-hunter wanted-with a sampan or a jabot or one of those things. None of that, although the tale does sound a martial strain here and there and the dominant theme was heard in the opening bars. Let us be on, through a diminished seventh, to the real trouble.

The ancient Corporal Billy Safford, G. A. R., lightly

hummed Marching Through Georgia, as he turned the sizzling pork chops under the hostile glare of another and much younger military character. The atmosphere of the small living room back of Corporal Billy's cobbler shop, redolent though it was of the kindly aroma of browning chops, was tense with a smoldering animosity. For the other military character had heatedly averred that the only way to cook the chops was to broil them out in the open over a fragrant campfire, about which, when the meal was done, stories of adventure would be told. Indeed, preparations had been made for this fire in the backyard—and then Corporal Billy had put his foot down. He was too busy that evening to fool round. They would have supper right there in the house and let that end it! Didn't he have to shave right after supper and then get into his uniform to attend the meeting of the Decoration Day committee? Certain

people seemed to forget that he was the sole surviving member of his G. A. R. Post in Ophirville, and that much

was expected of him on the morrow.

The other military character, slumping far down in his chair until he seemed to sit on his shoulder blades, scowled moodily down the sides of a stubby and freckled nose and into the gleaming teeth of the range. He was no other than Cyril Naughton Webster, captain of Boy Scouts, who had been put off upon his defenseless Uncle Billy Safford for a whole summer because it was feared by his mother that one more vacation in Oakland would secure him the unwelcome and perhaps enduring notice of a harried constabulary. We have scant knowledge of the lawless activities that incurred this sequestration; yet all too much may be safely inferred from the bare admission of his mother in her letter to Uncle Billy: "He is undeniably a boy of high spirits." When a mother will say this of her first born, how much it eloquently leaves unsaid!

But Corporal Billy was old enough to have forgotten about boys. He had fatuously agreed that the placid upland town of Ophirville was just the place for a boy of

undeniably high spirits.

And in the main he had found the association not without charm. Their military careers formed a bond between them. Captain Webster, as he preferred to be addressed indeed he promptly fought any one of his own weight who addressed him as Cyril-had quickly learned what might and what might not be attempted within the municipal confines, having become a keen appraiser of the police spirit in any place where he abided. And, moreover, the wooded hills beyond the town and the foaming river that threaded them had lured him from the streets. There he

By HARRY LEON WILSON



boy-scouted tirelessly, and in his lighter moments hunted and fished. And he ardently preached this open-air life to

He believed, and said, that his Uncle Billy was getting out of condition by reason of his close application to workwhence the disagreement of the moment, because Uncle Billy would not cook supper out where it ought to be cooked. And yet the trouble was less simple than this, for the matter of the Indians preceded it.

A mile below the town on a grassy flat sojourned for the fishing the family of one Joe Twohead-consisting of that reverend ward of the government himself, Sarah Twohead, his wife, his son, Ezra Elk, and the latter's consort, Annabelle Elk, née Swampy. These peaceful four, being observed by Captain Webster the day of his arrival, had fired him to high endeavor. He had behaved in their presence as a leashed terrier in a rat-pit. It had subsequently pleased him to believe that they were hostile Indians, that they came to buy supplies from the Boston Cash Store merely to ascertain the town's most vulnerable point, and that they traitorously meant to attack it on the first moonless night. Captain Webster meant to foil them if scouting would do it. He had trailed them furtively through the forest; he had haunted the brushy outskirts of their camp; and he had more than once unexpectedly confronted them, steely-eyed and threatening. He had left them no peace. They could make no move except under his surveillance. And then the distressing affair of the twenty-two-automatic-of which more at once.

Corporal Billy removed the supper from the range to the table, neatly spread with its red-and-white checkered cloth-the sizzling pork chops, the fried potatoes, the stewed tomatoes and the pot of steaming coffee. He took his seat and Captain Webster drew his own chair to the table stimulated by the food, yet still morose

"And Sheriff Kritzler swears," resumed Corporal Billy sternly, as the meal began, "that if you make one more break at them Indians he'll put you in the lock-up and keep you there. What in time did you mean by it anyway Wha'd you want to go and shoot one for? Answer me that, No, I won't call you 'cap'n' again less'n you act like you had some judgment."

"I never tried to shoot him," denied the captain such "I was just tracking him through the forest, and he never saw me because I moved stealthy from tree to tree. The he stopped a minute to pick up a package of tea or some thing that had fell out of his bundle, and I thought what bully shot that would be if he was only on the warpath: so I covered him with my rifle, just to see how fine I could draw a bead on him. But I never meant to pull the trigge, honest I never did; I just barely touched it. And it dent hit him anyway—just snipped off a twig beside his head But he let out an awful yell and jumped round and say me before I could vanish into the underbrush and make god my escape. Then by the time I got back to town, here the all four come and was after the sheriff to have me arrested or something. What kind of a way is that for an Indiana act? They swore I'd tried to kill that old one, and that sheriff he says

"I know well enough what he said," interrupted in listener. "He paroled you in my custody and I'm respo-sible for your peaceful behavior, mind that now. It is hadn't 'a' been a well-known and prominently respected citizen you'd been tried and sent over there to Folson at hard labor for attempted violent murder, that's what you'd 'a' been! Undeniable high spirits! My land, I should think so!"

"Huh!" sniffed the unabashed captain. "Nice way in Indians to act, wasn't it. Every one knows they're a cowardly race. They can act brave enough in the movies but look at how they do when it comes to a showdown on in the open as man to man-they run right off and tattle to a Dutch sheriff, that's what the cowards do!"

"You got no right to pester them Indians," warms Corporal Billy, spearing his second pork chop. "They'n peaceable, quiet folks, jest like you and me.

"Yes, and we'll all be scalped in our beds some night that's what," continued the captain. "I seen the ugi sheriff arrest me

"You let 'em alone!"

"Oh, very well! I'll let 'em alone for the present is mark my words, a time will come and I'll show 'em nomety If one of 'em ever crosses my path again he'd better have care. I'll put a dose of cold lead through his craven heat that's what I'll -

"S-sh! That'll do -

"Why, say," went on the captain, brightening. "you and I alone could go down there and make 'em all bite th dust. Just before dawn is the best time to attackt —"
"Look ahere, my lad," said Corporal Billy desperately

"you do any more of that and the sheriff 'll have you inside lookin' out, that's what he'll have you. And is for the way you talk, you leave that gun of yours right here to home for three days. Now I guess you'll talk son

"Want me to go out unarmed, do you?" inquired to captain bitterly.

"That's just what! You'll go unarmed until you leaf some discipline. How'd I ever gone through the war if I been like you, shootin' up people right and left?"

"Oh, all right," growled the captain, gloomily engage his food.

Corporal Billy pushed his chair back from the table emitted a long sigh of repletion and gnawed relishingy his plug of tobacco. The captain observed this with his disapproval.

"Tobacco is a filthy habit," he began oracularly. \*1 nts your growth

"My growth is had," retorted the corporal.

"And poisons your systems. See what it's done to you already. Look at the way you carry yourself! You see some setting-up exercises. Bend over and touch your too a hundred times, morning and night, and get some light dumbbells - Oh, well, if you don't want to listen -

For the corporal, with elaborate disregard, was again humming Marching Through Georgia, while he massed shaving apparatus before the small mirror above the small Undoubtedly he needed setting-up exercises as much a any man of seventy-five ever needed them. He was under sized, with a wisp of a white beard, dim and sorrowful has eyes and bent shoulders, and his limp was pronounced Tobacco may have been the cause. Then again forty year of cobbling might be accused.

Yet the corporal now went about the almost tragic susiness of shaving with real elation. Relentlessly he lought the blade over his lined old face to a sinister depth. He did not shave so much as scarify, but his ensuing groans were cheerful. For this was the one time in the ear when Corporal Billy was the central and resplendent gure of the town. This was the eve of his great day. Tonight was the meeting of the Decoration Day committee, he program of which never varied, from the introductory gution of the mayor to the declamation of the Gettysburg uddress by a girl pupil of the high school and the perunctory election of Corporal William Safford, late of the I'wenty-third Indiana Infantry, to the post of grand marshal of the parade-Corporal Billy on a safely prancing horse, miformed, embellished with a gorgeous sash! Year after ear it had been thus. He sometimes pretended to be ored by the regularity of the thing, but he was Ophirville's me surviving veteran of the Civil War, and could he nnfess to a decay of his public spirit? Not Corporal Billy! Captain Webster from his seat had watched that fearome ordeal of shaving with mingled hope and alarm. It ad seemed inevitable from the first gash that the old man rould do something fatal to himself with that razor; but he operation was amazingly completed with only some ninor casualties. Thereupon Corporal Billy, in the tiny djacent bedroom, proceeded to bedeck himself in his mart blue uniform. It was this uniform that won back he momentarily difficult respect of Captain Webster and estored his waning enthusiasm for life. He noted with pproval that the old man became more erect, lifting his ead pridefully, and the limp was hardly to be noticed. 'he captain himself brushed the fatigue cap and experineed a thrill in doing it. Corporal Billy set it firmly upon is lifted head and coyly approved himself in the mirror. he captain was undoubtedly respectful as he also surveyed he result.

"It's a bully uniform," he declared; "and I'll bet you ere a corking good soldier. I'll bet you were the bravest an in all your regiment."

"Shucks!" muttered the preening corporal. "Not at Il-lots braver than me."

"Oh, I know you've got to be modest," the other coneded; "but how about those times you told me of!"

But for the recent shave, a blush might have been bserved to mantle the jowls of Corporal Billy. It was rue that in certain expansive moments since the captain's rrival he had recounted two or three little adventures in hich he had played anything but a coward's part. But he boy was insistent for stories, and they might inspire im to brave deeds of his own; and if you were going to # a story at all you ought to tell it right, oughtn't youad little ornamenting details here and there. Still, with he old uniform actually on, the corporal somehow regretted ne or two of the more daring flights.

"Shucks!" be muttered again in self-disparagement. "Say," urged the now glowing captain, "tell us again tout that big six-foot rebel that you shoved your bayonet ean through the chest of, when he was just going to shoot

ou down in cold blood -

"No time for yarns," said the corporal shortly. "We ot to hurry to the c'mittee meeting."

Here the captain had to search at length for his own cap, hich always became mysteriously lost the moment he stered the house. Corporal Billy waited impatiently ntil this was found-in the wood-box back of the rangead then they were out in the main street of Ophirville

making a notable progress to the town hall. Corporal Billy strode with a military alertness, stiffly saluting such of his fellow townsmen as engaged his notice. Captain Webster stalked stiffly at his side, with frequent upward glances of pride, a pleased unit of the spectacle. A block up the street they encountered Mrs. Honora Kelly, a lady of billowy amplitudes, also garbed ceremoniously and wearing her best lilac bonnet above a high-colored and cordial face. Mrs. Kelly was the relict of one Michael Kelly, also a veteran of the Civil War. When Ophirville had boasted enough civil war veterans to maintain a fraction of a Grand Army Post, Mrs. Kelly had been the president of the local ladies of the G. A. R. But now of the post there remained only Corporal Billy, and of the local ladies only Mrs. Honora.

"Evenin', Mis' Kelly!" The corporal lifted his fatigue cap with a flourish. "To the c'mittee meetin', I take it?" 'Tis not so many more Dec'ration Days we'll be seeing, Corporal Safford," observed Mrs. Kelly with an effort at sadness.

"The Grand Army is passin' on," he retorted gallantly, "but the ladies of the Grand Army are ever young and fair, as the poet said."

"Be still with your jests," returned Mrs. Kelly, and the best bonnet was tossed coquettishly. Each year she angled for this compliment, and the winning of it never failed to brighten her.

As they walked on Mrs. Kelly waved an eloquently insulting hand toward the opposite side of the street.

"'Tis the Spanish war vets, would you look now!" she

Corporal Billy glowered at three youngish men in blue shirts and khaki trousers who conversed earnestly in front of the Boston Cash Store. True enough, they were veterans, but Corporal Billy's glance seemed to say that this term was too elastic.

"Vet'runs of the so-called war with Spain, I believe," he remarked grandly. It is unquestionably the way of Corporal Billy and his like to sniff at the opéra-bouffe campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines. By them the propriety of allowing the younger veterans to participate at all in the observances of Memorial Day is still mooted in many sections.

"An' wearin' gur-rand medals on the chests of them!" pursued Mrs. Kelly.

"Medals!" Corporal Billy sneered wickedly, "What them boys went through wouldn't 'a' been camp sports to what me and your husband and our cumruds went through, Mis' Kelly. And they got two medals apiece for their skylarking. Me? I got two medals myself, only I can't exhibit 'em to ladies. One in my shoulder-that's a saber cut. One in my leg-that's a minnie ball. They ain't a mite showy, but nobody can pull 'em off'n me.'

"Would you think they was talkin' of us now?" demanded Mrs. Kelly. "Seems like, the way they're lookin' over here."

"Like 'em!" growled the corporal. "Wha'd the mayor have to go put 'em on our c'mittee for? 'Tain't right for such as them to be messin' round the graves of our cumruds. Let 'em wait till they got some graves of their own to mess round.'

"They'd wait long," observed Mrs. Kelly crisply, "Their health was never threatened, though I believe one of them did catch a hard cold in Porty Reeky.'

They were still companionably muttering this grievance when Corporal Billy handed Mrs. Kelly into the hall, followed by the now subdued Captain Webster,

> The Mayor of Ophirville, as chairman of the committee on arrangements, sat at the desk

who was tasting his fill of reflected glory.





"I Walked Out With You and Out I'll Stay"

and looked formal. The superintendent of schools sat at a small table beside the desk to record the formidable minutes of the meeting. The town clerk, the sheriff and prominent citizens to the number of a dozen were also present. The Spanish-American war delegation filed in after the G. A. R. representation and found seats near the town clerk, with whom they held earnest speech in whispers.

"Meeting of the committee on arrangements for Memorial Day will now come to order," announced the mayor. He coughed gracefully and sipped from a glass of water solicitously tendered him by the alert superintendent of schools. "We are met together on this occasion to arrange for a fitting observance of the day set apart for honoring the nation's heroic dead. Needless to say that while our thriving little city is not so large as some other cities in this broad and united land, nevertheless its public-spirited citizens are not found wanting in respect in the matter of honoring the nation's heroic dead. On the morrow we shall pay a just tribute to those who so nobly laid down their young lives ----

At this point Mrs. Kelly wept audibly in tribute to Michael Kelly, who at the age of sixty-eight had been killed in a mine shaft.

"True for you, may'r!" she sobbed approvingly.

"Nominations," concluded the slightly annoyed mayor, "are now in order for the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Memorial Day parade."

Corporal Billy Safford tried not to look self-conscious at this. He had made the effort for years. He was running over in his mind the set little speech by which he should accept the honor to be foisted upon him.

The town clerk arose, but he did not look in the direction of Corporal Safford. He looked straight at the mayor. Something appeared to be wrong with the meeting. He was the brother-in-law of a Cuban veteran.

'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began the town clerk urbanely. "Ophirville has always seen her duty on this day of days, and need I say she has always met it -

"You need not," hissed Mrs. Kelly, already clairvoyant to his design.

"Every Memorial Day," continued the orator, after an icy stare at the insurgent widow, "has done our thriving little city and its public-spirited cohorts abundant credit, and far be it from me to intimate an intention of-er-intimating that we could have done it better otherwise than in the manner we did do it. But this year, though far be it from me to cast undue reflections

"It'd better be!" threatened the watchful widow,

it is my pleasure and my duty to propose an innovation. The grand marshal of our parade has heretofore been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, that glorious organization without which, as the peerless Webster said -

"And who should it be but a G. A. R.? Come now!" demanded Mrs. Kelly in full-toned wrath. Corporal Billy choked strangely and there was a curious buzzing in his ears.

"Order!" demanded the mayor sharply,

"The innovation which I have to propose," continued the orator, indignant because he had wished to quote Daniel Webster on liberty and union and now realized that he had forgotten the lines, "is the election of a member of the Spanish-American War veterans to the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Decoration Day parade. I nominate Sergeant Sam Gates, of the First California Regiment, for that post."
"Second the nomination," mumbled one of the

younger veterans in khaki.

Corporal Safford, G. A. R., cowered as from a blow. Mrs. Kelly was on her feet with truculent fists aloft.

"I nom'nate Corp'ral William Safford," she shouted deflantly.

There was a painful silence. Corporal Billy, listening intently, looked about him with dumb appeal.

"Any second to the nomination of Corporal Safford?" demanded the mayor briskly. There was no response.

"Then Sergeant Sam Gates stands elected to the post of grand marshal," concluded the mayor, brutally flouting the manual of Cushing.

Corporal Safford rose unsteadily to his feet, holding to the back of his chair. Then abruptly he straightened as if he had heard a command.

He clicked his heels together, put on his fatigue cap and marched stiffly from the room.

For a block he continued to march stiffly, head erect, with the rhythmic tread of a soldier. But then he wilted to the cobbler's stoop and again he limped. He did not realize that he had been followed until he felt Mrs. Kelly's hand on his arm.

"The snakes!" she said simply. "But don't you take it to heart, my boy."

"I'm not, Mrs. Kelly." The old man straightened once more. "Maybe they're right and I'm too old for a grand marshal. To tell you the truth, I ain't felt so very fancy on horseback this last two-three years. But, anyhow, you'll be representin' the ladies of the G. A. R.'

"I'll not that!" she flashed. "I walked out with you and out I'll stay. What would our cumruds be thinkin', especially Mike, rest his soul."

"Our cumruds," murmured the corporal, as they walked on in silence.

Captain Webster, of the Boy Scouts, marched excitedly beside them. He was mentally dramatizing an Indian foray, in which the red devils should descend upon the settlement at once and scalp every one of those smarties back there who had rejected his Uncle Billy for grand marshal-"given him the hook," was the captain's phrasing of this process.

Back in the little kitchen Corporal Billy went mechanically about the washing of the supper dishes. He did not hum Marching Through Georgia, though at moments he affected a lively interest in the scraping of plates and the heating of dishwater. Nor was he unaided in his task. Captain Webster, despite a career of hardening adventure, was not without his human side. Indeed, as he deftly helped with the work there was something almost softly human in the glances he stole at the outworn veteran. He spoke but little, however, until the kitchen was once more neat. Then, as the corporal drew off his long kitchen apron and hung it on its nail, the captain, for purposes of light conversation, brought up a matter which had nothing to do with the affair of the evening.

"Now if I could take my rifle out just for an hour tomorrow morning-that Mrs. Kelly said she'd like me to shoot two of her young roosters and I think we should always try to perform little services for those about us and make their lives brighter."

"All right, but you bring that rifle right back when you've done it, mind that!" And Corporal Billy sank wearily into a chair to regard on the wall opposite him a steel engraving in a walnut frame of Abraham Lincoln striking

the shackles from a kneeling slave.
"I wonder if it was worth while," muttered the old man grimly. The reference was lost upon the captain, who was nevertheless sympathetic.

"You could come back all right," he announced cheerfully. "Come back? Back from where?"

"Oh, you know-come back. They think you're down and out, but you could come back, Uncle Billy."

"Oh, I'm a has-been all right." He continued to glare at the engraving, but Captain Webster was persistent. He planted himself before the old man, feet apart, head tilted, eyes half-shut in calculation.

"No, sir; you can come back, I tell you. If you'd just put yourself in my hands and give up chewing tobacco and take those bending exercises and breathe deep in the open air and drink pure spring water between meals, I'd make a new man of you. I got a book tells all about how to get hearty and rugged. Of course you're older than I am, but you can come back enough to make this jay town set up all right, all right. I'll bet you're the bravest man in this whole county today, bar none. I'll bet you

wouldn't be afraid of anything you could think of. Now you bend over and touch your toes a hundred times and -

"Bedtime," interrupted the corporal, who had been a poor listener. "And you can stay out all day tomorrowafter you bring that gun back."
"Not unarmed?" queried the captain. "You don't

mean totally unarmed?"

The corporal deigned no response to this.

"Well, can I take this old pistol? That'll be something." He took from the table the ancient army revolver that had long reposed in the trunk containing the blue uniform. It was a weapon large and long, of a battered grimness. The lock was broken, but its aspect was impressively sinister. It was at least three sizes too large for a boy scout, but, as the captain had observed, it would be something.

"I'll keep the shop shut tomorrow," said the corporal, "but I won't go out myself-I'll be busy round here. Yes, take the pistol." With a heroic effort at pleasantry he added: "And you can shoot all the Indians you want to with that." "Very good, sir!" said the captain, and formally saluted.

Decoration Day naturally saw the shops of Ophirville closed; but the shop of William Safford, its wooden boot swinging above the door, seemed more tightly closed than any other. Not only was the door locked, but the curtains were closely drawn. The place had the air of being hermetically sealed. Nor was its owner to be seen on the street mingling with his fellow-citizens in the pleasant bustle of preparation. There were those who said he sulked behind his darkened door, being deficient in public spirit. The town clerk, that wily politician responsible for the corporal's humiliation, said bluntly in front of the post office that no man who would not bow to the will of the people, veteran or no veteran, was worthy of a post of trust and honor. Grand marshal elect, Sam Gates, who was trying out horses up back of the livery stable-he wanted one that would prance nervously when the band played—announced that the town needed new blood, and that if the old fossil wanted to be huffy, why let him! From which it will be seen that there was scant public sympathy for Corporal William Safford. Such as there was came from Mrs. Kelly, who had her own curtains drawn and kept herself behind them.

The parade, starting from the town hall at two o'clock, was duly impressive. Grand Marshal Sam Gates, having discovered a sufficiently neurotic mount, rode at the head, encircled by a rainbow of fluttering sash and carrying a crêpe-bound baton. He was followed by the Ophirville silver cornet band, which played very slowly Flee as a Bird. Came the mayor in frockcoat and silk hat, the Order of Rebekah in full regalia, the uniformed Knights of Pythias, school children carrying bouquets of wild flowers, a platoon of national guardsmen and the ladies of the Spanish-American War-four of them in the depot hack. Prominent citizens trudged in the dusty rear.

Grand Marshal Gates caused his charger to do fancy steps as he passed the cobbler's shop, whereat the band played with an added emphasis, especially the E-flat cornet, who was related by marriage to the grand marshal. And so the line wound its way to the cemetery.

Inside the closed shop Corporal Billy sat at his bench, his withered shoulders hunched forward, his head in his hands. The music became fainter; even the strains of the taunting cornet expired. Sadly the veteran arose and threw off his leather apron. In his bedroom back of his shop he arrayed himself in his G. A. R. uniform, carefully as if for a public appearance. He brushed the worn fatigue

cap and adjusted it before the mirror. Last of all he upduced a saber of an obsolete type and buckled the belt about his waist. Then, back in the dim light of the shoo. he waited tensely.

From the distant hillside where lay Ophirville's censtery there came at length the muffled crash of a volley d musketry, then another and another.

With a brisk rattle Corporal Billy drew his saber from its sheath and smartly swung it to "Present!" Faintly, sweet; came the bugle-call of "taps."

"Cumruds, I salute you," murmured Corporal Billy, So he stood a moment, dreaming back to the days of his fighting youth. Unsoldierly tears welled to his old eye. And then he slumped to his bench, drooping in every lng his head again in his hands. A long time he sat there. His need for the setting-up exercises recommended by Captain Webster had perhaps never been so apparent.

In the depths of his despondency he lost track of the hours. He was dimly aware that the parade had returned and scattered; the revived street life came faintly to be dull ears. And then, mingling with this came sharper, unaccustomed notes, the gallop of a horse, two horses shouts; the hurried, excited speech of two men before his door, and swiftly running feet along the sidewalk. At last he became alert to this flurry. He stepped to the door. turned the key in the lock and stood out in the glare of the afternoon sun. Citizens in unwonted haste were speeding from all quarters toward the town hall. Here and there two would pause briefly for speech together. World some novel event ran among them. Two of these neg in door were hailed by Corporal Billy. "What's doin'?" he asked.

In unison they spluttered at him incoherently. He was obliged to demand the news of two others before he canprehended it. The thing was simple enough. Seavy, the negro murderer, a life prisoner over at the Folsom pententiary twenty-five miles distant, had escaped early that morning. The single telegraph wire being down, the new had just reached Ophirville. He had taken to the hills and it was thought that he would not easily be recaptured. But the guards from Folsom were tracking him and already Sheriff Kritzler was forming a posse. The hunted man wa known to have started toward Ophirville.

Instantly Corporal Billy was thrilled to a foolish ambtion. He would show them! He would be a member of that posse. He would let them see that veterans didn't flinch from danger. He might be in at the capture. He might distinguish himself. He might "come back," as the boy scout had put it. Accoutered as he was, he set out for the town hall. On his way he gathered bits of information that might have daunted a less foolish cobbler of seventyfive. Seavy, an enormous black fellow, had sworn is would not be taken alive; he had throttled a guard who tried to prevent his escape. Once in the hills, he had left a wale of destruction-he had murdered a rancher, the rancher's family, two families of ranchers, burned their houses. He was savage, wild, mowing down all who opposed him Such was the gossip Corporal Billy encountered. A notice glimmered within him that perhaps he would be of small use to the posse; that perhaps, while there was yet time he would do better to seek once more the dignified setsion of his locked shop; but he was helpless-his feet arried him on. He felt that his feet were his masters. He could no longer control them.

And then he was pushing a way through the crowd shoul the sheriff's office. It was an excited crowd, each man of E

seeking to voice more load; than his neighbors his plan for taking the prisoner, for esciman, it seemed, had shrevd; guessed his hiding place. And yet Corporal Billy for a moneti quelled the eager voices. Some thing in his military bearing and uniform must have done it. 🗄 rested a hand upon his saler hit and saluted Sheriff Kritzler wha frowning with fat importance. paused to stare amazedly at him A dozen mounted men, the Spanish-American veterate among them, were on the outskirts of the group armed with rifles and revolvers, awaiting word from the sheriff to be of And Corporal Billy held them ₩ until he could speak his lines:

"Corporal William Safford formerly of the Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, reports as 1 volunteer, sir!"

The sheriff gasped and frowned importantly: "Car bother with you, Safford Posse's big enough already.

There was a murmured erdorsement of this reply inc (Continued on Page 45



# MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

70U know Rupert Vallon?" said my wife as the butler was bringing in the coffee.

I nodded, tossing away the match with which I had ighted my cigarette. Of course I knew Rupert Vallon.

"I mean, do you really know him, anything about him?" "Of course I don't really know anything about anyody here in New York," I answered with absolute truth.
"Well," she went on, "there's some mystery

thout Rupert. What do you suppose he does or a living?"

"My dear Clare," I replied, "I never ask the andsome gentlemen who sit in the boxes at he opera what they do for a living. It might mbarrass them. Moreover, it doesn't matter, hat I can see, what they do or whether they do mything. Generically all rosy young eligibles ave always been in Wall Street-that is, they vere until the Supreme Court began to construe he Sherman Law. I suppose now they are on "ifth Avenue. But what about Rupert?"

"I tried to get some one to fill a place at our inner tomorrow night—Tom Hartfield has been aken down with pneumonia, you know-and alled up the Stuyvesant Club. You instructed se always to ask old Peter, the doorman, who in the club; so I told the boy to send him o the telephone. 'Is that you, Peter?' I said. This is Mrs. Marathon.' 'Yes, ma'am,' he rswered. 'What can I do for you?' 'I'm aving a dinner tomorrow night for Lady Van rchid,' said I. 'Some one has given out and want to fill his place. Will you kindly tell me ho is in the club?"

"There was a confused mutter at the other ad of the wire, from which I gathered that eter had said he'd go and look at the pegs the doorlist. He came back in a moment. There ain't nobody here at all, ma'am,' said e, 'except Mr. Wiggin—and I'm sure you don't ant him! None of the ladies ever do. Oh! xcuse me-there's Mr. Rupert Vallon just ming in. Shall I ask him?' 'By all means!' acquiesced, much relieved. A moment later eter informed me that Mr. Vallon accepted with leasure Mrs. Marathon's kind invitation to ine the next night at half after eight o'clock." She paused, her eyes smiling with mystery.

"I don't see anything extraordinary yet!" I remarked.
"Wait!" she ordered excitedly. "The Stuyvesant Club on the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, n't it? How far is that from here?"

"Two miles and a quarter," I estimated.

"How long would it take a strong-legged man like upert to walk it?"

'Half an hour-if he kept going right along." "Listen! Five minutes after I had called up the club I

ent out for a little stroll before lunch and ran right into fr. Rupert Vallon at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street and ifth Avenue. 'So glad you are coming tomorrow night!' said, without thinking. 'Ah! Yes!' he answered in a ther vague way. 'Delighted!' And then I suddenly alized that if he had actually got my message himself he ust have flown from the club in an aëroplane in order to standing there talking to me within less than ten minutes. "I'm not a clever talker, as you know. If you'd been ere I'm sure you would have got at the truth of the atter; but before I could frame a leading question he as off on the opera and the opening of that new dancing ace the other night, and I forgot all about it until after had gone home."

"Gone home?" I queried.

"Yes-I invited him in to luncheon-and he came."

I laughed.

"I fancy you will find that you've invited two separate d distinct individuals to fill Hartfield's place. You uply misunderstood the name, and Peter has asked some e else."

"No, I didn't!" my wife asserted.

"Anyhow, it doesn't seem worth taking much trouble out," I commented. "So long as he got the message and coming to dinner, why does it matter?"

"I'll tell you why," she replied with sudden seriousness. Rupert's rather a pal of mine. I like him. I've-we've th known him for years. He's visited us at Newport, ne on motor trips with us, and is always dining and aching here. Superficially he is apparently one of the st friends we have. He's a dear, too-kindly, courteous d faithful. Yet it is a fact that I don't know a single ing about him—and, what's more, I don't remember at is minute where I first met him!"

"We met him at the Osgoods', on Long Island," I

THE PET CAT



"I beg your pardon," my wife retorted; "we've known him ever so much longer than that. I remember now-I met him at Helen Hapgood's at tea and he walked home with me."

"Monstrous!" I cried. "And this is the viper I have taken to my bosom!"

"What does he do for a living?" she persisted.
"I don't suppose he does anything," I admitted; "in

fact I always supposed he had an independent income."
"I'm going to find out," she asserted. "Here is one of
the few people who would really care if I were suddenly killed in a railroad accident—one whom I introduce to all my friends and for whom, to a certain extent, I am a social sponsor -

"You, with fifty other women!" I interjected.

"Who is a constant visitor at my house and who knows practically all there is to know about me!"

"Thinks he does!" I amended cruelly.

"And, while giving the impression of having withheld no confidence, is as much a stranger to me as my butler!"

Well," I replied, "what do you propose to do about it? What do you care how he exists, so long as he is, as you say, faithful and courteous and kindly? You may go prying over this castle of friendship and suddenly find yourself in a secret chamber full of murdered wives. Be careful! So long as you don't know anything about Vallon and he doesn't borrow money, let well enough alone!"
"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "You ought to

e more loyalty!"

"But you yourself have just said that you propose to solve the mystery of Rupert's existence!"

"You lawyer!"

"And how are you going to guess the riddle of this social sphinx?" I continued.

"Leave that to me!" she exclaimed. "I've a plan." "All the same, I don't like the idea of your snooping into a friend's affairs like this!" I insisted. "I don't see the

"You don't?" she queried. "Well, suppose he wanted to marry Myra?"

Her answer staggered me. Myra was my wife's cherished younger sister, a mere haby of twenty-three—and a beauty.
"I never thought of ——" I began.

"Don't worry!" she laughed. "He doesn't. But, after all, she's been out four seasons."

During the next two months I heard nothing more of my wife's proposed activities as a society detective. Vallon, except as one of innumerable Vallons, passed out of my mind. Yet he was forever at the house, filling a place at luncheon or dinner, making the extra man in our opera box, and performing the absolutely necessary function of gentleman-in-waiting to Her Majesty My Wife. In these

modern days, when the ordinary New York society woman lives more luxuriously than did the queens and duchesses of medieval times, she has need of some one round her to play the part

of page, courtier and jester.

We have our menservants and our maidservants, but we must have our minstrels and our gallants as well. Hence the development of the Pet Cat in a social system that in the older generation had its beaus, its dandies, its Ward McAllisters. The grandam of fashion the world over has always had her court, with its attendant gentlemen, its parasites, its sycophants; and in a lesser degree this has been true everywhere of those whose wealth enables them to entertain lavishly and to throw open their houses to a large circle of people.

Thackeray has pictured, with a master hand, English society under the Georges and during the early Victorian era; but until the comparatively recent concentration of wealth in America our social system did not afford opportunity to the merely ornamental to make a living.

Twenty years ago men like McAllister were regarded as human jokes. The society man was the daily butt of the paragrapher and the squib in the comic paper. We boasted loudly that we had no leisure class. The shadow of the Puritan still stalked abroad. We felt in a vague way that it was wrong to be happy and damnation to be gay. To admit that one did not work at some productive form of task was to plead guilty to general worthlessness and neglect of duty as a child of God, an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, and a citizen of the United States.

Things have changed surprisingly in the last couple of decades. Social life may not be any happier, but it is vastly gayer. We may not be any better and we may be a good deal worse-

let others decide-but we are indubitably better company, behave more naturally and are better informed, except possibly from a purely pedantic point of view.

A girl of eighteen today is a far better equipped human being than she was twenty years ago in almost every respect. She is more cosmopolitan, better able to look out for herself, and less amenable to social bunk than her mother and her mother's friends were at her age. The girls of today are not easily fooled. They are not deceived by the shams of a society that glitters but does not satisfy and they play the social game for only what it is worth.

And because their college friends, whom they will eventually marry, are hard at work in law offices, hospitals, banks and factories, and have small time or inclination for the more trivial social frivolities, the requirements of our young ladies have given rise to a class of men of ambiguous age who year by year keep the social ball rolling and do the work which the younger fellows have too much sense to want to do.

The dearth of presentable young males in New York society is such that anything which wears clean linen, can speak in an intelligent dialect and has not been convicted of crime need never go hungry. The less known about him the better. If he is a foreigner he leaves nothing to be desired; and if he be young besides, his life will be all pink roses and yellow satin-until he is foolish enough to marry or enter some employment that will interfere with his rounds at five o'clock.

The average man of adult age finds his business life engrossing and fatiguing. If he is able to tear himself away from the office before it is time to dress for dinner he usually has only leisure enough to drop into the club for a glance at the paper and a cocktail.

Moreover he is too tired to make a particularly agreeable companion over the teacups. Hence calling has gone out of fashion-not because the women do not wish to have callers, but because the men are too busy. And as it is out of fashion the men who are not too busy make that an excuse to stay at the club and play billiards or bridge, instead of performing what used to be regarded as their

The fact, however, that the men who work no longer make calls only makes the others the more welcome; and by assiduously leaving pasteboards on his new acquaintances a comparative stranger in the city will find that he has immediately roused in the hearts of the ladies whose doorbells he rings a grateful and responsive regard.

There is no true woman who does not like attention, and few women care what the underlying motive of their pseudo-admirers may be. Alas! there are few, also, who will not accept it blindly as a tribute to their personal attractiveness rather than to the excellence of their dinners—as it more probably is.

Though the majority of the five-o'clock-tea men are not the ones of her acquaintance whom the hostess would prefer to see, she is nevertheless glad enough to get them, whoever they are. Most men have a natural distaste for laying themselves open to the accusation of being toadies, and their tendency is to neglect their women friends rather than hazard the chance of being classed with the Johnnies; but the foreigner has no false pride and calls regularly.

He knows women. To do so is part of his stock in trade, and his flattery is often no more insincere than our own crude compliments. His hostess is grateful to him for not being afraid publicly to recognize the fact that she is a charming woman, and to say so. The blush may spring to her faded cheek, but the marquis inevitably stays to dinner.

Of course the women are not the only ones.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools That flattery's the food of fools;

Yet now and then your men of wit Will condescend to take a bit.

After all, who would not prefer to be told she is ravissante than to receive the somewhat ambiguous compliment of looking "rather fit"? And so when my lady wishes to fill her opera box or country house it is the flattering foreigner to whom she first fondly turns; then to the good-looking boy just out of college, who has not yet found a job and who hankers after the fleshpots; and then, in default of others, to old reliable Mr. Pet Cat, who is young enough to be agreeable and is generally old

enough to be quite safe—even with Myra. The seething currents of New York society, with their dangerous undertow, are too complicated for adequate analysis in a few pages; but society in America is primarily a show window in the Bond Street of matrimony, and its psychology can truly be understood only by accepting this simple major premise.

Each succeeding season brings out its galaxy of girls of charm and beauty. The choicest dozen of these are absorbed into the whirl of adult society, where wealth is almost an essential; the others marry inconspicuous men, go away, or gradually drift into the backwater of mere respectability. The circle of respectable people in New York who are socially impeccable without being at all fashionable is enormous.

In a word, smart society is the survival of the fittest, and it exists for the ultimate purpose of satisfying woman's craving for admiration. To this end man is indispensable. Without him society would lose its ultimate object—and his years make no difference. Hence the Pet Cat is of all ages—from eighteen to sixty-five. He is always a Tom and he has nine long lives.

In France, Spain and Italy, to exert an attraction for women is a thing to be boasted of; while in Anglo-Saxon countries the term ladies' man has inevitably been one of mild reproach, carrying with it the imputation of effeminacy. Carpet knights have always been pictured as coxcombs.

Even today, for a man to overdress is the quickest and surest way to excite hostile criticism.

All these things make easy the path of the man who lives on nothing. He has but to possess the conventional swallowtail, a toothbrush and a safety razor to challenge in the lists the most arrogant son of the plutocracy. The rest depends on himself alone. He will work his passage and purchase his rations with a smile. The man who lives on nothing! Who shall say that he does not pay for all he gets—and for all he loses?

According to an old story, which bears the earmarks of authority, Mr. John L. Sullivan—once fistic champion of the world and proud holder of the Diamond Belt—had a certain inseparable companion who, whenever the great man went into a saloon to buy a drink, always stationed himself at the hero's elbow. Sullivan, much too fine a gentleman to bother about change, invariably threw a dollar bill on the counter in payment for his refreshment and turned grandly away; but his friend, having no such absurd scruples, carefully swept up the despised coins, put them in his pocket, and by so doing amassed a comfortable fortune, on which in due course he retired. Thus ran the tale.

One hesitates to speculate on the number of drinks involved in the accomplishment of this result. I believed the story as a boy and I refuse to disbelieve it now. I have seen too many similar instances among my contemporaries to doubt its substantial accuracy. I doubt not the great John carried many a poor man to affluence on his coatfails.

Even in Nature we find the prototype of this friend of the prosperous. The rhinoceros bird, whose performances are vouched for by our naturalistic ex-president, otherwise known as Buphaga erythrorhyncha—I refer, of course, to the bird—is familiar to the reader as an African sturnoid hornbill, which takes a free ride on the back of the unsuspecting rhino in order to partake of the parasites that infest the hide of the larger animal. And there is even a

Metropolitan. Vallon himself dines and goes to the open every night of the season. He is in great demand; for he knows the plots of all the operas, the intimate private histories of the prima donnas, and all the scandals of the Diamond Horseshoe. He is a genuine musical handbook and saves buying a libretto.

"Do you notice that young chap—directly opposite" he asked me once during a performance of L'Amar de Tre Re. "The fellow with the sandy mustache—who; just come in—shaking hands?"

"What about him?" I inquired. It was during the

intermission after the first act. "Watch!" said he, smiling.

The curtain went up—the lights went down. Using my glass I could see that the box already contained in persons—two women and four men; but the newcone remained seated unostentatiously in the rear almost throughout the act. Just as the barytone was concluding his final aria the visitor disappeared. Once more light appeared and the boxes moved and swayed like rosebut in a breeze. Vallon touched my arm again.

"There he is," he remarked, "in Mrs. Vann's box now."

I looked down the Horseshoe. Yes, our friend had shifted his position to our side of the house and was aready bowing over the gloved hand of a later just on our left. Endently he was full of merry quips and crarks for his hostess and he companions laughed constantly at what he was saying.

Ten minutes passed Once more the men streamed back down the aisles, and the leader of the orchestra returned to his seat amid a scattering of applicafrom the galleries. The lights sank again. The young man bowed, rose and moved into the back of the box; but. as before, he remained there throughout the act-only to disappear just before its conclusion. "To see is to know,"

remarked Vallon. "Thi young gentleman gets opera de luxe at a dollar a nightthat is, when he does not get it for nothing."

"Just how do you mean?" I asked, my mind still at entirely clarified.

Vallon gave a deprecating shrug.

"Perhaps I ought not to disclose trade secrets," said he.

"That young man, when he is not invited to the open, buys an entrance ticket for a dollar. Very likely he gos without his dinner to do so. He stands in an inconspicuou place during the first act—or perhaps he does not arrive until the first act is over. Then he checks his hat and cout, pulls on his white gloves and pays his first visit to some patterne box—only he doesn't leave it when the curtain gos up, but sits there throughout the act until it is almost time for the curtain to be rung down; then he beats it to another ""

"Necessity is the mother of polite invention!" I sign!
"Why own an opera box?"

"Why own an opera box?"
"Why, indeed!" said he. "If kind hearts are more that

All of which brings me to my good friend Vallon himsel, the intimate companion and social shadow of my wife, he mirror and mentor of fashion, her younger sister's CAVI-lier, my comrade in travel, the haunter of my fireside-Vallon, who has his own peg on my hatrack and cook almost have a latchkey to my door—could have if he said for one!—Vallon, who would walk behind my coffin at my funeral and execute my will.

One would suppose that the description of such a doe friend would be an easy thing, but it is not; for what is come to the actual drawing of the picture I find that is some strange reason there is no salient feature to limn—approximent characteristics; no definition. I find make thinking of Rupert all in negatives. I cannot truthfully describe him as handsome, brilliant or cultured; but he is distinctly not bad looking, dull or uneducated.

The casual stranger would see a rather muscular mat of five feet eight or so, with ruddy complexion and black had plastered carefully back from a part exactly in the middle of his rather high forehead. Vallon's features are by the means classic, and yet neither are they insignificant. It has an alert, good-natured face, a ready smile and almost a superabundance of manner. He talks a good deal-makes conversation, I believe the phrase to be larger



piscatorial sycophant, which follows the shark wherever he goes and feasts whenever the latter makes a killing.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite em—
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The Pet Cat, like the rhinoceros bird, serves a useful purpose. Indeed he is not in most instances a parasite at all; but just as the bard and jester paid their board in older days by their songs and horseplay—and on rare occasions by their wit—so he pays his by coming when he is bid, playing cards with his elderly patronesses, chaperoning the débutantes, and being neverfailing in his attentions to the entire family. One may pity his choice of an occupation, but at least give the poor devil his due.

My first suspicion of the existence of a leisurely class of gentlemen who live on nothing was when I caught an ancient member of one of my clubs surreptitiously removing some paper and envelopes from a receptacle in the writing room. At a safe distance I observed him smuggle the loot into his ample pocket and stroll innocently away. I held my peace. Rankin was a friend of my father. But I inquired of the captain on the library floor how much writing paper was used in the course of the year. He looked at me in a scandalized way.

"The pyper an' henvelopes some members swipes is sumthin' hawful!" he whispered. "That old gentleman— Mr. Rankin, now," he went on complainingly, "'e tykes 'ole quires!"

I left him hurriedly. I did not wish to hear more of the sins of the antique Rankin. But what did he do with it? Carried on a clandestine correspondence from his bedroom probably. Poor old Rankin! He is always at the club—the earliest to get the evening papers—the first to scuttle into the dining room when the club has a free supper. I often see him in a corner drinking a glass of milk and eating a plate of crackers while the rest of us are going upstairs to dinner. And he smokes a pipe! I wonder about Rankin! Perhaps, after all, he is the uptown brother of the Bowery gentleman who lives by the grace of the free-lunch counter.

I am straying from Vallon. However, I shall get back to him. I remember now that it was he who told me how some younger men got their music de luxe at the eadily and gives the impression of always being thoroughly at home and enjoying himself. I am giving his convex.

He is inevitably on the job-Johnny on the spot. He nakes it his business to know everybody he ought to know, and to know who everybody is whom he ought not to know. He convoys débutantes to and from their dancing parties and the opera. He is Rupert to all of them. He is the utural trustee of their reputations—and he has given no and. He is the friend of the old as well as the young, and s always to be found on Sunday afternoons in the drawing ooms of the dowagers. He has a soft, thick, flannel-like pice, some sense of humor and great tact.

In a word he is a useful person to a very large number of seful people and is disliked by nobody-which, now that come to analyze it, is probably equivalent to saying that e has all the superficial qualities which make a person ttractive, and few of the deep or profound characteristics

hich make a man either loved or hated.

Vallon is the greatest common divisor in society. He is opular not for what he is but for what he is not. He never ays anything clever or very amusing; but, on the other and, he never says anything impolite or caustic. Rupert always smiling. If there were no smile on his face I metimes wonder what would be left.

He is not distinguished exactly, but he has an air about im-an elusive suggestion of class. He is a good sport, lays all games well, and is an expert with rod and gun. le is a handbook of useful information, equally at home in

be woods or the crosstrees.

He will follow a moose all day on snowshoes over a heartreaking crust of snow, cast into an eddy with a thirty-sixunce rod for eight hours on a stretch, and sit in a blind in n icy wind from starlight to sunset waiting for ducks that ever come. After you have camped and cruised with a ian time and again, with never a cross word, you get to ave a peculiar fondness for him-and that is what we all

Moreover, he has an excellent position and has a distinct ad well-recognized value merely as a social asset. More an one débutante owes her present vogue to Rupert's reful and diplomatic generalship. And, when all is said ad done, a fellow with no corners is a good sort to have sund at the end of a hard day's work, or when you are ying to pilot a female family across Europe in a cranky otor.

Yet, with all my fondness for him, I did not, as I truthily told my wife, really know anything about him. There as no need to know anything about him. Nothing would we made any difference. One felt instinctively that, no atter what his origin, his connections or his sources of come, he could not be any the less the gentleman he was. nd so he remained a friend taken for granted, a somewhat ysterious friend-none the less valued. And he dined at ir house several times between my wife's laughing chalage to my ignorance and her first report as a society

"Well," she announced more than a month after our first oversation about Vallon, "I've discovered one thing!"

Did He Jee Himself

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" I ied-a Doctor Watson to her

"Rupert, I feel sure, has some rt of understanding with old ter at the Stuyvesant Club. I unditoutrather cleverly, I think. ou see, Dorothy Post and I both spected something; so we agreed at she should call Rupert up at eclub and invite him to dinnerien we knew he wasn't there."

"Talk about your lowdown duicity!" I growled; but Clare ent on unperturbed.

"You remember Rupert lunched re yesterday?" I nodded.

"I called up Dorothy as soon he arrived and she at once telephoned the club and asked Peter who was there. As usual he said the club was empty, or something; and then after a minute he added that Mr. Vallon had just come in-and wanted to know whether he should ask him. Dorothy said yes; and pretty soon Peter came back to the telephone and said that Mr. Vallon would be delighted to dine with her on Thursday. Then she called me up and told me."

"You young devil!" I cried indignantly.

"Oh, that's not all! I've sunk to far worse depths of infamy than that," she retorted. "So instantly I asked Rupert to dine on Thursday, too, just to find out whether he'd accept; but he was too smart for me-said he'd left his engagement book at the club and should have to let me know later. Sure enough, about five o'clock he telephoned that he was sorry to find that he had a previous engagement to dine with Mrs. Post!"

"From which you infer," I began, rather amused in spite of myself, "that Rupert has a deal with Peter to the effect that if certain people call up the club and want an extra man for dinner, Peter will accept the invitation for him?"

"Of course that involves Peter's having a list of all his engagements," she commented; "but that's simple enough."

Well, suppose he has such an arrangement—what does it prove?" I demanded.

My wife laughed.

"It proves that Rupert wants the dinners pretty badly, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Lots of people want dinners!" I muttered; but, in spite of myself, I felt annoyed with my wife for having been guilty of tricking a friend-and amazed at my friend for

having attempted to trick my wife.

After all what did it matter? Yet-the thought refused to remove itself from the back yard of my mind—why should Rupert care so much about being asked out to dinner? He was the most invité man in New York! I knew of my own knowledge that inside of two weeks he was going off in a private car to spend a month on Jack Sheppard's houseboat on the East Coast of Florida; that on his return he was sailing for Algiers, to be gone on a six weeks' motor trip with the Churchills in North Africa; that he was booked for the June salmon fishing on the Restigouche with Charley Keene; was to spend July on a yacht; and was full up with visits at Newport for August and early September.

I knew all this because I myself had tried to get him to go with me on a camping trip to New Brunswick and told him to fix his own time. So why did one with such a surfeit of friends and pleasures stoop—was it a stooping? I was not quite sure-to an intrigue with a club servant to get an

extra invitation or so to dinner?

In the whirl of the closing social season, however, the matter passed from my thoughts and I saw no more of Vallon save to hear of him distantly as shooting alligators in Florida and photographing Arabs in the environs of Biskra and Tunis. Then came summer, and Clare and I donned khaki and plunged into the primeval forests of the Canadian wilderness.



Pride and Calls Regularly

Lean, hard, mosquito bitten and happy, having fought with salmon and toyed with trout, lured the moose from the ridges to the bogun, and photographed him at sunrise, we emerged from the burnt land, paddled down the Tobique and reached Plaster Rock after an absence of twenty days, hungry for news and white-man's food.

The day was just beginning to fade as we beached our canoes just below the log drive and pitched camp for the last time, half a mile above the town. Tomorrow we should take the railroad and the day after be back in New York.

A hundred yards beyond our campfire stood a small lumber mill; and near it, in the river, a stalwart old man with a white beard was climbing round on the floating logs and poking at them with a pole. As Clare and I approached he leaped ashore and, leaning on his pole, accosted us good-

naturedly. He was a lusty specimen of the frontiersman thin and spare, with keen gray eyes and a lurking humor about the corners of his mouth.

"Lookin' fer a camp site?" he inquired genially. "Make yourselves to home anywheres ye want-only be keerful to put out your fire in the morning."
"Much obliged," I replied. "We'll take good care to

put ours out. Can we buy some eggs round here?"

"You can get all you want down to the store," he answered. "Been long in the woods?"

"Three weeks."

"Where be you from?" was his next question.

"New York City."

"Don't say!" he remarked. "That's some ways off. 've never been thar. I'd like to go sometime 'n' see Harry Thaw and the Tombs and the gunmen, and all the rest of it. I had a good chance last year to get reduced rates to the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden; but times is hard. My son went instead. But the rich food upset his stomach. What might your name be?"

"Marathon," I answered. "And yours?" He turned to the mill and waved his hand toward a large sign over the door, which neither Clare nor I had noticed

#### VALLON BROTHERS-LUMBER

PLANKS, DEALS, BOARDS SHINGLES, SCANTLINGS, PULP, CLAPBOARDS KINDLINGS, BOXWOOD, SAWDUST, ETC.

FOR SALE

"I'm Vallon Bros.," he said. "I'm the only Vallon left on the river. Know any folks by that name in New York?" "Why-yes," I hesitated. "It isn't exactly an uncommon name."

The old man took out a corncob pipe and shaved a filling

from a plug he took from his pocket. "I've got a nephew down thar," he continued rumina-tively. "I ain't seen him in ten years. Rupert's his front name. Ever run acrost him?"

I caught Clare's eye.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "We both know him-rather well: but I never knew he came from New Brunswick."

The old man grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, Rupert-he'd fit in most anywhere, I guess! I ain't got nothin' agin Rupert. Nice feller to talk to-but he never was no great shakes to work. He never cared none for the river and he had all kinds of highfalutin idees. How's he making out?"

"I don't know anything about his affairs," I returned; "but he seems prosperous. He has plenty of friends."

"Rupert always made friends!" assented his uncle. He looked pensively across the logs, which choked the river from shore to shore. Then he shook his head. "But he'd never have made a riverman!" he concluded.

Was he born here?" asked Clare.

The old lumberman pointed with a bony index finger to a frame house fifty yards below the mill.

(Continued on Page 57)



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



**FOUNDED A: D: 1728** 

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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#### PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1914

### Food From Argentina

TO SHIP a bushel of corn from the interior of Argentina to New York costs about the same as to ship it from Buffalo across the Empire State. If you go some hundreds of miles farther up the Plate River, the rate thence to New York is about the same as from Chicago to New York. To Galveston, of late, the rate on corn from upriver ports in Argentina has been considerably lower than from Kansas City.

Taking the average of the last five years Argentina produces about six per cent as much corn as we do—less than one bushel to our fifteen. While we use all of our own corn, and this year some more, the southern republic exports considerably more than half her relatively small output.

Argentina also slaughters something over two million cattle a year—so many, in fact, that her herds have not increased at all during the last five years and have probably decreased. Beef from that country constitutes about four-fifths of the imported supply of England, or about one-third of the total consumption of the kingdom. A little of it has come this way for some years. And since the new tariff act went into effect the Argentine supply has amounted to something over one per cent of our total consumption; but every pound of Argentine beef sent here tends to increase the London price and so attract South American shipments back to that market.

Argentina is bound to be an almost negligible factor in our food supply; but in a time of relative domestic scarcity the pantry may be replenished a little from that source.

#### About Washington

EVERY novice who feels called on to describe the National Capital begins by saying that Washington is unlike any other American city—which, considering its chief function, is a terrible indictment of it. The energy of other cities is expended in buying and selling goods, borrowing and lending money, practicing the professions, building libraries, paving streets.

Washington's energy is most conspicuously expended in discussing other energies. The dominant motive there arises from a struggle for party advantage, which is something that other cities concern themselves with—in a more or less incidental way—about once in two years. The Capital has its special atmosphere, which is mainly a compound of this struggle for party advantage and a scramble for social recognition; and neither of them is a particularly promising element out of which to make an atmosphere.

Nowhere else in the United States are the men who carry forward the major work of a city made so constantly and acutely aware of Mrs. Notch-Higher's dinner invitations and Mrs. Topshelf's receptions. Nowhere else are the motives from which men habitually act so roundabout and uncertain.

Citizen Jones knows exactly why he is going to put a new plate-glass window in his grocery—because it will help his trade. Congressman Brown is going to vote for a certain measure because the party leaders whom he regards as the best guessers think it will be popular, or because thereby he can get Congressman Thompson to vote for a bill that possibly may induce Citizen Jones to vote for Brown at the next election.

A charming place, of course—in early April one of the most charming in the world. A delightful place to visit and in which to loaf round. Going from it to Chicago or New York, we sometimes get a queer impression that if it were drawn to scale with other cities the domed building on the hill would fit nicely in the show window of a toyshop.

#### Government Pensions

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A bill before Congress provides for the pensioning of superannuated Government employees in the classified civil service. In Congress and the press there is a wide difference of opinion as to the need of such a law. What do you think of it?"

Not a great while ago we happened to be in a Government office on business. Its chief was an aged and ailing man. His appearance suggested an infirmary rather than an administrative desk. In apologizing for the office the chief's superior said:

"That office is a drag on our whole work. But what can I do? The old man has been in the Government service many years. I cannot turn him into the street, and while he is on the payroll I cannot put another man in his place. It would pay the Government to grant him his full salary for the short remainder of his life and send him off to a sanatorium, and put an efficient man in his place."

There are a good many such cases.

#### The Whole Truth

A BERLIN dispatch says: "A banker representing many members of the Bourse applied to-day to the listing committee to exclude any further listings of Canadian Pacific stock, because the prospectus issued by the company in March for sixty million dollars of new stock contained no mention of the case pending for the reduction of freight rates."

The railroad mentioned issued some new stock and gave a description of it from which investors might deduce an opinion as to its value. A freight-rate hearing was pending at the time. An adverse decision would injuriously affect the road's earnings. Some time later there was an adverse decision and the stock fell sharply.

The road can plead that it is not customary to mention pending litigation of that sort; but it ought to be customary. Every fact that has an important immediate or contingent bearing on the value of a security should be set forth. A prospectus ought to contain just what an impartial investment expert who was examining the security for an individual client would show in his report. If water will spot a piece of dress goods the intelligent merchant says so when he sells the goods. In the long run he finds it pays.

No one road is more blamable than another, for to set out truthfully the good points of a security is all that custom now requires; but if present or contingent bad points are known to the prospectus writer they should be stated.

#### Regulation and Vexation

NEARLY every issue of the Congressional Record illustrates a unique condition in the United States—namely, that persons who know nothing about business are saying how business shall be conducted. No parallel condition, we believe, is discoverable elsewhere in the world.

Business should be regulated. Public-service concerns should not be permitted to charge more than reasonable rates. They should be required to safeguard the lives and limbs of their employees, to compensate for industrial accidents, and so on; but all that is quite different from reaching into the mechanism of business and shifting the cogs to suit one's uninstructed fancy.

Our statesmen's readiness to fool with the works knows no bounds. We have no ocean-carrying trade. England and Germany have immense businesses in that line. Yet, in the very field where we have dismally failed while they have brilliantly succeeded, we do not hesitate to tell them how they must organize and conduct the trade—and all on our own closet-spun theories as against their actual experiences!

Regulating a clock so that it will run true, and tying a flatiron to the pendulum on a theory that that will make the days longer, are quite different things.

#### The Historical Argument

FROM Noah down men have used and abused intoxicants; but that signifies nothing whatever. From Noah down men have done all sorts of fool things, and as to some of the things have gradually learned that they were follies and so eschewed them. George Washington drank rum before breakfast. There is no more reason for sticking to George's rum than for cupping and bleeding patients for every illness. The use of tobacco is much more general than the use of intoxicants. That human nature does not

require tobacco we know from the simple fact that it got along very comfortably for several thousand years without it. That normal human nature does not need alcohel to know equally well from the millions of men and women the do without it—and female human nature has always been able to subsist without getting drunk.

The historical argument is bogus. The moderne drinker need not be considered at all; for if a man is truly; moderate drinker, alcohol is of such slight account to him that its presence or absence can make no difference. Mer who really want alcohol are not moderate drinker, although a great majority of them so miscall themselve. Rational men, if they drink it at all, do so precisely in true to become intoxicated in some degree or other. They drink it because they want to have its warmth and sale and cheering lies in their brains.

#### Public Bookkeeping

THE Census Bureau has been asked to devise a standard system of state accounting. Perhaps that is not the best way to go about it, but we do need an intelligent and uniform method of bookkeeping for states and cities. Redroads are obliged to keep books after a standard pattern formulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Every road must treat every like item in the same way. Consequently every railroad report has a precise meaning and is strictly comparable, not only with the reports of other roads but with reports of the same road for previous years.

States and cities keep books in any way they choose and, in spite of notable improvements in the last three or four years, many of them choose the worst possible way. In plain language, some state and city accounts are real forgeries that would well entitle the perpetrators to peal servitude if they were used to deceive commercial creditors instead of merely to deceive voters.

When there is no standard for accounting it is expensed to juggle receipts and payments from one fund is another and conceal the fraud under a mass of meaningles, non-comparable figures. Your report may disclose that the police department bought eighteen papers of tacks at three cents each and conceal the fact that five hundred additional jobs have recently been created in the wave department.

State and city reports should be not only accurate at intelligible, but comparable. We hope the House of Governors, if it is still extant, will take up the subject of standard state accounting.

#### In the Right Direction

HERE are two fiscal reports by Ohio. The older one is a mess. It consists mainly of a great mass of uncoplained and unintelligible details. Every petty transaction is set forth and the essential facts about the state's condition are buried in a maze of figures. The state's field year ends November fifteenth; but the preparation and publication of this huge obscurantist report took so much time that the volume was not off the press until near the end of the following fiscal year. Of course mobily had any interest in it then, even if anybody could have understood it.

The plan on which the newer report was compiled a sufficiently indicated by this paragraph in a letter feet the auditor: "Government reports should contain only such matter as is of public interest and only so much a will receive public attention"—that is, the essential furbriefly and intelligibly stated. This report was published within six weeks of the end of the fiscal year, and size it publication the auditor's office has received from fifty a hundred requests a day for it. People want it because they can understand it.

Not only should every state make a concise, intelligible fiscal report, but the reports for all states ought to we strictly comparable—made up in substantially the same way and embracing substantially the same items. The E Indiana had an economical government and Illinois at extravagant one the people of the latter could put the fingers on the difference.

#### Capital Punishment

THIRTY-FIVE boys, all under sixteen years of age were gathered in a boys' club in a social settlement on the East Side of the city of New York. They were—says The Survey—exceptionally keen, ambitious and clean-minded a few of them wage-earners, most of them in the published schools. It was the evening of the day on which for murderers had been electrocuted.

A member aged fifteen addressed the chair as follows:
"I move that the whole club stands for two minutes is
honor of the four gunmen who died to-day!" Which is
club did. Many of the boys commented, with thribit
admiration, on bow gamely the murderers had died—a
related at much length in the newspapers.

Making boys' heroes out of hired cutthroats seems a dubious proceeding.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Scrious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

and the Near Great



eris, triuses a cuise, assession, s. c. Plans for Reforming Jenators

SENATOR William Squire
Kenyon, of
Iowa, is an earnest
young man, and typically so. Indeed, it
may be said that William Squire Kenyon
is The Earnest Young
Man.

uplift provider; but
it has happened
mostly that he has
Did you ever wal
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of one kind and ar
machine, to cut the
at that. Instead, h

Life, to the senator. is merely one darned problem after another to be solved; and he is the Earnest Young Man who always has a solution ready for any and all that come in such unending procession. He is not to be set down as an indiscriminate problem solver, for the problems he solves are usually the problems that come within the purview of his immediate gaze; but there exists no problem that he will not solve if given an opportunity-provided, of course, it is a problem that has none but an uplifting effect on the voters of Iowa.

Though the senator is a problem solver who has few peers, he,

the other hand, takes a few peers himself into the polital aftermath of such problems as he may have it in mind solve. There is nothing reckless about the senator—thing at all. He is no harum-scarum solver. Rather tit be said of him that he is a good, steady, equilibratory former, who looks before he leaps to relieve the woes of a body politic.

Two of the principal objects or subjects of his reform ork have been and are the Senate itself and the District Columbia—both, no doubt, sadly in need of regeneration, id neither having any votes that may be lost to the

nator if his reforms ould happen to be omerangish in effect. e is in the Senate withit right of question, til 1919, and can go as r as he likes with the making and reclamam of that body. So so with the District of dumbia. He has nothg to lose there-which, the way, is the intense tuating motive for that ditional grand galaxy statesmen who desire make Washington a odel city, but seem to tertain no such desires ncerning the suffragelding cities of their me states.

I do not intend to cree an impression that e senator is not willing d anxious to enter on y reform work of any aracter that may be cessary. He certainly

His is a temperament at will not permit an use to exist or a wrong go unrighted, proded the exigencies of e case are not exigent an Iowa sense, for exiple. He is an all-round solesale problem solver d abuse corrector and it has happened mostly that he has confined his efforts to the retail trade.

Did you ever walk through a field, carrying a cane or a twig, and as you walked snap tops of weeds here and there? Thus with Kenyon. He sees, to his great abhorrence, a governmental field wherein there is a rank growth of weeds of one kind and another; but not for him, as a reaping machine, to cut them all down, though he is a good reaper at that. Instead, he proceeds across the field and snaps the head off a weed now and then—or what he considers to be a weed; and at the end of the session he has done considerable cleaning up.

One of the principal objects of the tendencies of the senator is the very Senate of which he is a member. The Senate is an institution that has been making its dignified progress across the space of years in its own accustomed manner. It has its faults, mayhap, but those faults are its own faults and very dear to the Senate. Likewise it has had its little perquisites and pie. Still, there can be no manner of doubt that it has long been susceptible of reform; and it occurred to the Honorable William Squire Kenyon that he was the identical reformer to reform it.

#### The Strategic Reformer

HE WAS a member; and regeneration, to be enduring and valuable, must come from within and not from without. Casting about for a suitable place to begin, his fearless eye chanced to fall on the barber shop. There, gentlemen, was a valuable starting point! There was a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Senate! There was an abuse, an outrage; for not only was the luxurious Senate and the luxuriant members thereof maintaining a barber shop, but also the same Senate was maintaining a series of baths wherein aged and dilapidated Solons might be rubbed together each day by skilled masseurs, who, it may have been, were carried on the rolls as clerks, in order that these statesmen might go through another day without falling into pieces ere the shades of evening fell.

This, it seemed to Kenyon, was a clear subversion of the Constitution and a gross and profligate waste of the money of the people. Also, being sparsely provided with whiskers and owning a safety razor, and not one of the barbers or bathmen voting in his state, he determined to call the Senate to a halt on this iniquitous outlay. He entered into this crusade so vigorously that the Senate bathroom is no more and the Senate barber shop is a mere reminiscence, a mere fleeting exhalation of witch-hazel; whereas in the gay old days there was always attar of roses there for

the whiskers of Eugene Hale and pomade for the luxuriant tresses of sundry other statesmen. He had help, but that only proved the justice of his contention—a great and advantageous reform!

More recently he has sought to reform the Senate in other ways, and principally as to executive sessions. Almost coincidentally with his earnest crusade against free telegraph facilities for his fellow senators, Senator Kenyon tackled this question of executive sessions.

It came about in this way: The President nominated a man for the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition. The senator was of the opposition. However, steam-roller tactics were adopted and the candidate for the commissionership was confirmed. This so fixed in the mind of the senator from Iowa the iniquity of secret sessions, wherein his contention lost, that he hastily determined to reform the Senate in that particular and now demands open sessions for the consideration of executive nominations. Once secured, this will be a remarkable reform, and it will have no political reverse English on it, or any effect in Iowa in 1919, at which time the senator's present term expires.

These and other similar measures are in all probability simply the beginning of the senator's plan to make over the Senate to suit his own ideas on the subject. What we must have, as he views it, is a Senate that shall operate along lines laid down by William Squire Kenyon; a Senate that shall shave itself and cut its own hair; a Senate that shall not use the wires when letters will do as well; a Senate that shall be compelled to wash its dirty patronage linen in public and its membership at home, instead of in the Senate bathroom; and a Senate that in all other respects shall conduct itself in accordance with the austere and earnest convictions of W. S. Kenyon, of Iowa, aged forty-five, and having completed his third reconstructive year in that body.

And it is well. The Senate has been in existence since 1789, and struggled feebly along until April 24, 1911, in a desultory and aimless fashion, without the guidance, supervision and reformatory measures of William Squire Kenyon. Since that day, when he took it in hand, it has gone steadily forward; and there is every reason for the hope that by 1919 it will be completely Kenyonized.

You observe the picture of the senator that accompanies these lines of tribute. It is regrettable that the senator was not depicted when engaging in some notable work of reconstruction. As it is, he is shown in a preparatory attitude, carrying in his hand a roll of paper containing outlines of various other projects for the betterment of his colleagues, all drawn down to the scale of his own

thinking - or about seven to the inch.

The senator was prosecuting attorney for Webster County, Iowa, for five years and then became a district judge, which position he held for two years. He was made a local attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad in 1904, and in 1907 was promoted to a general attorneyship, which he held until 1910, when he became an assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. He had to do with the beef investigations and, after Senator Dolliver died, contested the election Young, who held it by appointment, and was elected. He was reëlected in 1913.

As I have said, he is an earnest young man. He is also a clever young man, and will never be found promoting any project that is likely to be too vexatious in Iowa. He is a strategic reformer as well as an earnest one; and strategic reform is rarely schismatic—back home!





# THE LAME DUCK

#### Viewe of an Innocent Byetander

WASHINGTON, D. C. WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: One of the minor but always attendant horrors of war as it is conducted in Washington, or of rumors of war as they are inducted in the same, is the story of the split in the Cabinet. It always arrives along about the third day, or the fourth day, when the keen edge is off the news and the editors are howling for stuff they can sell extras on. So the correspondents take out their tom-toms and the Cabinet blows up-strictly in the dispatches.

net blows up—strictly in the dispatches, Jim—strictly in the dispatches.
"Secretary Lane pulls out a bunch of Secretary Redfield's whiskers and a grave crisis results!"

"William G. McAdoo intimates that Josephus Daniels is no better than he ought

Josephus Daniels is no better than he ought to be and resignations are expected!"
"Entire Cabinet opposed to President's policy and disaster is imminent!"
"William J. Bryan tells Lindley M. Garrison that 'War is Hell,' and L. M. Garrison tells W. J. Bryan to go to it, which must work great delay in war plans!"
"President steps on the face of his Secretary of Labor and discord is hinted at!"
And so it goes. Take it from the correspondent boys, who are required to furnish

spondent boys, who are required to furnish the stuff for the red-ink headlines and the extras, and a meeting of the Cabinet in wartime, or near-wartime, as the case may be, begins with a general denunciation of every-thing the President proposes by all others present, and an immediate renunciation of everything all others propose by the Presi-dent. From that sort of start it works up to a free fight, in which none of the rules of warfare as countenanced by civilized nations prevail, and in which mayhem is the slightest of the attentions paid by statesmen one to another.

### Why Cabinets Do Not Split

Hence there must be a split—of a cer-tainty there must be a split. Resignations are demanded by the circumstances. These sterling patriots the President induced to become members of his official family can never sit by, it is stated, and not make a vigorous protest against his supine or other-wise policy by giving up their portfolios. The situation is very dark and smells like cheese, and internal dissensions predicate external disaster.

However, the split doesn't come. It never has and it never will. The reason for that, my dear James, may be imparted to you in a few words. The reason there isn't a split in the Cabinet is because every man in the Cabinet is a split in the Cabinet is because every man in the cabinet is the lose his right less than the cabinet is the split in the cabinet is the split in the cabinet in the cabinet is the cabinet in the cabin in the Cabinet is because every man in the Cabinet would rather lose his right leg than his job. You couldn't get that bunch of patriots to quit unless the President ordered them on the firing line; and I guess they wouldn't quit then, but would take the official carriages and drive down slowly and trust to time to straighten things out. The men in the Cabinet are not trying to get out, Jim. Their principal concern is with staving in.

staying in.

When a Cabineteer pounds the table at another of his set, however, it is immediately taken as an evidence of the gravest of rows. I have learned, after long observa-tion, that what a Cabinet member may think privately of the policies of his Admin-istration, or of the plans of any one or all of his colleagues, doesn't count much in bring-ing about a split. Plenty of times they shout at one another, but it is entirely spectacular and momentary.

Pounding the table at one another doesn't mean resignation, and usually does mean that after the Chief Person, at the head of the table, has said soothingly, "Now, boys, you behave!" the disputants will go out and the disputan get a drink at some convenient and not too public place, and forget it—unless, of course, said disputants happen to be Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels, who will seal a new compact of eternal friendship with beakers of buttermilk.

Don't you worry about splits in the Cabinet. There are no such things—officially, I mean. It is quite true that certain mem-bers of this Cabinet have rather set opinions concerning certain other members, but that sort of thing doesn't provoke a split or even



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Sole Agents in U. S. A. for J. & G. Cax, Lis Edinburgh, Scotland.



"There's the coffee we use-Barrington Hall, the Bakerized coffee. You can generally count on things advertised in this magazine.'

CEND for a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

### A Trial Can Free

RITE us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

# BarringtonHall The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living

#### Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

#### BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

116 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.



a splinter; for, when it comes down to brass tacks, the only opinions held in that Cabi-net worth considering in their final form are the opinions held by the President. In-asmuch as the President has it in his power to demand resignations, there may be polite differences, but there are no here's-where-I-quit features. You couldn't jar one of those men out of the Cabinet with a blast of dynamite. They are pleased with their jobs. They are not splitting with anybody or over

anything.

The most circumstantial story of the lot concerned the resignation of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. There are two reasons why this story is not true. The first is that Mr. Bryan doesn't intend to resign—now or at any time in the near future. The second at any time in the near future. The second is Mr. Wilson does not intend that Mr. Bryan shall resign. Inasmuch as the President and the Secretary of State are the two high contracting parties in this business, it may be set down that Mr. Bryan will remain in the Cabinet indefinitely and that Mr. Wilson intends to see that he so remains. Inasmuch as Mr. Wilson put Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet for certain, definite Bryan in the Cabinet for certain, definite reasons, largely political; and inasmuch as Mr. Bryan went into the Cabinet by the same influences; and inasmuch, again, as those certain, definite political reasons are as powerful now as they were in the fall of 1912, Mr. Bryan will stay where he is and Mr. Wilson will keep him there.

Many persons have said they cannot see how Mr. Bryan can stay in a Cabinet that is staging and managing a war, owing to his well-known peace proclivities. These per-sons do not stop to think what the effect on Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party would be if, right in the midst of a situation like this, Mr. Bryan should go out or Mr. Wilson should put him out. Mr. Bryan is sincerely enough for peace, and so is every other man who thinks twice about what war means; but Mr. Bryan is in exactly the same status as a man enlisted exactly the same status as a man enlisted for a war. He has enlisted and he will not let his fondness for peace bring him to the desertion of his chief, and all that would mean as the Democratic party is now consti-tuted. Moreover, Mr. Bryan likes his job, even if we do show some symptoms of war.

#### Peaceful War Preparations

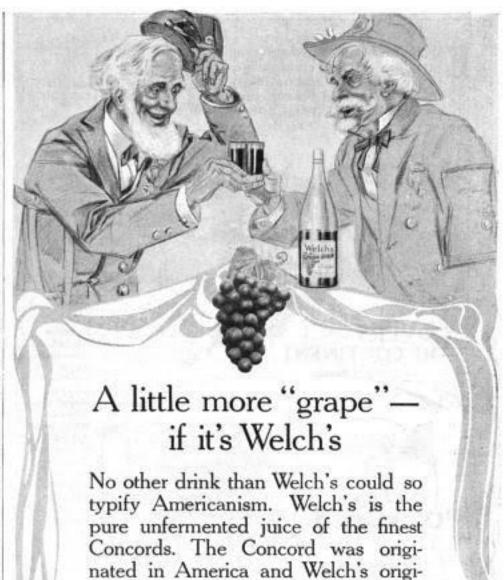
Nevertheless, though there are no splits in the Cabinet, there have been occasions, numbering two or three, when certain sections of the Cabinet rather put over something on certain other portions—that is to say, though there was no particular show of opposition in regular Cabinet meetings, there have been moments when the army, for example, rather resented interference from other quarters and did a little of its own. There was that little question of re-storing the embargo on arms. Though it is quite true the Administration has high hopes and pleasant anticipations of the friendli-ness of Carranza and Villa and the other Constitutionalists in Mexico, there was a measure of doubt of some of those eminent statesmen and soldiers in the minds of some of the army people, who knew them and their soldiers. It was not beyond the possibilities, these army people said, that the arms which this country allowed to go across the border to the revolutionists might, in turn, be used against the soldiers of the United States; and the army people thought, as things were at a crisis, it would be well to stop the shipment of arms and munitions of war.

Now, Jim, I am telling you this story as it came to me. Perish the thought that I should even intimate that the War Department took any step not fully decided on by the Administration! Perish the thought-

but listen to the story:

The question of restoring the embargo was warmly discussed. There was opposition to it by certain members of the Cabinet. It was pointed out that this might mean the severing of friendly relations with the Constitutionalists, who needed the arms and who had large orders in this country in process of filling. To be sure, the American gun makers and ammunition makers, to a man, patriotically and immediately notified the Government that they would cancel all orders for cartridges and rifles, and didso; but there were arms and ammunition in transit.

Considerable debate ensued and considerable delay. So, as I hear it, while the debate and the delay were on, somebody somebody, name not known, but a highly efficient person none the less - sent an innocent telegram to General Bliss, commanding at the border, which was to this broad general effect:



You get the Nation's best, and Nature's best AT its best in

nated the popularity of Grape Juice as

a beverage.

# Welch's

Keep a case of Welch's in your home, and be prepared always to give your family and friends a treat they will enjoy. Try one of these favorite ways of serving Welch's:

Welch Julep Fill an ordinary size tumbler full with welch's. Crush the tips of about twenty mint leaves (do not use the stems). Add a tempoonful of sugar. After this has "drawn" for about two minutes, strain into a tall glass filled with ice cracked the size of a walnut. Add two slices of orange and serve with sprigs of the mint sticking out of the glass.

Welch Punch For a dainty unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, ruice of one orange, one pint of Welch s, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Add aliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. This punch has become a standard of excellence.

#### A Suggestion

To extend the use of Welch's, June 29 to July 4 is "Welch Week" in the stores of the principal distributors of Welch's. A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will

be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

At the party, at that veranda "affair," at the picnic on the Fourth-nothing quite so good as Welch's.

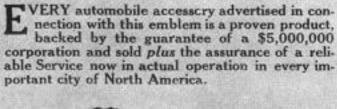
Look for the store with the Welch display. The National Drink for the National Day.

## Get the Welch habit it's one that won't get you

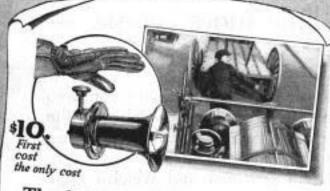
If unable to get Welch's at your dealer's, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for \$3. Sample four-ounce bottle, 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company Westfield, New York





# COVERS THE CONTINENT



# The Signal that spells SAFETY

Without wires, without batteries, with nothing to get out of order, the Long Horn gives the surety of cer-

tain response the moment it is needed.

Your hand or elbow furnishes the only motive power required, and with the pressure applied you can gauge your warning from a persua. sive request to a positive

command-something you cannot effectively do with the electric signal,

> The Long Horn means real economy. Nothing needs fixing. there's no cost

the mechanism is in one indestructible unit directly for repairs, All under your control. Ball bearings, machine-cut hardened gears, built to elast the car.

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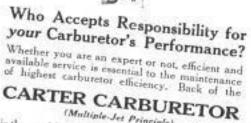
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Write neutral Brones

unique in that the fuel



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is the established serv. e of the Johns-Manville organization, in each of whose 49 Service Branches there is a carburetor expert ready to relieve you of all carburetor care. This service, as it applies to adjustments, is rendered absolutely without charge. Carter construction is

level changes with engine speed - a truly

gine speed — a Imly automatic, progressive supply of fuel. This means a mai increase of flexibility.

And because the fuel supply is impacted through many small jets, it is declayered in thoroughly vaporated form. This is the real rease why she Center cuts your fuel communication at least 10% and adds notably to the power, speed and get-away of any engine. Write for new catalogue.

VILLE CO.

"We understand large quantities of arms and ammunition are being smuggled across

the border. Please investigate and report."
General Bliss is a citizen who instantly
can tell a hawk from a handsaw. Also, he can read between telegraphic lines. Also, he knew what might happen if these arms and munitions of war went in. Officially he had been warned that smuggling was going on; and far be it from so good a soldier as Tasker Bliss, commandant at the border, to

allow any smuggling.
So he sent out men to see whether there was smuggling and stop it by seizing what was being smuggled, especially if the smug-glers were smuggling guns and cartridges. Naturally this took time. Investigations of that moment cannot be concluded in a that moment cannot be concluded in a moment. The exact amount of time it took to gather in all the guns and cartridges was seven hours. He sent a telegram that read somewhat like this:

"I have the honor to report that I took your telegram to mean that all arms about to be sent over the border should be seized; and I have seized them."

and I have seized them."

When that telegram came to the War
Department there was consternation. Here
was a general of the army who had actually seized arms before the embargo had been restored. It was amazing! Also, it called for long discussion, and great care was ex-ercised in replying to the general. After four hours and a half the War Department

recovered from its amazement sufficiently to send a telegram to General Bliss, which was somewhat like this:

"Oh, our dear General, what have you done? Fie on you! Consider this a slap on the wrist. You were fully aware that the embargo was not restored when you took this summary action. Bully boy! But in future please regard our instructions more future please regard our instructions more carefully."

You see, the War Department knew Bliss and knew what it wanted; and while the Cabinet was debating the question the War Department took a twelve-hour advantage of the situation.

#### War According to Hoyle

One of the most interesting features of One of the most interesting features of the situation, as it developed, was the vast and public fondness displayed by the spokes-men of the Administration for Villa. It seems that Villa, who had been of the opinion that war is a business of fighting

and fighting is a business of killing, was told by General Scott, not long before the battle of Torreon, that he should not conduct his part of the war on the broad, general theory that every one of the enemy who fell into his

hands should be slaughtered immediately.
"Why not?" asked Villa. "That is what
we are fighting for, isn't it?"
"But," General Scott replied, "there are

certain rules of war that are regarded and practiced by all nations. You should seek the good opinion of the world by observing

"What rules?" asked Villa. "I never heard of any rules of war except to kill as many of the enemy as I can and keep from getting killed myself."

getting killed myself."

Whereupon General Scott gave Villa a book on the rules of war, which Villa, having learned to read English when he was in prison, read with interest, and which he had translated into Spanish for his generals. The result was that at the battle of Torreon, when the Federal general proposed a truce so the wounded might be taken care of, Villa sent word that he needed no truce as all his wounded were in the hands of doctors. all his wounded were in the hands of doctors and nurses. It developed that he had fitted up a train, with a tile-lined operating car, in charge of a surgeon from Johns Hopkins, and that his wounded were cared for as soon as they were brought in. This sort of thing gave Villa a fine mark

with the Washington people and they depend more on what he may do in the future than they care to say. They think he is the one real friend this country has among the fighters in Mexico.

But, returning to the question of discord in the Cabinet, I am given pause by this item I read in a local newspaper:

"The President left the White House early this morning for the Virginia golf grounds and played nineteen holes with Doctor

You know what that nineteenth hole at golf is, Jim; and I'm wondering how the President will explain to Bryan and Daniels when they hear about it! However, let's hope he enjoyed it. Yours, in a tall glass,

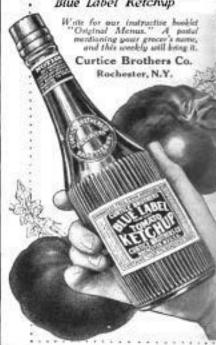
Delicious Appetizing Satisfying

# BLUE LABER KETCHUP

Keeps after opening From red, ripe tomatoes piquantly seasoned with pure spices

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

Our Soups, Jams, Jellies Preserves, Meats, Cannot Fruits and Vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as our Blue Labet Ketchup





On your vacation year take a London made

# Ensignette Camera

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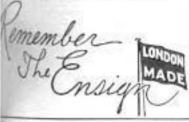
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New York, 24 East 13th St. UNIERT Chicago, 320 S. Wabash Ave. San Francisco, 628 Mission St. pictures may be secured by the use of En-Dools Instantaneous Non-Curlable Films.

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### *Pulling off a* BIG DINNER

(Concluded from Page 13)

constantly tied up in chairs at a hotel would finance many a prosperous business

Then there are depreciation and loss. If a waiter drops a tray of dishes it furnishes a laugh for the diners and bright remarks about deductions from his wages; but the loss from dishes broken by waiters is a mere incident, a pleasantry of hotel management compared with the relentless breakage of china and glass that goes on in the kitchens. One large New York hotel has losses of this kind amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars yearly.

If an efficiency expert could prevent breakage in the dinner season alone it would be equivalent to a magnificent salary, for the weekly crockery bill then often rise four or five thousand dollars. Most of the breakage occurs in dishwashing. A chip or crack in glass or plate is as effective as a complete smash.

From time to time the attempt has been made to feed pigs on hotel swill, but with little success, because no way has been found of separating from it the bits of glass and crockery which kill the pigs. Not only glass and china go out in the swill but knives,

forks, spoons and other plated ware.

The depreciation and loss on silverware are high, and the loss in linen amounts to more than a thousand dollars a week during the dinner season—not from wear alone, but from burned tablecloths and torn napkins.

The plant downstairs is a comprehensive factory for the manufacture of good cheer. Separate cold storage is provided for sup-plies like milk and cream, butter and eggs, fruit, vegetables, meats, poultry and game, fish and oysters.

Ice is made; water bottles frozen solid; ice shaved, crushed and cubed for table use;

frozen desserts prepared.

Machinery is everywhere, run by the clean, flexible electric motor, delivering energy wherever wanted at any rate desired, from one-twentieth of a horse power up. Potatoes are peeled by having their jackets ground off quickly and economically. Bread is sliced by apparatus that makes several

cuts at once—and vegetables too.

The steward goes to market looking for long cucumbers, which lend themselves to results under such a continuous process. There are machines for washing, mixing, kneading, whipping, grinding, cutting and making food ready in countless shapes and

ways.

When plain John Smith pays ten dollars for his place at a big banquet he wants to see and hear the animals, and also to feel that the occasion is out of the ordinary. Perhaps he does this only once or twice a year, and he expects a certain degree of

luxury and even extravagance.

A big dinner is staged to give him full value in that way, besides in good food and entertainment; but behind the scenes, after all the costs, risks, losses and other items have been figured, there is no extravagance at all. The dinner industry produces its goods on a staple manufacturing basis and sells them at a pretty close staple profit.

## Sponge Muscles

RUBBER-SPONGE muscles is a vivid description of a new method of filling up a hole in a person's body caused by accident or perhaps by a surgical operation. Some operations leave a hole that in size is serious, and that can be repaired with diffi-culty—if at all—by one of half a dozen surgical methods; and the only time the rubber-sponge method has been tried on persons, so far, is after such operations.

A rubber sponge accidentally left in a wound was found months afterward with new flesh grown all through its cavities. Experiments that followed, during the past two years, show that, at first, a rubber sponge in a wound causes a swelling; but soon the flesh begins to work through all the interstices until the sponge becomes a solid plug, which does not seem to cause inconvenience of any kind. Lately the idea has been used to obtain the flesh plug needed after some operations.



You could write an almost perfect description of this wonderful little car just by putting down the car qualities you have wanted for years: lightness, low fuel cost, lowest possible tire cost, the rugged strength of a truck and the graceful, stream lines of an imported racer, all achieved without freakiness or experimental vagaries.

The Trumbull is an evolution. It stands for all that is known of automobile design and construction. Every mechanical device that insures strength and durability, every refinement of design that has been developed in the automobile industry, is incorporated in the Trumbull. Nothing is lacking.

To read Trumbull specifications is to recognize them as the specifications of a highly developed, ultra-modem automobile. The only difference is in size. Mechanical starter? Yes. Electric lights? Yes. Comfort? Ample for two, with compartment in reat for two hundred pounds of luggage. Four-cylinder water-cooled motor. Splitdorf high-tension magneto. Non-skid U. S. Tiees. Top, windshield, electric lights and hom, mechanical self-starter and tools are included as regular equipment at the extraordinary mine of



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was designed by an eminent automobile engineer. These designs were checked over, down to the minutest bolt. Then car after car was built solely for testing purposes. There is literally not an ounce of metal in the Trumbull but has been proved.

The motor is a marvel of compactness and reliable, silent power. It speeds the car from forty-five to three miles an hour. The control, brakes, transmission, steering gear, are perfect. The mechanical starter is operated from the seat.

In appearance, the Trumbull is elegant. Proportions, finish and little niceties of detail are adequate beyond your keenest anticipation. It is a car you will be proud to drive and display to your friends. It seats two people, with ample leg room. But above allit's economy: It runs thirty-five miles on a galion of gasoline. The cost very low.

Trumbull Cycle Cars are on exhibition in various sections of the country. Write to us for the name of nearest agent and for full description and specifications.

The American Cycle Car Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

New York Office: 2000 Broadway, Corner of 68th Street

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Our line is so broad and comprehensive that you can select a GMC truck that exactly fits the conditions of your business.

And whether you need a small electric delivery wagon or a massive gasoline dray-you can feel confident that the GMC truck you choose is a high-grade commercial vehicle.

There are no better trucks built than those going from our factory every day. They are sold at reasonable prices, but are absolutely of highest quality, both in material and workmanship.

Our prices are low because of quantity production and a sound factory policy that reduces overhead expense to a minimum.

200100000000000000000000000000000000000	Capacity	Price
Gasoline	1¼ Tons	\$1500
Chassis	2 Tons	1900
	31/2 Tons	2250
	3½ Tons	2500
	5 Tons	2750
0.000 6.000 0.00	5 Tons	3000
Electric	1000 lbs.	\$1200
Chassis	2000 lbs.	1300
(Less Battery)	3000 lbs.	1450
	4000 lbs.	1560
	6000 lbs.	1900
	8000 lbs.	2100
	10000 lbs.	2350
	12000 lbs.	2500

Investigate and learn for your-self that there is a GMC truck to fit your business at a price you're willing to pay.

Inquire of our nearest distributor or write us direct for catalogues and detailed information.

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## THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

(Continued from Page 15)

decent paper would print; but this is enough

decent paper would print; but this is enough to show the desperate character of the man. When I first tried the Apache Dance with Louise Alexander ber hair accidentally fell down, which greatly added to the effect of the thing. "A good idea!" I exclaimed. "We'll keep it for America." So I had big bone hairpuss made, with weights to them. These she wore, and they would drop out and her hair would fall down during the dance.

From the original Whirlwind Dance, which I invented, I got the reputation of being the first man to dance on the stage in being the first man to dance on the stage in a dress suit; but such reputation, as well as the invention of the dance itself, was quite a matter of accident. I was dancing in London at the time. One night I was late in getting to the theater. I was supposed to dance in tights, but was so late I had no time to change and had to rush on the stage in my dress suit. In turning I graphed the time to change and had to rush on the stage in my dress suit. In turning I grabbed the girl with whom I was dancing more quickly than I intended, not being accustomed to dancing in anything but tights; and, having lost my balance, her weight pulled me over. To regain our equilibrium we had to get up great speed, like spinning a top. My coattails began to fly in this furious dance and everything was wild and hilarious.

Later the manager came back to me and

Later the manager came back to me and

That is a wonderful idea! You are going to wear your dress suit right along

"No," said I; "that was an accident."
"Don't wear your tights again," said he;
"wear the dress suit."

I did not work half so hard after that; in fact I could not work so hard in my dress suit as in my tights.

#### An Accidental Success

Another dance I was credited with hav-ing carefully worked out was also a matter of accident. This dance was put on really in the instact of Madame Sherry, and was called the Dance of Danger. Derothy Jardin was playing the part of the Spanish woman. They had put a song in the last act to hol-ster the thing up, but when Lederer heard it he wild.

it he said:
"I don't think it will do."
"Why not fix a dance in there!" I suggested.
"Do so," said he.

"Do so," said he.

Then something occurred to me and I said to Lederer: "Leave it to me!" And this he seemed quite glad to do.

Just before we went on the stage that night I said to Miss Jardin:

"I'm going to pick you up and throw you round, but don't be scared—I'll put you hack on your feet every time." She weighed one hundred and fifty-five rounds.

one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

"All right—I'm game!" said she.
Well, we danced like mad; and every now and then, with the change of music, I would pick her up and whirl her round. The dance was a sensation; but my desire to help got me into trouble, for when it was over Lederer said: "Great, my boy! Great! But you'll

have to go on and do it every night. She's such a tall woman, and so large, nobody else can handle her." And I had to do it! Again, in this same Madame Sherry, one of

he most important things was more or less accidental. Lederer was opposed to putting in the piece Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own, which is a dance accompanied by a song; but I urged him so hard that finally he consented.

"Very well; I'll ring up the curtain with it," he said, which is the worst insult you can offer to one in the profession.

can offer to one in the profession.

I said nothing; but the answer was that the piece, instead of being killed, as Lederer had expected, by being put on first, when there was practically no one in the house to hear it, made the hit of the show. People got into the habit of getting there on time ust to enjoy this part of the performance. Lederer was quick to recognize this and made Every Little Movement the theme of the entire play.

I was the first to put long dresses on the stage for dancers. I did it in the extrava-ganza called 1492. When I proposed the thing Manager Rice told me I was crazy that nobody wanted to see gowns on the

"That may be true of the men," I urged; "but if you put long evening gowns on your ladies the women will bring their husbands

and talk them into buying the same things for them. That will help the drygoods trade, I'll make a bet that the merchants will do-nate the gowns if you'll give them credit on the program."

nate the gowns if you'll give them credit on
the program."
"I won't do it, even if you get the gowns
for nothing!" Rice said.
Notwithstanding, I went to the head of
one of the leading dry goods stores, and had
a long talk with him. He donated the
gowns; and I put on a gavotte, with twelve
girls in it, called Twelve Daily Hints From
Paris. The gowns made the thing a big success. A year later George Lederer adopted cess. A year later George Lederer adopted the idea, calling it the Show Girls; and then George Edwardes took it up in London.

I created the first Pony Ballet; in fact I have had something original every season. And I have danced twenty-two years con-secutively on Broadway.

#### The Little Red Domino

My creation of novelties has not been confined wholly to dancing. One day Mark Lucien told me he had to get a sensation for the New York Roof Garden and asked me to help him think up something. So we conjured up a scheme. We engaged Little Daisy, who was then dancing at the Majes-tic. We put a red domino on her and sent her to Europe, where we had arranged that a newspaper man should meet and exploit her. She was to travel over Europe, always earing a little red domino.

This she did for eighteen months, taking in Paris, Berlin and London. Wherever she went an air of deep mystery enshrouded her. She got to be an object of the keenest interest on the part of newspaper men and soon acquired a world-wide reputation as the Red Domino. Then we brought our wonderful European catch to New York.

For days before her appearance at the New York Roof Garden she was driven through the streets in an open barouche and took daily drives in the Park-always wear-

ing the red domino. Nobody knew who she
was but Lucien and myself.
That she made a big sensation is a matter
of history. Oscar Hammerstein characterized our work as the most remarkable bit of
exploitation he had ever seen

exploitation he had ever seen.

The late dancing craze occurred—why?

Dancing has been in the air since the world began, but few could do it well. The waltz is the basis of all parlor dancing, but it is the most difficult to learn, because to do it gracefully depends so much on perfect rhythm of movement. Therefore any modfication of this dance that was easy to learn

vas hailed with delight.

Dancing contributes to vanity. It makes the old young. The Tyrolese retain their youth by nightly dancing. It makes the ungainly graceful. It brightens the eye and redders the cheek; and if there is a possibility of beauty in a homely woman it brings. it out. A woman who never knew how to walk or carry a dress learns to do so through dancing. It has made the elderly man graceful again. Instead of worrying about his business he is dancing.

No one is barred. The very old and the very young, the very rich and the very poor—all areat it. Even the lame, the halt and the blind tre doing it now. Speaking of the lame dancing, the most beautiful waltzer I ever saw was a man with hip disease my father taught. He was so lame that he overbalanced almost six inches when he put his foot down. When he danced he put his weight on his ong leg and with the short one worked on he tip of the toe. Stout people are the easiest on the floor.

I do not know vhy, unless it is that they feel their weight and work it into grace. There was a German woman in Philadelphia who weighed three hundred and fifty ounds. One night I danced with her and found her to be one of the lightest waltzers ever met.

Dancing is hygienic. It stimulates the quickened circulation promotes high spirits. The tired businessman finds recreation in it, for recreation means change, not inaction. As surely as thenight follows the day the

present dancing craze has developed a great army of teachers—an army made up of all kinds and conditions of men and women, old, young and middle-aged.

Of all the new teachers the barber seems to be the most adaptable, possibly because he is so slick. It would be hard to trace relationship between the barber's at

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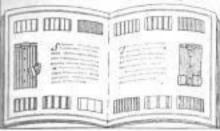
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dancer's arts; but the aforesaid gentleman seems to be nimble-footed as well as nimblefingered, spider-legged, sprightly and alert of movement—all of which lend themselves to dancing. The fact that one of these spindly persons could be a good dancer would be quite as accountable as that a grasshopper could dance well; but that a car conductor or a policeman should be able to dance gracefully, with his notoriously big feet, is quite as difficult to imagine as it would be to fancy a broken-arched ex-headwaiter doing it. Yet all these and more are posing as teachers of the Tango and the Turkey Trot—all hanging out their shingles. But people who themselves dance badly often make good

teachers.

And those of the unemployed who do not teach spend their time in dancing in the cabarets for what they can get out of it.

But they're all fooling the public, for the present-day dances are nothing but graceful walking. You go into any of the cafés and you will see people dancing on the floors guests-who are better dancers than those who are hired to amuse them.

#### New Dances Easy to Learn

These mushroom dancing teachers—obviously to boost prices—dilate on the diffi-culty of learning the Tango and the Turkey Trot; but that's all rubbish! I will guarantee to teach any normal person a one-step, waltz, Tango, Turkey Trot, Maxixe—any-thing they are doing today—in one hour! There is a vast difference between danc-

ing and teaching dancing. After I had spent ten years working with my father he

"Now I am going to teach you how to teach.

teach."

The first essential in teaching is never to lose patience with your pupil, and also to keep him from losing patience with himself.

Do not start by teaching your pupil to watch your feet or to watch his own. If you do you will get him into the bad habit of looking down when he dances, like a mourner at a funeral. Tell him to keep his head up and you will be responsible for his feet. I can tell by looking at the eyes whether the feet are going wrong. Impress his feet. I can tell by looking at the eyes whether the feet are going wrong. Impress on him that dancing is done with the brain and not with the feet. However, after he has learned the steps, it is a good thing to practice before a mirror. By teaching your pupil not to look at his feet you help him to overcome self-consciousness.

These mushroom teachers do not know These mushroom teachers do not know anything about all this. They cannot explain a point. They cannot tell a pupil why it is difficult to take a certain step or what is the remedy. Yet they go on teaching and pretending to get all kinds of fabulous prices for doing so; but the fabulous prices generally resolve themselves into a matter of fifty cents an hour. cents an hour.

Anybody can learn to dance. Age has nothing to do with it. And I have already shown that neither lameness nor obesity stands in the way. It is not easier to teach a child than to teach a man or woman of ninety; in fact the youngster does not learn so well, has not the intelligence, is too flighty. He may pick it up quickly, but he will not do it correctly.

Take a man who does my style of dancing, for example. Though he must begin al-most as a baby, he is no good at it until after he is twenty years old, because he has not the balance, the precision, the physical con-trol. Today, at forty, I am more finished in

my dancing than I was at twenty-five.

The girl learns more easily than the boy, because she is less awkward; and the woman is much easier to teach than the man, because she is a natural dancer and can more easily abandon herself to the motion of dancing. But the same may be said of the male and the female along all lines. The girl in school is always the bright one and the boy is always the dummy.

## An Obliging Enemy

NEGRO truck driver backed his into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a railway freight depot in Dallas, Texas.

"Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed.
"I'll knock yo' outa yo' house an' home ef
yo' don't back up!"

"I's got no home," retorted the offend-g driver. "Now what yo' gonna do ing driver. bout dat?"

I'll dig yo' one, niggah-I'll dig yo'



"Way down upon the Swance Ribber, Far, far away, Dere's whar my heart is turning eber, Dere's whar de ol' folks stay."

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You bring back the dear old home days when your mother taught you that song's humble words, playing its simple chords on the old melodeon-bring back the feelings that stirred you as you snuggled to her and rejoiced in having such a home and such a mother.

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## Out-of-Doors

#### Your Campare-How to Use It

THE same as yourself, when I was a kid there were two questions that not even my Sunday-school teacher was able to what holds the stars up? The other was: What holds the stars up? The other was: Where does fire come from? It is not absolutely sure to me, even yet, that anybody ever has answered those questions lucidly and comprehensively—so many answers being just different ways of looking at questions.

Which of us does not recall lying awake at night and looking up at the stars and wondering why they did not fall down? They do sometimes, as any boy can tell; but why not all the time? Sir Isaac Newton propounded a certain theory about it; but it is like the critic's comment on the heroine in a novel—she is not convincing. Not even my college professor could ever put the law of gravitation across with me. It is thin stuff. But, anyhow, the stars are fine to look at.

Then again, that question of the fire. How many times have we all asked mother what made the match light when you struck it? And where did the flame of the candle go when you blew it out? And if it was hot before it went out, why did it not stay hot where it went? And where did it go anyhow?

The dear lady never could get those questions answered to suit us at all. Has this ever been plain to you? If you have got that and the question about the stars settled so that you understand them clearly you are some wise.

There is something mutual between the stars and the campfire—that seems plain. The camplire at night under the stars—who has not studied in that school and found out that perhaps answers are not so important in life as just questions? Certainly life in the open would be robbed of all charm were

it not for the stars and the fire.

Where did the first fire come from? Who
made it? How was it discovered? Interesting books have been written on those questions; and some of them have paid fair royalties, though under false pretenses. The only thing certain is that a first campfire was made; and without the campfire there would be no sport, no geography and

#### Father's Magic Fire Stick

Books have been written about the campfire itself—how to make it and use it—proof that man is drifting away from that day and age in the world when every man knew how to build a fire. We face the time when the only man able to build a fire will be the janitor—and he will belong to a union and he liable to malk out any minute. be liable to walk out any minute.

In the old days father used to get up before the other members of the family—did he not?—and build the fire in the kitchen stove, summer or winter. He always built the first fire in the kitchen stove, because that was where the later operations of the

day began. He went out into the kitchen without much on but a pair of carpet slippers; and what he did—in a climate where perhaps the thermometer was far below zero and the kitchen floor well covered with snow that had blown in under the kitchen doorwas something direct, simple and highly efficient.

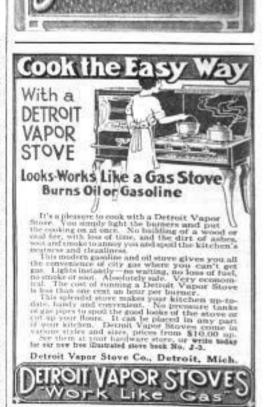
You can gamble father did not make any false motions about that fire. He had been

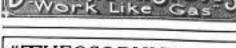
Besides, it was cold.

The preparations for these matutinal pyrotechnics were made on the evening previous. Before he went to bed, father went out into the kitchen and got his kindling wood ready for the next morning. He had a trusty hatchet sacred to the purpose of splitting kindling, and with the said hatchet he would reduce certain pine boards to inflammable sizes. The day the ten-cent bundle of kindling wood, with resin on the end—the sort you buy at a delicatessen store—had not yet dawned in American family life, and in those days people did things for themselves. After father had split his own kindling

wood, the last thing he did was to take a straight pine stick; and with the trusty pocketknife—which at that time made part







## *'HEOSOPH'*

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS





of every householder's personal equip-ment, for all householders then chewed tobacco instead of smoking cigarettesraise along the edge of this stick a series of undetached shavings, which stood out fan-like from the parent stem, fine and thin at the free ends. This stick was the essential ingredient of the next morning's fire. It is

ingredient of the next morning's fire. It is very much worth remembering as a historical institution in American folklore.

The next morning, rising in his whiskers and carpet slippers, father would pass through the "settin" room, "dinin" room and pantry to the kitchen. There he would make a pass or so with the poker to free the grate of ashes, take off the stovelld and insert his prepared shaving stick in such fashion that the free edges of the shavings would just protrude through the firegrate.

Over this he would place small sticks, then larger sticks, then dry stovewood; and then other stovewood—or maybe soft After that he would replace the stovelid. Then he would open the two little doors in front of the stove above the hearth, or castiron apron, which is in front of all good cookstove

Probably you do not know what this sort of hearth is, since you mostly have read about hearths in books that have Yuletide written on them in gold letters, and that cost anywhere from ten cents to a dollarforty, according to the value you place on the folks you send them to. A real, true, honest-to-goodness hearth is made of cast-iron and is situated east of the cookstove and south of the two little doors aforesaid.

#### The Old Timer's Methods

Well, anyhow, when those two little Well, anyhow, when those two little doors were pushed open father saw the edge of his shaving stick protruding between the bars of the firegrate—not the sort of shaving stick you use, but the one he had made the night before. Whereupon he scratched a match somewhere and touched off the shavings, drawing the little doors a trifle closer together and fixing the damper in the back part of the stove so she would draw well. After this father went back to the sitting room, shook down the base-burner, put in another hod of coal, and

went back to bed to get warm.

About this time you could hear sister begin to move round upstairs, where there was no fire, about as swift as a grasshopper in the dew. Then sister would stroll con-

in the dew. Then sister would stroil con-gealedly down and put some more wood on the kitchen fire and get the crock out from behind the cookstove, where it had been wrapped up over night, and start in to getting the cakes ready—What? Afterward, when the baseburner was beginning to get red round the middle, buddy—also, son—would get up and before long all would meet in the sitting room for family prayers. We needed them? Maybe. But then, as compared to the be-ianitored But then, as compared to the be-janitored flat of today, I am not so sure. Still, you can find the same stars and, for that matter, can use the same old kindling

stick in making a fire for yourself out-ofdoors; in fact you will find it extremely

useful in building a campfire—which is just
what we started to remark a while back.

Now, to use the same phrase you did in
your first composition, there are a great
many kinds of campfires—too numerous to
mention. Bad as some of them are from a technical standpoint, none of them is any-thing but good from a human standpoint. Most of them are built by amateurs, and this is eminently fitting.

The bigoted old-timer, who knows it all and insists that his way is the only good way, is of all beings the most intolerable. The amateur needs but little of his lore, but would best figure out for himself what he wants to do and how to do it-which is the

practical and usual way in human life.
One good rule is advanced by most authorities—and that is not to build a campfire too large. A small campfire is warmer, safer, more convenient and more comfortable. Of course your fire must be larger than that of the old cookstove, unless you have contrived some retaining walls to hold in its heat. A big campfire takes too much wood, is too apt to set the tent on fire, even if it does not set the woods on fire; and it is hard to put out when you leave. It will make you uncomfortable when you cook at it and it will burn the grub. Still, you will probably build your own campfire just as large as you like. Pax robiscum! It is much better than not to build it at all.

Different campfires are used for different purposes. Suppose you were traveling



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# PUBLIC EDGER



fast through a country, making one-night stands and cooking four meals a day. That requires one sort of fire. A permanent camp, where there is plenty of wood, asks for a different sort. Deep snow requires yet another kind—a pleasant summer site still another. A score of things may affect the fashion of your campfire, and it is your own part to make each fire in workman-like fashion, adjusted to the needs of the bour.

A very common rule laid down by makers of helps on outdoor sports is that the campfire should be laid between two small green logs, each four or five feet long, hewn flat on one side, and placed six inches apart—or maybe sixteen inches; I forget which. That is all very well if you have plenty of time to make your fire.

An Indian lives out-of-doors all his life, but he never builds a campfire that way.

but he never builds a campfire that way. Neither can you build a campfire that an Indian will not take apart and make over again to suit his own notion. Some of these

again to suit his own notion. Some of these notions are good ones and are accepted by white men that live in Indian countries.

Suppose you are traveling with a party of Indians or breeds, with a packtrain or canoe, in some Northern wilderness country. You will not see any of these nice little side logs cut at all. Perhaps, also, you will revise your idea as to the assertion that the Indian always builds a small fire. Sometimes he does because he is lazy. Some-

Indian always builds a small fire. Sometimes he does not because he is lazy. Sometimes he does not because he can save time by not doing so.

In fast traveling, forty minutes is about all the time allowed to unpack, make a fire, cook a meal, wash the dishes, repack, smoke a pipe, and hit the trail again. Your half-breed usually makes one of these kettle fires out of poles—long ones, dry ones; such as he can find already drying on the ground. He puts these poles together not in cobbouse fushion and not in a loose heap, but in a long pile, side by side. He will provide as kindling certain dry twigs.

#### Cooking With a Teastick

Sometimes he will use birchbark, but most Sometimes ne will use birchbark, but most often you will find him whittling up a row of semi-detached shavings on the side of a stick. This is precisely father's old kindling stick. No one knows who first discovered it, but it is worth remembering by any one who needs to start a fire out-of-doors.

When Pierre has raised some shavings on the edge of his stick, he stands it upside down under his pole pile and throws some loose, dry kindling over it—perhaps shel-tering it all with his hat if it is raining.

loose, dry kindling over it—perhaps sheltering it all with his hat if it is raining.
Then he touches a match to the lower edge
of his shavings and by and by they set fire
to the solid stick, and that sets fire to the
twigs, which in turn touch off the whole
works. And this fire, begun at the center of
the log or pole heap, spreads both ways.
There are no side logs, because there has
been no time to get them—it would be
considered finicky to use them; but as the
poles burn in a bright flame Pierre hangs
his teakettle in the flame, dependent from
the end of a slant stick the butt of which he
has stuck into the ground—the teastick or
'quorgan stick of the Northern woods. He
does not usually set the teakettle down on
the poles; but perhaps be can find a place
where two of them will hold a frying pan.
And at the other end of his long fire he will
hang the stewkettle, which was not cleaned
out after the last meal—an affair of squirrel, rabbit, duck, partridge, rice, potatoes,
onions, or anything else that happens to be in onions, or anything else that happens to be in camp. A good stew-pot may begin at the first of a month and still be going thirty days later, additions being made from meal

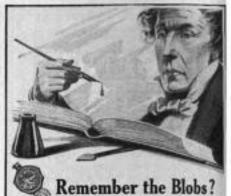
days later, additions being made from meal to meal.

Besides these three utensils, there may or may not be another in which to hoil dishwater. If so there will be room for all on this long fire, which has been kicked together with no loss of time at all.

The Indian's idea of a long, narrow fire is a good one. It is only the rank tenderfoot who builds a circular fire, made by heaping the firewood up in the center so that the

flames run entirely about. You cannot get near to that kind of fire, which is wasteful of heat and room alike. So a general rule regarding your campfire is to make it long and narrow.

An Indian does not usually build a big campfire to last through the night, unless the weather is very cold. He will have far less bed covering than a white man and in a single blanket will sleep out in weather where a white man would perish in four times as much bedcovering.



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Interesting and Valuable Information PATENTSWANTED A campfire really has two purposes—it may be used for cooking or for warmth, or for both. If you cook in kettles or pots you can use the direct flame. If you are frying or broiling you want to cook over the coals and not over the flames.

There are all sorts of fads and poses in sport, as in everything else. Some of us like to affect the D. Boone and S. Kenton simplicity stunt and scorn to use anything modern. As a matter of fact, you cannot very well beat a Dutch oven as a camp utensil. At the same time, an aluminum reflector is much lighter and will cook just

as good biscuits.

Also, a little folding grid, with legs that you can drive down into the ground, is something that weighs very little and is very useful in steadying a coffee pot or holding a broiler. Drive them right down over your bed of coals, so that the top will be only four or five inches above the ground. It will be handy to set things on; and if you do not try to use too much fire it will make a very comfortable broiler.

Neither, as I have often said, need you despise the long, wooden-handled fork of commerce, or a patent handle for your frying pan-one into which you can drive a long pole-so that you may sit off from the fire and cook without burning your hands.

Of course these things will sound effete to some, and to yet others not sufficiently effete. The latter will want to rig a stovetop or a vast gridiron made of steel bars laid across the two side logs, as recommended by the textbooks.

#### A Campfire in the South

If you are actually in the wilderness your fare will be rough and it will be condensed— such stuff as beans, dried fruits, and the like. It takes time to cook beans. An iron pot is best; but you can do very well with a tin vessel if you have nothing better.

Before you build your long-pole fire take the butt of the ax and knock out a trench, over which the fire may be built. It will fill with coals gradually, and after you have finished the meal you may set the beanpot down in this trench, and cover it with ashes and coals and let it cook over night—shifting your complies to some other point. shifting your campfire to some other point if it must burn all night.

Suppose you are fairly modern and fairly well equipped, that you want to have a quiet time in camp in the woods, and that you are out in the fall when the nights are cool, though there is no snow as yet. Your first thought is a wall tent and a sheetiron stove. Men can winter in these conditions, but it would be hard to devise anything more uncomfortable or more unhealthy. You will be more comfortable if your tent is open in front, so that you may get the light and heat of a good campfire. It will be all the better if your tent has

a back so arranged that it will reflect the heat down. The openface camp or shanty

heat down. The openface camp or shanty or lean-to looks like all out-of-doors, but it is quite comfortable if your campfire is made correctly and kept up adequately. I proved this not long ago in the winter-time, in one of the Southern States, under circumstances which convinced all the neighborhood that I was crazy—and which convinced me, on the other hand, that everybody else was crazy who was not everybody else was crazy who was not privileged to sleep in precisely the same

way.

It came about that a hospitable planter insisted on sending down a couple of negro boys to do the campwork. These boys pitched the tent, secured abundant hay for a bed, and provided an excellent woodpile of sound oak timber eighteen inches in diameter-likewise other oak, hickory and divers priceless materials of like sort, wherewith to light the altar fire.

I slept alone a few nights thus—the fire in front, the same old stars above. It was warm in my tent. I do not know just how it was in the shelter where the negro boys lay huddled in their cotton quilts, but it was fine, along toward morning, when the dawn was becoming gray and the fire had burned low, just to follow the advice of the old planter: "Lie still and holler for the colored population!"

I have never found a scheme that beat this, though it is not in the textbooks. It was a trifle hard on the youngsters, but they were used to it anyhow; so they would get up, build up the fire, cook a very decent breakfast of broiled quail and bacon, with a good cup of coffee-and then stand round. afraid to wake the boss up for breakfast. Can you beat that for a campfire? You cannot!





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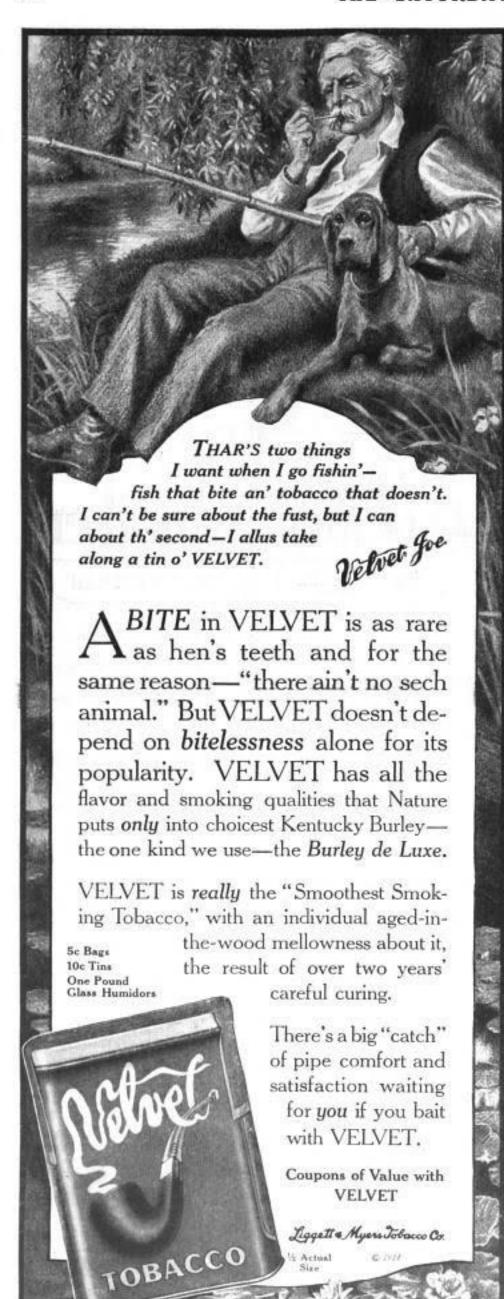
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# Sense and Nonsense

#### Steel Windmills

WINDMILLS are now recording some victories in the battle with gasoline engines that has been waged in recent years, a struggle which threatened the disappearance of the picturesque windmills of Holland.

Steel windmills, with steel towers and steel sails, are displacing gasoline pumping engines in some parts of Holland, the gasoline engines having displaced the old wooden.

line engines having displaced the old wooden windmills. They are used entirely for pump-ing water in keeping the low-lying fields well drained.

#### A Portable Boundary

A NEGRO trooper of the Tenth Cavalry, spick-and-span in his uniform, was walking on one side of a street in Nogale

walking on one side of a street in Nogales,
the Arizona town that is partly in this
country and partly in Mexico.

A Mexican, walking on the Mexican side,
called to the trooper:

"You going to invade Mexico?"

"No, suh," the trooper replied.

"You going to fight Mexico?"

"No, suh," said the trooper.

"What you going to do?"

"What you going to do?"
"Well, suh," said the trooper, pushing
out his chest, "as soon as them folks up in
Washington gives us orders we is jist naturally goin' to take this yere border line right up in our hands and never stop with it until we has laid it down on the other side of the Panama Canal."

#### Water With Meals

TESTS on a poison squad have recently shown that the common belief that drinking much water at mealtimes tends to make one fat is apparently without foundation. Students were given carefully controlled diets for fixed periods, and every drop of water and ounce of food was carefully meas-ured and recorded.

After a preliminary period they were required to drink water copiously at every meal; and then followed another period during which they had little or nothing to

drink with their meals.

The compared results showed that in some instances there was a very slight increase in the utilization of fat in the food during the water-drinking period; but this was about balanced by negative results in other cases, so that the final conclusion was that the amount of fat and carbohydrates utilized by the body from food eaten was apparently uninfluenced by the amount of water taken at mealtimes.

#### Defying the Bullikin Board

APROPOS of the war spirit Represent-ative Heflin, of Alabama, tells of a negro who, at the time of the Spanish War, was much afraid he might be sent to Cuba to fight.

He was told that if he went to work he would not be drafted; so he got a job ditching and kept at it faithfully. One day another negro came along and called:

"Hey, Jim, we-all mus' go to war."

"Not me," said the ditcher, bending to

his work.
"Yes, suh—you an' me an' all de res'.
It's up on them bullikin boards that we-all

mus' go to war."

"Not me," persisted the ditcher. "Ise got my wuk to do."

"But th' Maine's done bin blowed up!"

"I don' care if de mane an' de tail too is blowed up—Ise not goin'!"

#### A Round Trip

THE attorney for a street-railroad com-I pany in a Kentucky town was examining a skinny sixteen-year-old negro boy who had sued for injuries ostensibly incurred in

a collision on the highway.

"You say," he asked, "that when this street car hit that wagon you were riding on the front seat of the wagon?"

"Dat's whut I said," answered the little

"And you say the force of the blow knocked you up in the air?"
"Yas, suh—'way up in de air."
"Well, how long did you stay up there?"

demanded the attorney.
"Not no longer dan it tuck me to git
down!" answered the truthful complainant promptly.

#### Union Repartee

TABOR unions are strong in the West and Li especially strong in a city where, on Halloween, the boys pulled a lot of pickets off the fence belonging to a house in which a union barber lived and made a bonfire of them.

The barber bought some new pickets and nailed them on his fence himself. Where-upon he was promptly fined fifty dollars by the council for doing carpenter work which should have been done by a union carpenter.

The barber thought over this for some time. Then he presented the Carpenters' Union with a bill for thirteen hundred and

seventy-five dollars.
"What's this for?" asked the chief of the

Carpenters' Union.

"Why," the barber replied, "that's what's due the barbers because the carpenters shave themselves."

His fine was remitted.

#### Some Prosperous

"SPEAKING about prosperity," said Fred B. Lynch, Democratic National Committeeman from Minnesota, "I have

the prize story,
"A merchant who runs a general store in a town in the middle of my state came in to

see me one day.

"'How are things, Bill?' I asked him.

"'Fine,' he replied. 'I've just closed up
the season's business and I've made twentytwo thousand dollars. I had some extra expense this year too.'

What extra expense?' I asked. "'Why,' the merchant replied, 'I had to hire a footman to stand outside the store to open the doors of the automobiles in which the farmers' wives brought their produce.'

#### Divorce Teamwork

KANSAS woman, weighing two hun-A dred pounds and as strong as a female White Hope, came before a Kansas lawyer with her puny, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound husband and said they desired to

pound husband and said they desired to get a divorce.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Extreme cruelty," said the woman.

"But," said the lawyer, "that is absurd. Here you are, big and brawny, and you say this little, weak man has been tyrannical and cruel to you. You must do better than that. You could turn him over your knee and spank him and not half try!"

"That's all right, Mister Lawyer," broke in the husband. "I agreed to let her have an extra thousand dollars in alimony if she would put that in. You see, I want to send the petition back to my folks in Ohio. When they read it they'll think I have spunked up to beat the band since I came West."

#### An Inexcusable Error

CYRIL MAUDE, the English actor, and his pretty daughter, who supports him in his plays, were the guests at a tea given by the American Dramatists' Society in

New York not long ago.

A newcomer inquired of an earlier arrival who the two guests were. The second person, desiring to be humorous, said gravely:

"That is Cyril Maude, the English actor and his daughter, Miss Maude Cyril."

A hand plucked at his elbow and from behind him a member of the imported

behind him a member of the imported English company spoke in tones of well-bred

surprise:
"Pardon me," said the voice; "the young lady's name is Marjory Maude."

#### Logical Reasoning

A PRIMARY-GRADE teacher in New York—so Bayard Veiller says—was describing a horse race to a class of intensely interested little foreign-born Americans. She explained that, though a certain horse was first under the wire, the jockey fell off him in the home stretch, so that the purse—fifty thousand dollars—went to the horse that had finished second.

"I know why that was, teacher," put in an eager youngster. "It was because the horse was so much lighter after his jockey

fell off that he could run faster."

"Naw: that ain't it," spoke up little
Herman Feldsberg. "Wot would a horse do with all that money?"

## THE NATIONAL PASTIME-INDOORS AND OUT

to tell you what I think of a lot of grown men, experienced cardplayers, who would sit down night after night to gamble with a half-baked kid. Some of you are getting five and six thousand a season. You didn't need

his pitiful little two hundred a month.

"Mike has asked me where I come in on
this. I come in where every other man on
the payroll comes in. You sharks have won a few hundred apiece from Doty at the outside, but you've put the rollers under the best pitcher we've got—the pitcher that could win the World's Series for us if he was right. Where do I come in? On the difference between sixty and forty per cent of that gate! That's where I come in! Your cradle-robbing poker game is liable to cost

s about thirty thousand dollars!"

Tod stopped for breath and we looked at each other. There didn't seem to be anything to say. It was a true bill. Walker reached for his pocketbook and took out half a decree slips of paper.

reached for his pocketbook and took out half a dozen slips of paper.

"Hell!" says he. "I didn't know it was as bad as that, Tod. I've been wanting to do this ever since the kid blew up!"

"Hold on!" says Tod. "Don't destroy 'em! That won't help matters any. Doty is a fool, but he's an honest one. He's got a record of every cent that he owes and he'll pay to the last nickel. Tearing up his I o U's won't square this."

"I guess that's right," says Owly Elliott. "We'll have to find some other way—but how?"

"Huh!" says Jib Smith. "The easiest proposition in the world! You know how Doty has been hollering for a chance to get even. Well, he'll get it in my room tomorrow night—three-nineteen. There's a big round marble-topped table in it that's just the thing. We can tell Doty we've decided to give him one more session—and only one—with the blue sky for the limit. "I don't know how much cash I've won

only one—with the blue sky for the limit.
"I don't know how much cash I've won from him during the season, but I'm willing to toss some bread on the waters and look for it to come floating back in October, buttered on both sides. I'll contribute fifty bucks to the conscience fund-besides the I O U's. A little dough in his pockets ought to brace him up. If his poker debts are all that keeps him from pitching in his oldtime form it's me for easing his mind right away—quick. What d'ye say, boys?"

"But—suppose he doesn't win?" asks Sholter.

Sholter.

Smith laughed—the first real laugh of

the evening.
"He'll win, old son—don't you worry about that! The only question is, how much—eh, boys?"

We figured it out between us, and every man pledged a certain amount of cash for the conscience fund, as Jib called it—and the conscience fund, as Jib called it—and you could pretty near tell how much of a conscience each fellow had. As near as we could come to it, Doty had lost between six and seven hundred dollars into the game. We made up an even three hundred dollars. The I O U's amounted to pretty near two thousand. No wonder they barred him!

"All right, fellows!" says Tod. "I knew I wouldn't have to do any more than explain matters. Be careful in pulling this poker game. Silvertip is beginning to suspect that Doty's smash was due to gambling. He was buzzing me about it this

bling. He was buzzing me about it this afternoon, but I didn't tell him anything. When you pull this game, pull it on the quiet. Do you get me?" We got him, and later we got Silvertip too.

The old boy rounded us up one at a time and talked to us like a Dutch uncle. He warned us about playing cards with Doty, and said that if we did—and he found it out—he'd soak every man in the game with a fine of one hundred dollars.

"If I had the goods on you I'd fine you

now!" says he.

ON THE dot of eight o'clock, which was the time set, Doty showed up at threenineteen—white round the gills and very nervous, but itching for action. He re-minded me of Daniel in the lions' den. He brought his last salary check with him, laid it down on the table, and piled a little silver on top of it.

We were all present and waiting for him. As a matter of fact we'd been there for

some time, rehearsing the miracle that was to happen when the game warmed up. There were six of us, and the vacant chair at Jib Smith's right was reserved for Doty. "What kind of game shall we play?"

"What kind of game shall we play?"
asks Doty, trying to keep his chin from
wabbling, but not getting away with it.
"You name it, kid," says Owly. "You're
the guest of honor."
"Table-stakes—dollar ante—jackpots go
with the buck."
"Fair enough!" says Walker, who was
riffling the deck. "Jib is banking. Whites
one dollar—reds five—blues ten."
Of course we all bought chips to the

Of course we all bought chips to the or course we all bought chips to the extent of our conscience money, and then Elliott pulled out his wallet. You understand, the theory of table-stakes poker is that a man may bet just as much as he has in front of him, but no more—unless he declares himself as playing a certain amount behind his stack.

"I've got some collateral here that's just

amount behind his stack.

"I've got some collateral here that's just as good as cash," says Elliott. "Doty, you don't care who collects these I O U's, do you? I'd like to play 'em behind my stack."

"Sure! Play 'em!" says Dowling.

"They're just the same as cash. Is that satisfactory to you, kid?"

Doty nodded and swallowed a few times, and the I O U's come out all round the

and the I O U's came out all round the

and the I O U's came out all round the table. By this arrangement nobody was liable for more than Doty owed him and the amount of his conscience money.

We had a tough time getting the kid started. Evidently he had been doing a lot of thinking and had made up his mind to play a conservative game. He stayed out of the first four pots—and that was a world's record for him—but when he did come in on the fifth everybody chipped and drew cards. Doty bet five dollars after the drew cards. Doty bet five dollars after the draw and four of us called him-me among

the rest.
"Tens and sevens," says Doty.
"That wins!" says Dowling, showing me queens and sixes.

queens and sixes.

I put three jacks back in the deck without saying a word and Doty was off to a flying start. The idea was to fatten Doty to the point where most of the chips would be in front of him; so whenever he horned into a pot it didn't make any difference what he had—it was enough to win. An outsider watching that game would have seen some mighty queer things.

Along about nine o'clock Doty began to prattle like a kid will when he's excited and happy. He was about two hundred and

happy. He was about two hundred and fifty to the good. There wasn't any sense in prolonging the agony or taking a chance on being caught by Silvertip; so when it came Jib's turn to deal a jackpot he gave us the wink and we went through with the sketch

as it had been rehearsed.

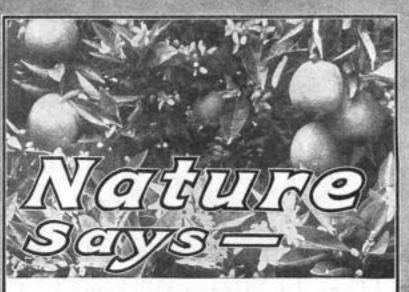
As Jib began to shuffle the cards I called Doty's attention to my new seal ring with the monogram on it; and while Doty was trying to figure out the letters Jib went down in his hip-pocket and dug up a cold deck, with seven of the hottest poker hands in it that ever appeared in company. It took us half an hour to stack that deck and

you can bet we did an artistic job.
"Cut 'em!" says Jib; and he slid the
warm deck over to Doty.
The cold one was under Jib's left hand
and the switch was made without a fumble. When I picked up three kings and a pair of treys I knew the stacking was correct. I heard Doty suck in his breath as he looked at the last one. He always picked up his cards one by one, which is a sure sign of a bad poker player. Elliott, on Jib's left,

"Boys," says Owly, "I hate to do this—right under the gun; but here's a hand that won't play itself. Five little castiron dollars to associate!"

"Just to keep out the pikers," says Hetherington, "I'll make it ten." "Pikeryour ownself!" says Walker; and he hurls a twenty-dollar I O U into the

"Play to that!" Dowling saw the twenty and so did I, which put it up to Doty. While we were stacking the deck we had quite an argument as to how he'd play that hand when he got it—whether he'd go wild and bet his head off before the draw; or whether he'd be foxy enough to let everybody draw against it, which is the correct thing to do when you've got a hand they can't beat by



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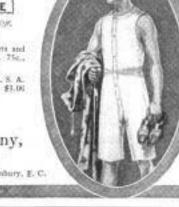


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CLIFTON D. JACKSON, Sec'y Business Men's Association 7 Chamber of Commerce Mount Clemens, Michigan

taking the rest of the deck and going as far as they like with it.
"I—I may be beat," says Doty, "but—

I'll have to see that twenty!

I felt like patting him on the back; he was really learning something about poker after all. Jib Smith put up his twenty, and Elliott and Hetherington made good—"on percentage," as they said.

"Lucky is the dealer of a large Johnpot!" sings Jib, picking up the deck. "Cards, gentlemen?"

Elliottstudied a while and then took two.
Hetherington said one would suit him.
Walker stood pat; Dowling took one; I
said I didn't need any—and Jib looked at
Doty, who was still squeezing his five cards with all his might.

"I-I'll play these!" says he, clearing his throat.

Jib whistled.
"Three pat hands!" he says. "If I make fours you'd better run with 'em. Dealer takes a couple off the top. Now then, Elliott, it's up to you.

Owly scratched his head, counted what chips he had left, sorted over his I O U's

and cussed a little under his breath.

"This may be bad poker," says he, "but this was a good hand before the draw and it's better now. I helped it some, and—I'll just step down and bet a glittering gob! Weak sisters to the fire-escapes! One hundred is bet!"

Hetherington, Walker, Dowling and my-self did considerable acting, but we all man-aged to get one hundred dollars into the pot. The bet nearly cleaned me—I didn't

"Well, kid?" says Jib to Doty. "Be careful what you do, because there's a lot of money in this pot!"

Doty didn't say a word. He laid his left hand flat on his five cards and picked up his salary check with his right. It looked for a minute as though all he was going to do was to call—but maybe he was just thinking. He gulped once, and his Adam's apple moved up and down like a slide on a trombone. Then he dropped the check on top of his chips and shoveled the whole pile into the center. If Jib hadn't made a quick grab Doty would have mixed up the pot then and there.

"I raise it!" he croaks.

"I raise it!" he croaks.

Well, sir, my statistical friend with the whiskers would have appreciated the figuring that was done after that bet. Roughly speaking, there was about twenty-two hundred in the game, divided in seven equal parts. Four hundred of it was in cash—

Doty's salary check for the half month and Doty's salary check for the half month and the conscience fund. The rest was in

collateral security.

Doty tried to count his chips without letting go of his cards, but he was too nervous; so I audited the pile for him. He had raised us two hundred and thirtyseven dollars-more than enough to wipe the table clean. That was the main idea

of course—to get every chip and every I O U into the pot, one way or another.

"Kid," says Jib to Doty, "if you're trying to steal something you're in a bad fix. Let's see—three hundred and thirty-seven dollars to call. You've got a customer: and dollars to call. You've got a customer; and if you're out on a limb I'm certainly sorry for you!"

The call traveled slowly round the table

and I never heard such a lot of beefing and roaring in my life! It sounded like a real poker game at that. Elliott and Dowling started an argument, and Dowling offered to bet Elliott a thousand on the side that he had him beat. Walker and Hetherington pretty near got into a fight; but all the time the I O U's were coming to the center. Those who didn't have enough to make the call borrowed from those who had too make the call borrowed from those who had too much; and when it came my turn I swept the table bare and took a short interest in the pot.

Jib, who is a great stage manager, infigure out how much would be coming to me in case I won—and that was cruel, because

man with the ague.

"All set!" says Jib. "Turn 'em over!
I don't mind saying that I can beat an ace full!" He boarded four sevens.

"No good!" says Elliott. "Four nines here!"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" says Dowling. He had a straight flush in hearts, from the deuce to the six.

Doty couldn't stand the suspense.
"Look at 'em!" he yelled, and his voice
cracked like a whip. "Look at 'em! A
royal flush in diamonds!"

Well, that was what we had given him. because we wanted him to have something he could play with confidence. It's the son of hand that you can't beat-and once in a million years you may tie it.

It was half an hour before Doty was fit is leave the room. The nervous reaction gave him a terrific jolt and I never saw a human being go to pieces like it in my life—I hop-I never will again. He wanted to lings and cry and talk—all at once. Then he insisted on tearing up each separate I o'll and making a ceremony about it. After that he thanked each one of us for giving him the chance to get even. him the chance to get even.

"I was sure the luck would turn sometime!" says he.
"Listen to me!" says Dowling petending to be very sore. "Such luck as you had tonight comes only once in a lifetime You beat a straight flush for me and if you played a thousand years you couldn't do l again. To show you what I think of your luck, I'll never turn another card with you!"

"You won't have a chance!" says Doty.

"I'm done!"
Doty shook hands with us all round and Doty shook hands with us all round and said he had to go and write some letters. He was on his way to the door when it opened in his face—and there was sit Silvertip, fairly bristling.

"Aha!" says the boss, looking round the room. "And I warned you fellows to: Doty, have you been playing poker—alter what I told you?"

"Yes—yes, sir," stammers the kid.

"That's right! Tell the truth and shame the devil! You're fined twenty-five dollars!"

lars!"
"Yes, sir," says Doty.
Never having been fined before, he didn't know that it would be deducted from hi next salary check. He reached down in his pocket and brought out a roll of hils a thick as his wrist. I thought Silvertip's eyes would pop out of his head. Dog skinned off two tens and a five and haded the bills to the boss.

"Get out of here!" says Silvertip. "I want to talk to these pirates!"

Doty was only too glad to get away; and then Silvertip turned loose on us. I'll state that I've heard many a good ross in my time, but never anything like that one. Silvertip picked up where everybody else quit and went on from there. Bodysnatchers was the nicest name he called u Jib Smith butted in once when Silvertip

ran out of adjectives for a second.
"But, boss," says Jib, "you—you don't
understand! You——"

I kicked him on the shin good and hard and he quit. We had done a fine piece of work, but we couldn't get any credit for it

work, but we couldn't get any credit for it without explaining why it had to be done.

"I fine every one of you one hundred dollars!" says Silvertip when his vocabulary petered out on him.

There was considerable silence and a lot of deep thinking after the door closed behind him.

"Well?" says Owly.

"Boys," says Jib Smith, "there's only one way out: Mr. Doty has got to find his pitching habits again between here and October. A piece of bread on the waint is all right—but heaving in a whole loaf is wasteful. Yes; we've got to ready him up for that series!"

AS EVERYBODY knows, it wasn't a bad investment. Doty told me—on the bench before the first game started-that his girl would be at the telegraph office in

North Platte waiting for the returns.

"Give her something to cheer about kid!" says I.

"Watch me!" says Maxwell. "These tramps will be lucky if they get a foul of me today!"

That was the thought he took into the

was the thought he took into the box with him and he never lost it through the entire series. He worked in two games and had those Panthers pulling their chira out of the way of his fast one from start 10

The difference between sixty and love per cent amounted to \$1375.23 a man: \*\* we all cleaned up nicely on the poker game in Room Three-nineteen.

Doty is married now and his wife travel with him. She plays casino with him in the evenings-at five cents a game-and beats him out of all his small change. On ther first wedding anniversary we are going to chip in and make 'em a present of that marble-topped table.

# "SIXES" RUN 32.8 MILES ON ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE

# NINETY-FOUR CARS MAKE STARTLING AVERAGE IN "FRANKLIN" TEST

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## VICTORY FOR LIGHT-WEIGHT IDEA

Many Dealers, Sold Out, Compelled to Borrow the Machines of Local Owners to Take Part. Varying Weather Conditions Met.

Syracuse, N. Y.—On May 1st, 94 Franklin dealers in the United States and Canada, in 94 Franklin Six-Thirty stock touring cars, regardless of weather conditions, made a test to demonstrate the best possible mileage on one gallon of gasoline.

The rules required that the finish be as near the starting point as possible. Each test was made with two official observers, and results sworn to before a Notary Public. The test represents the average of 94 cars, 94 drivers, various road conditions, all kinds of weather, different grades of gasoline and, therefore, what can be obtained by skillful driving in the scientifically light-weight six-cylinder Franklin car.

The highest mileage was made by Wm. F. Sanger, Milwaukee, Wis. (See list.)

The different conditions under which the tests were made are graphically shown by the following telegrams:

Salt Lake City, Utah — "40.1 miles. High wind and wet roads or could easily have made 50."

Laramie, Wyo.- "32.1 miles. Weather cold. Roads rough but hard."

San Diego, Cal.—"33.1 miles. Roads very slippery. Drizzling rain during run. Rather cold. Conniry drove. Top and glass front down. H. C. Covell, Club representative, Louis Elmgren, Fire Chief, observers. Car with load weighed 3385."

Georgetown, Texas—"Made 17.2 miles. Top and windshield up. Wet and badly washed pike roads. Very little wind. Three passengers and car weighed 3310 including accumulated mud. Showered just before starting. Average speed eighteen miles per hour. Affidavit follows by letter."

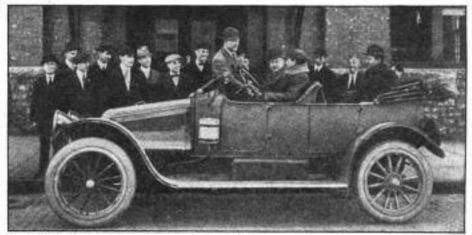
Bangor, Maine—"21.5 miles. Dry dirt roads, rough in places, and hilly. Weather told, thermometer 31 at six, 45 at end of run. Strong wind. Driver, Hall. Weight 3250. Glass front and top down. Snowed lightly during night. Started at ten, finished at eleven-thirty."

Newark, N. J.—"On official test obtained 34 4-10 miles. Roads dry, fair condition. Weather clear, mild. Driver, Walter Parcells. Weight of car including passengers 3320 pounds. We doubled back over identical course. Course contained 15 hills (grades from 2 to 8 or 10 percent). Demonstrating car used, run total 5,000 miles covered period 6 months."

York, Pa.—"Made thirty-seven and nine-tenths miles on turnpike which was covered one-tenth of way by deep blue stone. Can do forty-five miles if roads are in good condition."

Kansas City, Mo.—"Williams makes forty-two and eighty-eight hundredths miles on one gallon gasoline. Weather cool. Slight wind. Roads good."

(Continued in booklet, sent free on request by Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.)



THE SYRACUSE TEST CAR JUST IN-40.3 MILES ON ONE GALLON

#### THE CERTIFIED INDIVIDUAL RECORDS:

Car City Dealer

EBANKHIN	MILWAUKEE, WIS	WM. F. SANGER	- FAIR	51.2
FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN	AKRON, OHIO	A. AUBLE, JR.	WINDY	39.3
FRANKLIN	AUBURN N. Y.	GEORGE H. LEGNARD	WINDY .	36.6
FRANKLIN	BANGOR, ME.	EDWIN O. HALL	WINDY	21.5
FRANKLIN	BAR HARBOR, ME. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.	S. H. LEWIS	FAIR .	36.1
FRANKLIN -	BRIDGEPORT CONN.	ARTHUR L CLARK	FAIR	49.5
FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN FRANKLIN	BUFFALO, N. Y.	GEORGE OSTENDORF	WINDY .	27.7
FRANKLIN .	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	J. B. WOODSIDE	WINDY	36.0
FRANKLIN	CINCINNATI OHIO	NEWMAN SAMUEL	: FAIR ::	37.3
FRANKLIN :	CUMBERLAND, MD.	A. E. GLISAN	FAIR	50.9
FRANKLIN	DALLAS, TEXAS	F. B. HEATHMAN	FAIR	29.9
FRANKLIN .	DULUTH, MINN.	P. C. CULLEN	WINDY	26.3
FRANKLIN	EDMONTON ALTA	G. R. WOOD HOLLAND W. ROSS	FAIR	23.7
EBANKLIN	ELIZABETH, N. J.	F. V. PRICE, JR.	. WINDY .	41.2
FRANKLIN :	GALKSBURG ILL	E. T. BYRAM	FAIR	20.2
FRANKLIN	GEORGETOWN, TEXAS	T. J. CASWELL	RAIN	17.2
FRANKLIN	GRAND HAPIDS, MICH.	B. D. WHITTEN	FAIR	31.4
FRANKLIN	HAGERSTOWN MD.	E. L. TURNER	FAIR	25.7
PRANKLIN	HARTFORD, CONN.	H. P. SEYMOUR	WINDY .	33.8
FRANKLIN	HUTCHINSON, KANS.	L. B. YOUNG	FAIR	25.0
FRANKLIN :	KINGSTON, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY :	31.7
FRANKLIN	LARAMIE, WYO.	E. LOVEJOY	FAIR	25.0
FRANKLIN	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	R. C. HAMLIN GEORGE M. YOUNGER	FAIR	34.8
FRANKLIN	MINNEAPOLIS MUNN	J. F. JONES	FAIR	42.8
PRANKLIN .	NEWARK, N. J.	W. L. MALLON	- FAIR	34.4
FRANKLIN	NEW HAVEN, CONN.	COWLES TOLMAN	FAIR	48.5
FRANKLIN	NORWICH, N. Y.	A. M. JONES	WINDY :	30.0
FRANKLIN :	PATERSON, N. J.	J. S. HUGHES	FAIR	25.1
FRANKLIN	PEORIA ILL	J. W. McCORMMACH S. K. HATFIELD	PAIR	33.8
FRANKLIN	PHILADELPHIA, PA.	JAMES SWEETEN, JR.	WINDY .	38.3
FRANKLIN	PITTSBURG, PA.	W. MURRAY CARR	FAIR	30.5
FRANKLIN : :	PORTLAND, ORE.	J. C. BRALY	FAIR	39.1
FRANKLIN	PROVIDENCE, R. L.	WALLACE L WILCOX	WINDY :	34.4
FRANKLIN :	READING, PA.	JAMES M. KALBACH	FAIR	27.8
FRANKLIN .	RISING SUN, OHIO	G. R. MecCOLLUM	WINDY	24.0
FRANKLIN	SAN ANGELO, TEXAS	M. C. RAGSDALE	BAIN	26.3
FRANKLIN	SAN DIEGO, CAL	WILSON S. SMITH	RAIN	33.1
FRANKLIN	SAN JOSE CAL	L NORMANDIN	FAIR	34.9
FRANKLIN	SCRANTON, PA.	O. D. DeWITT	FAIR	31.7
FRANKLIN	STOUX CITY, IA.	THOMAS MURPHY	: FAIR ::	29.4
FRANKLIN	SHEBOYGAN, WIS.	N. P. HANSON	WINDY	28.1
FRANKLIN	SHREVEPORT, LA.	W. H. JOHNSON	EAIR	23.7
FRANKLIN	SPRINGFIELD, MASS	W. W. ANDERSON	PAIR	. 36.4
FRANKLIN	ST. PAUL, MINN.	A. H. CLARK	FAIR	32.5
FRANKLIN :	TULSA, OKLA	W. P. CHAPPLE	PAIR	24.4
FRANKLIN	UTICA, N. Y.	W. W. GARABRANT	WINDY :	30.4
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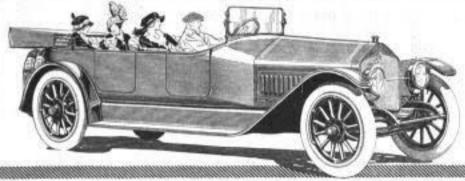
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We say "you don't have to raise the hood" because the National's success justifies your confidence in our mechanical

The one and only American-made car that remains superior to all foreign cars in the International 500-mile races is the NATIONAL.



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### The Fakers

"Do you mean you won't be a lawyer?" and Mrs. Hicks' voice broke a little, for she had earnestly wished her son might follow in his father's profession.

"No," Tommie said as he rose from the table, "I'll be a lawyer all right, but this opportunity is too good to be lost."

That afternoon he went down to the office of the Salestown Beacon. Grandison, the editor and proprietor of the Beacon, was busy with some auction bills that

was busy with some auction bills that meant ten dollars cash when delivered, and he was not very cordial when Hicks entered

he was not very cordial when Hicks entered
the composing room.

"Mr. Grandison," began Hicks, "I am
going down to Washington to attend the
inauguration and see my old friends Mark
Hanna and Senator Paxton."

Grandison was cutting some leads and
he stopped and looked at his visitor. "You
don't say," he commented.

"Yes, and it is quite probable I shall not
return for some time. In fact I expect to
enter the Government service."

"Do tell," said Grandison, resuming his
leadcutting.

leadcutting. "I thought," continued Hicks, "that you might want to make mention of my

departure in the Beacon."
"I'm busy, gol-durned busy."

"I'm busy, gol-durned busy."
"I see you are, and I thought I might help you by writing the notice myself."
"Go ahead," said Grandison; "go as far as you like. There's copy paper in there."
"Oh," said Hicks easily, "I brought down a little piece I fixed up on my typewriter. I'll put it on your desk."

writer. I'll put it on your desk.

writer. I'll put it on your desk."

When Grandison had his auction bills on the press he went to his desk and read the Hicks communication. He laughed a little and hung it on the copy hook. Grandison liked Hicks and so did almost everybody in Salestown. Hicks attended to that. He desired to be everybody's friend, and was; and though he welcomed reciprocity in his friendships he did not demand it as a requisite of continuity. He paid no attention to rebuffs, or to ridicule, or to sneers. If a man tried to be sarcastic at his expense a man tried to be sarcastic at his expense Hicks blandly took the remarks at their word value and was grateful. He was ubiquitous and urbane. Some of the vil-lage folks said his hide was as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and Hicks heard these comments with a smile, and invariably

sought a way to say something compli-mentary about the detractor or do him a favor if the opportunity came.

When the Beacon came out on Thursday Judge William Percival Smith read the notice about Hicks to Col. Seth Howard, an old crony who spent much time in the judge's office. "Listen to this, Seth," chuckled the judge, and he began:

"'Our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, has in contemplation a trip to Washington, the capital of the nation, to participate in the inauguration ceremonies incumbent on the installation ceremonies incumbent on the installation of William McKinley as president of the United States. Mr. Hicks was active in the campaign that culminated so gloriously in the election of Mr. McKinley, and his powerful efforts have been recognized both by Chairman Mark Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, and by Senator William H. Paxton, of this state. Mr. Hicks has letters from both of these distinguished statesmen inviting him to come to Washing-ton, and it has been intimated he will receive from the new administration an adequate measure of reward for his valiant services in the cause of the gold standard. We congratulate Mr. Hicks on this auspicious and well-merited recognition both of his Republicanism and of his success as a political leader."

"There's only one thing lacking so far's can see, commented Col. Seth Howard after the judge had finished the paragraph.
"What's that?" asked the judge. "It
seems to me to be a pretty reasonably com-

plete statement of the case.

"It ought to be signed by T. Marmaduke

"Probably," continued the judge. "But you must say this for Tommie—he certainly doesn't lack the nerve to push himself in anywhere he wants to go, and I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days he got somewhere."

"He'll get somewhere," agreed Colonel Howard. "I don't know whether it will be in the Senate or in jail, but he won't stand still, you can bet on that." "Oh, pshaw, colonel!" laughed the judge; "don't be too rough on him. He's a clever boy, and the Congress of the United States, for example, is all cluttered up with men who have developed to a paying poinical basis just these traits we observe in

our young friend Tommie."
"I tell you he's a demagogue already, and he ain't hardly dry behind the ears yet. I met him the other day and what do you think he said to me-what do you think

think he said to me—what do you think he said?"

"What did he say?" asked the judge. "Tommie is likely to say almost anything pleasant. Told you you are getting younge every day, I suppose, and that you are one of the great men of Salestown, whose example and daily walk and conversation are an inspiration to him."

"Well," admitted the colonel rather sheepishly, "he did show some sense in those remarks, but he got to talking politics and he said something like this"—and the Colonel rose stiffly and assumed as

the Colonel rose stiffly and assumed as

oratorical position:
"'Colonel,' he said, 'Colonel, I feel that there is a great opportunity for me in pub-lic life. I have made a study of conditions and I have firmly resolved to espouse the cause of the people, to help lift the burders of the toiling masses, to relieve them of the oppressions that now dismay them, to lead

oppressions that now dismay them, to led them into the sunlight of a happier day."

"Hooray!" cheered Judge Smith.

"Yes,' he said, 'the people are to be my first concern. I shall address my shilties to the improvement of their political and social conditions. I shall labor for them and with them. I have decided to enter politics for no other purpose than to protect the toiling masses from the cruel and rapacious oppression of the classes."

"Hooray!" shouted Judge Smith again.

"And what I want to know," continued the colonel, "is how he squares that sort of a program with his support of McKinley.

a program with his support of McKinley and the goldbugs."

"My dear colonel," answered the judge,
"he doesn't have to square it. If he gets
a job under this administration he'll forget it. If he doesn't get a job he'll have nothing to square, for that naturally will be his

"A demagogue," insisted the colone again, "a demagogue before he's dry behind the ears."

"Well," answered the judge, "I guess that's so; but so far as I can see from this angle, there access to be a better make angle there seems to be a better market for demagogism than for any other political

commodity in these days."
"Humph!" retorted the colonel, who
could think of nothing better to say, and
stalked out. He met Hicks at the foot of
the stairs that led to the street from Judge
Smith; office. Smith's office.

"Going to Washington, I see," the colonel greeted him.

Yes, colonel; that is my intention."

"Yes, colonel; that is my intention.
"Going to take a job under McKinley!"
"It may be."
"Now look here, young man," and the colonel was indignant, "how in blazes are you going to join out with this goldbut administration and believe in all that stuff about the common people you handed to about the common people you handed to

me the other day?"
"Why, colonel," Hicks replied suavely

"Why, colonel," Hicks replied suavely.

"reforms can be more easily accomplished from within than from without the party organization. If the people—

"Great Scott!" shouted the old man.

"Quit it! Don't insult my intelligence by that sort of rot. I'll tell you where you be long—not here in this community, but out in the prairies with the Populists. Good afternoon."

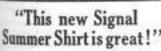
Hicks looked after him and laurebed a

Hicks looked after him and laughed a little. "There might be something in that too," he said to himself.

Hicks made his preparations and went to Washington, where he arrived with many thousands of other people on the night of March 2, 1897. He had written to a friend who had a place in one of the departments. and had the address of a good boarding house. He secured a room and spent the next three days in happy enjoyment of the crowds, the clamor, the parades, the fre-works, the glitter and the glamour of an inauguration and its aftermath. He called on Senator Paxton, found him out, but secured from Paxton's secretary a gallery ticket for the ordinary sessions of the Senate, and jammed his way in on the busy March third and saw the hurly-burly of the closing hours







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to set summer shirts. The Samal set comprises a large variety of styles and moores. Some have a flat collar, others altay collar, others detachable collar. De this map all the way from \$1.00 to \$2.50. The this map all the way from \$2.50 to \$2.50. The mat not with special regard to style, consist not switch and finanched with paintacking case. As for the Signal Poncephoy Shirt at power store, B be heave; in, whice no his same now interest, inches a dollar hell, and we will worst pro one present. Your reserve will be notward. Your many will be about the shirt.

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of a Congress. He watched the proceedings carefully, tried to pick out the famous sen-ators on the floor, and was somewhat hurt because Senator Paxton did not send for him and give him a ticket admitting him to the inauguration ceremonies in the Senate chamber and on the stand outside. However, he was up early on March fourth, se-cured a good position in the crowded plaza, and was much impressed with the ceremony that made Mr. McKinley president and retired Grover Cleveland to private life.

Senator Paxton was busy, exceedingly busy. The change of administration from Cleveland to McKinley brought many pat-ronage problems to him, and he was early and eagerly trying to find places for some of his leaders in the home state. Hicks called three or four times a day at his office, but each time was shunted off. He stood for hours in the corridor waiting for Paxton to come out, unconscious of the fact that the senator had a side door to his office through which he escaped from the office-seekers. Hicks carried himself jauntily, although secretly much depressed because of the tardy recognition of his merits and claims, and exerted himself to make the Paxton corps of clerks and secretaries his friends. He sat a good deal in the outer office of the Paxton suite, reading the papers and waitng for the senator, positively refusing to be turned away by any of the subordinates who constantly assured him there was no chance for him and that he'd better go home. One day as Hicks was sitting in the outer office, about two weeks after he arrived in

Washington, the door to the inner room opened and Senator Paxton came out with

opened and Senator Paxton came out with a great bunch of papers in his hands.

"Look here, Madden!" the senator shouted to his secretary, "you're a thousand miles behind with this correspondence. What's the matter? Can't you keep up with it?"

"I'm doing the best I can with it," Madden answered sulkily. "You don't seem to appreciate that since McKinley came in your correspondence has increased about six

our correspondence has increased about six

hundred per cent and you are making us handle it with the same old force." "That'sso," admitted Paxton. "I hadn't thought of that. Get another stenographer or a typewriter or something, and clean

Hicks started eagerly from his chair.
"Senator," he said, coming forward, "let
me take hold of it."

"Who are you?" asked Paxton brusquely.
"I never saw you before."
Hicks winced. "Oh, yes, you have," he
replied. "I met you out in Salestown and
you wrote to me. I have the letter here."
He took out the well-worn letter. Paxton

He took out the well-worn letter. Paxton glanced at it and smiled. "That won't get you very far," he said. "Who are you?"
"I am T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Sales-

town. I am a competent stenographer and typewriter and I want a job with you."
Paxton looked at him. He saw a tall,
well-dressed young man, his eyes alight

with eagerness, a young man who had a bright face and an agreeable manner. From Salestown, are you?

"Yes, sir."

"Whom do you know there?"

"Everybody. I have studied law with Judge William Percival Smith." "Studied with Billy Smith, have you?

Well, that's a good start. Will he recom-mend you?"
"I think so."

Paxton turned to his secretary. "Mad-den," he said, "wire Judge Smith at Sales-town and ask him about this young man. If he's all right put him on extra in the morning. We've simply got to get this mess of stuff cleaned up. Meantime try him out on the typewriter and see if he is any good. Give him some of the form-letter stuff."

Paxton turned and went back to his room without another look at Hicks. Madden said: "Pull off your coat, young man, and get busy. Take that machine over there and use these addresses for this letter."

He handed Hicks a printed form. "Copy exactly," he ordered, "and do them as neatly as you can so each rube will think he has a personal letter from the senator.

Hicks took the form letter and the list of addresses and began work at the typewriter assigned to him, but his heart was heavy within him. His letter from Senator Paxton had been a form letter also.

JUDGE SMITH telegraphed to Senator Paxton that Hicks was honest and smart, came of a good family and had no had habits. He wrote at length detailing





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some of the Hicksian personal characteristics, and Senator Paxton read the letter, laughed and asked Madden: "How's he doing?

"Pretty fair," the harassed Madden re-plied. "He's a reasonably good typewriter, seems to be intelligent, is willing to work and to learn, and is companionable enough round the office, although he doesn't under-

round the office, although he doesn't underestimate his own abilities any."

"Judging from what Billy Smith says,"
commented the senator, "he has several
kinds of pep in him and may be worth
watching. Put him on temporarily and
give him a good work-out."

Whereupon T. Marmaduke Hicks became an atjaché of the office of Senator
William H. Paxton at a wage of sixty dollars a month. Madden thought he might

lars a month. Madden thought he might remain two or three months, until the great rush was over. Paxton dismissed him from his mind. Hicks himself had no other idea than a permanent billet in the office, and he was right. He grew expert on the type-writer, practiced stenography assiduously, cultivated Madden in every possible way, was willing to labor nights and Sundays, and at the end of the third month was a fixture and had his pay raised to a hundred dollars a month. This was done by the simple Paxtonian expedient of placing him on the senate roll as an assistant committee clerk, which not only gave Hicks more money but relieved Paxton of the necessity of paying Hicks sixty dollars out of his own pocket.

Hicks had a natural bent for politics and he studied Paxton's methods carefully. He had a retentive memory and applied it to all of the minor matters that came up in the office. He remembered names and dates and kept close track of the files. He studied state-patronage questions, briefed applica-tions, watched the Senate when he could, read the newspapers assiduously and kept in touch with all important measures, and especially those in which his chief was interested. He started a little clipping bureau of his own, reading the state papers closely for all articles and editorial comment having a bearing on Paxton's activities, saved up small items for the correspondents of the home newspapers, and before he had been there six months knew as much about the inside routine of the office as Madden did, who had been with Paxton for fifteen years.

One morning he arrived at the office at eight o'clock and to his astonishment found Senator Paxton there, fussing and fuming

for a stenographer.
"Where's Madden?" asked the senator

crossly.
"He doesn't get here until nine o'clock." "He doesn't get here until hine o clock."
"Damn!" exploded Paxton. "I want to dictate a few paragraphs of a speech."
"I can take it," said Hicks eagerly.
"Are you a stenographer?"
"Yes, sir."
"Came on them and don't hash it any."

"Come on, then, and don't hash it any more than you can help."

Paxton dictated swiftly for half an hour.

Hicks concentrated every atom of intelli-gence he had on his work, and when Paxton had finished and ordered, "Make a carbon of it," he went nervously to his typewriter and began to transcribe his notes.

He handed the typewriter sheet to the

He handed the typewritten sheets to the senator and stood anxiously by while the great man read them. Every time the sen-ator made a pencil mark on the paper Hicks felt his heart sink within him, but he was radiant when the senator said, after he had finished reading: "Not so bad." That night at the boarding house he told his table

companions that he was now the confiden-tial stenographer for Senator Paxton.

Six months later this statement became reasonably true, for Hicks made himself so useful and worked with such earnestness and zeal and intelligence that Senator Paxton appointed him essistant to Mad Paxton appointed him assistant to Mad-den and increased his salary to sixteen hundred dollars a year by and with the aid of a friendly contingent-expenses committee of the Senate, of which the chairman was an old friend of the senator's.

This enabled Hicks to move to another boarding house, and he chose the establishment of Mrs. Lake.

Washington is freckled with boarding houses. There are sections of the capital that resemble Bloomsbury in London. Row after row of what were once fashionable residences are now, and were in Tommie's time, establishments of varying merit as places of entertainment, occupied by various grades of boarders, ranging from penurious or precarious statesmen to clerks and other employees in the service of the

The house conducted by Mrs. Lake an her daughter was on a good street and en-cellent of its kind. Mrs. Lake was the widow of a man who had had some proerty and more debts, and had been con pelled to support herself after the lawyer had finished settling the estate. She was well bred, a good housekeeper and a woma of attractiveness and ability. She was wise boarding-house mistress. Her parks and her dining room and her hall were we furnished. She knew the charm of shake lamps and cozy corners and employed the both numerously. Her rugs were good. He pictures were copies of old masters, her ser pactures were copies of old masters, her ser-ice careful and expert, and her food, thous not lavishly served, was of the best qualin and well cooked. The brass doorknot always shone brightly, the small negro wi opened the door was immaculate in a bh uniform and white cotton gloves, and he uniform and white cotton gloves, and he a welcoming smile that was an essenti part of his training. Occasionally Mr. Lake entertained transients sent by see former boarder, but most of her peop stayed with her for long periods.

Tommie took a small room on the talkes which he convent for its in the talkes.

Tommie took a smail room on the use floor, which he secured for sixty dollars month, a sum quite insignificant, as Mi Lake assured him, when compared with a social advantages he would enjoy who under her roof. These social advantages and the resultant social requirement dawned on Hicks on the first Friday nighand at the hearting house. Everylye he dined at the boarding house. Everybo dressed for dinner on Friday nights. It w

the custom of the establishment.

To be sure, Mrs. Lake and her daught dressed for dinner every night and sat regal state at a small table near the de through which the waitresses came into t room, thus giving a "real swell tone" the establishment, as Mrs. Lake put it, h the other guests—not boarders, guests ate in their usual day costumes. Mrs. La rather insisted that the modish resources the establishment should be displayed one night of the week, and it had come be accepted that the guests should tog c in their very best on that night. Usual in order to give an added air of distincts Mrs. Lake served a canapé of caviar ti night instead of beginning the meal w

the customary soup.

Tommie did not know of this cust and he was astounded when he came do to dinner on his first Friday night a found the women, some of them in lowbodices and some in bodices with guing removed, and the men rigged out in din coats, evening coats and stiff white shi fronts. Even the Texan, who had made tenet of his politics not to wear a dress s compromised between his principles a his politeness by wearing a low-cut wa coat beneath the long and flowing fre coat in which he made his impassion appeals for the welfare of the people the floor of the House of Representative Tommie stared a little at the unwon display of elegance but was neither a concerted nor dismayed. Instead he not concerted the results at the more and weappear who we have fully at the more and weappear who we cheerfully at the men and women who w sitting stiffly in their chairs and toying w their minute portions of caviar, and p ceeded easily to the table where Mrs. L

coeded easily to the table where Mrs. L.
and her daughter sat, both regally array
"My dear Mrs. Lake," he said, "v
didn't you tell me everybody would di
up tonight?"

"Why, Mr. Hicks," that lady repl
"I supposed you knew. I am very sorr
"Oh," laughed Tommie, "it is a mat
of small consequence. I'll know next tim
Next day Hicks started on his search
sultable attire. After much considerat

Next day Hicks started on his search suitable attire. After much considerst he decided to buy a dinner coat, commissing between the demand of his posit and the supply of his purse. Tommie his friends called the coat he bough tuxedo. It was a good tuxedo and it fit him well after a few alterations. Tom knew Senator Paxton had his clothes m in New York and honed to be able to patr in New York and hoped to be able to patr ize the same tailor one day; but for present he concluded a ready-to-wear

He spent an afternoon in the stores Street shopping for suitable studs : cuff-links and, after beginning at the larjewelry store and pricing real pearls, ished the expedition with the purchase some imitation pearls and buttons t matched. The shopkeeper told him the tations could not be told from the gent except by an expert. Tommie was s there were no experts in his home circle He had consulted a friend at the Cap

about a high hat, or at least a crush hat

(Continued on Page 45)

(Continued from Page 42)

go with his evening clothes, but the friend and sold him he could wear his derby and beingood form, and that gratified Tommie.
But, none the less, he almost bought a
crush hat. He had seen pictures in the
magazines that presented tall and exquistey dressed men carrying crush hats in rations modish crush-hat positions, and he felt award give him much added distinction the could come down to the big assembly the could come down to the big assembly non in the boarding house with his hat carriersly but gracefully disposed beneath his arm, and when going out could open it at the door with a flourish and a pop.

On the following Friday night he came

down to dinner ten minutes late in order to give the others ample time to be at their places, and made an impressive entrance dad in his new clothes. He had placed his hadderchief in his sleeve, for he had ob-seved that an under-secretary at one of the criasies, whom he had closely scrutinized while that rising young diplomatist was taking to Senator Paxton, carried his hand-lesslif that way. Tommie looked round the room. So far as he could observe, no perset there had his handkerchief in his sleeve, and Tommie saw to it that all near hin were made aware of this crowning such of elegance. Indeed he took out his tandkerchief so often that one of his table companions, the motherly wife of a reposentative, asked anxiously whether he had a cold and offered to supply him with

HICKS spent the next year and a half comfortably with Mrs. Lake, laboriusly with Senator Paxton, and profitably to himself in a way, for he skittered through sort of a law course in a sort of a law school, devoting two nights or three a week to the nemulation of such legal knowledge as va dispensed at this institution. He made to serious study of the law, because serious study of any subject whatsoever, save that of his own aggrandizement, was foreign to the mind of Hicks.

He bought notes of lectures from impecurious digs, flattered and cultivated the professors and lecturers, delivered semi-stations when called upon to tell what he key, and was on his way toward his degree nommendation.

He did not care for the law, but he felt he seeded the law as a peg on which to hang is political ambitions. He made a close sady of politics, watching Paxton's every novement-Paxton was a master politican—and had it vaguely in mind to go smowhere, after he had saved a little money, open a law office and depend on his still as a handshaker and his general alertzew of mind and lack of scruples to advance him in politics. He knew most of the usual political tricks, for politics was his passion, and he essayed the various artifices employed by the men who seek votes for ther values as votegetters rather than for

their showing of principle and principles. Hicks had learned one thing. He never of anded any person who might possibly do limany good, and took whatever came from non sources with smiles and thanks; and be never falled to impress on those whom he outsidered on terms of equality with himself his own advanced ideas of his personal inportance and ability. His affability and utanity were famous in clerical circles at the Capitol; his polite attention to his betless made him many friends; and his com-plaisance and readiness to do what was required of him led Paxton to use him, more triess, in semi-important affairs. Madden of course was the real operator for Paxton, the man who stood with broad shoulders ways ready for any shifted responsibility, who ran such risks as there were and who was as loyal as he was pliable.

Paxton's attitude toward politics and public service was that it is a game, with the people as pawns. This also was the attitade of the men associated with Paxton in the leadership of the Senate and the drection of the House. That was the atmosphere in which Hicks worked and the atmosphere he absorbed. Paxton himself was a vise and likable person who never went hather in his philosophy of politics than to usert the theory that the end justifies the means and that power must be retained by the organization at all bazards. He was wiling to do for the people whatever would help the organization in the doing, and almost every act of his and of his controling associates in the Congress was predirated on the political effect that act would baye on the personal and political fortunes of himself and his friends.

Long years of experience with the selfish motives and desires and practices of the men in politics, and long years of observing the ease with which these selfish and selfeeking men deluded the people, had given him a sort of good-humored contempt for the people as a whole, especially as to their politics and the practice of it. He had accumulated a fortune through politics and he had assumed a philosophical view of the game, as he called it, and took nothing seriously that did not threaten his own continuance as a leader of those who played the game with him. He was under no de-lusions as to his colleagues. He knew just how shallow their pretenses were, how much of lip-service there was in their resounding promises on the stump and on the floor of the Senate, how bogus it all was. So he continued at it for the fun he had and for the power it gave him, and though he was as bogus as the rest of them, so far as regard for the general good was concerned, he had the redeeming quality of know-ing himself exactly how bogus he was, and

not assuming virtue.

He had a sense of perspective, a sense of humor, and a full working knowledge of all the weaknesses, follies, ill-considered sentiment and lack of knowledge among the

populace.

"Undoubtedly," he said to Hicks one day, "undoubtedly, Tommie, Mr. Lincoln day, "undoubtedly, Tommie, Mr. Lincoln was right when he said you cannot fool all the people all the time. But the limit hasn't been reached. A large number of men in the politics of this country have been at that business of fooling the people for a great many years and haven't been caught yet. In the long, the ultimate, run the contention may be right, but no one of much consequence as a fooler has been stopped thus far to my knowledge."

Hicks pondered this and similar sentiments from the cynical and contemptuous Paxton. He watched the operations of the organization leaders in the Senate and saw them doing things day after day that were planned carefully, and so executed, for the effect they would have on the political and other fortunes of the party and with small

other fortunes of the party and with small regard for any popular merit except such as might incidentally accrue. He accepted this as the proper theory of politics and the wise theory, and he shaped his own plans and actions thereby. He intended to be a nolitician to cuter politics and he had no politician, to enter politics, and he had no other idea of entering politics than the stendfast idea of getting everything possible for Hicks by whatever means might present themselves. He formed the Hicks party, with himself as sole member, solely to profit thereby, and resolved to operate along

He was encouraged in his attitude by his ccasional visits to Salestown, where the village people looked on him as some sort of an extraordinary person who was shaping the destinies of the nation in conjunction with the famous Senator Paxton. Hicks tried out on his old friends some tentative boasts and assertions of his importance and was amazed to see how unquestioningly they took as true everything he claimed. Once he made a speech at an Old Home Day dinner. He began, rather modestly for him, his recital of his activities at the capital but on observing the pleased. capital, but, on observing the pleased acceptance of his assertions by his audi-tors, threw off all restraint and proclaimed himself as a most potent power behind the

"It is my good fortune," he spouted, "to be associated with these great men at Washington who are directing the affairs of this nation, to act with them, to are with them and to be consulted by them; and want to say to you, friends of my boyhood days, that no one knows better than I the unselfishness, the clear-sighted patriotism, the high nobility of purpose and the unfaltering determination of these states men to conserve the welfare of the people.

There was loud applianse from everybody except Col. Seth Howard. "Tommie," said that unbeliever after the dinner, "I thought the constitution provides for no more than two senators from

a state."

"Why, so it does, colonel," replied Hicks.
"That's the way I read it," continued
the colonel, "but I take it from your remarks our state has three."

"Why, no, colonel; only two."

"I'm glad to be reassured on that point,
for I gathered from what you said that you

are acting as a senator for us also."

Tommie laughed. "Oh, colonel," he said, "I am afraid you didn't listen closely to what I said."

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"That's the trouble," snarled the colonel. "I was about the only one who did listen closely"; and he stumped away.

Tommie saw to it that the Beacon had a report of that speech, and when the paper came in put a clipping of it on Senator Paxton's desk.

Paxton's desk.

Paxton's eyes twinkled when he summoned Hicks to his room.

"Tommie," he said, holding in his hand the clipping from the Beacon, "I see that you have begun to inculcate the true faith in the minds of the people."

"What do you mean?" asked Hicks.

"Why, I have just been reading this report of the speech you made up at Salestown. I couldn't have done better myself in portraying the high and patriotic aims of such workers in the vineyard of the common people as are the instruments here at mon people as are the instruments here at

mon people as are the instruments here at this capital for ameliorating their woes. I congratulate you."

Madden read the clipping also. "Say," he said to Tommie after he had finished Hicks' glowing account of his own per-formance; "you are wasting your time round here."

"What do not be instruments here at their woes."

"What do you mean?" asked Tommie in alarm, for Madden was a powerful factor in that office.

"I mean you're too good to be working as a stenographer to a senator—any senator—or anybody else. A young man who can get away with that sort of guff as well as you can ought to be out among the dear people. You are not deluding anybody here,

people. You are not deluding anybody here, you know, but it is different outside."

"I don't understand you." Hicks replied.

"Oh, all right," continued Madden, "but I understand you. Now don't attitudinize to me. I tell you there is a future for you in politics if you get the right field."

Madden stopped, lighted a cigar and looked out of the window.

"I have been here for twenty years," he said, as if talking mostly to himself, "and fifteen of those years I have served with the senator. I've seen them blow in, blow up and blow out by the hundreds. If there is any kind of bunko artist, faker, charlatan, demagogue or other professional friend of demagogue or other professional friend of the people I haven't run across in my time, it is some new sort just invented. I tell you, Hicks, you've got the earmarks and all the tendencies and all the traits for a suc-cessful career as a noble and self-sacrificing

cessful career as a noble and self-sacrificing citizen who is actuated by the sole desire to aid the common people. You could bring yourself to love them. I know it."

"But ——" began Hicks.

"Oh, but nothing!" interrupted Madden. "There are no buts about it. If there

ever was a man born to handshake and talk his way to a good place on the payroll, that man is yourself, Hicks, and I don't say this to your disparagement, for I admire your abilities. You are a born friend of the peoabilities. You are a born friend of the people. Moreover, you are rapidly acquiring all the knowledge and details of that pious profession, and it's a shame for you to stay here pounding the typewriter when you might be out uplifting the dear common people from the slough of despond, to your own subsequent advantage both politically and financially."

"I think you misjudge me, Mr. Madden," Hicks began again. "I certainly do not feel that my principles should be weighed in any such sordid scale ——"

"Misjudge you!" broke in Madden. "That line of talk you have just begun stamps my judgment as infallible. Let me have those letters about the Redding case."

Hicks brought the Redding file. He

Hicks brought the Redding file. He thought a good deal that day of what the senator and Madden had said. In his opin-ion their ideas of his abilities and tendencies, to say nothing of his ambitions, were couched in terms that might have been more delicately put, but on the whole he was not dissatisfied. For if two such ex-perts were beginning to consider him adroit enough to make his way with the populace, he felt he might be progressing.

And when the correspondents came in that afternoon to see if there was any news for

afternoon to see if there was any news for home consumption, Tommie handed each of them a typewritten excerpt from con's account of his speech. He had early learned that political success depends to a large extent on the proper appreciation and cultivation of the sources of publicity, and the reporters liked him. They all made paragraphs about the speech, which went with the day's news grist, and some of these were printed, to the great delight of Hicks and to the great amusement of Senator Paxton and Madden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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### *CORPORAL BILLY'S COME-BACK*

the crowd. Corporal Billy was all right, but at his age what would he be doing on a posse after a desperate murderer? Better stick to his last! More than one wit audibly suggested this, and the sally evoked laugh-ter. Before it had died the posse was off, with a final word from the sheriff, who was remaining right there because he felt that was the place for a sheriff.

Corporal Billy turned away. It was the supreme insult! He who had marched to theringing strains of We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More, to be refused as a volunteer to a little Caliiornia mountain posse. And they had hoghed at him; in fact they had laughed at his uniform—insulted the blue! Corponi Billy was near to an unseemly outbreak when he grasped that. He had turned back to the remnant of the crowd, wild words on his lips, when a low, tense voice at his side prested him.

"Hist!" said the voice.

He turned and confronted Cyril Naughton Webster, the intrepid captain of boy

"Hey?" asked Corporal Billy. "What

say?"
"Hist!" repeated the captain. "A word "Hey?" queried th

queried the corporal again. "Aw, com'on over here away from those muse where I can speak to you," said the captain, irritated into a relinquishment of his official manner. By one blue sleeve he tugged Corporal Billy beyond earshot of

the crowd. "What's all this?" demanded the corporal.

"You'll find out soon enough," flashed the captain ominously. "You've got your work cut out. Now not another word! Simply follow me. One incautious word may spoil all."

"All what?" demanded the corporal.

"Who knows what the day may bring who knows what the day may bring brth?" parried the captain, fingering the crippled army pistol at his belt. "Trust in me, no matter if the skies seem dark. And come on! Hurry up!" He turned and marched briskly down the street. Corporal Billy gazed after him briefly and was

suly gazed after him briefly and was shocked to a sudden alarm.

"My good land!" he muttered; "he's gone and done it! He's killed one them indians! He's takin' me to the body!" He started after the swinging figure of the captain, a sickening fear in his heart. Through the town the pair made their way. The captain did not look back. The corporal pursued him. Wrath was growing within pursued him. Wrath was growing within him, even above his fear. He devised a series of ingenious punishments for this youth of undeniably high spirits.

At the edge of town the captain turned of and skirted the railroad track. Cor-poral Billy removed the fatigue cap to wipe his steaming brow, and followed his leader. From time to time he shouted ahead impatient demands for details, but the captain merely waved back a silencing hand. After half a mile beside the track, he leaped lightly up the bank and paused at the edge of the wood. Into this wood and ascending the steep hill Corporal Billy observed well-marked trail; it was the trail lead-ing to the Indians' camp. He was breath-less when he reached the captain's side, not alone with his rapid walk but with rage and siarm. The captain stood coolly there, but obviously restraining with vast effort some

subterranean excitement.

"I knew you were the bravest man in these parts," said the captain before Corporal Billy was equal to speech. "I knew you wouldn't be afraid of anything."

"Where you got him?" demanded the corporal, visualizing a murdered Indian.

"Never you mind! I got him all right all right! But I'm—of course I'm not afraid—but I thought I'd better have you."

"You young foo!! Wha'd I tell you?" You young fool! Wha'd I tell you?"

"Say, you've got a giant's strength, haven't you," asked the captain, curiously

"Well—of course I used to — What
"I have?" replied the corporal savagely.
"You told me you once felled an ox with

one blow of your fist, didn't you tell me that? You know you did. And you're brave as a lion; you can't fool me. Gee whiz, if I could grow up to be as brave as you are!"

'Look here! What's this mean?" But the rage of the corporal was sensibly molli-

The captain turned to ascend the trail. Not a word above a whisper," he hissed,

"Not a word above a winsper,
"and don't make a sound."

"Now look ahere ——" But the captain was stealthily climbing and the corporal followed him perforce. For twenty minutes he toiled up through the gloom of the spruce and pines, stumbling over boulders in the ancient trail, slipping on the damp earth-mold, once more heartily dis-paraging the first born of his only sister. And then, twenty paces beyond him, the captain left the trail, beckoning to his follower, and dove through a dense wall of manzanita shrub. The corporal pursued him at some cost to his uniform, sadly impeded by

the dangling saber.
Beyond the manzanita the captain pointed mysteriously downward and surprisingly dropped from view. Making his way to the spot the corporal looked over a wall of rock to where the captain stood on a ledge some six feet below. His upward glare was so tense, the finger on his lips so eloquent, his beckoning gesture so potent, that Corporal Billy, once more under his spell, dropped precariously to the ledge be-side him. The captain thereupon descended to another projecting bank another dozen feet below. It was only a narrow bank and of soft earth, affording a most perilous foothold, and even to sustain this they had to grasp for partial support at the bushes

grasp for partial support at the bushes growing above them. Corporal Billy did not discover the insecurity of this perch until he stood panting beside the captain. "Look ahere ——" he began indignantly, but the answering hiss was again so truly ominous that he broke off. The captain now firmly grasped a bush and leaned far over the edge of their narrow foothold to peer intently below him. Then Corporal Billy recognized the spot. They were back at the railroad track, still ten feet above its level, and on the verge of a bush-screened semi-circle that a spring had hollowed out of the

The captain squirmed farther forward for a clearer view into the depths. Then suddenly he resumed his upright position beside the corporal, the keenest pleasure

"Still there," he hoarsely whispered, and delightedly dug the amazed corporal in the side with a grinding fist.

"The Indian?" demanded the corporal,

whispering in turn.
"Indian? Aw, wake up! It's that big
coon they're huntin' for!"
Corporal Billy's heart set up a pounding that he thought must reverberate for miles through the forest. He could feel his scalp contracting, though there was little hair for it to move. With a dizzying distinctness there ran through his mind the items be had gleaned back there on the street—"in for murder, big fellow, savage, wild, already killed half a dozen people since he broke away, won't be taken alive." He swayed lightly and reached for a stouter bush to support him. A bit of earth crumbled be-neath his feet and rattled down the sheer bank. He drew a shuddering breath and glanced upward.

"He's sound asleep," whispered the

captain.
"How we goin' to get back up there," whispered the corporal with no want of caution in his tone.

"We can't get back," responded the captain promptly. "I figured out this was the way for you to get him. You got to jump on him."

"My good lands!" groaned the dismayed

corporal.

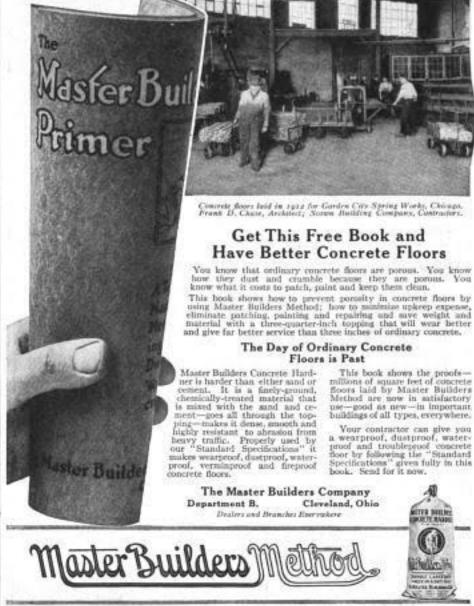
"What would you want to get back for anyway," again hissed the captain. "You want to go back there and give those rubes the credit, when all you got to do is jump on him and take him in by yourself?"

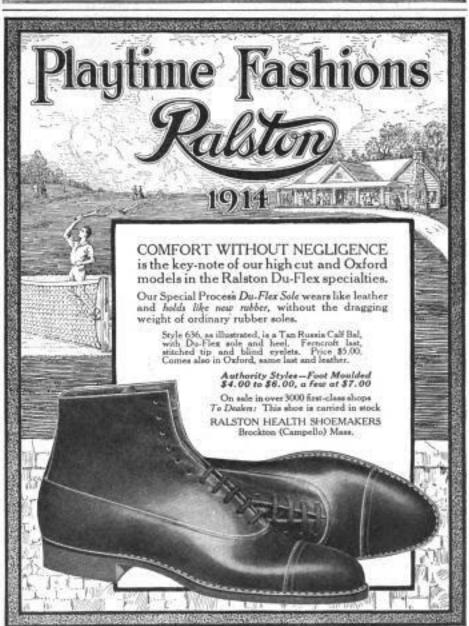
"Jump on him!" repeated the corporal dully.

'Sure, jump on him-if he makes any resistance just tear his heart out." The captain grinned fiendishly. The corporal shuddered.

"I wouldn't trusted any one but you to do it this way," continued the captain. "I knew you were braver than that whole bunch rolled into one. It'll seem like old times, like when those three rebs come at you and you laid 'em all out," he concluded

Once more the captain peered over the bank. Corporal Billy had not yet dared to do so. But now in his ordinarily discreet





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and sensible mind there loomed the image of a gloriously intrepid Corporal William Safford, a superb being, primed for feats of the most grandiose daring. Of course it was the audience that in an instant made this reckless fool of him. And the youth of the audience aggravated his folly. With a man of his own age beside him Corporal Billy would doubtless have relied upon the other's understanding in such matters and other's understanding in such matters and acted with a wiser restraint. But who of us would confess to cowardice, even to the tempered cowardice we call discretion, when the calmly believing eyes of youth are upon us, so adoring, so absolute in their trust? Corporal Billy drew a long breath and peered over the edge of the bank.

Ten feet below him in a prison uniform a giant negro lay sleeping on his back. The immense legs sprawled over the damp ground in a weary abandon; one powerful arm partly shielded his face. His mouth was half open. The very snore that issued therefrom was terrifying. Corporal Billy

drew quickly back.
"It took the bravest man in these parts, that's what I said to myself," whispered the captain. "I saw him sneak in there and climbed up here and watched him awhile, and then I thought I'd give you all the provide I know you'd make light of it with credit. I knew you'd make light of it, with your strength."

Corporal Billy assumed an expression

Corporal Billy assumed an expression which he hoped was gratitude.

"He's stirring," warned the captain.
"Quick, draw your sword!"

Corporal Billy stiffened, listening intently, but did not move. The captain himself drew the antique saber and thrust it into the other's hand. The hand was nerveless, but somehow the fingers closed upon it.
"Get ready!" urged the captain. Discretion shrieked alarm to the corporal, but

cretion shricked alarm to the corporal, but there was confident youth at his elbow, and dimly a background of those who had thought him done for, not even man enough for a grand marshal. He did not flinch; yet he did not advance. So tenuous are these lines of bravery that accident may easily earn a credit it does not receive. Again the corporal peered over the edge of the bank.

The captain peered with him.
"Take this," directed the captain, and thrust the wrecked pistol into the corporal's

Below them the vast hulk stirred uneasily, a groan was heard, and two immense fists rubbed the shut eyes open.

"Jump!" commanded the captain in a firm, loud tone. The eyes below them looked upward in affright. They beheld, poised across the heavens, a formidable figure in uniform, arms outspread, one hand grasping a saber, the other a powerfullooking pistol. Even as the fright grew in those eyes the terrifying figure descended with a demon's yell, for the captain had with one foot neatly scoured the soft earth from beneath Corporal Billy's feet, and the corporal, feeling himself going, had made the best of it. The captain had never ques-tioned the iron of Corporal Billy's pur-pose; he had, divining that the moment had arrived merely formed hesitation. He had arrived, merely feared hesitation. He paused but a moment to look below before scrambling down the bank. Two yells had ascended to him, Corporal Billy's and the one inspired thereby. This had emptied the lungs of the hunted one even as the man from the sky had fallen upon him.

When the captain reached their level

Corporal Billy, in a sitting posture, was rub-Corporal Billy, in a sitting posture, was rub-bing both his knees. The negro, gasping fearfully for breath, lay half unconscious from the assault. Corporal Billy arose, picked up his fatigue cap with his sword hand and carefully donned it. Captain Webster regrettably forgot his dignity as an officer and a gentleman and danced wildly about the two

about the two.

"Hurray! Hurray! You got him, Uncle
Billy! You got him! I knew you could do
it. I knew you wouldn't be afraid!"

It was music to the ears of the corporal, and yet he perceived that this was no time for music. Their victim gave a final shud-dering gasp of restored breath and essayed Standing above him, Corporal Billy kicked out vigorously. The recumbent one yelled in supreme pain and grasped both shins. Corporal Billy kicked again, em-phatically and with effect. Then he stood off and turned the ancient pistol upon his

"Look here, you!" he challenged grimly.
"Yes, suh! Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral!"
The Corporal felt relieved. The reply had come with a pleading whine,

"You listen. Get up and walk straight down that track into town. I'll be ten

inches behind you, and if this gun goes of it'll blow the whole top of your head off and

it'll blow the whole top of your head off and then I'll cut you to pieces with this sword. Do you understand?"

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh! I undastand."
His eyes flitted over the uniform. "My Lawd! They got the ahmy out afteh me. Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral."

"Get up."

Slowly, with many groans, the huge hulk was partially raised. While he still crouched his eyes flashed aside furtively.

"Kick again!" warned the lynx-eyed captain, and Corporal Billy again kicked. emphatically and with a deadly aim. A yell of utter submission was evoked, while the big hands nursed the abraded shin.

"Get up," directed the corporal in steely tones. "Walk down that track and don't forget this gun is right at your head."

The prisoner had been hunted for a day.

He was weary and bruised and spiritless.

And the uniform of the corporal, no less than his fearful weapons and the cool authority of his manner, had been of hypnotic

value. Slowly he gained his feet. Corporal Billy

held the pistol upon him. "If I have to shoot -

corporal.

"Aw, don't shoot him, Uncle Billy."
pleaded the captain. "Just fell him with
one blow like you felled the ox!"

The prisoner flashed a glance of extreme

disfavor at this officer.

"Throw him down and tear his heart out," urged the captain. The prisoner flinched and tamely bowed

his head.
"March!" rang the command.

At the edge of town an excitable small boy observed Ophirville's second parade that day and dashed ahead to the town hall with the news of its coming. The sheriff stumbled down the steps, hurried and incredulous. Remnants of the crowd surged eagerly back. Corporal Billy, behind the prisoner who towered above him, marched unwaveringly to the group which hastily parted to receive them. With military precision the captor raised his saber to "present" and declaimed: "Corporal Safford Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, report one prisoner, sir." one prisoner, sir.

The sheriff called frantically to the

"Hold another gun on him, somebody!'
Corporal Billy permitted himself to
sneer. Then he launched a final kick at hi prize, a hard kick truly aimed. The crow casped and a cry of pained protest cam from the victim.

"A real soldier don't need to hold a gu
on his kind," announced the corporal i
tones of rich contempt. "I brought him a
the way in without a gun, except for tha
there old fool broken thing the kid's bee
playing with. Are you afraid of him, she
iff? Shall I kick him again for you?"

There was another howl of protest free

There was another howl of protest from the prisoner, a howl of appeal from the military to the civil authorities.

"Oh, Mistah She'ff, doan' let that so

"Oh, Mistah She'ff, doan' let that so juhman rough me up no mo'! He bee abusin' me. He ain't got no right!"
"We got him! We got him!" shoute the dancing sheriff. "Put these irons o him, some of you."
"Three cheers for good old Billy Sa ford!" shouted the town clerk, who we ever an opportunist. The cheers rang or vehemently from the enlarging throm Corporal Billy blushed and essayed to slir off, but they crowded about him, cheerir him again and again, proudly wringing h hand. He knew that he was now perpetu grand marshal of all public functions ophirville, but he suffered acutely as I saw his captive led away to the jail. I was wishing he hadn't been so rough wit the fellow. "I kicked the poor devil show off," he muttered. "I'm jest a for smarty! If only I hadn't kicked him the last time!" He looked about him for the face of one who would truly understan and brightened when he saw Mrs. Kel beaming afar on the outskirts of the crow She would know just how he felt. "Hist!" said a low, tense voice at he

beaming afar on the outskirts of the crow She would know just how he felt.

"Hist!" said a low, tense voice at helbow. He turned to see Captain Cyr.
Naughton Webster, B. S.

"Hey? What's that?"

"Hist!" repeated the captain. "The Mrs. Kelly wants us to come up to helbouse to supper. She's got fried chicken And it was even so.

But let us learn from this that braves may be one thing: then again it may be

may be one thing; then again it may another.





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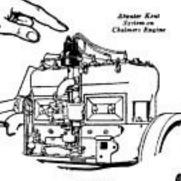
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Point.

## The squarehead

(Continued from Page 8)

Bull Wilson swept the form at his feet

with a giance.
"Gwan!" he growled at her. "This un'd make t'ree o' dat kid." Then, chuckling, he nodded her and Crocky out of the room. As he closed and locked the heavy door he called to the woman as she went toward the bar: "I've allus had a sneakin' idea yuh was soft on dat squarehead kid, Olga.

A light laugh was her answer; and it was b dark in the narrow hallway that Bull Wilson could not see that his wife and Crocky were holding hands. In the dead of that night Bull Wilson

opened the ice-chest door again to bring forth the thing he had to sell. And as day broke Olaf Greig opened his eyes in a coffin-like space, which creaked and moved as though being borne by stumbling men; but consciousness did not return all at once. For a moment he believed himself in a coffin and being carried to his grave. Then he imagined himself in the tight berth that had been his on old Jon Thorsen's fishing smack. This thought suggested the sea and proved a spark. It exploded the mine

of memory.

The mist in his brain was swept away.
He brought himself up to the point where
he had leaped from the wagon in front of the Bowhead. Bull Wilson, the man in the tall, shiny hat—his enemy—had been within his grasp and he had just taken a deep breath before crushing him when—— Something had happened then. He could not remember what. But here he was on a ship. This was a forecastle bunk in which he was lying. He was at sea. He had been shanghaled again. He had been cheated of his vengeance!

With a cry of rage which choked, half uttered, in his parched throat he hurled himself from the bunk and went staggering toward the scuttle through which the new day was beginning to drop a square shaft of light. His way led over a corduroy road of prostrate men—some sleeping in drink, some under the influence of drugs.

As he came to the gangway ladder a form darkened the scuttle opening. Upward he plunged, red-eyed, unseeing. With a side lunge he sent the man in the forecastle entrance sprawling on all fours and kept on until he came to the waist of the vessel. He was on a whaler—a steamer called the Karluk. Then he stopped short. He knew where he was. There was no swimming ashore from here. Over the side were the Farallones Islands, their light tower shedding its final night ray on their bleak and lichened rocks. Astern, full thirty-five miles away, lay the coast behind a haze. There was Bull Wilson—safe!

"Yet Ay vill come again!" be was crying when the sailor he had knocked down as he burst from the forecastle scuttle seized him by an arm and faced him round.

"Yuh big bum! What'd yer mean by dropping me?" he demanded in open

"Huh? Vat?" stammered the Squarehead in bewilderment, compelled to bend down to meet the other's lack of height.
"Huh!" repeated the smaller man

angrily.

With that, his right fist crashed on the point of Olaf Greig's jaw. A repetition of "Vat?" was followed by the left under his chin and the Squarehead measured his length on the deck. He started to rise, got

as far as his elbows, and there paused, smiling, the while his opponent bade him stand up and fight. He was smiling because this little man, whom he could have broken in two, had crumpled ears like Bull Wilson's, and because he remembered that with lightning blows, like those that had laid him where he was now, his eternal enemy had twice encompassed him. In that moment cunning was born in Olaf Greig.

An officer came running forward, swing-ing a peace-invoking belaying pin, and closed the incident.

closed the incident.
"I'll take th' fight out o' ye in th' next sixteen months!" he flung at Olaf; and thus the Norseman learned the term of his

The following night he was at the wheel and overheard the chief mate say to the captain of the Karluk:

That rat with the cauliflower ears in my watch is Shadow Larkin. Used to be champion lightweight of the world—greatest of

em all. But he's a bad ——"
Then they passed out of hearing, but they left the Squarehead smiling grimly.

A week afterward Olaf and the Shadow were put at overhauling the whaler's points supply. Neither had spoken to the other since the first morning at sea. Both lived in a silence apart from the rest of the crey. in a silence apart from the rest of the crew, without cronies. This silence continued now, though they were side by side, until Olaf suddenly touched the Shadow and, without a word, directed his gaze to a large potato, solid and firm and edible, lying in the open palm of his outstretched right hand. "Well?" snapped the Shadow. "See!" answered the Squarehead; and his hand closed, crushing the tuber to apulp. "Whatcher tryin' on, ch?" exclaimed the Shadow, snarling and leaping to his feet. "T'ink yuh can run a bluff on me wid bull stren'th?"

"Naw. Ay lake be frands vit you. Ay

"Naw. Ay lake be frands vit you. Ay lak you t' learn me hoo t' praze fight." A scornful laugh burst from the Shadow; and that was an end of the conversation, for the mate separated them, sending the Squarehead aloft to a job that required his real sailor skill. During the rest of that after-noon, however, Olaf Greig made no move that escaped the terrierlike eyes of the

former champion.

A potsto had started Shadow Larkin dreaming. And his dreams took new wirgs and inwardly he glowed when, at the end of the day's work, he beheld the Norseman standing stripped in the Karluk's waist and sloshing himself with sea water. Never before had be seen a man wand like this and fore had he seen a man made like this, and he was familiar with the prize-ring masters of twenty years past. In comparison the other bathers were but grotesques beside

"If dis feller's only got a heart inside he can clean up de woild! He's de White Hope!" murmured the Shadow.

As he watched Olaf dress he asked him As he watched Olaf dress he asked him why he wished to learn how to fight.

"Ay yust lak to knaw," answered the Squarehead.

"Yuh want tuh lick somebody, ch! Ain't dat it?"

"Jes," was his simple reply; but neither then nor afterward did he reveal the identity of his country. Shadow I wished to the same to to th

of his enemy to Shadow Larkin. of his enemy to Shadow Larkin.

There and then began the Norseman's first boxing lesson. The mates and the crew thought the Shadow and he had reopened hostilities until between puffed lips Olaf explained he was Larkin's pupil and that they were the best of friends. Every evening after that, except when work or the weather forbade, it became the custom for the ship's company to foregather to watch them. It was rare, fascinating sport for the rough.

It was rare, fascinating sport for the rough and motiey onlookers just to see the Shadow in action. They knew what his fame had been; but to see him, a lightweight, a wist of a man compared with Greig, play with the giant and strike him where he willed was uproarious fun. As the Karluk's chie engineer put it, it was like watching a New foundland pup trying to catch a fame. But while the spectators laughed and mad-jokes the Shadow held his peace. He was exploring, endeavoring to find out whether his pupil possessed the two essential qualities for ring suggests board or what he ties for ring success—heart, or what h called sand, and head. And on a Sunday a the month's end he decided that the Square head was the champion for whom the worl was waiting. Not once had his crueled blow stopped the Norseman, not once had the giant lost his temper. So the dream that had started with

potato sprang into the form of a weirdl drawn and misspelled contract, in whice Olaf Greig agreed with James Larkin the for the next fifteen years the said Larki should be the manager of the said Grei and share and share alike in all the earning or prizes that should come to the said Gre and, further, that the said Greig bound him self during that time not to engage wit anybody in any fight or athletic conte without the written consent of the sai James Larkin. But when the Shadow in finished reading this composition the Norseman shadok his band of the said Norseman shook his head.

Norseman shook his head.

"But yuh goin' tuh be a champeen!" pretested the Shadow. "Every champeen his gotta have a manager. Champeens don light grudges ner mix wid nobody 'cept i de ring an' fer coin. Yuh t'ink I'm goit tuh teach yuh an' train yuh, an' den hav yuh give me de rinky-dink? Nix!"

"It is naw dat, Yimmy. Ay promise A no run avay," answered Olaf. "But vope Ay fight vit von faller, und you—Nobody can say me nutting!"

Ay fight vit von rauer, u Nobody can say me nutting!



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The Squarehead's eyes blazed like live coals as the last words burst from him; and if only the Shadow could have looked into his brain at that moment he would not have

his brain at that moment he would not have pleaded for hours to turn his decision. At last he gave in and interpolated in the final clause of the contract: "except one fight."

"A couple o' years, Dutch, an' we'll be on Easy Street—on de sunny side!" he exclaimed as he watched Olaf affix his scrawl to the agreement. The Shadow was jubilant. "De kink o' Norway'll have nuttin' on yous! All yuh gotta do's cut booze an' women, an' de woild's yours!" Then, patting himself on the chest, he added: "An' here's one ex-champ dat's goin' tuh come here's one ex-champ dat's goin' tuh come back wid bells on!"

The Norseman for a moment studied him

incredulously.
"So mooch money ve make—so mooch as Ay can make bay de gold mines?" he asked.

The Shadow doubled with laughter, and at the sound of it many an eye went forward to where he and Olaf sat together on the

to where he and Olai sat together on the forecastle head. It was the first time Larkin had been heard to laugh since coming aboard the Kariuk.

"As much as yuh cud make in de gold mines!" he chuckled. "Dere's a mint!" He slapped the back of one of Olai's big hands. "An' dere's anudder!" And he also need its mate. hands. "An' de slapped its mate.

Olaf looked away at the sea and pondered

this for some time.

"You bane champeen vonce, Yimmy,"
said he, turning round again. "Vay you
come here? Huh?"

The jubilant light went out of the Shadow's face; his square, pugnacious jaw set, and his small black eyes became pinpoints as he met the Norseman's gaze.

"If I wasn't here, Dutch, dey'd have me in jail back dere—see?" he answered eva-

in jail back dere—see?" be answered eva-sively. "Dey's a indictment 'gainst me in Frisce fer votin' four times too many last 'lection day. But yuh don't unnerstan' dese t'ings. Yous is a furriner. But I'll fix dat indictment up wid de foist poise yuh

The Shadow was right. Olaf did not understand any of this, except that his ques-tion had not been answered, and stolidly he

repeated it.
"Vay, Ay ast, Yimmy—vay air you no
more day champeen praze fighter?" was
the way he put it; and the Shadow's wit

failed him.

"John Barleycorn!" he snapped in answer. "Booze, Dutch, an'—an' a—an' a woman. . . . Come on an' take yuh lesson!"

And that evening the Squarehead felt a new sting in the Shadow's gloves, the box-ing gloves they had improvised from pieces of canvas and stuffings of oakum. They cut like knives, bruised like slungshots; and the master was savage, merciless. Yet his pupil made no complaint, though he wondered much at Yimmy's mood.

That night, as they turned in at the end of the second dogwatch, the Shadow, who was already in his bunk, suddenly drew a

was arready in his bunk, suddenly drew a battered heart-shaped locket of silver from under his pillow.

"Dere she is, Dutch—de goil what trun me down," said he, holding out the locket toward where Olaf stood unbuttoning his coat. "I'd be champeen tuh-day ef she'd stuck. She was me wife—oncet."

coat. "I'd be champeen tuh-day et sne d stuck. She was me wife—oncet."

The Squarehead crossed the forecastle to the guttering lamp which dimly lit the hole. As he raised the heart to the light it fell open loosely on a worn hinge, and he found himself looking into the face of Olga, Bull Wilson's wife; and thereupon he understood much. Silently he handed the heart back to its owner. heart back to its owner.

"A feller what I was good tuh w'en he was down an' out—he stole her, Dutch!" whispered the Shadow.
"'Vay you naw have killed dat faller, Yimmy?" asked Olaf with solemn mien;

but he was a seething furnace inwardly.
"I'll have tuh do it some day! I'll have

The rest was smothered in his pillow; and, all atremble, the Squarehead climbed into the bunk over Jimmy Larkin's, but not to sleep.

The Karluk fished her way into the Arctic by way of the Kamchatkan coast. By June she was up with Wrangel Island. Thence she went off to the eastward and the world heard of her no more until one September day the lookout on the rocky brow of Point Barrow sighted two specks far off to the northward in the ice-packed sea.

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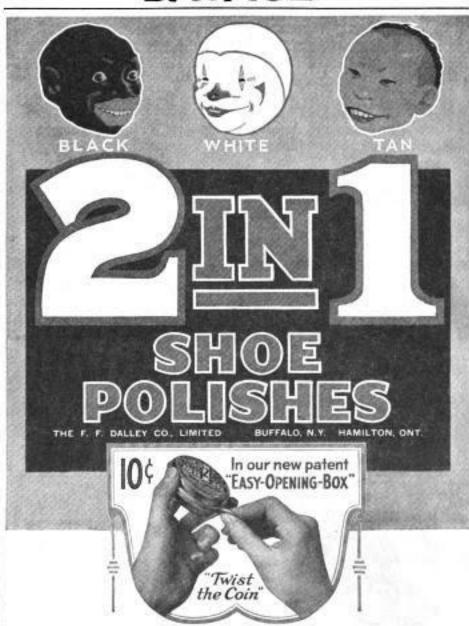
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forthwith smashed out through the floes and a couple of hours later came up to the specks-two boatloads of all that remained of the whaler Karluk's company. A week they had been fighting their way toward the land from where the bergs had nipped their ship.

In the stern sheets of the first boat sat the Karluk's captain, in command and alone. In the stern sheets of the second sat a giant Norseman in command, but not alone. Cuddled up against his side, where the Norseman had tried to keep him warm and where death had turned him to ice, was

and where death had turned him to ice, was all that was mortal of the once great Jimmy Larkin, surnamed by men the Shadow.

A fortnight afterward the Bear went south through Bering Strait, carrying Olaf Greig, a person distinguished among all her company simply because he had been a friend and the pupil of the Shadow. Such is fame! Dead though Jimmy Larkin was, yet he lived again, as the cutter's crew saw it in this Normann, when they heard the yet he lived again, as the cutter's crew saw it, in this Norseman, when they heard the Karluk's survivors tell how the Shadow had proclaimed him the White Hope. They gave him of the best of their bedding and food; they gave him shore clothes and money. A king could have commanded no more service.

But silently the Squarehead accepted all but sliently the Squarehead accepted all that was thrust on him, and this silence was construed as a proof of the greatness to which he was considered heir. Such is the fetish of hero worship. Yet never for a moment did Olaf Greig's mind open to one thing extra-neous to the vengeance he had vowed and renewed again when Jimmy Larkin's fare-well breath, calling "Olga! Olga!" froze against his ear. against his ear

He and Bull Wilson were alone once more in the red world he had entered on that September day, two years before. Still, often as he counted the Bear's screw throbs, every one of which carried him closer and closer to his goal, he felt that he was not alone. Sometimes he even imagined he could hear a voice whispering: "He stole her from me, Dutch; an' I was good tuh him w'en he was down an' out!" And, with this whisper, always a battered silver heart would fill his vision, the heart with which the Shadow, his friend, slept in Point Barrow's icy flank.

It was on a Sunday morning, a new October day, sparkling with sunshine and blue of heaven, that the Bear went through the Golden Gate. It was a day to make the soul soar. The tang of new and heady wine was in its air. Down from the city on the hills the sound of many worshiping bells floated to the sea. Now and again the laughing and calling of children at play came off from the waterfront streets.

Aboard the Bear the men whom she had

saved from death saw and heard and were thankful, and thought deeply of the life that lay ahead of them. All save one cast their thoughts in this wise; but his life's course ran only so far as the door of the Bow-head, a sailors' boarding house in Drumm Street. That door was the portal of the end.

An hour after the Bear anchored in the

An hour after the Bear anchored in the stream one of her boats was landing the Squarchead and the rest of the Karluk's survivors at the wharf float where, with only kindness and dreams in his heart, he had first come ashore. Greig, with cunning, eluded his companions. One moment he was among them; the next they stood in bewilderment, wondering whither he could have disappeared. And while they looked round and made inquiries the Norseman was holding toward the Bowhead. As straight as a bullet he went, ignorant though he was of the streets. he was of the streets.

Had he been blind he could have found his way. A thousand, a million thousand times he had traveled it!

And suddenly the Squarehead halted. Across the street was the Bowhead, and in a chair to the right of the swinging bar door sat Bull Wilson. There he was in his shirtsleeves, basking in the sunlight. A boy flying a kite ran along the sidewalk, obscuring him for a second. As the youngster passed on, Olaf Greig started on a run toward his enemy; but as he reached the opposite curb in front of his prey he stopped as though he had butted into a brick wall.

The chair in which Bull Wilson was sit-ting had wheels under it, and his legs were wrapped in a rug. His hair was long and gray; the florid countenance of old was now a pasty, sickly white. The diamond stud was missing from his blue-striped shirt front. The silk tile was roughed and its black nearly green.

iront. The aik tile was roughed and its black nearly green.

"Hello, sailor!" hailed the crimp, with an effort at his old stage heartiness. "If yuh lookin' fer a good boardin' house de Bowhead's de place tuh bring yuh dunnage." He did not recognize Olaf; but if he had it would not have mattered. From his point of view, and everything is in the his point of view—and everything is in the point of view—he had not wronged this

point of view—and everything is in the point of view—he had not wronged this man. In the true crimp's scheme of things it is foreordained that sailors are born to be bought and sold; and that is all there is to it. "Come ahead, sailor," Bull went on, "an' I'll blow yuh th' drinks—only yih gotta wheel me inside."

While he had been talking the Square-head had been slowly, almost imperceptibly, drawing closer and closer to his enemy. Now he stood over him. He had but to open one of his clenched hands and close it again on the scrawny, dewlapped throst, and this thing in the chair would speak no more; and one of the big hands started up and opened—only to fall back inert. This man was broken, helpless. The Norseman could not touch him.

"Have anythin' yuh want, sailor," Wilson was saying. "Whisky, wine, beer. But push me gently through th' door—th' threshold's high. Gotta have it cut down. Doctors say I'll never get outer dis chair. Hall said in the side in the late in the late in the late in the late is in the late in the la

high. Gotta have it cut down. Doctors say I'll never get outer dis chair. Hell, ain't it'

Fell from a ship's side intuh a boat six months ago — both me legs paralyzed." The earth was slipping from under Old. He could not touch this man, and yet be could not leave him. His throat was clos-

ing, his gaze darting round seeking a means of escape. His impulse was to run, but he could not. Instinct called to action.

At this moment his roving eyes went over the Bowhead's swinging door, and at the end of the bar he saw Olga kissing the runner who had brought him from the Palerava. Crocky's a reme were round by Palgrave. Crocky's arms were round her.
"Ain't yuh goin' tuh roll me in, sailor?"

pleaded Bull.

"Jes," answered Olaf, but quite as unconscious that he answered the crimp as he was of taking hold of the wheel chair and pushing it through the doorway. As he sent t spinning across the bar floor a screech of helpless rage from Wilson broke Olga's lips from the man to whom she was rendering

Laughing loudly, like one in drink, Old Greig staggered out into the street. An eddy of a passing Salvation Army procession drew him into its wake, and he marched with it willynilly until a cornet player called him a drunken beast and pushed him aside.

And here the eddy of another procession, a benevolent society of some kind recrie-

a benevolent society of some kind, picnic-bound and marching like an army with banners, snatched him up and carried him along to the gates of a ferry, where he was hurled back because he had no ticket. Somebody seized him and pushed him inside

a railing, before an open window.
"Where to?" snapped the ticket seler

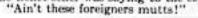
Olaf looked in at him dumbly, as one in a

trance.
"Where to?" repeated the "Where to?" repeated the "Where to? Where to?" repeated the ticket seller; and thereat the Squarehead plunged his hands into his pockets and brought forth a fistful of money—the money the Bear's sailors had contributed to Jimmy Larkin's White Hope. Among the coins was a discolored and tattered piece of paper. The man in the window snatched it and opened it. It was Hildigunn Svensen's letter.

"Coffee Creek, Trinity County, eh?" read the agent.
"Jes!" said Olaf eagerly.

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Here! Hurry! Shake a leg! That's your train boat!"

A kindly policeman standing by caught the Squarehead by an arm and rushed him through the closing gates. A moment later the ticket seller was saying to the cop:





### MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

"In that house," he replied; "and he went to school right in Plaster Rock. The went to school right in Plaster Rock. The truth is Rupert got his money too young. You see, his pa and ma both died when he was fifteen, and Rupert got his share of the mill profits from that time on. Kinder turned his head. Money's a bad thing for a boy—and Rupert has always had his five hundred a year. That's what give him the idee of goin' to college. That finished him for good!" for good!"
"Oh, come!" I protested. "There's no

use in talking about him like that. He's all

Rupert's uncle shook his head. Evi-dently he felt the lack of conviction in my

"I suspect Rupert's kind of petered out!" answered meditatively. "Still, you he answered meditatively. "Still, you know him better'n I do, I guess. Anyhow he went to Harvard, and when he came back he was no good, to my way of thinking. He hung round a while summers, but ing. He hung round a while summers, but he wasn't any use in the business, and he talked of nothing but books and the folks he knew; and so I told him he'd better try his luck where his talents would be more appreciated." He gave a dry laugh and looked at us quizzically.

"He's very much liked in New York," said Clare with a show of warmth. After all Rupert was her friend!

all, Rupert was her friend!
"Oh, I ain't got nuthin' agin Rupert!"
he repeated. "I guess it's in the blood
somewheres—this wanderin' streak. His mother's people was sort of unreliablelike. She was a De Grégoire from up the coast. They came over from France 'way back-God knows when! My wife was a MacMurtrie from Aberdeen. Most of the folks along the river are Scotch, with a few French. Rupert's more like a feller out of a book than the rest of us."

My wife looked at me quickly. That was it—Rupert was like a fellow out of a book. And yet what a riverman he would have made in a red shirt and bottes saurages! Strange are the usages of inheritance. Some infinitesimal admixture of Covenanter, and Rupert would have been a lumberjack; while a drop or two of the atavic De Grégoire strain made him, in fact, a modern chevalier loitering away his existence amid the fair women and luxuries of the metropolis—just as his ancestors had perhaps done under the old régime.

"Anyhow, I send him his share of the profits—two hundred and fifty dollars regular every six months to some club in New York; and I never git a word from him," finished Uncle Vallon. "But give him my regards when you see him. Yes; it's going to be clear weather tomorrow. Good-night!"

He turned and sauntered away through the lumberyard, leaving the sweet, harsh

odor of his pipe hanging on the chill air.
"Well!" I chuckled, gazing at my wife
sidewise. "How about Mr. Rupert Vallon

"Well!" she answered. "Didn't I tell you I'd solve the mystery? I have!"

We strolled back along the bank toward our campfire in the growing dusk of the early autumn evening, our minds full of strange thoughts.
"Whoever would have imagined ----"

began.

"But that's what makes it so interesting!" she interrupted eagerly. "Don't you see!—Rupert's nothing but a nobleman in fisguise. Can you reconcile the idea of one in whose veins flow the united streams of the blood of the Vallons and the De Grégoires spending his life working in a lumber mill? He could have conquered the wilderness—vee fought with Indians and wild ness-yes, fought with Indians and wild inimals, struggled against disease and lamine; but once the frontier had been teaten back, and the craving for adventure tould no longer be satisfied, then the love if ease and luxury, of gayety and amusement, became uppermost in his nature. "To hear that old man talk took me back

to the voyages of Champlain and De Guast. No doubt some of Rupert's ancestors sailed with them from France and helped swell the company of nobles, priests and idventurers who sought their future in the new world!"

"How romantic!" I retorted cruelly.
From what I have read they were more ikely a rare bunch of gamblers, cutthroats, isreputable young blades of the court of Henry IV and thieves fleeing from the gal-sys. In which class do you tuck Rupert?"

"Poor old Rupert!" she sighed. "And his uncle thinks that he's been ruined by five hundred a year!"

We were late in getting back that winter, and Thanksgiving was over before we moved in from our Long Island country place. Vallon usually kept the feast with us, but we heard nothing from him and assumed that he was away hunting or duck shooting. Even after our town house had been opened Rupert did not put in an appearance.

Inquiry at the Stuyvesant Club elicited no information; and old Peter, the door-man, assured us that Mr. Vallon had been seen there only a few days in October and had then gone off somewhere; that his mail had been accumulating ever since, and that he had left no instructions about having it forwarded. Peter was plausible and convincing. So Clare had to look round for other gentlemen to balance her single ladies, and even the despised Wiggin was requisitioned in Vallon's place on more than one occasion.

Gray November had stretched into a raw and blustering December when one eve-ning after dinner our butler came to the drawing room and announced a person to see me at the front door. The visitor had given no name, he said, but had stated that I would know him. A furious storm of sleet was drifting through the side streets, and the wind was shricking and rattling at the French windows.
"Goodness!" I exclaimed to Clare.

"Whoever it is must want to see me pretty badly! Even a beggar deserves something for coming out on a night like this."

So, cigar in mouth, I descended to the front hall. There, standing snow covered by the fireplace, holding a carriage umbrella nearly as big as himself, stood a little shriveled figure that I recognized with difficulty as Peter. difficulty as Peter.

"Bless my soul, Peter! What are you doing out in this storm?" I cried in amazement. "Won't you have a glass of something hot?"
"No; thank you, sir," replied the old servant, who had stood at the door of the

servant, who had stood at the door of the Stuyvesant Club ever since I was a boy, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but it's about Mr. Vallon—I think he's dying."
"Dying!" I felt a sudden remorse in which was mingled a certain incredulity.

One could not imagine Rupert as dying. "But I thought he had gone away!" I added in feeble protest.

Peter glanced significantly at my butler, who was lingering within earshot. "You may go, Merton!" said I, and he

"That's what Mr. Rupert told me to say, sir," answered Peter miserably. "You see, him and me's been such good friends, sir that is, as much as a servant can be to a gentleman. You didn't suspect he was poor, did you, sir? And he was too proud to let anybody know. Sometimes he hardly had enough to eat. And he wouldn't tell anybody where he lived. I was the only one who knew—just one little room in a furnished-room house, at four dollars a week. Why, I pay six for mine, sir! But he's a fine gentleman!

"Do you mind that three days of the state of did you, sir? And he was too proud to

"Do you mind that three days' storm we had? Mr. Rupert didn't have a proper coat. He spent all his money on tips in Newport. I offered him one of Mr. Grosvenor's, who's gone to California and left it in the coatroom; but he wouldn't take it—not him! So he caught a shockin' cold, sir. I went over to see him and fetched him a doctor. 'Don't tell anybody I'm sick, Peter!' he says. 'Tell 'em I'm gone away.' So I did as he bid me.

"Then he got worse and the cold moved down into his lungs. All his food had to be brought in from outside-from a cheap restaurant. The doctor said he must go to a hospital—a free one; but Mr. Rupert refused to go on any account. I think he was afraid people might find out if he went there. That was ten days ago. And his room was terrible cold, sir—only a wretched gas stove, sir; and it leaked at that. Two days ago he developed pneumonia. And

now he's dying!"

He wrung his wrinkled old hands, the tears trickling over his furrowed cheeks.

I rang the bell for Merton and directed

him to order a taxi in a hurry. Then I dashed up the stairs three at a time and



musey "rubbing in" with the fingers and con-tains no free caustic. Hence, it saves both time and torture. You can shave in half your usual shaving time and need no lotion or other "soothers" and suffer no painful ufter-effects.

Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream and note how the thick, creamy lather softens the beard instantly so that even a rarse that is

out pulling.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is out up in sanitary, uirtight tubes with handy hexagon screw tops. Mere words cannot describe its wonderfully soothing qualities. To know,

you mist by it.

At all dealers—a seems. Send so conts for a demonstrator table containing enough for so theses.
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# Jennen's Shaving Cream



For the best title to this picture in 20 words or less

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about the conditions of the contest. In order to com-pete, however, it is not nec-essary to be a subscriber.

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SECOND YEAR

## TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

FOR EMPLOYED CHAUFFEURS

# \$5,000 IN PRIZES

SO great was the success of the first Ajax tire mileage contest, recently concluded, that we are moved to repeat it, and to offer again 208 cash prizes totaling \$5,000. Winners of the first thirty capital prizes in this initial contest averaged 10,323 miles, and the 208 prize-winning contestants averaged 6,906 miles. The higher in-built worth of "Ajax guaranteed in writing 5,000 miles" tires is thus demonstrated, and a full confidence is inspired.

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It costs nothing to enter the Ajax Tire Mileage Contest. The simple requirements are that your car be equipped with an Ajax tire, and a separate entry blank, signed by your employer, for each individual Ajax tire be filled out. Entry blanks and final report blanks are to be had of our branches and Ajax dealers, or are mailed on request. Enter NOW and take advantage of the full time allotted to the contest. The contest is open to employed chauffeurs, and prizes will be awarded to those who realize highest mileage by the contest's close, March 31st, 1915. In case of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be given each tying contestant.

### To the Chauffeur

Ajax tires are guaranteed in writing for 5,000 miles. This should be the minimum mileage, providing you give your tires the same care and attention you give to the car. Guard against under inflation. Give immediate and prompt attention to small cuts and Avoid running in car tracks. Use the throttle more and the brakes less, and conserve the mileage of tires.

### To the Car Owner

The great proportion of tires which have short life come to their untimely end through lack of proper care. We are prompted to repeat our tire mileage contest, with \$5,000 in prizes, because of the success met in the first contest, recently closed. Our own compensa-tion comes in the satisfaction which every Ajax tire will give, and in the continued patronage of satisfied owners.

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### We will pay cash to school teachers

IN June school closes. Ahead are from two to three months the teacher can employ just as he or she chooses. If your profession is teaching and if you choose to do so, you can earn over One Hundred Dollars a month by representing the Curtis publications. About a hundred of our teacher-representatives earned over two hundred dollars a month last summer. We will work with you and advise you. You cannot help making money even if you work but a few hours a week and you can make the total as large as you wish. Write we deter of inquiry. We'll tell you about our plan.

PUBLISHING COMPANY PROLEDING PL.

told Clare to get into her wraps. Rupert dying! Good old Rupert! I might have known he would not have stayed away so

long unless something was wrong.

It was a strange ride—the strangest
Clare had ever had—that one to Rupert's
lodgings; for old Peter sat inside between us pouring out his wretched old soul and apologizing every few moments for presuming to have the feelings of a human being. Clare sobbed quietly all the way.

It seemed hours before the taxi stopped in the widdle of a shabby browstore block.

in the middle of a shabby brownstone block west of Eighth Avenue, and when we arrived there an ambulance was already waiting at the door. We stumbled hurriedly up the three flights to what Peter said was Rupert's room. But others were before us and they were carrying something

out—a man on a stretcher.

My heart failed me. A brisk, sharp-faced young man had hold of the front handles. He had the front handles of the whole

He had the front handles of the whole situation.

"Are you friends of this man?" be demanded. I nodded. "Time you came!" he snapped. "He's got double pneumonia—bare chance if I get him to the hospital alive; and I'm taking him by main force. Stubborn as a mule, he was! But he's out of his head now and doesn't know. Give us a hand, will you?"

I grasped one pole of the stretcher, and I was shocked to find it feather light. I

I grasped one pole of the stretcher, and I was shocked to find it feather light. I could not see Rupert's face, for the doctor had thrown his coat over the upper half of his body. God knows how we got him down the narrow stairs and down the steps. On the sidewalk I mustered courage to accost that steel trap of a doctor.

"Can't we take him to my house?" I saked. "We've only just found out. He was too proud to let us know. Why, we didn't even have his address!"

"You don't say!" answered the doctor more genially. "Queer case, all right. I never met such a man. Certainly the ambulance can take him there. And bless you!"

you!"

In the sunny hospital room at the top of our establishment Vallon lay for two days and nights struggling for life. Death came out of the closet and beckoned to him, but Rupert's vigorous constitution rallied to his defense and he fought the specter off.

The crisis came and passed. Weak, hol-low cheeked and wan, he lay helplessly in the sunlight while Clare and Myra hovered over him and fed him with beef tea and chicken broth. With two such nurses his convalescence was rapid and in a week he was sitting up by the fire, almost his old self

A strange and contradictory phase of the situation, however, was that while he had been utterly prostrated and confined to the bed be had seemed a different man from the Rupert we had known before. He had been grave, simple, direct—as though his true personality, long submerged in artificiality, had at last floated to the surface. But now that he was up again, in dressing gown and slippers, with his hair neatly parted, all the old mannerisms, the tricks of speech, the chronic smile had returned.

chronic smile had returned.

The man was slowly disappearing and the Pet Cat was coming back! And, delighted as I was that his life had been saved, I wondered—after I had gone downstairs into my library—whether in fact we had done Rupert Vallon a good turn or an ill in not letting him die as he had wished, with—as he supposed—his secret buried in his own breast, leaving behind only the reputation of a gallant gentleman.

of a gallant gentleman.

We had spoiled all that; had cheated him out of his ending; had ruined his little tragedy with an anticlimax.

It was a queer world! I pitied Rupert from the bottom of my heart. For one reason or another he had preferred to watch the game rather than to play in it. He had carried the ladies' wraps and sat on the side lines. Had be been a coward—afraid to take his chance in the rough-and-tumble of life? Or merely a lover of luxury who fancied that there was nothing in existence and yachts, da wine and cigars—who thought "the sovereign'st thing on earth was parmaceti for an inward bruise"? A little of both

He had tried to play safe-to have his cake and eat it too; to make sure of his fun while he had the chance, before he had earned it. But is anything fun unless it is earned?

Poor old Rupert! He had sacrificed everything that makes life really worth living in order to grasp those superficial and



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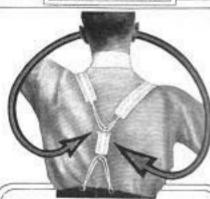
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momentary pleasures that are as unsatis-fying and ephemeral as smoke rings!

Rupert had no home except his club, nowhere to lay his head but a bedroom in a furnished-room house; he had no wife to share his pleasures or disappointments, no one to whom he could turn in hours of sadness or regret; no children to love or teach the lessons he had so hardly learned himself, to care for him in his old age or keep

that old age young.

He had no real friends, bound to him by ties of mutual endeavor toward right living; nothing to give an edge to the only life that he would ever lead; no aspirations toward anything higher than a visit to New-port or a trip to Havre-de-Grace after ducks; no dangers or chances save that he might lose a dinner at a millionaire's table, no ambition but to be invited again, and no

zest for the dinner itself.

The love of woman, the warmth of genuine friendship, the fierce thrill of competition and of struggle, the glow of achievement, the exultation of success, the satisfaction in work well done or of doing one's best even when one has failed, even the bitterness of sorrow—he had lost them all!

Did he know? Was he conscious that he had played too safe? Did he see himself as he really was a straw man?

as he really was—a straw man?—a human being with legs and arms and a stomach, but filled with sawdust instead of red blood? A "little brother to the rich" who paid for

life with a debased coinage supplied by others who held the purse-strings? A fool! Rupert continued to improve. His color returned; daily he put on more flesh. Soon he was the identical Rupert we had always known. And he also continued to remain our guest, sitting in the sun in my silk dressing gown and smoking my cigars, fussed over and read to by my wife and Myra.

Once he may have felt the undertone of disapproval in my conversation, for he cracked a feeble joke about soon being with Street & Walker—and being able to get a job. A job? Did he really mean it? Was it possible that his recent experience had given him a new vision of his responsi-bilities, of the meaning of life, of all that he

had lost? But my wife laughed when I repeated

this threat to her.

"Rupert get a job!" she said. "Why, what use would he be to anybody? He can't help being what he is. And why should he? After all, he's a dear, sweet fellow—just as I've always said. I wish there were a lot more men in the world like

there were a lot more men in the world like him!"

"I don't see anything to admire in a Pet Cat," I demurred, "a fellow who doesn't even dare to fall in love for fear he'll have to go to work and support a wife!"

"It takes a great many different sorts of people to make a world," answered Clare. "Perhaps we need a few cheery souls like Rupert who are only fitted for the task of telling you the sun is shining."

"That's a devil of a job for a grown man!" I grunted.

"Do you remember Emerson's Essay on Manners"? she asked. "I was reading it today. Hesays: 'It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion

is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad; has much that is necessary and much that is absurd. Too good for banning, too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Jove, one day," said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth. He said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blurred or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad they would appear so; if you called them good they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl—much more all Olympus—to know whether it was funda-mentally bad or good.""

I took a long pull on my cigar. I did not pretend to be any philosopher. I liked Rupert and I did not deny his attractions, but I did not understand the reason for my wife's defense. So I tried an argumentum

ad hominem.
"Anyhow, you wouldn't want him to marry Myra!" I announced conclusively.

A curious expression came over my wife's face-one that I had never seen there

before.
"He is going to marry Myra!" she said.

# "Well That's Fine!!"



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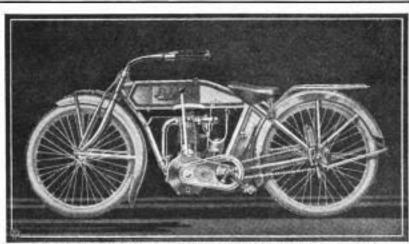
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At Goodyear prices, this is what you get today in an automobile tire:

The tire which—starting from a tiny factor—won against some scores of rivals the topmost place in Tiredom.

The tire of which more than three million have been put to the test of use. And which this year—after those millions of mileage comparisons—has jumped 55 per cent in sales over last year.

The tire which scores of experts—working in laboratories—have spent years and years in perfecting. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to learn how to better this one. In these ways they have spent \$100,000 yearly to attain the farthest limit in low cost per mile. And all their achievements are embodied today in this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

You get the tires which once cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. They retain the same costly features. And today—as then—No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which have them.

### Four Exclusive Features

Our No-Rim-Cut feature is found in these tires alone. That completely stopped rim-cutting, the major cause of tire ruin. And it brought you this saving in a feasible, faultless way.

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All-Weather treads are exclusive to Goodyears. These are double-thick, tough anti-skids. They are flat so they run like a plain tread, yet they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Note again those four exclusive features. Mark that

they cover the four greatest tire troubles. Together they have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in the world. They've saved motorists millions of dollars. And no other tire, whatever its price, offers you one of them—or anything that fairly compares with them. You get them all in No-Rim-Cut tires, and you get them at Goodyear prices.



# Higher Prices How They Come

Now comes a condition where 16 makes are being sold above these Goodyear prices.

Some are nearly one-half higher. Numerous makers charge for three tires as much as four Goodyears cost. Tires which once undersold No-Rim-Cuts now cost you \$4 to \$15 more than these per tire.

It has come about in this way:

In the past few years No-Rim-Cut prices have been cut in two. Last year alone these prices dropped 28 per cent.

Other makers shared our lower cost for rubber. But we made other savings. We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented and built money-saving machines. We employed efficiency experts.

Our output doubled over and over, until it lately exceeded 10,000 motor tires in a day. Our overhead cost dropped 30 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. All because of this matchless output.

### Profit Down to 61/2 Per Cent

With multiplied output came the need for less profit. Last year we brought the average down to 6½ per cent.

The result of all is this year's Goodyear prices. They have come down so fast and far of late that most others have ceased to follow. And the paramount question in Tiredom today is this question of extra price.

The self-evident truth is this:

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire. Their place and prestige prove that. Their amazing sales, after years of comparison, show what men have proved about them.

You get in Goodyears four great features which no other maker offers. Each adds to our cost but reduces your upkeep. And no extra price can buy one of them.

> As for "quality" in a tire—that can mean only minimum cost per mile. And all our tests show that we have that. Any item of "quality" which means higher cost per mile is something no user wants.

> It is folly to add to your tire cost. Get Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices. Almost any dealer will supply them.

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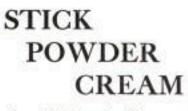
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How much difference little things" make in one's comfort and happiness!

The metal cap, for instance, in which Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is securely fastened, which forms a holder and enables you to use the Shaving Stick until the last available bit is gone; or that peculiar creaminess and the soothing, durable lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps are little things but they add immeasurably to your comfort and satisfaction while shaving and afterwards.



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Send 4 Cents in Stamps

for a miniature trial package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream, or 10 cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. Dept. A. Glastonbury, Cont.

Williams' Jersey Cream Soap, and our extensive line of high grade Toilet Soaps, have the same creamlike, delightful qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps famous. Ask your dealer for them



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That Williams' Talc Powder is prepared by the makers of Williams' famous Shaving Soaps guarantees the "Williams quality." It has been one of the most popular Talc Powders for many years and is constantly growing in favor with discriminating people.



### THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TODAY

finds it a convenience to have in her pocket or chatelaine bag a little Talc Powder and mirror.

A Williams' Vanity Box supplies just what she needs. It is heavily silver-plated, fitted with powder puff and mirror, and is a little gem.

You will be surprised that so attractive an article can be had for so trifling an outlay.

### Send 14 Cents in Stamps

for this Vanity Box or 16 cents in stamps for the Vanity Box and a miniature can of Williams' Talc Powder, either odor.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. Talc Dept., Glastonbury, Conn.

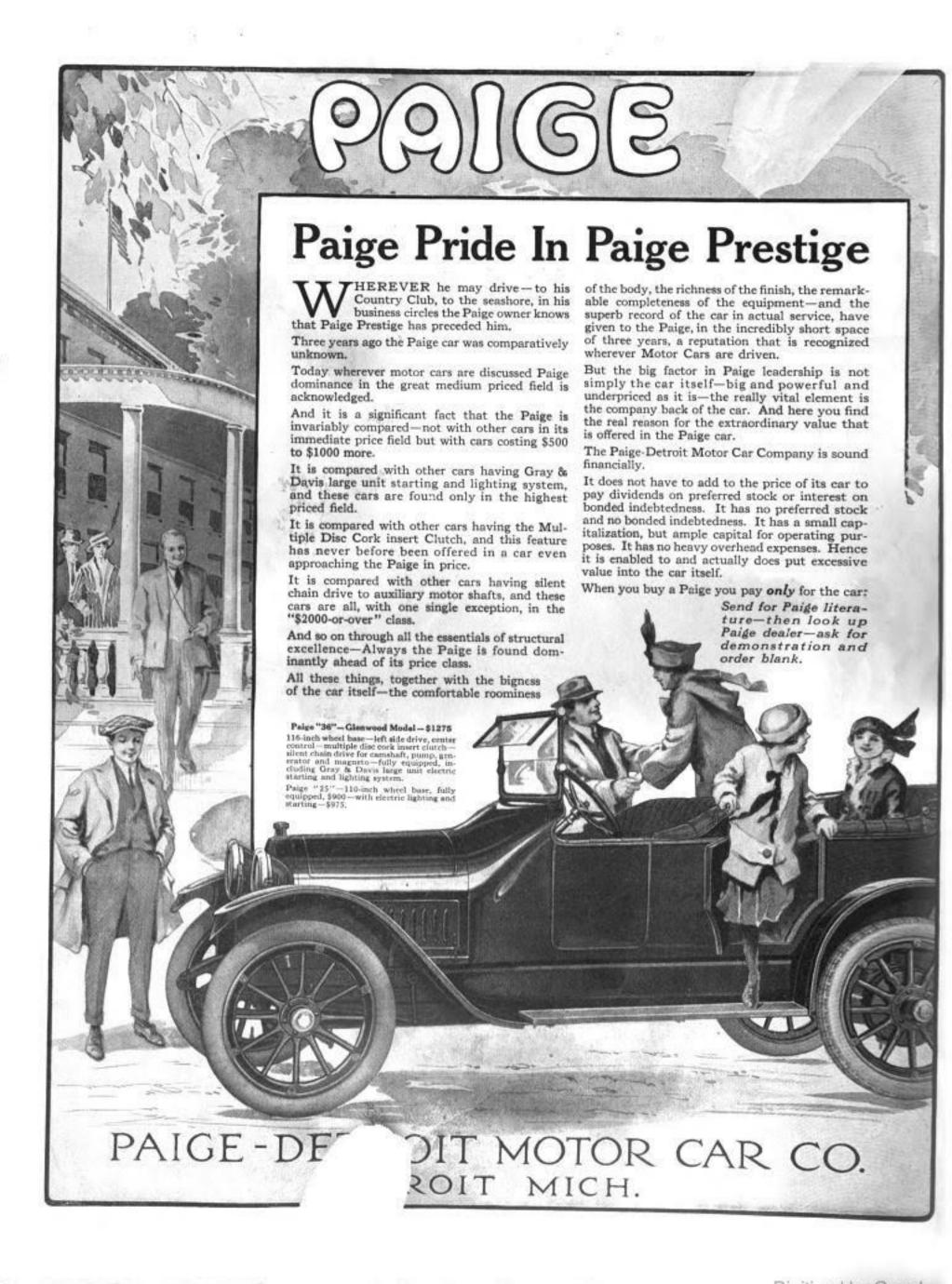
the key of its front door because it en-versed a writ of man The apparent leader of the party on

# TAVE SATURDAY EVENIG SOST

An Illustrated Week y
Four A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin



PUBLIC OWNERSHIP By Walter Roscoe Stubbs



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1914

Number 49

# Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power





Grand Central Terminal Yards of New York Central Lines, New York, in 1903

Present View of Terminal Yards, Looking North From Practically Jame Viewpoint

HE conclusions reached in this paper have been forced on me by the logic of events during the ten years last past, reënforced by practical knowledge ained in regard to the cost of building rail-

oads and to the method used in financing and operating them. My experience in railroad onstruction began with driving a mule team in a grading camp and ended more than a core of years later with the completion of certain railroad construction contracts, ggregating in value several million dollars.

If any one at that time had said that I should come to believe in government ownership frailroads the statement would have seemed preposterous; but my experience as a public ficial during six years of service in the state legislature and four years in the governor's fice caused me to make an exhaustive investigation of the whole transportation question,

nvolving rates, service, operation and apitalization, from a public-service riewpoint; and this investigation has given me an entirely new view of the elation of railroads to government in he nation and the several states.

As a member of the legislature of 903 I saw a big railroad system force he election of a United States senator vho, as a member of the lower house of Congress, had voted with that particuar railroad against a president of hiswn party in the settlement of obligaions involving millions of dollars due he Government for aid in construction. saw this senator fulfill a preëlection greement with another great railroad by recommending to the president of be United States the appointment of its general counsel as a judge of the United States Circuit Court, though the latter was not of his political faith. Fortunately President Roosevelt prevented the consummation of this agreement.

As speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives in 1905, I saw the same influence secure control of a majority of the Senate—a bipartisan majority, called the Senate lodge.

# By Walter Roscoe Stubbs

Crowd that opposed the two-cent fare fought
the introduction of a civil-service law into
state politics; the same roll call in the legisad lature that opposed the law reorganizing the railroad commission opposed the law taking

lature that opposed the law reorganizing the railroad commission opposed the law taking the state charitable institutions out of politics; the same group of men who begged the governor not to push the railroad freight bills importuned him to accept a weak primary law. Whenever the people of Kansas desired to effect a political or economic reform of any kind, whether or not the reform even remotely affected the railroads, the lobby organized by the railroads and directed by their attorneys always led the onslaught against that reform.

The state at that session witnessed a most shameful betrayal of the public trust, and after the legislature adjourned rewards began to follow. A leader of the Senate lodge

moved out of a small law office into the law headquarters of the Standard Oil Company of Kansas. Another member, who came to Topeka impecunious, blossomed out as a capitalist after the session and made a grand tour of Europe and the Orient.

It was not merely anti-railroad legislation

that this Senate lodge fought. The same

Whenever a Federal judge was to be appointed from the West I saw the railroad attorneys of Kansas flock to Washington to line up senators and representatives for their man. The value in cash to the railroads and corporations of a Federal judge for life, who has the corporation viewpoint, is well known. The railroads are in politics for business.

The Wall Street interests that finance the railroads and dominate their political policies have also financed the big business consolidations, combinations and trusts of the country. They are all so interwoven and interlocked that dissolution decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States now seem to help rather than hinder them, as witness the rapid rise in market value of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust stocks when the Supreme Court dissolved them.



Washout on the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry., Three Miles East of New Comerstown, Ohio

The Federal Government can never effectively control monopolies until it controls the source of the political influence that makes unlawful combines and trusts possible.

If the political power of the railroads in the several states does not now stand between the people of the United States and a responsive representative national government, it certainly is a menace to our form of government.

The Outlook of July 30, 1910, said editorially: "The railroad question is another form of the fundamental issue between oligarchy and democracy." Every passing year makes the absolute truth of this statement more apparent.

There was a period when it seemed to me that rigid control would be better than public ownership; and, though forced by the logic of events to see that the railroads were governing the country and that the little brigandage of our state capitals was duplicated in national affairs. I still hesitated before believing that government ownership was necessary to remove this evil and dangerous

It seemed that the achievements we had made in railroad building, the advance we had made in many matters of transportation over certain other countries, would warrant giving the old system further trial; but as one goes more deeply into the facts, under the surface of things, he is compelled to question the wisdom, justice and soundness of the policies and principles underlying private ownership of our railroads. Not only is the transportation question involved in this problem, but it is closely allied with many other great questions disturbing the country.

Therefore, having come through the long, slow way of circumstance and events to my present belief, it seems wise to justify that belief with such facts as investigations have disclosed and such arguments as the facts adduce. The fundamental idea of American government is that it should be conducted in such a manner as to benefit the largest possible number of people. It is a self-evident fact, and needs no proof, that anything which tends to carry out this idea is not in conflict with our institutions.

### The Question

GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads means simply vesting the title of our

railroad properties in the Government for the benefit of all the people alike. Private ownership of the great railroads of this country means the vesting of the title in a corporation and holding it in trust for the benefit of the few. Railroads are and always will be an actual public necessity and a natural monopoly. The question I propose to dis-cuss is, whether it is best for the American people to have the title to our railroads held in trust by the Government for the benefit of all the people, or whether it is better to have the title to all this vast property vested in corporations and held in trust for the benefit of private individuals.

In considering the general welfare, comfort and convenience of the people, we find that only the soil on which we live is more important than is the question of efficient, economical transportation service for all persons and property on equal terms and conditions. During the year 1913 the railroad companies of the United States received in revenue \$3,171,000,000. There are in this country approximately twenty million families of five persons each. The average cost of living for these families last year was approximately \$625 each. Railroad transportation cost each of these families an average of \$158.50, or a quarter of its total expense. President Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College, recently said: "Last year one-fifth of the average cost of living in the United States was due to freight and expressage, or an average of \$125 for each family.

Our highways of transportation, of commerce and distribution are now in the hands of private interests whose selfish welfare is opposed to the common welfare. Under public ownership the Government of the United States, acting for and representing all the people, will condemn and purchase the railroads at their true value and operate them on the basis of equal service, without discrimination between persons, cities and communities,

All the railroads need not be purchased at once. They were not so acquired in Germany and France. It is quite

often assumed that all the railroads of the countryabout 250,000 miles of them-would be taken over at the same time. There is no reason for such an assumption. A dozen of the greatest railroad systems of the country have a valuation of not much more than three billion dollars. Control of these roads by the Government would mean virtual control of the railroad business of the entire country. If the railroad corporations, with their record of reckless financiering and stock juggling, can sell railroad bonds and stocks and provide money to build and equip the railroads of the country, certainly railroad bonds guaranteed by the Government would find a world market if they were not all sold quickly at home.

The Government need not bankrupt itself in borrowing money to buy the railroads. Four-per-cent nontaxable railroad bonds, in denominations of one hundred dollars and multiples thereof, the principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, can be issued under authority of Congress to pay their purchase price.

National ownership and control of the means of transportation, and the exercise of the nation's power over the distribution of its population and products, will accomplish the following results:

First-Furnish an absolutely safe investment, at a reasonable rate of interest, for millions of citizens with small capital. Under private ownership the stock gamblers and speculators monopolize railroad stock and bond markets to such an extent that conservative people cannot afford to risk their small savings, and the general public is therefore largely excluded from participating in

Mr. Huntington, of

View Showing the Present Line Through Bristol, After Straightening Curve

Which Has Been Eliminated

the ownership or control of the second largest and most important industry in the United States.

Second-Coordinate along natural lines a great national system of railways and waterways, and will make transportation the servant and handmaid of commerce. Instead of acting on the principle of charging all the traffic will bear, it will nourish and build up the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries of the country.

Third-End forever the war against water transportation that has been fought so effectively and bitterly by the railways. The proper and natural development of water transportation for heavy, slow-moving traffic-such as coal, lumber, iron, steel, and their kindred products, salt, cement, grain, and so on-will reduce the cost of transportation of such commodities to approximately one-third of the present railway rate, as has been thoroughly proved by the development of water transportation on a large scale in the German Empire. Extensive intelligent development of our inland water transportation is impossible so long as it interferes with the profits of privately owned

Of the need of harmony between rail and water transportation President Charles R. Van Hise, of Wisconsin University, has this significant statement in his book, The Conservation of Natural Resources of the United States: "The ideal system of transportation is that in which waterways and railways perfectly cooperate. It is comparatively easy to require such cooperation where the Government owns both systems; but in this country, where the ownership of the railways rests exclusively with private corporations, the securing of cooperation in place of illegitimate competition will be far more difficult, and laws must be enacted that will accomplish this."

Did space permit, quotations to the same general effect could be made from the preliminary report and recommendations of the Inland Waterways Commission, appointed by President Roosevelt and making its report in 1909.

Public ownership will make railway operation comparatively safe for railway workers. There are now every year more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons either killed or injured as a sacrifice to profits under private ownership. It will benefit labor further by the betterment of wages and greater steadiness of employment. It will make service the end and object of all railway operation, management and methods, while under private ownership it is not unusual that everything, including human life, is sacrificed for profit.

It required many years of public agitation, resulting in a national law, to secure the general use of automatic conplings, uniform steps, handholds, and other safety devices in railway equipment to protect the lives and limbs of employees; and every step in this humane program has been fought most bitterly by the financial interests that dominate absolutely railway political activities.

Public ownership will standardize the management of all railways and steamship lines on the basis of the most efficient. best-managed transportation lines of the country, not only eliminating bad and inefficient management, but also reducing overhead charges by consolidating many small railways into one big system under one directing head, thereby effecting enormous savings.

As long ago as 1891, Collis P. Huntington said: "I am satisfied that the best results will not be reached until substantially all the transportation business of this country is done by one company. . . . What is wanted is not more than two or three—one would be better—great carrying companies. . . . With the best talent in the country

to manage and control such an organization many millions could be saved to those who use the railroads of the country and millions to those who own them, over what is now being received by the fragmentary, badly equipped and ineffciently managed roads that, with few exceptions, now exist."

course, thought that one great management would be a private monopoly. We know bet-ter. If any economic principle is settled it is that private monopoly is intolerable; but the principle of unity is correct, and the ope masterful management should be vested in the people.

Public ownership will wipe out of existence preferential rates

on raw materials and manufactured products that now favor certain localities and cities. This favoritism-this inequality of rates and service-results in the longest possible haul for railways. It accelerates the crowding into cities and manufacturing districts of poorly housel ill-fed, ill-clothed workers; and these conditions are producing many of the perplexing evils of our time.

### Sources of Political Power

T INCREASES the cost of food and other living expense I to the wage-earners and lowers prices received by the farmers for their products; and all this is only for the popose of increasing the profits of the railways that arbitrarily fix the discriminating rates. Under government ownership all freight traffic between common points could be tranported over natural routes, using the shortest mileage and the lowest grades. To estimate accurately the saving the could be effected by routing freight in this way is imposble; but it is safe to say that it would be enormous.

Public ownership will tear up by the roots the most dangerous, corrupting and insidiously powerful political influence in the United States. It will remove the political machinery through which elections are influenced or or trolled in the interests of monopolies, trusts, combines, at every species of special privilege. It will take from the net and powerful the greatest source of their political power through which national, state and municipal legislation at Federal judicial appointments are influenced or controlled in the interests of corporations.

The most powerful political machinery in the world would be smashed if the political organizations of the railway were taken away from the brewery and liquor interests Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the packing house, coalumber, salt, and other combines, trusts and monopoles For the railways furnish the only nation-wide practical political organization available for big business.

The taking over of the railways by the Government means precisely taking them out of politics. Our cities furnish excellent illustrations of the fact that the publicly owned utilities are not in politics, in the ordinary sense, while the privately owned utilities are nearly always most emphatically in politics. It will scarcely be claimed that the water system or the fire department of the average city under public ownership is in politics, though it is notorious that the street railways and the gas companies under private ownership have been exceedingly active politically.

It is almost invariably the rule in our American cities, as it has been in European cities, that when a public utility is taken over by the municipality it is by that very act taken permanently out of politics. According to Professor Ely: "Our terrible corruption in cities dates from the rise of private corporations in control of natural monopolies; and when we abolish them we do away with the chief cause of corruption."

#### Galling Abuse of Sovereign Power

PUBLIC ownership will take away from the railway corporations the most gigantic taxing power in the world, and will place that power in the hands of public officers who can be removed and replaced if power is abused. The railways themselves, finding the practice unprofitable, have recently discountenanced discrimination in rates as to persons, but they still maintain discrimination as to localities. Says Brooks Adams, in his Theory of Social Revolution:

Says Brooks Adams, in his Theory of Social Revolution:
"Now among abuses of sovereign power this is one of
the most galling, for of all taxes the transportation tax is
perhaps the most searching, most insidious and, when
misused, most destructive. The price paid for transportation is not so essential to the public welfare as its equality,

for neither persons nor localities can prosper when the necessaries of life cost them more than they cost their competitors. In towns no home can be built, no crust of bread eaten, no garment worn, which has not paid the transportation tax; and every manufacturing plant or distributing agency in every city of the country must stand still or close down if its competitor's rates are enough lower to exclude its products from the markets.

"Yet this formidable power to build up or destroy cities, communities and industries has been usurped by private individuals, who have used it selfishly, as no legitimate sovgreign could have used it, and by persons who have indignantly denounced as an infringement of their constitutional rights all attempts to

rold them accountable. High among sovereign powers have always ranked the ownership and administration of highvays. And it is evident why this should have been so: Movement is life and the stoppage of movement is death, and the movement of every people flows along its highways." This whole nation is now stirred to its very heart by the need of conservation of its resources. Conscience and intelligence are awake to this necessity. Conservation of human life as well as of national wealth is our pressing obligation in order to give to every man, woman and child in this land at least a fair chance at the things that make life dear.

Have we made even an appreciable start toward that condition when our cities show overcrowding and our country spaces have no considerable portion of the population they might support in happiness?

And can we start, or can we get anywhere when we do start, until we have put into a harmonious working system our means of transportation and distribution?

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, said in May, 1914: "Whoever owns the railways of a country

determines very largely the future of that country." The German, Bismarck, said, years earlier: "Either the government will own the railroads or the railroads will own the government." In Germany it has passed into a proverb that whoever owns and operates a country's transportation



General View of Main Walting Room, Pennsylvania Station, New York City

to your private railroad companies. I prophesy with certainty that if you do this they will be masters of the government before ten years."

The late Mr. Justice Harlan said: "Great and rapidly increasing corporate wealth is the supreme peril of the United

States." Of the total of one hundred and forty billion dollars of wealth of all kinds in this country, ninety-six billions have been capitalized by the corporations. On this the public is now paying interest and dividends through the use of commodities that are necessities of life, including transportation taxes levied by the railways in the shape of freight and passenger rates. The capitalization of the railways, including stock and bond issues, approximates nineteen billion dollars,

Has the time not arrived when we should heed the warning of Justice Harlan? And where could we so profitably begin as on the most vital of all phases of corporate capital control? The transportation tax collected by the railways during the year ending June 30, 1913, was \$3,171,000,000. The

total revenue receipts of all kinds by the United States Government for the year ending June 30, 1912, was less than one billion. The total revenue receipts of all kinds by all the states, all the counties, and all the towns and cities with a population of more than eight thousand people, were about eleven hundred millions. The national, state, county and municipal governments together collected one billion less than the single transportation tax taken by the railways.



rects, or this, incorpor, new york city

Twentieth Century Limited Drawn by Newest Type of Electric Locomotice

owns the country. This has been in brief the underlying

philosophy of state ownership in Germany.

I have seen in a recent book, Government Ownership of Railroads, by Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen, of Iowa, this remarkable warning and prophecy by the Frenchman, Lamartine, written as long

ago as 1838:

"What will be our condition when, according to your imprudent system, you shall have constituted into a unified interest with industrial and financial corporations the innumerable stockholders of the five or six billions of securities the organization of your railroads will place in the hands of these companies? You, the partisans of the liberty and he enfranchisement of the masses; you, who have overthrown feudalism and its tolls, its rights of the past and its boundaries; you, who are about to allow the railroads to fetter the people and divide up the country among a new feudality, a moneyed aristocracy! Never a government, never a nation, has constituted outside of itself a more oppressive money power, a more menacing and encroaching political power, than you are going to create in delivering up your soil, your administration, and

five or six billions of securities



TWO years ago Cleveland and Powell, in their book on Railroad Finance, said: "Within a century it is probable that the people of the United States had invested no less than twelve billion dollars in the improvement of the country roads and turnpikes; one billion dollars in river and harbor and canal improvements, state and national; and twelve billion dollars in the construction and equipment of tramlines and railroads."

The chief point of interest here is that the people have invested approximately the same amount of money in the common wagon roads that has been invested in the railways; but the railways are privately owned because there is a profit in them, while the wagon roads are publicly owned because there is only expense attached to them. I believe it was Mr. Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, who said that the idea seemed to prevail that the public officials were intelligent enough and honest enough to run the public utilities, which cost them money, such as universities, schools, wagon roads, city parks, charitable institutions, jails, penitentiaries, sewers, and so on, but were not intelligent enough to run the utilities from which a revenue is derived, such as railways, canals, street railways, and the like,

Railway conditions in the United States and Europe are so entirely different in the average distance freight is

(Continued on Page 28)



Interior of Agricultural Exhibition Car

# IN ACCOUNT OF A LAD

THEN great men fall out they send for Associated Press reporters and all the world knows about it the next morning; but when the little fellows quarrel the news travels slowly and arrives late, bringing with it unquestionable proof of the large percentage of liars in the average community.

For instance, if Fighting Sammy Dugan had been a champion of the world and Whitey Wilson a challenger for the title, sharp-nosed reporters would have had the

whole truth out of one of them at least; but Dugar, and Wilson were not great men. They were only preliminary boxers of the sort known as pork-and-beaners, and that they should quarrel at all was something of a joke. When reporters are not sufficiently interested to be curious, first explanations stand unchallenged, and because of this the theory of professional jealousy went unquestioned.

The report was correct as to the jealousy, but it was not of the professional variety. It was the real old green-eyed sort, which nothing but the Eternal Triangle has ever been known to produce. There was a lady mixed up in it—as there has been in nearly all the serious trouble since the apple and the snakeand in this particular case it was the brown-eyed one who presided over the cash register at the end of T-bone Riley's lunch counter.

T-hone, so called because he served the best T-bone steaks in the

world for thirty cents-this was before the increased cost of living became a burning issue; probably T-bone's steaks are thinner now-was a philanthropist in his own peculiar way. He fed all the preliminary fighters whether they had any money or not.

"And why shouldn't I?" asked Riley. "Where are these pork-and-beaners going to eat if they don't eat with me? If a fighter don't eat reg'lar he can't fight; and me, I like to see good fights. I'm what you call a patron of the arts, I am; and when these birds ain't got any dough I put 'em on the slate till they get some. They always settle. I haven't lost a nickel on 'em, because they ain't the kind of people that'll skin a friend."

There had always been a great deal of social freedom and personal liberty at Riley's. A man ordered his steak rare, medium or well done-and ate his cocoanut-custard pie with his knife, if such was his custom, and nobody said anything about it. If he had the price, he paid. If he did not have the price, he held up two fingers as he went out and Riley made another entry in the dog-eared memorandum book which he called his slate.

T-bone's place was headquarters for fighters, pool sharks, racetrack touts, tinhorn gamblers and pinfeather clerks with sporting tendencies. Sometimes a rank out-sider dropped in, but not often; for Riley had a way of discouraging the sort of trade he did not want. We will let the Dis-and-Dat Kid, the king of the pork-and-bean brigade, describe an instance:

"I'm in Riley's—see?—chuckin' a feed into meself. In comes a Clarence boy an' sets down beside me. He tipped his mitt de minute he took off his dicer. T-bone himself is behin' de counter because one of de regular waiters is out on a toot. T-bone gives dis Clarence party a setup an' asks him what will he have.

"'Name it, cully!' says T-bone.

"'Who do you t'ink you're talking to?' says Clarence, some peeved. 'Don't be so fresh!'

"Den he orders a steak, medium, hashed brown, an' Java. Right away he begins to holler. He holle

de paper napkins an' he hollers about some egg on his fork.
"'Dat's all right, cully,' says T-bone. 'We don't charge you for dat. We t'row in de egg wit' de steak-see?'

"Pretty soon de bread don't suit Clarence. He wants French bread, an' he wants it split open an' toasted. An' he don't t'ink de butter is on de level. T-bone is good an' sore by dis time.

"'You got de wrong number,' he says. 'De Astor Grill is furder up de street. Dis is Riley's joint."

"'Joint is right!' says Clarence.

-teak comes off de fire an' T-bone slides it larence takes one gash at it wit' his er.

says he. 'It's bleedin'!'

### By Charles E. Van Loan



"'So'll you be in a minute!' says T-bone; an' he grabs dat steak by de tail an' wallops Clarence on de jaw wit' it. Down he goes for de count, an' T-bone comes out from behin' and puts de boots to him proper.

"'Now,' says T-bone, jammin' de dicer on Clarence's head an' turnin' him round so's he could get one more good kick at him, 'don't you never let me ketch you in here no more! Out!!'

"Did he go? Oh, no; I guess not! He on'y jumped over t'ree guys because he couldn't spare de time to go round 'em. De gall of him-pullin' dat highbrow stuff on Riley!"

This was the atmosphere of T-bone's establishment in the old days before prosperity came. Riley did well in spite of his peculiar credit system-or because of it-and opened a bank account when his hip pocket could no longer accommodate his savings. He bought a diamond ringnot even an expert could have told there was anything the matter with the diamond unless he put it under a magnifying glass-and later he allowed a fluent salesman to sell him a cash register.

Riley did not need a cash register any more than he needed a diamond, but he had to spend the money on something. Then, of course, he had to have some one to manipulate the machine; so he hired a brown-eyed girl named Myrtle Schmidt.

Myrtle's presence at the end of the lunch counter shocked and amazed the regular patrons and for a time freedom of speech suffered greatly. The habitues became self-conscious, but gradually this feeling of restraint wore off and they voted Myrtle a "good feller." By this they meant that she laughed at their witticisms, listened sympathetically to their hard-luck stories and was not in the least stuck up or haughty.

Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson were two of T-bone's star boarders. Together they had risen from obscurity, making names for themselves by virtue of the talent that was in them. When Sammy fought, Whitey Sammy assisted with counsel and advice. They were bosom friends and had gone through many lean periods side by side.

Sammy could make the lightweight limit if pressed-Whitey scaled a few notches below him; but the exact poundage of a pork-and-beaner is never an important matter. Professionally speaking, they were very evenly matched, Sammy's slight pull in the weight being offset by a longer reach. Both were rushing, tearing battlers of the slambang school, and the Queensberry followers had long cherished the hope of seeing them matched in a ten-round encounter. The fight promoter had often broached the subject to the boys, always with the same result:

"Nix! Whadda we want to fight for? We're pals!"

Sammy was not at all a bad-looking boy. He had crisp curly hair, snapping dark eyes, a fair nose, a good chin, and he bore few scars of battle. Whitey was less fortunate. His hair was straw-colored; his eyes were a pale, faded blue; his complexion was heavily shot with freckles, and he had a tin ear that stood out from his head like a doorknob.

Sammy might have won his way into the second flight at a beauty contest; Whitey would have been disqualified at

sight. They were the David and Jonathan, the Damon and Pythias, of the pork-and-bean brigade, and their friendship was a sermon on brotherly love.

Then Myrtle came to T-bone Riley's to operate the cash register, and her flying fingers rang up trouble for the young gladiators.
"Oh, gee! A skirt!" said Sammy.

"Oh, gee: Assauth his mouth full of rice pudding. "A for Riley! Well, skirt working for Riley! 'whadda you think of that?"

"I think she's a queen!" said Whitey.

"I wonder if she knows who we are?"said Sammy. "I see her givin' me the once-over a while ago."

"Aw," said Whitey, "maybe she was lookin' at me."

"At you!" scoffed Sammy. "If she was she was wonderin' how a feller could have a face like yours an' keep his health!"

The rivalry began in fun, but the jest was short-lived. In fairness to Myrtle it must be set down here

that she was in no way to blame. She was the sort of girl who smiles easily because of good teeth and a dimple, and she did not realize that danger may attend the practice. She smiled on everybody, for she wished to be on good terms with everybody.

She was amused, though not impressed, when Whites brought her a remarkable document, which he called his record. It was laboriously penwritten, with many inky flourishes; and the knockouts Whitey had administered were heavily underscored in red. Candor compels the statement that no mention was made of the knockouts scored against Whitey, thus bearing out Mark Twain's contention that no man can write an autobiography without becoming a liar of the first magnitude.

"How int'resting!" said Myrtle. "What is it?"
"It's me record," explained Whitey. "It tells who I've fought and all about it. I wrote it out for you. Some day when I'm a champion, you might want to take a look at it."

"Oh, very well," said Myrtle, who had not the slightest idea as to what this amazing screed might be. In the same accommodating spirit she accepted a worn pair of boxing gloves from Sammy.

"I hung it on Battling Watlington with these," said the donor modestly. "They might come in handy to stick up in your room somewhere. Take it from me, this Watlington is one tough guy! He gimme a fierce battle; but in the sixth round I tore into his pantry, an' when he dropped his guard-bang! goes the big right hook on his chin-an' he was through for the night. Sure you can have 'em! Souvenirs, you know. This blue ribbon is to hang 'em up with.'

Myrtle thanked Sammy as prettily as she knew how, but in her heart she regarded the gloves as nasty things and dropped them into a convenient ashcan on the way home. The same ashcan, by the way, received Whitey's record.

Whitey witnessed the presentation of the gloves, and his heart burned under his ribs. Why had he not thought of that? There remained nothing but to belittle Sammy's gift, which he proceeded to do at the first opportunity.

some awful bad fighters round here," Whitey to Myrtle, apropos of nothing.

"Yes?" said Myrtle, seemingly much interested, but really not knowing what else to say.

"Ub-huh! This Battling Watlington, he's a terrible piece of cheese. Awful! Can't fight fast enough to get up a sweat; and they say he takes a shot in the arm once in a while. Sammy was all puffed up when he knocked him out; but if he'd a took my advice Watlington wouldn't have lasted two rounds. 'Tear into him, Sammy!' I says. 'He can't hit hard enough to break a promise. Root into him an' make him quit!"

"If it had been me an' that Watlington had lasted siz rounds I wouldn't have done no bragging—and I wouldn't have saved the gloves, neither. If I'm going to give

anybody a souvenir it's got to be gloves that was in a real ight. Now Kid Cassidy-you saw him in my record, jidn't you?—there was some fighting wolf; but I never did know what become of them gloves." And so on.

Mischief of this sort, once afoot, travels rapidly and inds advance couriers to clear the way. Split-tooth Durcee, retired bantamweight pork-and-beaner and all-night valter at Riley's, assisted matters materially when he epeated to Sammy a portion of the foregoing conversation with embellishments of his own.

"Whitey's doin' you dirt with the chicken at the cash

egister," said Split-tooth.

"How so?" demanded Sammy.

"Now listen! I ain't no trouble maker," said Splitooth virtuously; "and, anyway, you got to promise not o bring me into it. My fighting days are over-see?"

"You're declared out," said Sammy. "Tell me what he

"Well," said Split-tooth, "to begin with, he says you in't never licked no regular fighters like he has. He tells er you was all swole up over knocking out Battling Watington-a feller that couldn't fight himself out of a paper

"Did Whitey say that? What's he knocking me for?" "Oh, that ain't all. He says he made you win all your ghts by bein' in your corner an' tellin' you what to do. le says you'd have quit three or four times if he hadn't een behind you - Wait, now! Don't get excited. temember, I'm out of this. I'm only tellin' you as a friend,

Split-tooth was nothing if not impartial. The next day e had some interesting information for Whitey—as before, sisting on protection. There should be no closed season

or the man who says:

"I'm your friend and I think you ought to know this." "Sammy was pannin' you to Myrtle," said Split-tooth.
"He was!" ejaculated Whitey. "Why, the dawg! Vhat was he doing that for?"

"To put you in bad, o' course. You know what he told er? He said he hadn't never fought you because he was kind-hearted guy and he didn't want to show you up efore the public.

Here Whitey gurgled incoherently.

"Yes; he said you was only a harmless kind of nut that ad kidded yourself into thinkin' you could fight. He told er he could put you out cold in four rounds any day in the cek, and if he didn't do it he'd donate his share of the urse to charity. He said he could lick you and make you ke it-them's the words he used-make you like it! ice! You ain't sore, are you, Whitey? I told you because thought you ought to know what was coming off behind our back. I've always been your friend, ain't I? Well hen, keep me out of it."

THE secretary and matchmaker of the club which pro-I moted boxing contests looked up from his desk to greet Vhitey Wilson on the point of exploding with wrath and appressed emotion.

Aw, Whitey!" said he. "What's new?"

"I want you to get Sammy Dugan for me on the fifsenth of next month. I'm going to lick that fourflusher ntil he yells for the police. I'm going to hand him a triming that will -

"Hello!" said the matchmaker. "Have the Siamese wins had a falling out?"

"Worse than that!" said Whitey bitterly. "He's been oing round making cracks that he could put me out in four ands. Make it any distance you want-four, six or ten; I don't stop him I won't ask for a nickel! Not a nickel!"

"But suppose he doesn't want

to fight you?'

"He'll have to!" squealed Whitey. "He can't get away. I'll fight him in the street—anywhere! You can lock us in a cellar and drop the key down a well! I'll git him -

"Easy! Easy!" said the wise official. "Don't get excited. Never give away anything that you can sell, Whitey. If there's a real grudge fight in sight let us stage it, and we'll all make some money. What started the trouble between you?'

"He's been lying about me!" said Whitey. "He's been tellin' all over town that I only think I can fight -

"And you won't think so long!" a third voice cut into the discussion.

Fighting Sammy Dugan stood in the doorway. After the initial out-

matchmaker, speaking with labored politeness. "Greetings and salutations!" said he. "Sign up this

windbag for me. I'll fight him-winner take all; and if I don't make him jump out of the ring I won't ask for a cent."

"Me-jump out of the ring!" screamed Whitey. "He better look out I don't make him jump out of the ring!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" said the matchmaker. "Don't start anything here. Shake it up, boys; but don't spill it. Save it for the fifteenth. Now about the purse -

"Any old way suits me," said Sammy.

"Winner take all!" suggested Whitey.

"One hundred dollars-winner take all," said the matchmaker. "Is that satisfactory?"

"I'd fight him for nothing!" said Sammy.
"That's what you'll get!" said Whitey.

"This is the real thing," reflected the matchmaker. "What a pity the reporters aren't here! They could make quite a story out of this."

Later in the day they did make quité a story out of it under headlines proclaiming the sundering of friendship's bonds and the dissolution of a partnership. Professional jealousy was mentioned as the contributing cause, which explanation appealed to the sporting humorists and they made merry with the topic. Whitey was interviewed by a representative of a morning paper—a great honor, which almost overwhelmed him and made him nervous and voluble.

"Say, print this, will you?" said he. "Put it in the paper that I'm going to fight this Dugan just to show him up-see? Just to let the public know he never was any

good! Don't forget that.

"Here's another thing you can put in-better write it down so you won't forget it-I'm going to meet him coming out of his corner and if I ever take a backward step I hope I don't get out of the ring alive. Got that? I'm going to hit him so hard that it will make his grandfather's head ache. I'm going to -

"Yes, yes!" said the reporter soothingly. "I know you are; but what's it all about? What started the row? You

used to be pals, didn't you?"

"Sure!" said Whitey excitedly. "Sure, we did! That's what gets my goat. I've cut up my last dollar with Dugan



The reporter did not forget, and Split-tooth Durkee saw to it that a copy of the paper containing this remarkable interview was handed to Myrtle Schmidt, who read the article with wide eyes.

AND MARKETHER POR

"Mercy sakes!" said she. "They must have had a

quarrel!

as Main Street!

Don't forget that."

"Yeh," grinned the diminutive Durkee; "it does kind of look as if they've parted doll-rags." He stepped closer and lowered his voice insinuatingly. "And I'll bet you don't know what it was about or nothing. Oh, no! P'fessional jealousy! That's a hot one-that is! Say, you could tell these reporters a thing or two—couldn't you, kid?"

"Miss Schmidt to you if you please!" snapped Myrtle. "And I couldn't tell anybody anything, because I don't know anything. What's more, I don't want to know! If anybody mixes me up in a fuss like this they'll be sorry. I attend to my business, and I'll thank you to attend to yours!"

"Just as you say," leered Split-tooth wickedly. "Just as you say, girlie. You don't need to get sore about it. Nobody's trying to mix you up; but it's kind of queer when two old pals bust up like this and -

"The cook is calling you!" interrupted Myrtle. "And you keep away from this end of the counter-do you hear? Bother me once more and I'll speak to Mr. Riley!"

Split-tooth snarled as he moved toward the range. Goin' to holler to T-bone, eh?" he muttered to himself. "She ain't had no use for me since the night I ast her

to go to a movin'-pitcher show. Bawled me out good! I wonder who she thinks she is? Too stuck up for common people—yes, sir! Coming right up! German fried, wasn't it? There you are, sport!"

III

ON THE eve of battle, as the sporting writers so happily phrase it, the Wilson-Dugan match divided interest with the main event—an elimination contest in the White Hope division. All the world loves a grudge fight-sad commentary on our boasted civilization—and for days the reporters had bombarded their readers with articles on the approaching combat between the Siamese Twins of the pork-and-bean brigade—" but strangers now," as one sporting writer put it.

Professional jealousy was still the only explanation offered, and at T-bone's place there was but one topic of conversation. The White Hopes were forgotten-it transpired later that they deserved to be—in the discussion of the relative merits and abilities of Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson.

On the night before the fight there came to Riley's one Ed Faraday, a sporting writer who tossed a nimble quill for an afternoon paper. He was seeking a T-bone, rare, French fried potatoes, apple pie and coffee. The hour was late, patrons were infrequent, and Split-tooth Durkee, having delivered Faraday's order to Saginaw, the night cook, lingered to gossip.

(Continued on Page 45)



# THE FLOATING LABORER

### Some Humble Biographies-By Will Irwin

ORMERLY we looked on the tramp with a sense of romance or of shame, according to our individual dispositions. The man who begged for a breakfast at the door of a farmhouse; the travel-stained individual we met trudging along the country roads; the soldier of misfortune we glimpsed swinging on or off a brake beam at the station, was the picturesque outcast.

The laborer digging trenches in our city streets, pitching hay on our farms and rolling logs in our sawmills was, on the other hand, the noble American workman, for whose greater prosperity the Republican party maintained the protective tariff and the Democratic party wanted to revise the coinage. We did not know that the two classes were loosely interchangeable—that the tramp of today is the common laborer of tomorrow, and the common laborer of today the tramp of tomorrow. Such observers of picturesque fact as Walter A. Wyckoff and Josiah Flynt hinted at the truth; but the whole truth is just beginning to dawn.

Those same tramps of the dusty roads—they understand. However, they had no power to force their understanding on the rest of us. In the nature of things they were inarticulate. They had no union to enforce their just or unjust demands. They had no organizers to put their case before our parliaments and our press.

Now and then, when hard times came, when the shoe of industry pinched too tight, they rose in such picturesque and futile movements as Coxey's Army, and attracted for a time the attention of a somewhat puzzled people. Then the return of prosperity, in which they never fully shared, would put such movements to sleep. The members of the army would drop back into the old routine of hard work varied by hard tramping and only too often by hard

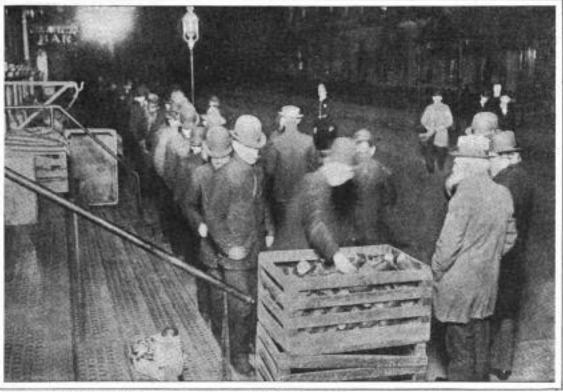
In a previous article I tried to sketch the history of one John Smith, a typical American laborer of this floating type. I have shown him beginning life as an average man, with the average amount of will power and ambition. I have shown how a life of short, broken spasms of unemployment broke his will power and made his ambition a mockery. I have shown him caught in a web of circumstance-drifting from one short job to another short job, with intervals of tramping, of living on organized charity, and of begging.

I have shown just where drink came into the scheme of his life; how this curse of the workingman was in his case an effect and not a cause. I have shown how life denied him marriage and children; I have shown him burned out in his middle thirties-half his actual working days so far, all his potential working days in the future, lost to industry. I have tried to show, also, that this same John Smith was not a defective, as the outworn sociology of twenty years ago would have called him, but a normal man in physique, in mentality and in will power.

### An Army of John Smiths

TT REMAINS for me to prove that John Smith's case is I not exceptional, but typical; and the proof, so far as it goes, comes mainly from the notes on American society by one Peter Alexander Speek, investigator for the Commission on Industrial Relations. This new government department was born of the agitation that followed the McNamara case and other like revolutionary movements in labor. It was begotten of a dim feeling in our legislators that there was some factor in American labor which no one understood. It started out to find what labor really wanted and needed - which of its demands, under the present organization of society, were just, and what society might do to relieve the pressure. It aimed to study the psychological factors in its problem-to put heart as well as head into

The members of the commission realize that these floating members of the industrial body most need their study and their help. For a year Speek has been living among



The Head of the Bread Line

laborers, noting the conditions under which they work and getting from them, as accurately as he can, the story of their individual lives.

He brings to this task a singular equipment. Speek is a Russian-to be exact, an Esthonian. A university graduate, he started a newspaper in his home city, took the liberal side in the abortive revolution of 1905, and left Russia, when the reactionary party snuffed out the revolution, with a life sentence to Siberia hanging over his head. In his early American wanderings he himself was a partner in human misery. His wanderings led him into Wisconsin. By this time he had found he could make a living by writing for the Russian magazines. He attended the University of Wisconsin, took a degree in sociology; and from the university he proceeded to this task of finding out for America what is wrong with her labor.

Speek has the art of gaining confidences; further, being a Russian, he uses five or six languages. In the course of his investigation he has gathered hundreds of life stories from American laborers. In substance they do not differ from the story of John Smith. This one factor is common to them all—among the laborers whom he has interviewed, in grading camps, employment offices, workingmen's lodging houses, and similar institutions, he has found scarcely one who ever held a steady job for a period of even two or three years. The tale is always the same-spurts of work lasting from three days to three months; the search for a job; more hunting, ending often in a period of half

The hundred or more biographies in Speek's collection should be read as a whole in order to get a picture of the casual American laborer. Their effect is cumulative. However, let us look at a few of the more typical histories.

Take the case of James Ryan—in this and all future instances I shall disguise the name-thirty-five years old, a native Irish-American from New England. His father had been alternately a sailor and a farmer. He himself began life as a sailor on the Great Lakes. The work was irregular. Of course there was little employment in winter and none whatever in midwinter. Being a union man he joined the seamen's strike on the Great Lakes. After living for many weeks on strike benefits he gave up sailoring as too irregular, and tried to get a land job at any kind of common labor. His biography proceeds as follows:

He found a job in a Chicago restaurant as a porter. He worked twelve hours a day for seven days a week at seven dollars a week, with meals, paying for his room. He worked on that job three months; quit because he found a better job with a telephone company. He was employed as a common laborer, putting wire pipes into the street. It was a non-union job. He worked nine hours a day for thirty-five cents an hour. . . . In six months the job was finished. The money he earned was paid to his sister. Three weeks out of work; his sister kept him. He was always watching for jobs in the Want Ads. He then found through a newspaper advertisement a hodcarrying jobeight hours a day, forty cents an hour. This was a union job.

Though he was not a union man, still the foreman took him, saying that the job was only for six webs and that a union delegate would come next day to collect three da-lars for a union card. The union

delegate never came.

After six days' work the for-man kept back from the pay of every non-union man one dolar and fifty cents, promising to my it to the union delegate; but at the beginning of the next week Ryan was unexpectedly dis-charged because a union man had taken his job. He thinks the foreman kept the money. Such a trick is often played by foremen. This happened in February. He was two weeks out of work. The next job he found with the Edison Electric Company, passing coul for the firemen. He worked ten hours a day seven days a week for fourteen dollars a week. The work was dirty, heavy and dusty He worked at this job two months; then the veins of his let became swollen and one ver broke. He was seven weeks in the city hospital. When he left the hospital he was still week and could not work for two months, and lived with his sister.

The next job he found through

an employment office. It was a odd job, cleaning floors, beating carpets, washing windows. and so on. He worked continuously two weeks; then the job played out. He was five weeks out of work. Every morning he was at the newspaper offices, watching the Help Wanted advertisements in the windows. When he saw a job advertised he either ran or took a car to the place. Very often a crowd was waiting. The stronger net pushed the weaker aside. He finally secured a job through an employers' employment office to pass coal in a big dry goods store at fourteen dollars a week for nine hours a dry. He worked at this job for seven weeks. He quit because of cramps in his feet. The next job he secured through a be-employment office—it lasted two and a half days—diging a basement for a contractor. a basement for a contractor.

And so on, down the line. Ryan, though he has contracted the drink habit and has occasional sprees when to is in funds, is still able to hold a steady job—if he could get it.

### The Hardships of Loafing

MARTIN CASEY is another, a little older, but of the same class. He did some sailoring in his youth, and might even now be an ironworker had it not been for an injury by received early in his service with that trade. He instituted suit for damages, which closed his connection with the conpany. He has never received any damages. Then he drifted into casual labor. Here is a passage from his biography

In September, 1910, he saw an advertisement is the paper for men in the woods. He got a job there clearst away logs for a road—nine hours a day at thirty dollars away logs for a road—nine hours a day at thirty dollars month. Meals were good . . . but the bedding ubad. No laundry or bathing accommodations. After the months and a half the job played out. He then went to farm to pick potatoes. . . He earned three dollars and fifty cents a day for a month, when the work was possible. He then jumped a freight train to a town in less than the potation of the potation of the potation. After four months the polayed out. He jumped a freight train to Milwalle. Here he got a job as helper with a construction compat-He did not like the job. The foreman was always species up and using profamity to his men. After two months quit. He got all sorts of jobs from the State Free Empley

Notice this: Several weeks of short-time jobs, lasting few weeks or at most a few months, and Casey quit the first really steady job he had had for some time. When it held a regular position in the iron trade he was probably capable of steady work for life; but desultory work with workless periods, had become a habit he could not break Casey, one would say, is on the downgrade. It is not in fault; but the fact remains.

Here is another man, slightly younger, who may or no not be far down the grade. His reasons for quitting it after job may be sound; perhaps he has had only an estractdinary run of bad luck. Heaven knows that condices in some construction and grading camps are bad court It may be, on the other hand, that he has reached the star where here is incapable of continuous employment and that his successaive quarrels with the conditions in the camps are but an excuse:

A year ago he was replacing rails on a railroad. He found the job himself. He worked nine hours a day at seventeen and a half cents an hour. The boss worked them overtime and also on Sundays. The company furnished camp and board for four dollars a week. The commissary store belonged to the same company. The prices were almost three times as high as in the city and the men had to buy from the company's store. He slept in a box car. Bedding was poor; no washing, laundry or toilet accommedations. The board was poor—frozen potatoes, cheap, half-spoiled neat, and canned stuffs. . . . After four months of work the foreman put the young immigrant men to work in the switches. They did not know how to handle heavy sieces; so the work became dangerous to life and limb. An accident happened. He quit and went to Chicago. There he was unemployed for a month. . . . During his time he looked for work, asking for it personally, watching newspaper advertisements, applying at employnent offices.

Finally he found ice work in a city near Chicago. He worked ten hours a day for one dollar and seventy-five ents a day, and paid four dollars and fifty cents for board and bed. The job lasted only eighteen days. He went tack to Chicago. After a week he was shipped to a railroad construction camp forty miles away—ten hours a day, one iollar and seventy-five cents a day, three dollars and fifty ents a week for board. Living conditions the same as in he camp on the other railroad. He quit at the end of a recek because of the board and because he thought the boss was speeding-up the men—he wanted more work than the say was worth. He beat his way to Minneapolis and got, hrough an employment agency, a job laying steel rails on new track. . . . After two months he injured a toe. It as ked for medical aid, but was refused; therefore he uit. After two weeks he was shipped out on another ailroad-construction job. . . . The men were forced o work late at night without lights. They demanded ghts and twenty cents an hour for night work; but the omp any refused and they struck. He rested two weeks in dinn eapolis. Then he worked two weeks at two dollars nd fifty cents a day, breaking old cement. He was disharged for reporting late one morning.

#### When Unemployed Spells Unemployable

WE COME finally to the habitual drifter, typically with the drink habit, who has been at desultory labor so long hat he finds himself incapable of sustained work. Here is short passage from the working life of such a man:

He was shipped free to Buffalo to work on a railroad in nextra gang. Hard work; ten hours a day, one dollar and kty-five cents a day. He refused to work because there ould be no money left and the work was horsework. He ent to the Seamen's Institute and applied for a job as reman on a ship, but did not get it. He then jumped freight train to a town in Ohio where he hired out to a armer to plant potatoes; got one dollar and fifty cents a ay and board. It was fine work and the farmer was a good ian. The work was finished in three days. In another hio town he got work on the streets laying blocks. . . . le worked one week and quit. He jumped a freight train is Cleveland. He found no work there. After wandering orn town to town in freight cars and on brake beams he at a job with a circus as tent man; pay, thirty dollars a south, with board. He got little sleep.

onth, with board. He got little sleep. . . . . After three weeks he quit. He took a freight train back Illinois, where he got work on the streets. . . .

After five days he quit again. . He then went to work on an ice wagon for two dollars and twenty-five cents a day. As he was on another man's job it lasted only three days. He got a job as deck hand on an excursion steamer. There was no sleeping place or other accommodation; pay, one dollar a day with board. After six days he became sick of this job and quit. The next place was on a freight steamer. He worked for three days at a dollar a day. This landed him in St. Paul. He then worked about a farm, picking potatoes. The machine broke down and the job was finished. He returned to town. A farmer

picked him up in front of a saloon and hired him as farm hand at a dollar a day. This was in August. It might have lasted until the end of the season, but the whisky fever got hold of him and he quit.

And so on, month after month, the same story. Yet, from the naïve account he gave to Speek, it would seem that in his youth this man was just as capable of holding a steady job as any other man.

To present any more extracts from Speek's collection of humble biographies would only be to repeat unnecessary details. The story is always the same; but please note the age of these men. The oldest is forty. The three others have not yet passed thirty-five.

All the men whose biographies I have quoted so far are Americans, save one of Irish parentage who came to this country so early that he may be considered an American. Twenty years ago the casual laborers of the United States were almost all native-born. Such foreign laborers as we had worked usually in gangs under padrones. Shallow social philosophers used to hold up their thrift, frugality and economy as examples for our own laborers.

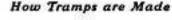
Times have moved fast since then. The casual European laborer has appeared. The man trudging the dusty roads with a blanket on his back is just as likely to speak Lithuanian or Polish or Italian as English. These immigrants have their own problems, of which their ignorance of our language and institutions is the chief; and the same destructive forces are making them first casual laborers, then unemployed laborers, and finally unemployable laborers. Take the case of Ivan Witkowski, a Polish boy picked up among the applicants for work at the Milwaukee Free Employment Agency. He is strong and healthy, and only twenty years old. He left his native land, as so many other immigrants do, to escape military service.

Like the rest, he looked on America as the land of golden opportunity. He had mastered the elements of tailoring, but he found conditions and methods of work so different in America that he must learn his trade again. He had no money to support himself during apprenticeship; he became a common laborer. In a little more than a year his wanderings took him from New York to Milwaukee. This is the story of the last part of that year. It begins in a city west of New York:

He joined the crowd of men looking for work in front of a factory office. He and nine others were selected and put to work carrying boxes. The work was not heavy; ten hours a day, one dollar and seventy-five

cents a day. After thirteen and a half days of work he quit and went to tailoring. One of his friends had directed him to a shop where they made suits to order. He was employed as helper and worked thirteen hours a day. The tailor promised to teach him the trade and pay him five dollars a week; from that he must provide his own board and lodging. He worked two weeks and got his pay, but for the second two weeks they made him take in lieu of payment an old suit, which he believed was not worth more than four dollars. He could not live on such terms and quit. . . . He found his way to Milwaukee where he was four days without work. A countryman directed him to the employment office, where he got a job working on the roads; twelve hours a day, pay thirty dollars a month if he worked less than a month and thirty-five dollars if he worked a month or more. . . . The winter came on and work was stopped. In Milwaukee he was out of work for a week, when he secured a job for one day cleaning the surroundings of a house. Looked for work for a week. The State Free Employment Office got him a job loading and unloading fruit on ships. The work lasted two days; thirteen and a half hours a day, thirty-five cents an hour. He registered at the State Employment Bureau for another job.

When interviewed Ivan expressed the opinion that Russia is a better country than America, because in Russia you get steady work. Speek has gathered several other biographies of foreigners, which tell the same story with varying details.



EVEN making allowance for the fact that every unsuccessful man is a constitutional kicker, one cannot read these biographies without an indignant sense of the constant injustices imposed on such laborers. We read occasionally an exposé of peonage conditions in a lumber camp in the West or South. I should say now that these are only examples of a system that is pretty deep-seated. That this should be true squares with reason and with human nature,

The tendency of power is to tyranny. Any man less than a saint, appointed to govern other men without check or control, unconsciously takes more than his share, unconsciously becomes an oppressor. The government clerks who perpetrated the Congo atrocities were in the beginning nice little Belgian boys, with a good sense of morals and of honor. Unlimited and unchecked power made them what they were.

These casual common laborers, without organization, without any means of expressing their grievances, are apparently the prey of this tendency in human nature. Crooked employment agencies send them to nonexistent or impossible jobs, or ship them to the dangerous and often degrading job of strike breaking without informing them that there is a strike. Railroad companies and lumber companies feed them improperly at company boarding houses that are paying their toll of graft, mulct them at company stores, reduce their vitality in camps unfit to be occupied by human beings.

Some corporations wanting a new force of laborers circulate rumors that bring to their factory gates ten times as many men as they can possibly use. Trade-union men or even factory operatives, confronted with such conditions, would strike, and strike hard. They have unions; they have behind these unions the whole organization of regularly employed labor. These casuals are without organization. When conditions grow too hard they can only quit peaceably, which is a very different thing from striking.

Through all these biographies run such common experiences as these: "The bunks were not fit for a white man to

s these: "The bunks were not fit for (Continued on Page 61)



Men Waiting Call to Work on the Docks at Hoboken



The Head of the "Jhoe" Line

# ROOKS ALL By HARRY LEON WILSON

T WAS green May in Paris. The terrace of the Café de la Paix was crowded to its outmost table. Latins were sipping of France's milder distillations, mitigating even the slight alcoholic potency of these with floods of carbonated water. Only Anglo-Saxons took whisky and soda—the English and Americans, who by brute force must be raised from a native moodiness to the Latin's normal gayety.

As I scanned the ranks for a seat an alert waiter beckoned me to a chair just vacated. It was almost at that corner celebrated for its outlook on a shifting world. Sit there for so long as one hour and there will pass before you people you had thought were in Panama or Pittsfield, Ohio, or the Orient. Sit there for an afternoon and it is said you will see quite all the people in the world whom you may ever have spoken in passing.

Faces loom from the surge to take on familiar lines. There is the man with whom four years ago you traded tea for tobacco on the White Horse Trail; behind him is your next-door neighbor at home. There is the American couple of middle age who crossed with you, hotly disputing how the Louvre can be both an art gallery and a department store. Follows the saturnine Englishman who had the row with the customs man at Boulogne. Like all Englishmen here, his expression denotes: "Oh,

yes, fairish—but, of course, it's not London!" A tempered sun flooded the boulevard with gay flashes of color struck from the weaving throng. I settled in my chair and surrendered to the hypnosis of that human flow, to the rhythmic scuff of shoeleather on the pavement, the cool play of light and shade on Paris gowns, and always the faces of that endless film—the world-faces gathered

here to pique or mystify.

Absorbed in the human play, I had not observed my nearest neighbor, noting merely that his chair occupied that precise magic corner which is directly under the é in Café on the striped awning; but when I heard his voice, a hearty Middle-Western voice, I saw that my compatriot was an old acquaintance.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung fresh pot of tea!" com-

manded the voice.

I did not at once invite his attention. This might or might not be desirable. That is as happens. For one thing, Doc is not nice to look at. Herr Nordau, at sight of him, I dare say, would burst into tears of ecstasy. If Doc lacks any of the well-known criminal stigmata the omission has yet to be noted. His face simply shouts evil; a predatory cunning, boundless greed, ingenuous iniquity. His body is of a rounded stoutness, with short arms and huge, clumsy hands. A ten-year-old boy glancing once at his fattish face, with its keen little eyes and its vulture beak, would scorn to trust Doc with his cheapest marble.

Yet the shrewdest of adults come to tolerate him after a second or third glance, and for a very simple reason: It is too incredible that any man should be so evil of purpose as Doc frankly seems to be; impossible that Nature should have been so crudely obvious. Many of these students of human nature swiftly convince themselves, therefore, that he is a babe for guile and must carry a heart of gold. This reasoning flatters their perspicuity and they forthwith warm to the rugged cattleman from Oklahoma, which is often—oh, regularly often!—to their cost; for Doc is Denver Doc and has most amazingly the precise character his face says he has. You see the paradox and I have tried to expound it. I can imagine no other line of reasoning in his victims to explain Doc's very notable success as a buccaneer-one of the modern breed that go about the sea in ships for the sole purpose of playing at games of chance with their fellow passengers.

In common with those who now and again traverse the great white waterway I had often speculated as to the look and manner of these craftsmen, picturing them as plausible, tastefully garbed, insinuating villains, who would be thought anything but what they were. And Denver Doc drew another picture.

In crossing the year before I had encountered him and his two adjutants, encountering also my wise friend Ben, of the New York Central Office, retired. Ben promptly catalogued the three for me: Doc, in his slouch hat and



country-tailored suit, hung profusely with the insignia of all known fraternal orders, from scimitar to elk's teeth; old Sam Joyce, a shade less alarming than Doc, but still rather incredible for the president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, or Galveston, or Fort Worth, as might be; and Velvet Eddie, tall, decorous, subdued, with the chastened geniality of a funeral director. And Ben did more than catalogue the trio: he so dismayed them by the mere sarcastic overlooking of their first merry games that they surrendered more or less gracefully the second day out and thereafter made him a fourth in innocent games of casino, chatting amicably meantime of low finance.

And if I record that Ben relented, as to one passenger, it is written merely to show that Denver Doc was an executive of no mean order. On our printed list shone the line: "T. Walsingham Wadleigh and Valet." The mere words had incited Doc's evil fancies to their fullest play. With moist eyes he showed us the name in the smoking room one night and pleaded for the victim.

"Lamp it, Ben," he tearfully urged. "Do you get it?-

and Valet. Say, let me prong him, just for that!"
"Who is he?" demanded Ben, himself no more than human about names.

"Why, the Claude settin' right at your own table in the dining room-the one with the socks.

"Him? You sure?" asked Ben.

"I pledge you my word—and wears his handkerchief up his sleeve."

"Go to it!" said Ben grimly.

I gathered that the person in question had in some obscure fashion, perhaps by the possession of too much manner, affronted Ben. Anyway, it was delicately conveyed to me later that he had disembarked at Plymouth much lighter of purse after a coinmatching bout of heroic dimensions with the wealthy cattleman from Oklahoma and the president of the First National Bank of El Paso, which exposed T. Walsingham Wadleigh's need of more than a valet to travel with him, both men looking enough like prosperous burglars.

And here on this spring afternoon was Denver Doc, far from the raging main and gulping hastily of tea while the careless world paraded before him. As I studied his nefarious profile I saw that he reviewed the passing show with a weightier purpose than mere entertainment. His glance ever darted to question the faces of the oncoming throng. His sharp little eyes took toll not only from both sides of the boulevard but guarded the Rue Auber on his left and distantly scanned the frontiers of the Place de l'Opéra. Twice he half started from his chair as though one he sought had shown in the offing; but each time he fell back with muttered irritation. I touched his arm.

"Looking for some one?"

He turned on me the good-fellow smile of his calling.

"Well! Howdy? Howdy? It's certainly good for sore eyes to see you here." He paused and the smis-faded into a not-too-cordial look of recognition. "Oh! It's you, is at Wasn't you with Ben Lockwoof on the George Washington last year! Didn't get you at first."

His manner proclaimed that be would have been as well pleased not to get me at all. His eyes roved back to their quest. Plainly I suffered in his esteem for my former companionship with a man who had hurt business for him.

"Ben didn't come over this year," I ventured. "What sort of trip dd you have?"

He turned to me heavily.

"Say, on the level, I only wish Ben was here. Ben's a square guy. He'd help Eddie and me."

"Velvet Eddie?" I suggested. "Yes; him and me made it alone this time. Old Sam had to lay over a trip to get some pivot teeth put in. A hardware man from St. Loop done it. Say, you'd thought that eight hundred dollars of his was his right eye, and old Sam twice his age at that—the coward! But the dentist said he could give Sam a swell new front. Anyway, Eddie and me—say, I might as well tell you about it, long's you're a friend of Ben's." He seared his throat with the fresh tea and breathed had "Gee, but that guy's got me foany in the fighting-top!" he muttered

"You were going to tell me -

Doc's eyes continued to sound the human stream. He spoke adeptly from a mere corner of his roomy mouth. "Yes, sir; me and Eddie has been played about the

worst lowdown trick you ever heard of, and by a man or trusted right down to the ground. But that's the way in this world. And I kept saying to Eddie-if I said it once l said it a dozen times—'Eddie,' I says, 'that guy may be all right, but I think he's crooked. Mark my words! Yes give him a chance and he'll throw the spear into us.' But Eddie's right back with the Tut! Tut! stuff, telling me don't know a straight guy when I see one, and pulling a mess of words about this here physiology, or whatever you call it, that shows how a guy's wheels go round inside 🗀

"Eddie's the great boy for that. You might call it a hobby with him. 'I'm a student of physiology,' he says. 'and that guy's as straight as you or me.' So I had to M it go at that. But you can lay chips to coppers Eddie's talking nine different ways from that since last Wedneday. He's back in London doing 'Little Mabel, with he face against the pane'; and I'm waiting to see if the guy won't happen along here. If he does—say, they's liable to be a low, brutal murder right here on the sidewallthrowing down his only friends like that!

"Yes, sir; Eddie and me befriended him. We was real? to stick by him through thick and thin, understand what. mean? There wasn't nothing we wouldn't have done is him. And what gratitude does he show, what sense a decency? I ask you that! Well, this is what he shows He ducks out over in London last Wednesday with ffty thousand dollars hard cash money belonging to Eddie and me—about every cent we had, too—just took it was from us. That's what he done! You come right down to it, he ain't no better than a crook!"

I looked amazement and sympathy.

"Fifty thousand!"

"Not a cent less. And here I been three days drinks tea till I'm tanned inside like a leather trunk. Sometimes I think he won't show up. Maybe he beat it for Egypt # Buenos Aires. A guy as low as him is liable to fool yet from soda to hock.

Doc quaffed of tea once more. Even over the raised and his eyes kept to the crowd.

"How did you happen to trust him with so much? Exe

a psychologist -

We was on that new boat, understand. Everything looks fine; a full passenger list and a bunch that looked 15 if money bores them stiff. You'd have said yourself belatwe got past the Hook that a good time was going to be had by all present. Me and Eddie would have giggled at you if you'd offered us two thousand for our takings. We didn't even bother to be strangers to each other. It was I

one of them leery crowds that begins to get about half wise in a game, so that me and Eddie has to act nervous and call attention to the little card about gamblers and denounce somebody as a card sharp. They all look easy and liberal, and anxious to start something, so we waited or it, playing casino at two bits a side, getting all excited about it and asking people to look at our hands when they

oafed up-you know!

"And then the whole thing went blah. Yes, sir; I'm a illas with neck whiskers if one o' that bunch would touch card the whole way over! I tell you they ain't been nothing like it since Hall was hanged in Troy. Seemed like some of them ever saw the ocean before. They'd hang ound out on deck playing silly games, or they'd lean over he rail and count the water as it went by; or if they set lown they'd wrap up in horse blankets and read these sere trashy novels with a girl on the cover. You bet, if I vas running one o' them big rafts you wouldn't catch me etting one o' them books be fetched on board. And me and Eddie dealing our lonely casino and listening to the toarse growls of the smoking-room stewards, who wasn't naking a cent either, understand. It was against Nature, hat's what it was. Of course I don't believe in superstiions, but you can't tell me they wasn't something queer bout our having to walk under that ladder with the two minters on when we got to the dock.

"The second day out we give up. We'd been done. That steamship company had took our good money and i we us nothing for it. We copped three, four pools; but wen that was like ditchdigging and didn't run to carfare, hat with the rake-off that had to go belowstairs. Nothmg went right. We run into a storm and it done us no ood on earth. What couldn't stay on deck went to bed. and, just to show you, when we bought the low field in he pool that night, having got the office that we'd lay up bout three hours for repairs to the shaft or something ext morning, the most we can win, side bets and all, is ixty-two dollars-and two thousand would have been u.st fair. Parties taking their own autos across would bet s much as two whole dollars. Well, it was enough to make toad sore; you know how you'd feel -

I nodded discreetly.

"And I worried about Eddie too. He gets low in his n ind when they don't come right. Take him when the tting is good and Eddie is as nice people as you'd care - meet, bar none; other times you'd think the world was e n feet under snow and the shovels had give out. Well, I

not me talk to me for hours at a time, thinking it will beer him. He's always after me to wear sidewhiskers and e more quiet and refined, but I tell him 'Handsome is as andsome does'; and them that I do are plenty. Only his time I promise to do everything he says and quit rearing striped vests-kidding him along, you understand. even got one o' them disgusting novels for him to read shile I played Canfield-and I lose eight thousand to ayself at that; so you can see the gypsy's curse was sure

"If You Have Any Heart in You, Jhow a Little Mercy!"

on us. Say, it was about as funny as a sidetracked freight car on a rainy day!

Then one afternoon in the smoking room Eddie looks up from his book and comes to life. I seen the same look in his eyes one time on the Mauretania when a pat straight flush was dealt him—dealt by a perfect stranger, understand Well, I look round to see what has shined up his lamps. They was a fat old couple, man and wife, that played dominoes every day till they broke up in a row; and a bridal pair drinking ginger ale, sneaking sips out of each other's glass just to be vicious; and a grouchy-looking hick that always kept his gloves on and read magazines—say, he kept up that reading day in and day out till I could have choked him; and then they was an oldish kind of guy that I hadn't noticed before. I seen it must be this one had brought Eddie to life; so naturally I give him the once-over.

"He was little and skinny and stoop-shouldered, and had sandy-gray sidewhiskers, close trimmed, with a kind of a thinnish little mouth that looked like a buttonhole in one of these here yellow overcoats. His clothes was like they keep to wear to church and them places: black cutaway coat and vest, and gray pants that bagged some, and Congress gaiters-yes, sir, the kind with elastic in the sides that you pull on and shine them yourself out in the woodshed Sunday morning; and a black felt hat with a crease in the top; a stiff white shirt with little gold studs; a black satin bowtie; a gold watch-chain and mother-ofpearl cuff-buttons. I was looking how none of his clothes was new and how he seemed sickish. Then he took out his watch, and that give me his number; he kept it in one o' these shammy-skin bags-a watch he had to pop open to see what time it was.

"'Now it's the hour for the dyspepsy dope,' I says to myself. And over he toddles to the little bar-place and asks for a glass of plain water. He shook a powder in and drunk it, while three German stewards looked at him-say, if looks could kill!

He wasn't taking a chance on having to let go a tip. "'Do you get him?' says Eddie, kind of eager, and putting the velvet in his voice.
"'Sure!' I says. 'Who wouldn't? But why the heaving

chest and flashing eye? They's no bug under that chip,'

I says.
"'I admit he puzzled me momentarily,' says Eddie; but then, of course, I'm only a novice in them realms where you pervade. I can't be expected to penetrate those denser obscurities whence you boast the blinding glare of a searchlight,' he says, or something like that; 'so suppose you enlighten me as to why and how and when is you gentle stranger who has taken his meddy and is now about to settle down for a hot old time with the Christian Bulletin.'

"'Why sure!' I says, coming right back at him. 'You do well, little one, to come to me in your trouble. First, you

know, you are on a great big choo-choo boat sailing across the bright blue sea, and if you was to go out and walk off you'd get as wet as anything, and like as not a shiny black fish would swim up -

"'Go on, tell me!' he says, and I seen he was getting more excited every minute, watching this old gink with his paper. So I says: 'Very well; but don't you ever dare to breathe a word of it to a single soul or I'll never tell you another thing so long as I live. His name is Jasper Q. Hemingway, and he lives in Cleveland or Buffalo, or one of them jaytowns. He's secretary of the Y. M. C. A., superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, president of the North Side Building and Loan Association, and vice-president of the Farmers' Mutual Trust and Highly Cooperative Insurance Company, with offices in the Empire Building, where he gets most of it. Counting the ten-thousand life he carries and his salary, the house and lot on North Elm and the street-car shares he grabbed just before they put through that deal for the franchise, his heirs will be fighting over about two hundred thousand dollars tomorrow if that boy up in the wheelhouse gets careless.

"'And it might be a little more,' I went on; 'for I see by his heart line that last October he lets loose of six hundred dollars to a cousin of his wife's that invented a patent churn; Cousin Jas, here, taking fifty-one per cent of the stock for his. This is the first vacation he ever had and he's sorry he took it. He wishes the boat would turn round. He knows things are going wrong in the office and him away only four days. The doctors there can't tell him what's the matter with him; so



his wife buffaloed him into trying Carlsbad. And he's mad because he's on to himself. He knows they ain't a thing on earth the matter with him but meanness. He is a snappy little companion. He knows what year everything happened, who invented electricity, what rubber is made of, and how to act in case of drowning. On his person this minute is cash and paper for about one thousand dollars. The cash is ninety dollars in his inside vest pocket and the pocket is pinned with two safety-

"'I could tell you a lot more about him, Eddie, but some way,' I says, 'I don't feel it's quite nice of me to set here talking so free about a perfect stranger. I will only add that he would skin prettyvery pretty, indeed-but it can't be done. No one has ever took a nickel off him since he started with his tin bank at the age of three. Now let's watch some one else,' I says. Looking at this one thoroughly, I ain't had such ugly thoughts since the wet winter in Pioche."

"Well, all this time I'd been guffing to Eddie, trying to get him cheerful in adversity—understand what I mean? he wasn't doing a thing but keep his eyes on the old boy, freezing to him like one o' these here spotty bird dogs

that's got hep to a flock of patridges.

"'You ain't bad on the rough work, Doc,' he says. 'I give you good for the obvious generalities. With a few trifling exceptions, such as that he's New England instead of Cleveland or Buffalo, and that his main graft is banking stead of insurance, you get him good as far as you go; but you ain't went far. You pulled up just before the waterjump. Now I'll show you,' he says, 'the advantages of studying physiology'-or whatever that there word iswhich enables the patient student to tunnel under his victim and ground-sluice him while he slumbers in fancied security. Watch me shake the tree of intuition,' he says; and when the ripe fruit drops into our hats you'll have something to meditate profoundly about during the long winter evenings that will soon be on us.'

"'Shake on, perfessor,' I says; 'and I got another hat

besides this one.

"'Already I touch the bough gently,' he murmurs; and, sure enough, I see the old party is getting the fidgets under Eddie's gaze. He'll uncross his legs and flap his paper about and pull off his hat to look inside, and finger his necktie and twist on his seat; and then he'll settle again to reading, but only for a minute. And he never looked straight at us, but you knew he was wise to Eddie's eye. Pretty soon he can't bluff it out another minute; so he gets up and stumbles round, pertending to be delighted with the nice new furniture. He works kind of aimless over toward the door and when he gets near it he's outside in one second.

"It was kind of funny; still, any man's liable to get all nervoused up if you give him the eye steady like Eddie

"'Now I guess you're wise,' says Eddie.

"'Oh, in a way,' I says. 'I been told so once or twice by people I could trust.'

"'It just goes to show,' he says, 'if I hadn't got powers to look below the surface I wouldn't be any wiser than what you be. My mind works strange,' he says. 'It registers people whether I want to or not. Now I caught this boy the morning we come aboard and paid no attention to him; but here my mind's been working on him ever since and just now it tells me all about him like I'd been through him with a dark lantern. It's great to have a mind like that,' he says. 'Sometimes it scares me.'

"'Does this conclude your part of the evening's entertainment, perfessor?' I asks, seeing him light a cigar like he had finished.

"'It does, my good man,' he says; 'but yours is only just beginning. I hate to trust you with it, Doc. Honestly, I've often thought the only job you're qualified for is night watchman in a department store, where you could get a nice long sleep in the made-up bed they keep in their Bijou Flat Furnished Complete for \$89.99. But I suppose I got to rely on you; so do what I tell you-no more, no less.'

"'It must be terrible to know as much as some folks,' I says, 'especially if you got to tell it all every time you think of it. I must see if I can't get you some throat

lozengers; your voice is roughing up.

"Go on out now," he says, paying no attention, 'and walk about on the plazza till you come up with this lad. When you do-now listen!-just stall round like you hadn't a thing above that eighteen-inch collar of yours. That won't be hard for you. Do whatever he does. If he walks you walk-about six feet back of him. If he sets down cop a chair-not too near him. If he leans over the rail you do the same. Don't look much at him, but about every ten minutes give him the cold once-over till he gets it; then look away quick and hum something kind of soft, as if you hadn't wanted him to catch you. The general idea,' he says, 'that I'm trying to smuggle into that sacredly guarded ivory temple of yours is that you're watching him close, but you don't want him to know itonly you're so much of a dub you give the snap away. And don't speak to him whatever he does. If you say a single word to him I'll have you put in irons. Now beat

it, while I do something else."
"Yes; and I know what it is you're going to do, too," I says. 'You're going up on the roof and show the captain how to run the ship. I understand he was scared stiff till

he found out you was along.'

"'Go on,' he says, 'and remember every word I told you. If I find out you've bungled it they's likely to be a

"Well, out I go feeling like a fool, because I know this old guy wouldn't play any game on earth for fun, money or marbles. You can tell the kind-never touched a card in his life. You knew he wouldn't bet apples was red, not if you was to give him 'way above track odds on it. But I was willing to humor Eddie, you understand.

"And maybe that little dried apricot didn't give me some walk! First I went all round two decks-say, it's like walking twice round the fairgrounds at home—and no sign of his nibs. Then I climb up to the boatdeck and there he is, hid up back of a ventilator, his hat down and his collar up. I stop about six feet off and let on to be looking out over the wet. Pretty soon I give him the eye, like Eddie says to, then look away quick when he gets me. That happens twice and he moves off, trying to go careless. I move careless too, understand. When he stops I stop. I had to admit it was kind of funny. He stood the eye three or four times, then down he toddles to the next deck

'After he tries me out that way some few times he just settles down to walk, and some walker he was, believe me and me having to kind of favor my feet. I says to myself: 'Look here, it's all right to humor a friend, but I want a sweater and some spiked shoes if this Jasper is going to

and walks that, me trailing him like he had me on a string.

pace me. What I really had ought to have,' I says, 'is a taxi.' Still, it was kind of interesting, understand, to see the way he'd shiver and squirm every time he catches me lamp him. His eyes never hit mine; they'd touch me about the hat or the necktie. And all at once it come over me like a flash that this old boy is afraid of me. But why? That's what causes me to meditate profoundly, as Eddie says.

If he stops to let me go by I stop too.

"Well, anyhow, he walks and walks till I'm ready to shove him off if I get a chance. Then all at once he switches inside and tries to lose me dodging up and down them narrow ballways between staterooms. And, of course, me close up. Then he makes down a side passage and stops at a stateroom door to unlock it. At that I wasn't knowing what to do; but the opposite door opens and out pops Eddie, not looking at the old boy, but giving me the high sign and saying, all velvety:

"Oh, there you are, Doctor! I've had the steward change us to this stateroom; I fancy we can do our work better here, he savs.

"'Certainly, Colonel, Isays. 'I think you made a wise move; we seem to belong right here."

"By this time the old boy had got inside and shut his door; but we could hear him breathing hard, Eddie and me walk off a little ways.

"'Look here,' I says, 'if they's to be much of this gumshoe stuff I simply got to have roller-skates. My left tire is

s me one bright look and stiful case; he's coming

o?' I says. 'All I can d of me.'

"'You ought to go to a good oculist,' says Eddie, 'the minute you land if that's all you can see. But just now you fly up and get into dinner soon's they open. I'll stay on watch. Remember, from now on this lad can't poke his head out that door without one of us being here and sticking to him like wallpaper.'

""Well,' I says, 'if the little rascal starts walking again you want to get a dogteam and about a thousand dollars' worth of pemmican. As a walker, that boy has got old man Weston looking like Baby's First Step.

"'Save your monologue,' says Eddie, 'till you can get

the big time for it, and hurry up and eat."

"So up I go, stopping first to get into a pair of easier shoes, and leaving Eddie to loaf round by the door. And I'm in to the table as soon as they let me. I get through soup and fish all right, and I'm mushing round in a dish of this here German goo, and looking merrily forward to some roast goose and a few other things on the bill, when in comes the old boy, followed by Eddie.

"Eddie goes right to his table 'stead of coming to ours; but the old boy don't seem hungry. He orders a little and watches Eddie sideways when he orders for himself, and I can see Eddie paying no attention to him while they wait. They no more than get their dinner when the old joker shoves his plate back and beats it, like he couldn't bear the sight of food. Friend Eddie makes horrible signs to me; so I follow, with a low cry of despair, because the

rest of my dinner has just come.

"I catch up with the lad at the top of the stairs and, say, he looks sick-understand what I mean? He ducks out on deck and in a minute there I am, humming lightly under my breath, though God knows I didn't feel like singing. I was afraid the old devil was going to walk from the Battery to High Bridge again. He did start, but I give him such an awful glare he heads into the smoking room and just stood there in the middle of the floor. All right, I thinks, and I sunk into a chair where I could regard him in an evil manner. Then he tetered over to the far side and set down. I take another seat near him and he makes the bluff with his newspaper again; but his face is yellow.

"After a while Eddie comes in and sets down by me, and the lad gives in again and wanders about the room, trying to make out we wasn't there at all. Eddie and I stand up and he can see we're discussing him in low tones. At least that's what it looked like. What it sounded like was me telling Eddie I'd had about enough of the old farm and was going up to the big city where the squirrels didn't bite people, and a man could finish his dinner and get a chance to set down in the plush rocker once in a while now and then from time to time.

"After a minute or two of this out the old dodger goes again and Eddie after him.

"'I'll take him now for a spell,' he says. 'It's good to change on him, and he's coming awful pretty,'

"'All right,' I says; 'and when they get you where you belong I'll come see you every week; bring you marmalade and take you out to see the goldfish in the fountain, and let you tell me how you're Roosevelt or the King of Europe. I don't think you'll be violent,' I says.

"So I get my feet up and settle down to a good smoke and try to figure out what hand Eddie's holding so clos to his chest; but all the further I can get is that the guy'

afraid.

In about an hour Eddie shows up alone.

"'Our little playmate has gone night-night,' he says so come on—we got to go too.

"'We got to tuck him in and sing Hushaby!' I says Of course I understand that; but you got a sweet teno voice yourself and likely it would fuss him to have the tw

"'We got to retire to our stateroom,' says Eddie firmly 'so's he can hear us conversing in low, eager tones, an planning to keep watch on his door all night.

"'If he listens good he'll hear me tell you some lov eager things about yourself that may puzzle him-bu they'll be plain enough to you,' I says.
"Eddie just give me one look and says:

"'I never believed it until this minute, what the explore tell, about there being a tribe in the interior of Africa : debased that they can't count beyond three. Now seems God's 'ruth to me.'

"I saw it wasn't any good reasoning with him, so dow we go and prop our door open and con verse quite a lot, wit Eddie saying loud after a while: 'He must be asleep by th time. I'll take the first watch till two-thirty, then call you And finally we did get to sleep, me being pretty sore, accoun of Eddie's not tipping his hand to me.

'You can believe it or not, but I pledge you my won understand, that Eddie makes us keep that same thing t all next day; has me ready and dressed in the morning so I am right there when the old boy comes out. And one us was glued to him every minute after that.

"Finally I begin to get excited myself because of the wi our actions is telling on this party. By three o'clock th afternoon he's a pale, sickly green, and he don't dare wa any more. He sets in the smoking room and counts h fingers, giving us a quick look about every thirty minute He was certainly coming swift, like Eddie said; but whe was he coming to?

"'Tell me this much, anyway,' I begs Eddie that nig after dinner: 'Do we do it here or after we land?'-becau this was our last night out.

And Eddie just says:

"'That's up to our anxious little friend. We do it wh he asks for it and not a minute before; but I don't min telling you I apprehend his speedy request for a consult tion. That's the superb delicacy of my method. I making him do all the fighting and he's licking himself."

"Of course that mess of words left ! knowing a lot more than I had before with a copper on the chips; so I shut and worked the eye harder on the boy. It was about nine o'clock and was setting across the room from kicking the table legs and gnawing fingernails.

"'It's all over!' says Eddie in a minu

'What did I tell you?'

"The old guy gets up and does one his nervous runabouts. When he's m the door he turns and gives us a sw look over his shoulder and motions w his head just before he goes out. Say was silly for a minute; but Eddie gra me and out we go. He pulls me up the deck and says:

"'Now you remember you're ju nobody but old Doctor Mum, of Mu burg. All you got to do is to keep ? and look mean. Part of that will be a

for you.' "The next minute he rushes me ins and down that gangway to the door this party's room. He didn't knock; just grabbed the knob and pushed in l a farmer opening a barndoor in a hur And there stood our lad, shaking so had to grab the bunkrail. Eddie s the door and just stood a minute lo ing down at the little old lollop. The he turns to me.

"'Search him for weapons, Docto he orders. So I frisk the old boy : make sure he ain't got a gun.

"'All right, Colonel,' I says to Edd and at that the guy sort of sloshes do on the couch like he didn't have a bi left in him and begins making who gurgles in his throat.

"'Our chase is over, Doctor,' s Eddie, 'We have our man. Ine (Continued on Page 57)



PAT MEINTA

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

## Being Guyed and Guided-By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON





DURING our recent scientific explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere we met two guides who had served the late Samuel L. Clemens, one who had served the ste J. Pierpont Morgan, and one who had acted as courier oex-President Theodore Roosevelt. After inquiry among ersons who were also lately abroad I have come to the contusion that my experience in this regard was remarkable, to because I met so many as four of the guides who had trended these distinguished Americans, but because I met of was four of them.

One man with whom I discussed the matter told of havng encountered, in the course of a brief scurry across burpe, five members in good standing of the International association of Former Guides to Mark Twain. All of them ad their union cards to prove it too.

Others said that in practically every city of any size isited by them there was a guide who told of his deep stachment to the memory of Mr. Morgan, and described ow Mr. Morgan had hired him without inquiring in dvance what his rate for professional services a day would e; and how—lingering with wistful emphasis on the words long here and looking meaningly the while at the present atron—how very, very generous Mr. Morgan had been in estowing gratuities on parting.

Our first experience with guides was at Westminster ibbey. As it happened, this guide was one of the Mark wain survivors. I think, though, he was genuine; he had

ossession to help him in proving up his title.
hybow, he knew his trade. He led us up
ad down those parts of the Abbey which are
ree to the general public and brought us
inally to a wicket gate, opening on the royal
hapels, which was as far as he could go.

ocuments of apparent authenticity in his

### Royalties on Royalty

THERE he turned us over to a severelooking dignitary in robes—an archishop, I judged, or possibly a canon—who,
in payment by us of a shilling a head,
scotted our party through the remaining inlosures, showing us the tombs of England's
juceus and kings, or a good many of them
myway; the Black Prince's helmet and
reastplate; the exquisite chapel of Henry
he Seventh, and the ancient chair on which
ill the kings sit for their coronations, with
he famous Scotch Stone of Scone under it.

The chair itself was not particularly impressive. It was not nearly so rickety and iscrepit as the chairs one sees in almost any london barber shop. Nor was my emotion particularly excited by the stone. I would engage to get a better-looking one out of the landiest rock quarry inside of twenty minutes. This stone should not be confused with

the ordinary scones, which also come from Scotland and which are by some people regarded as edible.

What did seem to us rather a queer thing was that the authorities of Westminster should make capital of the dead rulers of the realm and, except on certain days of the week, should charge an admission fee to their sepulchers. Later, on the Continent, we sustained an even more severe shock when we saw royal palaces—palaces that on occasion are used by the royal proprietors—with the quarters of the monarchs upstairs, and downstairs novelty shops and tourist agencies and restaurants, and the like of that.

I jotted down a few crisp notes concerning these matters, my intention being to comment on them as evidence of an incomprehensible thrift on the part of our European kinspeople; but on second thought I decided to refrain from so doing. I recalled the fact that we ourselves are not entirely free from certain petty national economies. Abroad we house our embassies up back streets, next door to bird and animal stores; and at home there is many a public institution where the doormat says Welcome! but the soap is chained and the roller towel is padlocked to its little roller.

Guides are not particularly numerous in England. Even in the places most frequented by the sight-seer they do not abound in any profusion. At Madame Tussaud's, for example, we found only one guide. We encountered him just after we had spent a mournful five minutes in contemplation of ex-President Taft. Friends and acquaintances of

Mr. Taft will be shocked to note the great change in him when they see him here in wax. He does not weigh so much as he used to weigh by at least one hundred and fifty pounds; he has lost considerable height too; his hair has turned another color; his mustache is not a close fit any more, either; and he is wearing a suit of English-made clothes.

### The Land of Pet Murderers

ON LEAVING the sadly altered form of our former Chief Executive we descended a flight of stone steps leading to the Chamber of Horrors. This department was quite crowded with parents escorting their children about. Like America, England appears to be well stocked with parents who make a custom of taking their young and susceptible offspring to places where the young ones stand a good chance of being scared into conniption fits. The official guide was in the Chamber of Horrors. He was piloting a group of visitors about, but as soon as he saw our smaller party he left them and came directly to us; for they were Scotch and we were Americans, citizens of the happy land where tips come from. Undoubtedly the guide knew best.

With pride and pleasure he showed us a representative assortment of England's most popular and prominent murderers. The English dearly love a murderer. Perhaps that is because they have fewer murderers than we have, and have less luck than we do in keeping them alive and in

good spirits to a ripe old age. Almost any American community of fair size can afford at least two murderers—one in jail, under sentence, receiving gifts of flowers and angel cake from kind ladies, and waiting for the court above to reverse the verdict in his case because the indictment was shy a comma; and the other out on bail, awaiting his time for going through the same procedure. But with the English it is different.

We rarely hang anybody who is anybody, and only occasionally make an issue of stretching the neck of the veriest nobody. They will hang almost anybody Hamanhigh, or even higher than that. They do not exactly hang their murderer before they catch him, but the two events occur in such close succession that one can readily understand why a confusion should have arisen in the public mind on these points. First, of all, though, they catch him; and then some morning between ten and twelve they try him. This is a brief and businesslike formality. While the judge is looking in a drawer of his desk to see whether the black cap is handy the bailiffs shoo twelve tradesmen into the jury box. A tradesman is generally chosen for jury service because he is naturally anxious to get the thing over and hurry back to his shop before his helper goes to lunch.



The judge tells the jurors to look on the prisoner, because he is going away shortly and is not expected back; so they take full advantage of the opportunity, realizing it to be their last chance. Then, in order to comply with the forms, the judge asks the accused whether he is guilty or not guilty, and the jurors promptly say he is. His Worship, concurring heartily, fixes the date of execution for the first Friday morning when the hangman has no other engagements. It is never necessary to postpone this event through failure of the condemned to be present. He is always there; there is no record of his having disappointed an audience. So, on the date named he is hanged rather extensively; but after the hanging is over they write songs and books about him and revere his memory.

Our guide was pleased to introduce us to the late Mr. Charles Pease, as done in paraffin, with crêped hair and bright, shiny glass eyes. Mr. Pease was undoubtedly England's most fashionable murderer of the past century and his name is imperishably enshrined in the British affections. The guide spoke of his life and works with deep and sincere feeling. He also appeared to derive unfeigned pleasure from describing the accomplishments of another murderer, only slightly less famous than the late Mr. Pease. It seemed that this murderer, after slaying his victim, set to dismembering the body and boiling it. They boil nearly everything in England. But the police broke in and interrupted the job.

Our attention was directed to a large chart showing the form of the victim, the boiled portions being outlined in red and the unboiled portions in black. Considered as a murderer solely this particular murderer may have been

deserving of his fame; but when it came to boiling, that was another matter. He showed poor judgment here. It all goes to show that a man should stick to his own trade and not try to follow two or more widely dissimilar callings at the same time. Sooner or later he is bound to slip up.

We found Stratford-upon-Avon to be the one town in England where guides are really abundant. There are as many guides in Stratford as there are historic spots. I started to say that there is at least one guide in Stratford for every American who goes there; but that would be stretching the real facts, hecause nearly every American who goes to England manages to spend at least a day in Stratford, it being a spot very dear to his heart. The very name of it is associated with two of the most conspicuous figures in our literature. I refer first to Andrew Carnegie; second to William Shakspere. Shakspere, who wrote the books, was born here; but Carnegie, who built the libraries in which to keep the books, and who has done some writing himself, provided money for preserving and perpetuating the relics.

### Speaking Polar and Schweitzer

WE FOUND a guide in the ancient schoolhouse where the Bard-I am speaking now of William, not of Andrew-acquired the rudiments of his education; and on duty at the old

village church was another guide, who for a price showed us the identical gravestone bearing the identical inscription which, reproduced in a design of burnt wood, is today to be found on the walls of every American household, however humble, whose members are wishful of imparting an artistic and literary atmosphere to their home. A third guide greeted us warmly when we drove to the cottage, a mile or two from the town, where the Hathaway family lived.

Here we saw the high-backed settle on which Shakspere sat, night after night, wooing Anne Hathaway. I myself sat on it to test it. I should say that the wooing could not have been particularly good there, especially for a thin man. That settle has a very hard seat and history does not record that there was a cushion. Shakspere's affections for the lady must indeed have been steadfast. Or perhaps he was of stouter build than his pictures show him to have been.

Guides were scattered all over the birthplace house in Stratford in the ratio of one or more to each room. Downstairs a woman guide presided over a battery of glass cases containing personal belongings of Shakspere's and documents written by him and signed by him. It is conceded that he could write, but he certainly was a mighty poor speller. This has been a failing of many well-known writers. Chaucer was deficient in this regard; and if it were not for a feeling of personal modesty I could apply the illustration nearer home.

Two guides accompanied us as we climbed the stairs to the low-roofed room on the second floor where the creator of Shylock and Juliet was born—or was not born, if you believe what Ignatius Donnelly had to say on the subject. But would it not be interesting and valued information if we could only get the evidence on this point of old Mrs. Shakspere who was undoubtedly present on the occasion? A member of our party, an American, ventured to remark as much to one of the guides; but the latter did not seem to understand him. So the American told him just to keep thinking it over at odd moments, and that he would be back again in a couple of years, if nothing happened, and possibly by that time the guide would have caught the drift of his observation. On second thought, later on, he decided to make it three years—he did not want to crowd the guide, he said, or put too great a burden on his mentality in a limited space of time.

If England harbors few guides the Continent is fairly glutted with them. After nightfall the boulevards of Paris are so choked with them that in places there is standing room only. In Rome the congestion is even greater. In Rome every other person is a guide—sometimes twins. I do not know why, in thinking of Europe, I invariably associate the subject of guides with the the subject of tips. The guides were no greedier for tips than the cabmen, or the hotel helpers, or the railroad hands, or the populace at large. Nevertheless this is true. In my mind I am sure guides and tips will always be coupled, as surely as any of those standard team-word combinations of our language that are familiar to all; as firmly paired off as, for example, Castor and Pollux, or Damon and Pythias, or Fair and Warmer, or Hay and Feed. In the future when I think of one I know I shall think of the other. Also I shall think of languages; but for that there is a reason.

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VENETIAN GLASS FACTORY

Tipping—the giving of tips and the occasional avoidance of giving them—takes up a good deal of the tourist's time in Europe. At first reading, the arrangement advised by the guidebooks, of setting aside ten per cent of one's bill for tipping purposes, seems a better plan and a less costly one than the indiscriminate American system of tipping for each small service at the time of its performance. The trouble is that this arrangement does not work out so well in actual practice as it sounds in theory.

In Venice Even the Simple

Gondoller Has a Secret Under-

standing With All Branches of the Retail Trade

On the day of your departure you send for your hotel bill. You do not go to the desk and settle up there after the American fashion. If you have learned the ropes you order your room waiter to fetch your bill to you, and in the privacy of your apartment you pore over the formidable document wherein every small charge is fully specified, the whole concluding with an impressive array of items regarding which you have no prior recollection whatsoever. Considering the total, you put aside an additional ten per cent, calculated for division on the basis of so much for the waiter, so much for the boots, so much for the maid and the porter, and the cashier, and the rest of them. It is not necessary that you send for these persons in order to confer your farewell remembrances on them; they will be waiting for you in the hallways. No matter how early or late the hour of your leaving may be, you find them there in a long and serried rank.

You distribute bills and coins until your ten per cent is exhausted and then you are pained to note that several servitors yet remain, lined up and all expectant, owners of strange faces that you do not recall ever having seen before. but who are now on hand with claims, real or imaginary, at your purse. Inasmuch as you have a deadly fear of being remembered afterward in this hotel as a piker, you continuto dip down and to fork over, and so by the time you read the tail end of the procession your ten per cent has great to twelve or fifteen per cent, or even more.

As regards the tipping of guides for their services, I in on a fairly satisfactory plan, which I gladly reveal here in the benefit of my fellow man. I think it is a good idea to offer the guide, on parting, about twice as much as just think he is entitled to, which will be about half as much as he expects. From this starting point you then work toward each other, you conceding a little from time to time, he abating a trifle here and there, until you have reached a happy compromise on a basis of fifty-fifty; and so you part in mutual good will.

The average American, on the eve of going to Europe, thinks of the European as speaking each his own language. He conceives of the Poles speaking Polar; of the Hellandr talking Hollandaise; of the Swiss as employing Schwitzer for ordinary conversations and yodeling when addressing friends at a distance—and so on. Such, however, is rarely the case. Nearly every person with whom one come in contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the case of the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of exercise the contact in Europe appears to have fluent command the contact in Europe appears to

Our train, going from Florence to Rome, stopped at a small way station in the mountains. As soon as the little locomotive had panted itself to a standstill the train

hands, following their habit, pilet of the cars and engaged in a trementus confab with the assembled officials at the platform. Immediately all the loafers in sight joined in. A drossy hillsman, muffled to his back hair in a long brown cloak, and with buskins on his legs such as a stage bandit wear, was dozing against the wall. He looked as though he had stepped right out of a comic opera to add picturesquenes to the scene.

#### Acrobatic Tongues

HE ROUSED himself and joined in so did a bearded party who. to judge by his uniform, was either a Knight of Pythias or a general in the army; so did all the rest of the cowl. In ten seconds they were jammed to gether in a hard knot, and going it on the high speed with the muffler of . inwhite teeth shining, arms flying. shoulders shrugging, spinal column writhing, mustaches rising and falling legs wriggling, scalps and ears following suit. Feeding hour in the parrot agat the Zoo never produced anything its so noisy and animated a scene. In these parts acute hysteria is not a symptom-it is merely a state of mind

A waiter in soiled habiliments buried up, abandoning chances of trade at the prospect of something infinitely mate exciting. He wanted to stick his out into the argument. He had a fer pregnant thoughts of his own crysis.

utterance—you could tell that; but he was handicapped into a state of dumbness by the fact that he needed bet arms to balance a tray of wine and sandwiches on his heat Merely using his voice in that company would not list counted. He stood it as long as he could, which was not very long, let me tell you. Then he slammed his tray down on the platform and, with one quick movement, jerked he coat sleeves back to his elbows, and inside thirty second he had the floor in both hands, as it were. He converse mainly with the Australian crawl stroke, but once is a while switched to the Spencerian free-arm movement and occasionally introduced the Chautauqua salute with telling effect.

On the Continent guides, as a class, excel in the gift is tongues—guides and hotel concierges. The concierge at all hotel in Berlin was a big, upstanding chap, half Russia and half Swiss, and therefore qualified by his breeding is speak many languages; for the Russians are born with set tongues and can give cards and spades to any talking continuate that ever lived; while the Swiss lag but little behind their in linguistic aptitude. It seemed such a pity that this not was not alive when the hands knocked off work on the Tower of Babel; he could have put the job through without extending himself.

No matter what the nationality of a guest might be and the guests were of many nationalities—he could tak with that guest in his own language or in any other language the guest might fancy. I myself was sorely tensed to try him on Coptic and early Aztec; but I held off. Mr. Coptic is not what it once was; and, partly through disset and partly through carelessness, I have allowed my command of early Aztec to fall off pretty badly these last few months.

All linguistic freakishness is not confined to the Continent. The English, who are popularly supposed to use the same language we ourselves use, sometimes speak with a mighty strange tongue. A great many of them do not speak English; they speak British, a very different thing. An Englishwoman of breeding has a wonderful speaking voice—as pure as a Boston woman's and more liquid; as soft as a Southern woman's and with more attention paid to the r's. But the Cockney type-Wowie! During a carriage ride in Florence with a mixed company of tourists I chanced to say something of a complimentary nature about something English, and a little London-bred woman spoke up and said: "Thenks! It's vurry naice of you to sezzo 'm sure." Some of them talk like that-honestly they do!

Though Americo-English may not be an especially musical speech, it certainly does lend itself most admirably to slang purposes. Here again the Britishers show their inability to utilize the vehicle to the full of its possibilities. England never produced a Billy Baxter or a George Ade, and I am afraid she never will. Most of our slang means something; you hear a newslang phrase and instantly you realize that the genius who coined it has hit on a

tappy and a graphic and an illuminating expression; that at me bound he rose triumphant above the limitations of the anguage and tremendously enriched the working vocabulary of the man in the street. Whereas an Englishman's idea of tinging slang is to scoop up at random some inoffensive and well-meaning word that never did him any harm and apply tin the place of some other word, to which the first word snotrelated, even by marriage. And look how they deliberately mispronounce proper names! Everybody knows thout Cholmondeley and St. John. But take the Scandinvian word fjord. Why, I ask you, should the English asist on pronouncing it Ferguson?

### American Slang From British Pens

AT OXFORD, the seat of learning, Magdalen is pronounced Maudlin, probably in subtle tribute to the ondition of the person who first pronounced it so. Generalsimission day is not the day you enter, but the day you eave. Full term means three quarters of a term. An orlinary degree is a degree obtained by a special examination. An inspector of arts does not mean an inspector of arts, out a student; and from this point they go right ahead, getting worse all the time.

When an Englishman undertakes to wrestle with Amercan slang he makes a fearful hash of it. In an English magazine I read a short story, written by an Englishman who is regarded by a good many persons, competent to udge, as being the cleverest writer of English alive today. The story was beautifully done from the standpoint of omposition; it bristled with flashing metaphors and whimical phrasing. The scene of the yarn was supposed to be Thicago and naturally the principal figure in it was a milionaire. In one place the author has this person saying, "I reckon you'll feel pretty mean," and in another place, "I reckon I'm not a man with no pull."



Another character in the story says, "I know you don't cotton to the march of science in these matters," and speaks of something that is unusual as being "a rum affair." A walled state prison, presumably in Illinois, is referred to as a "convict camp"; and its warden is called a "governor" and an assistant keeper is called a "warder"; while a Chicago daily paper is quoted as saying that "larrikins" directed the attention of a policeman to a person who was doing thus and so.

The writer describes a "mysterious mere" known as Pilgrim's Pond, "in which they say"—a prison official is supposed to be talking now—"our fathers made witches walk until they sank." Descendants of the original Puritans who went from Plymouth Rock, in the summer of 1621, and founded Chicago, will recall this pond distinctly. Cotton Mather is buried on its far bank, and from there it is just twelve miles to Salem, Massachusetts. It is stated also in this story that the prairies begin a matter of thirty-odd miles from Chicago, and that to reach them one must first traverse a "perfect no man's land." Englewood and South Chicago papers please copy.

Getting back again to guides, I am reminded that our acquaintanceship with the second member of the Mark Twain brotherhood was staged in Paris. This gentleman wished himself on us one afternoon at the Hôtel des Invalides. We did not engage him; he engaged us, doing the trick with such finesse and skill that before we realized it we had been retained to accompany him to various points of interest in and round Paris. However, we remained under his control one day only. At nightfall we wrested ourselves free and fled under cover of darkness to German soil, where we were comparatively safe.

I never knew a man who advanced so rapidly in a military way as he did during the course of that one day. Our own national guard could not hold a candle to him. He started out at ten A. M. by being an officer of volunteers in the Franco-Prussian War; but every time he slipped away and took a nip out of his private bottle, which was often, he advanced in rank automatically. Before the dusk of evening came he was a corps commander, who had been ennobled on the field of battle by the hand of Napoleon the Third.

He took us to Versailles. We did not particularly care to go to Versailles that day, because it was raining; but he insisted and we went. In spite of the drizzle we might have enjoyed that wonderful place had he not been constantly at our elbows, gabbling away steadily, except when he excused himself for a moment and stepped behind a tree, to emerge a moment later wiping his mouth on his sleeve. Then he would return to us, with an added gimpiness in his elderly legs, an increased expansion of the chest inside his tight and shiny frock coat, and a fresh freight of richness on his breath, to report another deserved promotion.

#### The Brigadier's Boast

AFTER he had eaten luncheon—all except such portions of it as he spilled on himself—the colonel grew confidential and chummy. He tried to tell me an off-color story and forgot the point of it, if indeed it had any point. He began humming the Marseillaise Hymn, but broke

off to say he expected to live to see the day when a column of French troops, singing that air, would march up Unter den Linden to stack their arms in the halls of the Kaiser's palace. I did not take issue with him. Every man is entitled to his own wishes in those matters; but later on, when I had seen something of the Kaiser's standing army, I thought to myself that when the French troops did march up Unter den Linden they would find it a tolerably hard trip, and if there was any singing done a good many of them probably would not be able to join in the last verse.

Immediately following this our conductor confided to me that he had once had the honor of serving Mr. Clemens, whom he referred to as Mick Twine. He told me things about Mr. Clemens of which I had never heard. I do not think Mr. Clemens ever heard of them either. Then the brigadier—it was now after three o'clock, and between three and three-thirty he was a brigadier—drew my arm within his.

"I, too, am an author," he stated. "It is not generally known, but I have written much. I wrote a book of which you may have heard—The Wandering Jew." And he tapped himself on the bosom proudly.

I said I had somehow contracted a notion that a party named Sue—Eugène Sue—had something to do with writing the work of that name.

"Ah, but you are right there, my friend," he said. "Sue wrote The Wandering Jew the first time—as a novel, merely; but I wrote him much better—as a satire on the anti-Semitic movement."

I surrendered without offering to strike another blow and from that time on he had his own way with us. The day, as I was pleased to note at the time, had begun mercifully to draw to a close; we were driving back to Paris, and he, sitting on the front seat, had just attained the highest post in the army under the régime of the last Empire, when he said: (Continued on Page 65)





# THE LANTESCANE ROSES

PERSIS pushed her coffee cup away and leaned back in her chair with a little frown. She was distinctly though vaguely unhappy, as no one has right to be on a terrace, with the Mediterranean spread out below, a blue tent of air above, blossoming oleanders nearby, and a viny pergola in the distance. Let us add, also, a well-spread breakfast table before one.

A well-spread breakfast consists precisely of a pot of coffee, another of hot milk, a tiny one of cream, a pat or a square of butter, and two crisp brown rolls. The remains of exactly this ideal breakfast, multiplied by two, which is the only known means to improve it, stood at this very moment on the table between Persis and her husband.

I have forgotten to mention the husband before. Yet he was very much there; and really there seemed to be no reason, at first blush, why he should not be included in the list of causes why Persis ought not to have been even vaguely unhappy. Yet Tom More, innocent as he both looked and was of the fact, was the very essence of his wife's discontent.

For Persis had hoped for a thing that had not come to pass, a thing almost as vague as her unhappiness because it had not come to pass. She had fondly fancied that when Tom and she were once in Italy together something would happen to their lives. Just what, she herself hardly knew, but something—a something that would render existence quite different from existence as it had been in their fairly expensive apartment in New York.

For one thing, there would be less business about it; it would be that much farther from Tom's office and Wall Street. As a matter of fact, Tom had nothing at all to do with Wall Street, except to bank there; but to Persis that served as a convenient synonym for all Business, with a big B, which devoured her husband's days—not that she had anything to

complain of specially or was of a complaining disposition; she had been very reasonably happy during all the years of her married life, but she wanted more—to be unreasonably happy. And it is to her credit, or to that of those who reared her, that she preferred to be so with her own husband. She nursed no secret flames; she had really never seen anybody she liked better than her husband.

Tom More was essentially a good fellow—even his wife thought so; but she had expected her husband to be something more than a good fellow, at least as regarded herself. She did not for a moment question his loyalty or devotion; it was patent that he loved her—in his own way—only sometimes she would have liked to be loved in another way. And latterly it had struck her that she detected in him the faint first beginnings of a certain matter-of-courseness which she justly resented, seeing there is nothing less a matter of course than marriage,

For his part Tom seemed satisfied enough. He was busy; that was the real difference in their case. There was between them that great and growing gulf which America makes between the keen man of business and the cultured woman he marries, who goes on culturing on his money. Tom's days were spent chiefly at his office, making money, and Persis' days were spent in spending. With the money Tom made she attended functions, clubs, lectures, theaters, operas; taking in with an admirable catholicity of spirit whatever came her way—Grierson, Ibsen, Bergson, the Academy Show, the Futurists and the Russian dancers.

Tom was pleased that she was amusing herself, and proud of her culture, even when that a little amused him. He had conscientiously tried to fulfill the American man's ideal of giving his wife everything she wanted, never doubting that what she wanted must be good for her to have; and, therefore, when she wanted a European trip he immediately offered to send her over with anybody she would name. Persis, however, wanted a European trip precisely with him. There were in her, unsuspected by her husband, certain loyalties of sentiment.



It had not been an easy thing for Tom to get away, even for two months; but Persis' augmenting unrest, culminating finally in a visit to an eminent physician, who had addressed a few cryptic sentences to Tom in private, had led Tom to see new light on his duty as an American husband. The trip, the doctor had said with a shrug, might save a nervous breakdown.

"Take All the Time You Want,

Tom had been horrified at the very notion of Persis' having nerves. He remembered hastily all the nervous invalids in their circle, and that Persis had indeed been what Tom charitably called almost irritable more than once of late; and he instantly subordinated business to Persis. Between the two there could not be a moment's question. Business, after all, existed mainly in order that Persis might be suitably supported. He spoke cheerfully to Persis of the European trip.

"Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

And they had a really good time planning it. They had had a good time carrying it out as well, as two well-bred and well-meaning persons are likely to do in traveling through interesting places. Once having come, Tom had thrown himself into the trip with the same energy he would have devoted to Construction—which was his branch of Big Business—at home; his thorough and tenacious grasp of Baedeker at times almost got on those nerves that Persis was supposed to have left behind. On the whole, however, they had had a very good time indeed. Persis had no just cause for grievance or discontent; merely she had made the disconcerting discovery that they remained substantially the same persons in Italy they had been in New York.

Up to now nothing had happened materially to alter their relations to life or to each other, and now they were on their lingering way up to Genoa, to take their steamer back—back to the same colorless life as Persis saw it; back to the same gorgeous and varied world where things were done according to her husband's vision of it.

And all the time Italy was getting more colorful every hour, with an ardor of conscious life to come that made all Persis' untried capacities for living cry out for satisfaction, for something to happen to her too.

With the vague hope of making it happen, she opened the one note that was her meager portion of their mail, glanced through it and laid it down

"We are just going to miss Jane. Seabury," she observed languidly.

Her husband, from the midst of his letters, without looking up, murmured an absent "That so?" They had just made connection with their mail, and his was, speaking continentally, of a largeness. Persiglanced at it with resentment. By the printed letterheads she knew they were business—that business she hoped they had left behind a America.

Persis frowned once more; and her discontented eyes, wandering across the terrace background of ilex and oleanders, were suddenly caught and arrested by another pair of eyes, belonging to the only other occupant of the terrace.

They were dark eyes—naturally, Persis would have told you, since they belonged to an Italian; actually there are plenty of blue-eyed Italian, beginning with His Majesty, the king—but these were the perfect dark Italian eyes of fiction, of the opera, of one's dreams in one's early Italian period. They were set in a very handsome face to match and were fixed on Persis without any effort on the part of their owner to disguise his interest in her.

It was quite a moment before Persis, absorbed in her train of thought, woke to their import; then she turned her own deliberately away, drawing herself up, at the same time, very slightly in a way that carried reproof. Not for nothing had Persis been well brought up.

The owner of the eyes smiled, ever so slightly too, beckoned to a waite, paid his score, rose, bowed like a wellbred foreigner to their table impersonally in passing, and went on his way. Now that he was not looking.

Persis' eyes followed him thoughtfully. He was undeniably suited to the landscape—she could not say why.

She fell to studying her husband. He was a fine, dear and lean American, as typical of one type as the Italian was of another. One felt that Tom More's cleanness raplike the scarlet thread of the British navy, all through His hair was brown; his color fresh, but not ruddy, because he was American, not English; his teeth were white, and his blue eyes held ever imminent the glint of their radial and inimitable humor, unmistakable as the Celt's, but usually were serious and determined as a man's must be who wars daily for his own bread and his wife's diamond and automobiles.

Really there seemed to be no reason why he, too, might not have fitted into the landscape, thought Persis, a only —— She sighed ever so little. Immediately her husband looked up.

"Tired?" he asked with concern. "Didn't you slee? last night?"

Persis shook her head, which might be an answer to either question, and returned one of her own:

"What are we going to do to-day?"

"Whatever you like," replied her husband promptly
qualifying with—"just as soon as I've dashed off a fee
notes. These"—he indicated some of the obnoxious letter-

heads—"have been twice forwarded. Burton must be dancing in the air by now."

"Oh, take all the time you want," said Persis politely. She took up her parasol. "I'll stroll toward the Pinzza, I think; it looks like a pretty place."

"All right; I'll overtake you somewhere. Can't lost oneself in a place the size of a pocket handkerchief."

Persis made no reply; she did not even turn her head.

It was the only sign she gave of her annoyance, but his bands acquire a sixth sense; and, by the pricking of his sixth sense, Tom was led to look after his wife, vaguely questioning. He even hesitated a moment, but those letters were quite too important—they meant more means

cars and things for Persis in the future; so he compromised by rushing up the hotel steps to dash them off at top speed, as the best concession to a divided duty. Persis was just

disappearing down the winding Way.

She dawdled on, twirling her parasol handle impatiently as she went. She was as nearly annoyed as she ever allowed herself to be. A Way barren of all happenings stretched before her mental eyes, sheer up to that steamer plank in Genoa and down on the other side to Broadway. Nothing would ever happen, she knew now.

That section of it immediately under her vision was, however, a very pretty Way indeed, consolingly so. It ran in curves above the cliff, bordered on one side by highwalled villas and on the other by a line of oleanders and tamarisks, through which the blue, marvelously modified by the rose and green and smoky mauves, played an astounding color scale.

Persis was no student of color, for all the Academy shows and the Futurists; so she merely felt the charm-but she did feel it. Over the villa's walls roses smiled and the tops of promising trees beckoned, and every now and then she came to an iron gateway which, closed or open, equally promised mysterious things within. To stroll down such a Way on such a day might, thought Persis, under certain circumstances mean a great many things, and she sighed.

The air streamed its filtered sunshine down; there were sounds within the sounds, odors within the fragrancesand all this was thrown away. Here she was, sauntering alone, and Tom fathoms deep in business, for all the world as though she had been-as she usually was-alone in New York and Tom in his office! Tom responded to none of these influences. Just what effect she expected them to have on him she hardly knew; but some effect. And already she perceived this was a delusion.

She had come in her wandering to another iron gateway between two posts, through which great masses of roses waved jubilantly to her. She drew nearer to read the name on the enameled plate.

" She tried the syllables aloud. "Villa Lant-Lantes -"Lantescane," pronounced a voice for her.

She looked up. It was her neighbor of the breakfast table, who smilingly corrected her pronunciation, his eyes on her face. And now he removed his hat politely.

"It is my villa," he said with a strong accent, adding quietly: "I am Count Lantescane, at the signora's service." Persis blushed crimson.

" she began stupidly. "I was only looking -

"At the roses?" he politely interrupted her. "Every one does. But will you not enter? The grounds are open to the public." Persis hesitated, looked once up the road, saw no signs of Tom, felt what is commonly called a just resentment and entered.

"It is no longer what it was," said the count with a slight sigh; "but the park is pretty. We have a rather good fountain and in the house a few really good pictures!"

He walked beside her with a simplicity that put Persis instantly at ease. After all, it was a very simple

thing. The grounds were open to the public, for presently they encountered other strollers, and the count's manner was irreproachable in its courtesy. If his eyes dwelt on her as the eyes of an American man never do, it was with a perfectly respectful homage. He might have, and as a matter of fact he would have, looked at her exactly the same if Tom had been there.

Now the peril as well as the charm of such looking—to the looked-at—is that the more one looks at you thus, the better worth looking at you become. The eye of the beholder does in such a case bring beauty with it, and to both the bringer and the

brought there is a pleasantness in the result calculated to lead to and even to justify courting the means.

In her own country Persis was a pretty, graceful woman, who passed unnoted among a million more; but by the time she had made the tour of the little park—she refused to enter the house-and was coming out of the gate again with her arms full of deep-red roses, she was a raving beauty—or, at any rate, near enough it for Tom, hastening with long and conscience-stricken strides along the road, to halt with extreme abruptness at the sight, and pull off his hat with another odd pricking of that acquired sixth sense of his. The count raised his hat and Persis briefly presented the two men to each other.

"I have been giving myself the honor of showing madame my little place," said the count.

"Giving her your garden, too, I see," remarked Tom. "Thanks, very much; flowers are a passion with my wife."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the count, as though he heard it for the first time, letting his eyes stray meditatively from one to the other of them. "She must not lack them, then, in San Carlo. You are staying some days?"

"More or less," answered Tom, raising his hat.

"In that case we shall meet again."

The count bowed courteously, bringing his heels together, allowed his eyes to rest for a discreet moment on Persis, and turned away. "Seems a

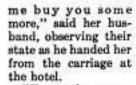
> observed Tom cheerfully, possessing himself of Persis' parasol and holding it dutifully over her head. Persis did not immediately reply. She was still experiencing the exhilaration that comes of seeing oneself in a flattering mirror, and felt subtly young and ex-

> cited. As it was not an emotion she could share with her husband, she sought and found an outlet for it in an artistically worked-up enthusiasm for a necklace of beryl and amethyst scarabs, strung on a wire of gold, in a curio-shop win-

> > dow to which they presently came, and beneath the awning of which they halted for protection from the blazing sun. She expressed so much admiration for it that Tom went in and priced it, returning with a fabulously named price, which Persis, ashamed at the success of her insincerity, vetoed.

> > Tom himself pronounced it rather a faded show for the money, and suggested a cab back to the hotel, mopping his brow the while. He was amazed to have his suggestion gracefully accepted-not that Persis was tired. It was a long time since she had felt so untired, so gayly alive; but she sat back against the carriage seat and let her gaze follow the dreaming sea below, while the red roses in her lap wilted apace.

"You'd better throw those things away and let



"Funny these roses can't stand their own climate better! I don't blame them, though; they look just as I feel."

"It is the Lantescane rose; it has been in the count's family for generations," said Persis, a trifle piqued. She did not add, as the count had done, that he did not give it to everybody.

"A family rose, really!" said Tom with a grin. "They

run that family racket harder than a Bostonian, don't they? Family trees I know; but a family rose tree

Persis did not reply; but she took the roses up to her room and put them in water, and when she dressed for dinner that night she fastened one to her gown. Then she stepped out on the tiny balcony, throwing the casements wide to the evening breeze. After all, it had been rather a nice day-almost as if something had happened. Below them the gulf of blue water, now opalescent, was studded with the looped-up sails of boats drifting home. And the boatmen were singing; somebody was playing a mandolin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Persis, flinging out her arms. "Isn't it wonderful!"

Tom, standing beside her, gave the scenery an honest and appraising look.

"It is certainly mighty pretty," he conceded. Persis turned on him.

"Confess! This is better than Broadway?"

No Doubt He Flirted With Every American

Who Came Along

The hint of a smile parted her husband's lips.

"They're rather different, aren't they? I admit this is prettier; but if you want me to say I honestly prefer it-I can't.'

"Well, I do!" flashed his wife with emphasis. "I could live here forever!"

Tom looked apologetic and slightly troubled; he did not want Persis to live here forever. When he spoke it was diffidently.

"Well, I dare say if I had been caught young-young enough—I should feel that way too; but as it is, honestly I think a little of it goes quite a long way. I'm used to being busy, you see," he explained apologetically. "It's different with you." To make a complete job of it he added: "And, after all, I don't see that it's so awfully much better than the Hudson."

The Hudson! And being busy! For a moment Persis wished they had never come. Her silence was eloquent and affected her husband as eloquence is meant to do. He followed her humbly down the stairs. Persis was all at once wondering whether the count dined in the hotel.

He not only dined there, but was their opposite at the table d'hôte; and, though he addressed himself almost exclusively to Tom, he made Persis aware, by forestalling all her little wants, that he lost no movement of hers; and his eyes told her that his Lantescane roses became her.

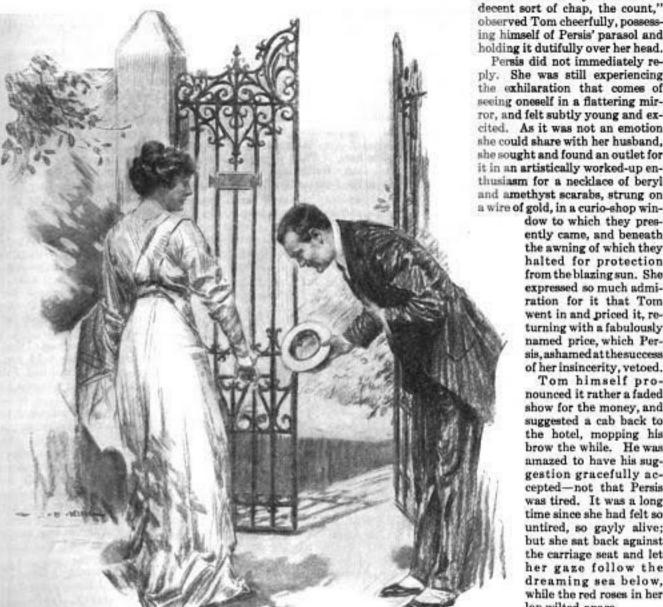
After dinner the two men smoked cigarettes in the garden and struck up a kind of acquaintance. Persis did not smoke-she severely disapproved of it for women; but to-night, following from her terrace the moving lights of the cigarettes, she half regretted her piety. Men were such companionable creatures! They seemed to find plenty to talk about. The count was a very intelligent man and a gentleman; Tom, by that birthright of the American man of affairs, was eminently a good mixer. Persis sighed and went to bed.

The next morning she woke with the sense of a little new interest in life, though it was some moments before she could remember what it was. She looked out a fresh waist from her store, fluffed her pretty hair with unusual care, and stepped out on the terrace to order coffee, while Tom stopped to get the mail.

She did not know what she expected, yet there was expectancy in the glance that swept the terrace. Nothing was there save an orderly array of tables, chairs and waiters; but on one of these, precisely that set apart for Tom and herself, flamed a great torch of crimson roses. Then at once Persis knew what it was she had expected, and her cheeks sent forth a tiny answering flame. She asked a quick question of the waiter who respectfully drew forth her chair.

"Da dove?" It was almost all her Italian, but she supplemented with it a gesture even more Italian.

"From the garden of the signore conte," replied the waiter respectfully, accurately shoving the chair under her with an adroitness born of a lifetime of chair shoving. And at



"I Am Count Lantescane, at the Signora's Jervice"

that moment the noise of another chair being shoved caused Persis to glance up, to meet the eyes of the Count of Lantescane, with a little smile in them, as he glanced from her to the roses and bowed. She asked no more questions, except of herself. Ought she to tell Tom? She decided that she ought—at least if he showed the least symptom of noticing, and she waited for his approach with indecision.

He came with downbent head, reading his letters as he came, and handing hers silently sat down, without observation or comment, and fell to an intent perusal of business. Persis watched him with mingled exasperation and relief. After all, it would be time enough if it happened again, she reflected. Meantime she kept her own gaze discreetly on her plate; and it was only when he paused for a brief morning salutation on his way out that the count's eyes found an opportunity to tell her she was even more charming this morning than she had been yesterday. Persis ostentatiously left the roses on the table.

The next morning there were fresh ones, and a fresh smile from the count as he openly regarded them and her in turn. Persis decided she would speak seriously to Tom if he betrayed even the smallest sign of intelligence in the matter; but he betrayed none. Apparently he supposed roses grew glued to their breakfast table or else that a benevolent Italian landlord furnished them free and fresh; or, more likely, thought Persis, he never even saw them at all. Something was happening to steel and iron just then, and Tom read his way unseeing through most of his meals. Persis decided to wait.

Every day thereafter fresh Lantescane roses appeared at Persis' plate, and each morning the dark eyes of the count saluted her with their little secret smile of deepening understanding. That was all, but it was enough. It was, indeed, abominably too much! To have an understanding, a continued understanding, with a man about which your husband knew nothing! The count, however, contrived to throw about it an amazing glamour of naturalness. His manner to Tom caused Persis alternately to shrink from his duplicity and to admire his command of the situation. And Tom went on reading his letters and Baedeker.

At first Persis told herself that to mention the matter was to make too much of it; later she came to feel there was quite too much of the matter to make it mentionable. She had tacitly accepted the roses by the mere fact of not rejecting them; she had also tacitly accepted the count's smiles by the mere fact of not rejecting those. Tom would wonder why; he might even resent it.

Well, Persis resented the presence of the big B, which prevented him from seeing what she had certainly taken no particular pains to hide. She carefully cultivated this resentment—she had to; it was her only justification—until with this simple and slender implement of wrath she had accomplished marvels. Not only did it enable her to go on accepting the roses, but it eventually permitted her to return smile for smile as she exchanged bow for bow, while Tom was unfolding his everlasting paper.

And here is the curious point: to have accepted smilingly the count's bows, smiles and roses would have been as nothing, the mere commonplace of polite intercourse, if Tom had been a party to the transaction; the whole quality of the adventure lay in Tom's ignorance, his willful ignorance, thought Persis severely.

The count was the great man of San Carlo, she had discovered. The last of his ruined family, he retained the

almost feudal prestige of a time when the little village had been an appanage of the Lantescane lordship. His acquaintance with them, distant though it was, gave them increased importance with the people of the hotel. And he was more than discreet. If he looked at Persis he talked with Tom-when he talked at all-only now and then addressing a few phrases to Persis; but those few phrases were spoken in another tone of voice and with another manner, which subtly conveyed that the rest had been but chatter and it was these few words with her that counted. It was impossible not to watch for that little change of voice.

Altogether and in spite of a guilty conscience, or perhaps because of it, Persis was enjoying herself, enjoying herself almost indecently. She grew prettier and younger every day. Tomsaid the climate agreed with her, and Persis had hopes that he would propose staying on longer therefore; but he did not, and she herself could think of no tolerable reason to produce looking to a change in the sacred schedule by which her husband inexorably moved. They had laid out the route beforehand; it was the only way, Tom said, to get the whole out of anything—just make up your mind and stick to it.

So Persis saw, with an unprotesting sigh, the approaching end of her little idyl on that day when Tom reminded her it was time to pack her trunks. Of course she had expected it to end; and they had certainly exhausted San Carlo. It was impossible to explain to Tom that she would like to stay and hear a man's eyes tell her daily that she was more charming every day, especially when she was not the very least in the world! Though why it would have been any easier to tell Tom if she had been is no plainer to me than it was to Persis herself, except that she may rightly have felt it would have been more respectable. She packed the trunks, only leaving out her very prettiest dinner dress, which she presently donned for their last dinner.

ner dress, which she presently donned for their last dinner.
"I shall miss my roses," she thought with a sigh, as she
fastened one for the last time on her gown.

She was all in white, having indeed made a quite unwarranted toilet for the occasion; but she would have been shocked to death if told that she was dressing for any man except her husband.

What she told herself was, she was dressing for the weather, which was certainly very warm—even Tom had remarked it; perhaps she was not to blame for not being able to distinguish it from the count's eyes, which were also warm. Warmest of all were her own cheeks when she joined her husband in the dining room.

"Aren't you unusually gorgeous to-night?" he commented gayly; and she murmured that the dress was cool.

The count's eyes at once told her she had not dressed in vain. No one ever does dress in vain for a foreigner. Had he had the opportunity he would have told her in conventional terms that her gown became her, taking as much conscientious pains to do so as an American would have taken to appear oblivious. As it was, his eyes told her respectfully—and it became more becoming on the spot. Decidedly she was going to miss those roses!

She had already begun to do so the next morning when she came down ready for departure. The count was there. She saw him give one quick inquiring glance from her hat and veil to the baggage, and then saunter slowly up to the desk, where Tom was paying the bill and leaving a forwarding address for Janet Seabury. The count said a few words to Tom; and then, when Tom went out to see the baggage stowed in the motor car, she saw the count stoop and copy something from the hotel register.

Persis pulled down her veil and decided to pass down the hall without stopping; but the count, hat in hand, was waiting deliberately to salute her, and before she knew it she was standing before him, with her veil thrown back. For a moment she looked straight into those somber wells of light that were the count's eyes. The next she was giving him her hand and saying under her breath:

"I shall miss the roses."

The count, who had bent in European fashion to kiss her gloved fingers, straightened himself and looked back into her eyes. "Chi sa?" he said with an enigmatic smile. "Perhaps not. Chi sa?" he repeated before he released her hand and turned, smiling, as Tom drew near.

"All ready, Persis!" announced Tom.

The two men exchanged a handshake, and the count's good wishes and the count followed them to the door, where the entire population of San Carlo apparently had gathered, nominally to wish them a "buon riaggio!"—in reality to reap an impatiently expected harvest. While Tom was engaged in scattering this, Persis from the depths of the car looked up once more to the top of the steps, where the count was standing bareheaded, but no longer smiling. He was still there when the car bore them away.

"Really, he's a very decent chap," Tom declared. "I gave him my card—told him if he ever came over to look us up." Here he extracted a Baedeker from his pocks. "I hope our rooms will be all right in Genoa; had to wire for them ahead." Receiving no response from Persis he subsided into what is known to good tourists as the Book.

There was nothing the matter with their rooms at Genea, and no regrets kept Persis from healthy sleep that night; only the next morning the image in her glass did not flatter her quite so much, and she was aware of a certain flatness about the going down to a hotel breakfast, as of already tasted food. One hotel breakfast is exactly like another hotel breakfast.

It was not until she was fairly in sight of the table reserved for them by a beckoning waiter that she regained her animation and color with a rush. There on the table was a flaming torch of roses—red roses—Lantescane roses; and when Persis raised half-frightened eyes she knew fatally what they must encounter before they actually met Count Lantescane's smiling at her across the room. He must have seen her come in and he bowed with a perfect self-possession; but Persis turned suddenly from hot to cold.

After all she was from New England, and this—nobody would call it at all nice! She resolved to speak to Tom at once, and the only reason she did not was that he caught sight of the count as he entered the room and stopped to shake hands with him cordially before he came over to her. After that, to say anything seemed absurd. She remembered, too, and for the first time gladly, that they were sailing at noon; the count would certainly not follow them across the ocean.

"Quite funny—meeting the count again!" vouchsafed Tom genially. "Came up on the midnight train, he says, to look at a little vigna he has up here; but it's odd we struck the same hotel."

And Persis answered weakly:

"Oh, I dare say every one comes here."

"Baedeker gives it a star," said Tom in explanation. He made no observation concerning the red roses, probably being convinced by now that they formed an integral part of an Italian breakfast, and Persis hurried through her coffee and did not encourage conversation. As soon as possible she went off to put on her hat.

But she was not to escape the count; the two men were talking together when she presently returned.

"And you are sailing, then, at noon?" she heard the count ask, and Tom's reply, with an ill-feigned attempt to conceal his joy:

"At noon, by the Savoia."

Then they caught sight of her, and two hats automatically removed themselves while the count's heels as automatically clicked together. "It is a fortunate destiny that

enables me to salute you once more, signora," he said, with his gentle and melancholy gravity of tone, "and to wish you farewell." His eyes said all the rest. They said it so well that against her every resolution Persis once more held out her hand to be kissed.

"That is the last of that nonsense!" she told herself severely behind her veil on the way down to the boat.

And while Tom went to look after table stewards and deck stewards she hunted up the room steward and went to her cabin prudently to forestall the future. On its threshold a whiff of fragrance met her and she stopped appalled. There on the stand was a superb mass of the Lantescane roses.

"Who brought these!" she asked the steward.

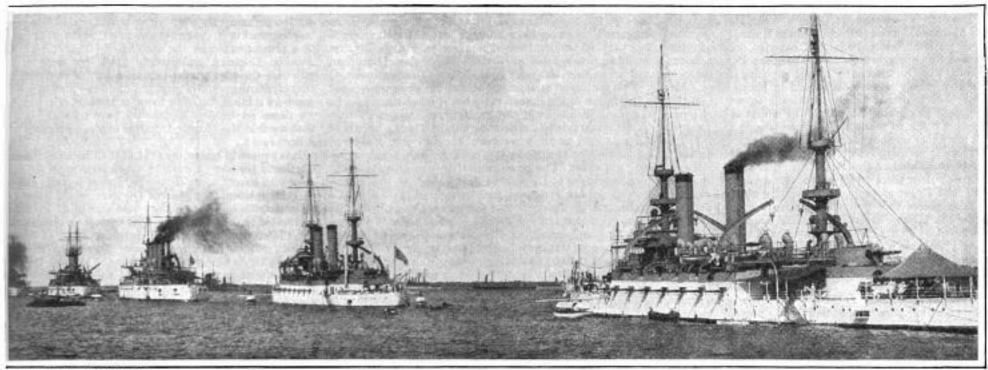
"A signor Italiano; doubtless a friend of madame."

(Continued on Page 69



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# OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY



PACTO, BY PINA, THOMPSON, NEW YORK OF

A Fleet of American Warships

HE situation in Mexico brings the Monroe Doctrine forward out of the region of academic speculation. We have had

such discussion of the Doctrine and its application to the arious courses the United States was advised to follow efore our decisive step at Vera Cruz; but the air has not een cleared. Confusion, for the most part, results from alure to recognize the precise limitations of this policy—differentiate what President Monroe defined it to be from sevague notion of a continental protectorate so insistently the public mind.

There can be no greater hardship than to live under definite laws. The greatest safeguard of the citizen is at the laws shall be so certainly defined that no question in arise about their meaning. There is a like peril when it is a policies are not certain. If we are to consider the rm Monroe Doctrine to be synonymous with the terms ational Honor and General Welfare, or the like, then it simply out of the question to undertake to say how any alicy may affect it. These latter are terms that change ith education, ideals and public sentiment. No man can be what our conception of national honor or public welfare ay be; therefore no man can say what acts of foreign itions may be taken to contravene these vague ideals. If, however, we define the Monroe Doctrine to mean that

If, however, we define the Monroe Doctrine to mean that a land on this continent shall be considered as subject to reign colonization, and that no foreign nation is to be smitted to impose its system on any American state—at is to say, no land of any American state shall be taken any European Power, and every American state shall permitted to work out its own governmental policy, dependent of European intervention—then we have tablished a measure we may apply accurately to any roposed national act.

### The Army of the Allies at Peking

THE United States was urged in the beginning to regard Mexico as in a condition similar to that of China during to Boxer Rebellion—a country in a condition of internal taos, with no responsible government, and with the lives ad property of foreigners at the mercy of flying squadrons bandits. The President was advised to call a conference the Powers of Europe and march on the city of Mexico we marched on Peking.

It was pointed out that this armed intervention in him was accomplished as a concerted action and without by grave clash between the different authorities. In the arch on Peking there were Japanese, Russians, British, mericans, Germans and French. This force was, without ifficulty, put under the general command of the highest reign officer in China, who at that time happened to be ield Marshal Count von Waldersee.

The legations besieged in Peking were relieved; order as restored and maintained until China was able to guartee the general safety; and then the troops were withrawn. China was impressed by the fact that the nations the earth were determined to put down anarchy wherever might appear, and to insist on some form of orderly overnment everywhere in the world.

In the beginning certain authorities urged the United tates to take precisely this course with Mexico. There were

By Melville Davisson Post

n to the subjects of all the great Powers in Mexico; their lives and ing of troo

property were in jeopardy. And it was pointed out that these nations should be as willing to care for their unofficial subjects as they would be for the personnel of official legations; and consequently the same duty devolved on them to restore order in Mexico as to restore it in China. It was further indicated that if one nation should act alone—for instance, the United States—all patriotic Mexicans might resent it; but they could not resent allied intervention.

If Mexico were a country unaffected by the Monroe Doctrine, or what it is imagined to be, this course might have been undertaken long ago; but the Monroe Doctrine was generally considered to stand in the way of such a plan. It is interesting to consider just how far this position is tenable.

Mr. Roosevelt said to Congress, in discussing the Monroe Doctrine:

"We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of an acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

And, again, he said to the Fifty-ninth Congress:

"Moreover, we must make it evident that we do not intend to permit the Monroe Doctrine to be used by any nation on this continent as a shield to protect it from the consequences of its misdeeds against foreign nations. If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, such as an outrage against a citizen of that nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort—save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape."

And Mr. Olney said, during the Venezuelan controversy: "It [the Monroe Doctrine] does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations and from inflicting a merited punishment for the breach of them."

Mr. Roosevelt was clearly of the opinion that Southern states could not use our policy to protect them from European Powers if they flagrantly outraged the rights of any foreign nation. It therefore happened that he did not consider the Monroe Doctrine to be involved when the ports of Venezuela were bombarded by German, English and Italian warships.

He took the position that if any Southern states refused to follow the usual customs of civilization, in their foreign relations, they must suffer for that defiance; and that, so long as territory of the state was not actually taken, our policy was not involved, no matter how severely the offending American state was punished for its misdeeds.

It is therefore certain that, so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned, European nations have the right to punish Southern states for gross violation of the ordinary humane customs of civilization, and they have the right to protect their citizens and their property. The main point is that European nations shall not occupy the territory of those states. We seem to have made a distinction: their ports may be bombarded, but marines ought not to be landed—the idea being that the Monroe Doctrine would not be violated by the land-

ing of troops in Southern states, but that European nations, having once occupied territory of an American state for a rightful purpose, might remain for a wrongful purpose. And to continue to occupy territory would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Some years ago European nations were about to seize the customhouse of the Dominican Republic. The United States undertook to act for them and took charge of the customhouse of that government, on the theory that if Santo Domingo were once occupied by European Powers it might continue to be occupied by them. A permanent occupation of the territory of any Southern state would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and would call for our interference.

The landing of European troops on the soil of a Southern state is not regarded by us as a violation of the Doctrine, but as a thing that may lead to a violation of it. It is not the act that contravenes our policy, but the probable result that may contravene it.

### Intervention Under American Leadership

IT SEEMS, therefore, clear that if foreign powers, independent of the United States, were to undertake to make a concerted march into the interior of a South American state, we might be forced to protest against it on the precedent of Santo Domingo—that is to say, on account of the fear that the Monroe Doctrine might be involved by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its troops. If the United States, however, were assured that these forces would be withdrawn and that no permanent occupation of the territory of the Southern state could result, then the Monroe Doctrine would not be drawn into the question. It would be no more involved than it was involved by the bombardment of Venezuela.

How could the United States be certain that the Powers would withdraw their troops? It would seem that if the United States should lead in any required intervention, and the whole expedition should be under the leadership of a superior American officer, as the Chinese expedition was under the leadership of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, the difficulty would be removed.

It appears practically certain that the Powers could make no valid objection to a plan of this character if they should ever find it necessary to enter a Southern state. Small forces of Great Britain, France, Germany, and of other nations, associated with a larger American force and under unquestioned American leadership, might make such a joint intervention without infringing the Monroe Doctrine.

If it does not violate the Monroe Doctrine for European powers to protect their rights by bombarding Southern ports from warships, it is difficult to see how the policy is violated when foreign nations protect their rights by landing troops, if it is certain that the troops are to be removed after the wrongs have been corrected. If a concerted action by warships, in which we do not join and over which we have no control, is no violation of the Doctrine, how can it be a violation of it to have a concerted action of troops in which the United States takes the leading part?

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If the whole expedition were under the command of an American general, as the whole Chinese expedition was under that of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, it seems exceedingly unlikely that any portion of this command would be able to remain on Southern territory if the American officer commanding the expedition deemed it advisable to withdraw.

The current idea that Mr. Olney and Mr. Hay expanded the Monroe Doctrine to mean that the United States must alone settle all internal affairs of America, without interference by or suggestions from European Powers, is not sound. The Doctrine never meant anything like that. It meant precisely what Monroe said in his message. Mr. Olney's dictum that we are practically sovereign on this continent was gratuitous, as are the efforts of later secretaries of state to make the Doctrine vague and general. We are under no obligations to accept them.

There is no more reason why the United States should accept these modern theories as definitions of the Monroe Doctrine than there is reason for our accepting those of Polk and Grant as properly illustrative of it. President Polk suggested that we ought to seize Yucatan, because, under the Monroe Doctrine, we were bound to take over any territory that a European Power might be tempted to annex; and that was the theory adopted by Grant when he wished to seize the eastern end of the Island of Santo Domingo. It was a novel and ingenious conception of the Monroe Doctrine, but not one likely to appeal to us; as though one should say to his neighbor: "A highwayman may take your purse; and therefore, to prevent that misfortune, I shall take it myself." A piece of irresistible logic!

There can be no doubt that a concert of the Powers to police all disorderly places of the world is an advance. It shows that the human race is beginning to move vaguely as a unit and to consider the welfare of all. That it may lead to universal peace, to a sort of federation of all peoples, is a hope not entirely of the fancy. Every concerted move, then, looking to the welfare of all is to be encouraged. The joint action of civilized nations carries more weight and incurs less antagonism than that of a single Power. It is the force of united national opinion. As a man is more influenced by the concerted act of his neighbors than by the act of one, so a nation must be more impressed by the joint act of all the great Powers about her.

#### The Nation Not Bound by Heresies

If THE United States should be of the opinion, then, that it would be wise for all the Powers interested to intervene at any time in Southern affairs, for the purpose of establishing order and protecting the lives and property of foreigners, it can be done under the dominating leadership of this country without affecting the Monroe Doctrine.

The fact cannot be overlooked, however, that this policy is not accurately understood by the people. Unfortunately the conception of it is uncertain. The general impression is that we have forbidden any armed European foot to touch, under any pretext, the soil of a South American state. This is a foolish, dangerous and profoundly erroneous idea. That is not the Monroe Doctrine—it is a heresy superimposed on it; but it is widely believed and is the current opinion of the average citizen.

Therefore it must be recognized that if, in the beginning, the Administration had undertaken to negotiate joint inter-

vention of all the Powers in Mexico it would have been subjected to the gravest criticism. Those opposed would have marshaled a vast patriotic sentiment. A popular appeal would have been made to patriotic motives. The Administration would have been charged with the abandenment of American ideals and a surrender to European domination.

All this criticism might have had no base in reality, but it may very well be doubted whether any A d ministration would dare to undertake the experiment of stemming such a current of misunderstanding. It might be that a great executive, sufficiently in the confidence of the whole people,

would have been able to go forward with it, and so to clearly define the limitations of the Monroe Doctrine that the people would have been able to see that no national policy of this country would be violated by such a course.

Looking at the situation from all quarters, however, one must admit that the undertaking would have been extremely doubtful. Old wars, especially with Great Britain, have left their heritage of bitterness. Emigrants from oppressed countries have brought with them their sentiment against the dominion of monarchies. Any policy that would seem to conciliate or invite a joint action of European nations on this continent would inflame this sentiment.

This sentiment is anachronistic and a pressure against a federation of the human race, but it exists and must be reckoned with. Even the great peace movement that Count Mouravieff inaugurated on the twenty-fourth of August, 1898, at the direction of the Emperor of Russia, has, from time to time in this country, been opposed by this sentiment. The pressure of it was so great that the representatives of the United States declined to sign the twenty-seventh article of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, except with the reservation that nothing therein contained should be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of our traditional attitude toward purely American questions-thereby excluding the United States from the obligation of submitting any American question concerning this continent to The Hague Court.

If the Chinese and Japanese had excluded any Asiatic question, and European Powers any Continental question, international questions to be settled by arbitration would have been difficult to find.

However, if any Administration were powerful enough to substitute in the public mind the actual Monroe Doctrine for the current Monroe heresy, the joint intervention of all Powers, when such a course might become necessary in South American affairs, could be had without violation of any American ideal.

We have seen that the United States could hardly permit foreign Powers to intervene in Southern states exclusive of ourselves—not because the Monroe Doctrine would be thereby violated, but because it might be violated by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its forces after the necessity for them has passed. And we have seen that the United States, dominating a concerted movement of the Powers, could intervene in Southern states without violating the Monroe Doctrine, but at the peril of rousing a great sentiment that might destroy the Administration which undertook it.

A measure to avoid the pressure of this false sentiment lies in the plan of settling disputes on this continent through the mediation of American governments only, and the recent efforts along that line are a decided advance. Such stable governments as Argentina, Brazil and Chile could very well join with the United States in maintaining order where it is necessary, and to protect the lives and property of foreigners. Such a cooperation of American Powers with the United States could, of course, in no way affect the Monroe Doctrine or any American tradition. It is probable, also, that it would provoke less resentment on the part of the American state so entered than if the invasion were by European troops.

It is by no means a mere fancy that we shall be able in time to effect a confederation of Southern states, which, with the cooperation of the United States, shall underage to settle all American disputes without the intervention of any European Power. This would be an ideal solution of the difficulties on this hemisphere. A good deal has been done toward such cooperation, and it may be accomplished. It is an end well worth every reasonable effort.

It must be admitted, however, that to make such coloreration permanently effective we must get rid of the sendent against us in the South; we must get rid of the heap of a protectorate and the unsolicited elaborations of the Monroe Doctrine gratuitously made by some of our officials—the idea that we sit as a sort of overloot, and that all Southern states must maintain the kind of government we think is suited to them, or the sort of civilization we deem advisable. We should have to make it does that we take the Monroe Doctrine to mean precisely size it does mean.

It is proper to remember that, if the United States were to effect a permanent working cooperation with the South American governments for the purpose of settling dispute on this continent, the Monroe Doctrine would in newselve to the purpose of it, usually attributed to Olney and Hay, that there is an obligation of the United States to settle the internal affairs of America herself, without interference and suggestions from my other Power, is hereby. It never was the Monroe Doctrine to day except by the use of that elastic construction for which are courts are famous.

### The Egotism of Mr. Seward

THIS brings us to the inquiry as to whether the United States is, in fact, under any obligation to take any attrecourse toward a Southern government unless our national honor is involved or our citizens are in peril. The fetage notion that because the United States declines to peralla European Power to colonize any part of America or toler troops for the purpose of oppressing any South America state, or impose its system on it, we are thereby united obligation to police Southern countries, is error.

By the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine this county does not undertake to establish order in any South Ansican country, or to collect the debts of any foreign Powe, or to force any Administration to meet its obligation.

Our traditions do not obligate us to send an involute army into any South American state unless our our national honor demands it. We have not undertake a Mr. Roosevelt has pointed out, to protect any Southern state from the result of its wrongdoing. We undertake a protect it only from foreign colonization and from being forced to adopt a form of government suggested or imposed on it by a European Power.

Thus we stood calmly aside and allowed England, Germany and Italy to bombard the ports of Venezuel; and before that, in 1861, outrages on foreigners became a flagrant in Mexico that they led to a treaty of joint intevention. Great Britain, Spain and France felt it necessary to intervene. Later Great Britain and Spain withdraw their troops; but Louis Napoleon remained. Afterward the United States pressed France to withdraw her troop, which was finally done.

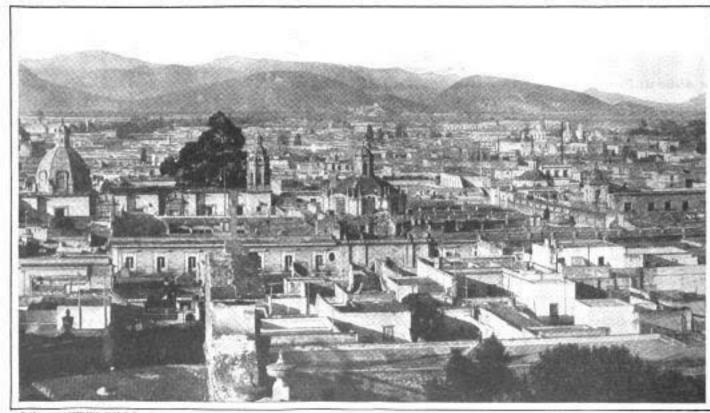
It seems strange that Mr. Seward, in presenting the request of the United States, made no mention of the

Monroe Dectrine it has been explained that this arose from the egotism of the official, who too himself to be as atthority as great a Monroe and lie Cabinet.

At any rate, san the Monroe Doctris was announced at accepted, Europea nations have nich fered in Souther states for the purpor of protecting the rights of ther zens and their proerty; and we have felt it our daty a object only six there was danger that these foreign Prope American soil.

would remin a American soil.

Our only regard for putting the retombouse of Sub Domingo unit. American control was the fear that a Concluded at Page 77.



View Over Mexico City From the Tower of the Cathedral in the Central Square

### THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

TICKS remained in Mrs. Lake's boarding house, but he expanded a bit. He took a larger room on the second floor, and fitted this up as he thought a room should look. He had a banjo on the wall, though he couldn't play a note on it. He had a guitar standng in a corner, and so far as he was concerned it might as well have been in Senegambia for all the music he could nake on it. He had Indian clubs over he mantel, and couldn't swing them to ave his life. A pair of foils hung under a picture of No Cross No Crown that went with the room, and Tommie didn't know which end he would grasp if he had to use

He had picked up a snowshoe and it vas displayed conspicuously near the door, and he had no idea whether snowshoers sed one or two shoes in their progress.

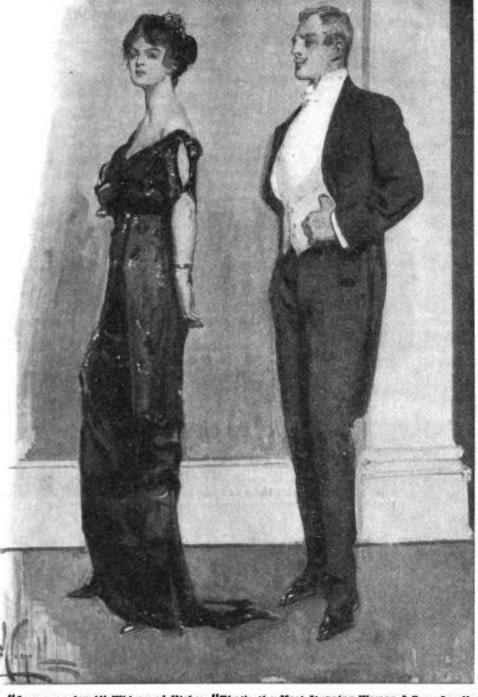
A pair of Harvard pennants had the slace of honor opposite the entrance. licks always considered himself a sort of Harvard man, for he would have been me if his father had not died, and he peke of "Dear old Harvard" whenever ie was sure no one was present who had een to Cambridge. Once, while looking n the window of a pawnbroker's shop, he ad been sorely tempted to go in and buy a ireek-letter fraternity pin displayed there, at he refrained. He knew he might one lay run across a member of the fraternity ntitled to wear that pin, and he felt he vasn't quite up to negotiating a grip and assword and all that.

One day, while browsing in a secondand store, he came across a framed photoraph of President McKinley, which was igned "Yours truly, William McKinley, uly 16, 1897." It was one of the hunreds of such photographs signed by every resident, and it had fallen into the hands the junkman. Hicks bought it, had it eframed and hung it in his room. He poke of the picture frequently and told ow President McKinley gave it to him then he visited him at the White House. 'An old friend of mine from boyhood up," e would say, as if he were on the closest erms of intimacy with the president. rom time to time he added other phoographs to his collection, but put up one but pictures of prominent men. As oon as a picture was hung, the pictured one became the

ong-time friend of T. Marmaduke Hicks. He was popular in the boarding house. In addition to eing good looking and lively he had an emphatic way of peaking, using many gestures to make his point, which almost every instance concerned himself, and never esitating to exaggerate to make himself heroic. He was killful at this, and usually managed to have an element f truth in what he said in case any one disputed him too arshly. He was an adroit flatterer and paid particular ttention to the ladies, talking to them and fussing over hem; and they to the last one pronounced him a most harming young man and sang his praises wherever they ent. He would let an old lady bore him for an hour with quavering story of her troubles and pains and aches, if he bought she would say a good word about him sometime. and she always did. When he was talking, and saw an xpression on the face of one of his listeners that betokened oubt or even incredulity, he immediately shaped his conersation to convince that doubter and directed the force f his argument or narrative to him.

It was customary at Mrs. Lake's for the boarders to ather round the piano at night for a little close harmony. licks had a voice with two or three good notes in it, but e could not carry a tune or sing anything alone. He knew 18t when these notes would carry, and he used them every ime he had a chance. He never knew the words of a song, ut faked them, humming along until he could throw in ne of his good notes. When he was asked to sing a solo he sughed and protested he couldn't think of it. Modesty orbade!

The custom of dressing for dinner on Friday nights he crupulously observed, and, discarding his ready-to-wear inner jacket, he had secured a full-dress regalia and wore with much effectiveness. He was tall and of good figre, and attracted attention at any outside functions he ttended. These were not many, for Hicks did not seek



"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" Whispered Hicks. "That's the Most Stunning Woman I Ever Jaw"

much after society. He was busy studying politics and law, besides doing his work for Paxton. He had been to a White House reception or two and went occasionally to the theater, taking, in regular succession, the various unattached ladies who lived with Mrs. Lake.

One Tuesday night, after all the regular guests were seated in the dining room and Hicks had begun to explain learnedly to his table companions what was the exact political significance of a measure pending in the Senate, Mrs. Marnie, a business woman who was one of the regular boarders, interrupted him with a long-drawn: "Oh-h-h!" Tommie looked at her. She was staring at a man and a woman who stood in the doorway. Tommie turned and stared also, as did everybody in the room. The soup was

The woman entered, followed by the man. They walked down the center of the room, apparently unconscious of the presence of any persons there save themselves.

"Gee!" said Hicks half aloud. "A corker!"

The woman was tall and dark. She wore with much effectiveness a black spangled gown cut in a low "V" both front and back. The trail was long, and the spangles, which shimmered softly in the shaded light of the dining room, were so closely set together that they gave out a little soothing, rustling sound as she moved. Her arms were bare and white and round. Her gown was molded so closely to her figure that every curve was accentuated, and she carried herself with grace, advancing with a glide rather than a walk. Her neck and shoulders were creamy white, her black eyes flashed brilliantly, and she exhaled a slight perfume that seemed to be the combined odors of many flowers. Her purplish-black hair was arranged in an elaborate coiffure which held a rhinestone ornament that glistened and sparkled. She wore no color of any kind save one red rose at her waist, a little on her cheeks and plenty on her lips, which were vividly crimson and contrasted sharply with the healthy pallor of her cheeks.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" whispered Hicks to Mrs. Marnie. "That's the most stunning woman I ever saw."

"Sh-h-h!" Mrs. Marnie whispered back. "Don't talk-look."

The man was big and blond. He wore evening clothes correct to the smallest detail. When they reached their table, which evidently Mrs. Lake had allotted to them previously, he pulled back the chair for her with elaborate courtesy," bowed to her after she was seated and helped her arrange her draperies.

"Merci!" she said to him prettily, looking up and smiling.

Lucky dog!" thought Tommie.

The man bowed to Mrs. Lake, made another bow that included the rest of the room, sat down and began a conversation in French with the woman. He talked in a low voice, but all those in the room heard him, for no other person said a word and all were staring. The woman replied vivaciously in the same language, using her hands in pretty gestures and shrugging her bare shoulders expressively and frequently. Apparently the man's conversation was interesting, for she punctuated what he said with frequent tinkling laughs and often turned to him in smiling enjoyment of some particularly entertaining remark.
"They've just come back from abroad,"

Mrs. Marnie whispered to Hicks, for Mrs. Marnie went to Paris frequently in the course of her business and knew French. "They are talking about some of the places they have been to and the big people they have visited. He has been recalling a time when they were at a villa at Deauville staying with some French fashionables, and they've said some things about

being in Russia too."

"Not Americans, then?" asked Tommie. "Oh, yes, I guess they are," Mrs. Marnie replied, "but they have been abroad for a long time."

The man and the woman paid no attention to the others in the room, although it was apparent that the woman was acting a little to make an impression, and she was successful. Some of Mrs. Lake's dinner was uneaten that night. The waitresses came and went, removing halfconsumed food, for the other women in

the room were too engrossed in assaying the newcomer and commenting on her among themselves to have much time left for eating.

"Looks like a regular Frenchwoman to me," said Tommie.

"You never can tell," the wise Mrs. Marnie replied; "but that's a French rig she has on, you may be sure of that."

After they had finished their meal the man rose, helped the woman with her chair, waited deferentially until she had preceded him, and, bowing again to those in the room, followed her as she swept out, her spangles rustling in cadence to her graceful movements.

As soon as they had passed through the door the room buzzed with comment. "Who are they?" chorused the boarders at Mrs. Lake.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hugo de Mountfort Lester," Mrs. Lake replied. "They are here for a short stay and are foreigners, I think, for they talk mostly in French."

The boarders gathered in the big hall round the fireplace and discussed the Lesters. The women took acute stock of her costume, her figure, her hair, her general appearance, her reddened lips, her gestures and her shrugs; the men contented themselves with the general statement that Mrs. Lester certainly was a peach. The Lesters did not come down again, and at ten o'clock Hicks went up to his room. He repeated the name over many times-"Hugo de Mountfort Lester."

"By George!" he said as he turned out his light; "I'd like to know that woman. She's a corker-a regular stunner. I wonder who they are.'

Hicks dallied over his breakfast, hoping the Lesters would come down, but they did not. Mrs. Lake explained, after he had made a casual inquiry about the new guests, that they had arranged to take their breakfasts in their room, saying they had lived in France so long that they preferred the continental meal of coffee and rolls. They were discussed again at the tables. The women generally concluded that Mrs. Lester was French, although one or two thought she must be a Russian, as she had used a few phrases of that language, or of what they took to be that language, the night before. Theman undeniably was an Englishman. All were agreed upon that.

Tommie usually ate his luncheon at the Capitol, but he made an excuse to Madden about some papers left in his room, and came to the boarding house in the hope of having another look at Mrs. Lester. As he turned in at the house Mrs. Lester came out on the porch. She was dressed in a blue tailored suit which displayed the numerous perfections of her figure to the best possible advantage. She wore a chic little French hat and she was altogether the best-dressed and most charming woman Hicks had ever seen. She had a big, squat, ugly bulldog on a leash tugging along ahead of her, and she was saying pretty, endearing things to him in French, calling him her baby and her darling, and otherwise lavishing affection on him that was not appreciated, for the dog tried valiantly to get away from his mistress to proceed on adventures of his own up the street.

Mrs. Lester's eyes sparkled, her cheeks showed just a touch of red, her manner was vivacious and her one-sided conversation with the bull-dog animated. Tommie racked his brain for something in French to say to her. All he could think of was d la carte, and he knew that wouldn't do. Mrs. Lester apparently did not look at him. She leaned gracefully back against the tugging of the dog on the leash, a fascinating picture.

Just as she started down the short flight of steps leading from the porch to the ground Tommie had a thought.

"Bongjoor," he said, lifting his hat.

She turned her head and smiled a bright little smile. "Good morning," in musical English she saluted cheerily and ran along with the dog. Tommie was quite pleased with himself. He didn't know exactly what his bongjoor meant, but he thought it had answered the purpose. That night he sought an opportunity to talk to the Lesters, but they went immediately to their

room after dinner and next day they left. Mrs. Lake said they had been called out of town. The picture of Mrs. Lester and her dog remained long with Tommie. He often thought about her and wondered if he ever would see her again. So far as the boarding house was concerned the Lesters vanished completely. They did not tell the land-lady where they were going, and presently everybody forgot them—everybody but T. Marmaduke Hicks.

### VII

THE Spanish war came with its exciting days. Hicks was kept at the Capitol with Senator Paxton almost continuously. He thought of enlisting in order to gain a war record to aid in his future political adventures, but was deterred by stories of long waits for ambitious and embryo heroes at camps where the principal fighting seemed to be with typhoid fever, and by the assurances of Senator Paxton that the war wouldn't last long enough to enable anybody to get any glory out of it. Besides, Tommie was intrinsically no hero. His conception of the situation was that he could be of greater service to his country—and himself—by confining his fighting to the bloodless arena of politics rather than by going to the jungles of Cuba for that futile purpose.

Peace was concluded. The Cuban and the Philippine problems obtruded, and then came the morning when Senator Paxton made his rescue of the child on the avenue. A few days after Hicks' presentation of the episode through the columns of the Evening Dispatch, Paxton called Madden into his office.

Madden was on the most confidential terms with Paxton. He had been with him for fifteen years, and had come to be the senator's political executive as well as his intimate adviser. Paxton had given him every test for loyalty, and Madden never failed to prove true blue. His principal interest in life was to be of service to Paxton, and his chief ambition to do as Paxton would have it done each task Paxton put upon him. He had much of political shrewdness and, though he lacked initiative, once instructed, he was a marvel at performance.

"Bert," said the senator, "have you sounded out young Hicks lately?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you had any conversations with him about his future? What has he in mind?"

"I think he intends to pick out some place in our state or another, take up the practice of law and go into politics."

"Has he selected a city?"

"Not yet, so far as I know. He is saving his money and plugging at the law, but I suppose he wants to stay here for a while yet."



"Oh, I don't want to get rid of him. He interests me and he's useful too. It isn't often that an old, track-sore, tired politician like myself finds both amusement and aid in an assistant—not thinking of you, Madden, not at all: I like him."

"So do I," said Madden. "And, take my word for it, he'll glad-hand and talk himself into something good one of these days."

"That's my idea. He's fresh, of course, and a bit blatant, but potentially he's the ideal fake friend-of-thepeople politician. He's smart and adaptable—I might say ductile—and I never knew a young man who so continuously kept his eye on the main chance."

"Nor I. What he wants is to get along, and he'll get along too if he has half a show. He's the brightest kid we've had in this place since I've been here, and he does his work well. And when it comes to getting publicity the climbing mother of a fashionable débutante is a mere amateur compared with Hicks. He took part in a moot court the other night, and you'd think, to see the accounts of it, it was the president himself instead of Hicks who was there!"

"I have observed that phase of his activities, and I've half a mind to trust an experiment with him.

"What sort of an experiment?" asked Madden, wondering what whimsical idea his chief was harboring. "The experiment of proving that a man of his peculiar

abilities can make a great success in politics by following a certain course of action in a certain way. It has been proved often enough, but not scientifically, Bert, not scientifically. Hundreds of men have done what I have in mind for him to do, but their actions and the results therefrom have been sort of haphazard except in a few instances. They just happened on the scheme that gave them success. What I want is to prove my theory that the greatest popular success of a certain kind in politics can be attained by entirely superficial methods. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, take a look round the Senate. There's Jaxon, who is nothing but a noise which is always noisiest when the dear people are concerned. And Bogardus, as arrant a demagogue as ever came to this capital, and he is returned times without number because he is continually blatting about what he is doing for the general uplift. Watch McPhyle for a little. Totally without ability except for stringing words together, he has talked himself to the top by the simple expedient of proclaiming himself the only honest man. What do you think of Somerset, who is tied up with a dozen corporations, and who gets away with it by constantly braying his antagonism to all trusts not specifically on his list of retainers? And Anstrutter, who

secures his by his reputation of rugged, sterling honesty and his assumption of the plain-as-anold-shoe pose, when he is luxurious as a sybarite and crooked as a dog's hindleg?

"There are dozens, scores, hundreds more of them in politics—four-flushers, trimmers, hypocrites, humbugs-playing both ends against the middle; posing as religious and pious, when in reality they are foul and vicious; howling for restriction of the liquor traffic because restriction is indorsed by the good people at home. and doing their best to restrict it here and elsewhere by drinking all they can buy or can get others to buy for them; espousing every measure favored by church people, yet living up to none of them in their daily walk and conversation; grafters, who yammer of their purity and pester to death for money some of us who are not so virtuous and are willing to sell the votes for it; men who roar from every stump about their labors for the people and rur behind the closed doors of every committee room and their own offices for their share of the graft; men who are so cheap they can be bought by special favors and by a few filthy dollars: men who haven't an honest conviction on any subject and who are willing to resort to almost any expedient to hold themselves in office; But why go on?"

"What have these to do with Hicks?" asked

Madden as the senator paused.

"This: There are certain processes by which
these men retain themselves in politics. Most
of them are crude workers. They all begin with
about the same raw materials Hicks has, and
have developed them each along his own lines.
Each has his good points as a political fake
and each has his weaknesses. Now here is what
I have in mind: Why not, knowing these met
and many others like them as we do—why not
make a scientific, exact compilation of all their
excellences as fakers, discarding their weak
points, and then combine all those good points
in the practices and purposes of one man?"
"Do you mean in Hicks?"

"Hicks is exactly the person I do mean. He is the biggest potential political faker I ever

saw. He has it in him. He can get about anything he wants if he will play the game as I shall outline it to him."

"I am afraid I don't understand."

"Well, let me make it specific: Suppose I say to Hide that I'm interested in him and will finance him to a reasonable extent and send him out to some good town, to live there and practice law. Suppose I get some fun out of it by coaching him, and as the result of my coaching—and yours, Madden, for you know this game—and his natural abilities, we make a foray into politics, Hicks to get the rewards and Paxton to have the fun. Don't you think we could put something over?"

"It might be done," answered the conservative Madden.

"Might?" exclaimed Paxton. "Where's your imagination, Madden. Might? Why, man, it's being done every day of every year by men who are working by impulse instead of being scientifically directed and managed. Men are getting to Washington who are mere clumsy amateurs at this friend-of-the-people game. With Hicks properly located and properly instructed, there would inevitably result a triumph of political fakery that would amaze, even us, accustomed as we are to the outcome of such propeganda. I tell you, Madden, we can erect, direct, own and operate a first-class tribune of the 'pee-pul'."

"By George!" said Madden. "We could, and have a heap of fun out of it too. But what do you want Hicks to do!"

"Nothing, nothing on God's green earth he wouldn't do himself, with this difference: What he does he will do accurately; those he does he will do scientifically, without lost motion or scattered effort and in full accord with the latest standards. He will have the expert instruction of William H. Paxton, who knows a few things about this great, bogus game of politics and is pretty thoroughly disgusted with it; more so, Madden, than you imagine." Oh, I don't know about that," said Madden. "I see

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Madden. "I = pretty well aware of that phase of it."

"Well, then, why hesitate to give your approval to the socio-politico-Hicksico experiment? Come on, well organize a corporation and I'll be the board of directors and take my dividends in amusement. Hicks can be the promoter and reap his reward in promotion profits, and you can be the advisory committee and get the subsidiary increment. What do you say?"

"All right!" Madden was enthusiastic—for him. "It has possibilities. But—" and his natural caution el-truded—"do you think Hicks will stay put?"

"Oh, I guess so, but even if he doesn't, that is one of the phases of the game. You must take a chance. I think he will, for he knows where his interests are better than up other young person of my acquaintance."

"Have you talked to Hicks?"

"Not yet, but send him in when he has some leisure." Madden went to the outer office. Hicks was filing letters. "Tommie," Madden said, "the senator wants to see you." "Do you want me, senator?" asked Hicks soon after-

"Yes. Sit down."

Hicks took a chair, wondering what the senator had in his mind. He hoped he was to get an increase in salary. He was fearful he was to be disciplined for the rescue incident.

The senator looked at his assistant secretary for half a minute. He noted the long hair, brushed back from the forehead; the flowing tie; the general air of a modified political make-up. Then he took an inventory of Hicks' face. He saw a broad, low forehead, a fair nose, a clean complexion. The lips were large and full and the lower one slightly pendulous. The chin was just a chin with no strong characteristic. Paxton dwelt longest on the eyes. They were small eyes, set close together, hard eyes with greenish glints in them. Hicks smiled. He had a pleasant smile, that lighted up his face and made him appear affable and good natured. But there was no smile in the eyes. With a better mouth the face would have been a fairly strong one, but with those eyes and that mouth it was the face of a youth willing to do whatever was necessary, and to consider necessary whatever there was to do.

"Tommie," Paxton asked finally, "what are your plans?" "Nothing new, senator. I am studying law nights and

trying to fit myself for practice."

"Where?"

"I haven't decided. I am considering several places."

"Probably you have an idea of entering politics also?" "Why, yes, I have thought of that." Hicks wondered what the senator was leading to, for he knew Paxton never asked such questions to gratify a casual curiosity.

"Have you looked over Rextown?"

"Rextown? Why, Rextown isn't in our state!"

"I know, but it may be that opportunities exist elsewhere in this great republic than in our imperial commonwealth?"

"Possibly," Hicks replied, at a loss to understand the drift of the conversation.

"Probably," continued Paxton. "Now I happen to know some things about Rextown, and it seems to me an ideal place for a young and aspiring lawyer to make the scene of his operations."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it's just the place for you, particularly if you desire to go into politics, as you say you do and as I think you should do. Let mesuggest that you go to Rextown and join the Democratic party.'

Hicks jumped from his chair. "Join the Democratic party!" he exclaimed. "Why, senator, I am a Republican, my father was a Republican and helped organize the party, and you are a Republican. What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Go to Rextown and join the Democratic party."

"But I am a Republican and so

are you," protested Hicks.
"I know; I know. I am too old to reform, but you are not. You are young and facing the future. I am elderly and principally concerned with trying to forget the past. I have been attracted by your good mind and general adaptability to your environment. I have thought a good deal about you. I suggest Rextown entirely in the capacity of an old and mayhan astute observer, who takes you up on a mountain and shows you things below that you may obtain. You have ambitions. I have nothing better to do at the moment than to make a few suggestions in an entirely friendly manner that may help you to realize those ambitions. Do you know anything at all about Rextown?"

"Not much."

"Well, it is a fine, thriving city of about forty-five thousand people, and so strongly Republican that no Democrat has been elected to anything there since the war."

"Then what's the use of being a Democrat?"

"I expected you to ask that. As I say, Rextown gives an overwhelming Republican majority and the outlying towns in Corliss County are practically unanimous for the Grand Old Party. The result is that every young man who goes there and all those who have grown up there are Republicans, either from conviction or for the sake of policy. This is especially true of the young men and the older ones who have office in mind. There's no sense in being a Democrat there, looking at it in the light of getting an immediate or a possible something out of politics for oneself, for a Democrat hasn't a chance. Of course I assume you think you would take a nomination in the fullness of time?"

"Yes."

"No doubt of it, not a doubt. However, there is a phase of that situation that may not have occurred to you. In addition to yourself there will always be scores of other Republicans who think the same—who are, in their own minds at least, entitled to office. Now you can see what that means. There will be vast competition for the nominations, much work and worry, and, taking previous services and claims of natives and older men than you into consideration, it is likely to be a long time before you can make enough of an impression to get a chance. It will be years before it is your turn."

Hicks looked incredulous. "Why," he said, "I think

"I know you think you can, but you can't. Party service and party obligation go a long way in determining selection for the prizes of politics. Also consider the fierce competition from these hordes of other Republicans, all of them as eager for political increment as you will be. My way is surer than that."

"But you are a Republican," protested Hicks again.

"I know I am, and I suppose I have no right to be advising a young man to desert my party." "I'm afraid I don't follow you," said the amazed Hicks.

"It's simple enough. Here is a city largely Republican and a county almost unanimously so. There are hardly any Democrats. Still there are enough to keep up a semblance of an organization and to nominate men for the principal offices. These men are named time after time, and time after time go down to defeat."

"And you think I should join that party? What for?

can't win anything."

"That's where you make your mistake. Inasmuch as you already hold certain practical ideas about politics I am showing you the way to get results. Be a Democrat, I tell you. There are only a few of them. They will welcome a recruit, especially an alert young chap like you. It will be the easiest thing in the world, after you get some acquaintance, to secure any of those worthless nominations you may choose, to become a local Democratic leader, to be prominent in the party there and in the county."

"But what good will it do me?"

"None for a time probably. But, my son, sooner or later in every community like this there comes a turnover. Always there is a shift. The people become disgusted with the party in power. They get sore on the leaders. They rise, blindly, but effectively, and turn out those leaders and that party. That is where you would come in.'

Hicks was leaning eagerly forward in his chair.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that if I join the Democrats and stick it out I can win quicker that way than if I stand by the Republican party."

"Exactly. The law of political averages proves it. It is as certain as sunrise. All you have to do is to hang on, take such nominations as you can get, and then, when the auspicious moment arrives, you can point to yourself as the patriotic person who has made all these sacrifices in the past, you can demand your reward when there is a reward in sight, and you can land topside up."

"Do you think so, senator? Do you really think so?"

T. Marmaduke Hicks was excitedly interested.

"I know it. It is politics. It is history. You can do it, provid-

'Providing what?" "Providing you can bring yourself to abandon the principles of the Republican party, which you revere, the party your father helped organize, and become a

Democrat." "Well -

"It's not so difficult," Paxton continued. "Haven't you often, as a result of your observations here, considered the step of joining the opposition in order to relieve the country of this saturnalia of profligate extravagance and criminal disregard of the fundamental rights of the people displayed by the plutocratic Republicans? Haven't you about made up your mind that, in basic principles of government, the Democrats have the more patriotic and the more logical foundation for their political beliefs and practices?

"Haven't you always considered Thomas Jefferson as one of the greatest of Americans?'

Yes, to tell the truth, I have given the matter consideration from that angle," Hicks answered, without a flicker of a smile.

HICKS thought much over what the senator had said, and every hour of thought he gave to the proposition added to his eagerness to make a trial of the senator's theory. Backed by Paxton, as he reasoned he wor be, he felt he could not lose.

When the senator came into his office next day he stopped for a moment by Hicks' desk.

"Disciple of T. Jefferson, I salute you!" he said cheerily. Then, more seriously: "I am quite sure you have arrived at the very wise conclusion that a man is entitled to change his political principles when he is convinced of the greater patriotism, the greater statesmanship, the greater regard for the plain people shown by the other party. It would be mere blind partisanship, which is

(Continued on Page 49)



The Men Contented Themselves With the General Statement That Mrs. Lester Certainly Was a Peach

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1914

### The People Want to Know

CONGRESS appropriates thirty-five or forty million dollars a year for improvement of rivers and harbors. The bills are passed on the time-honored pork-barrel plan. That the expenditures involve huge waste of public funds, and that a considerable part of them is nothing better than graft in an especially obnoxious form, is commonly believed.

If it were generally accepted that such misuse of money derived from the general public obtained in any other field-say, in the railroad field-Congress would immediately order an investigation. Congressman Frear proposes in a concurrent resolution that the House shall order a thorough investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of river and harbor expenditures. An investigation by a body independent of Congress would be better, but the Interstate Commerce Commission is acceptable.

We feel warranted in assuring Congress that the public would like to know approximately how much of the hundred and fifty millions or upward that has been spent on river and harbor improvement in the last five years has resulted in any tangible public benefit, approximately how much has been wasted, and about how much represents a form of political graft.

We say this without prejudice. A great part of the expenditure may have been quite justified by tangible public benefits resulting from it. The waste may be inconsiderable. But people generally believe that an important portion of the hundred and fifty millions or upward is just a tapping of the public till for the political benefit of individual Congressmen.

Surely that circumstance requires an authoritative investigation. Congress commands extensive resources for investigating. Let it employ them in this case at home.

### The Independent Banks

WE WISH nobody would ever again repeat the foolish statement that country banks are dependent on Wall Street and subject to dictation by the financial institutions of that sinful center. The fact is, Wall Street banks are dependent on those in the country. Their relations to the country banks are precisely those of a wholesale merchant to his retail patrons. Many of them employ drummers to invite the trade of country banks. At every bankers' convention you see representatives of the city banks, hat in hand and wreathed in seductive smiles, wooing the favor of country banks.

Last fall the borrowings of country banks were extraordinarily large. At the time of the August report those in the national system owed eighty million dollars-mostly to central reserve banks in New York, Chicago and St. Louis; but, at the same time, these country banks had on deposit with city banks-mainly in New York, Chicago and St. Louis-six hundred million dollars. In short, for every dollar the country bank owed the city bank, the latter owed the former seven dollars and a half.

Nor does borrowing from a city bank establish any dependent relationship. City banks make their profit by lending money. When a country bank borrows from

a city bank it owes the lender nothing but the money. If any institutions in the world are free from Wall Street domination and dictation-as to which some statesmen in Washington evidently entertain grave doubts-the country banks are in that position.

### Unlocked Directors

ONE section of the new antitrust bill provides: After two years no one may be a director of a railroad to which he or his firm, or a corporation in which he is a director, sells equipment or supplies. No banker or director or officer of a bank may be a director of a railroad whose securities the bank underwrites or sells as agent of the road; or if the bank purchases from the road issues or parts of issues of securities. No private banker or director of any state or national bank having more than two and a half million dollars capital and deposits shall be a director of any other national bank having more than two and a half million dollars capital and deposits. No private banker shall be a director of a national bank in any city having more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; nor shall any person be a director in two banks in such city, one of the two being a national bank, except in cases where the entire capital stock of a state bank is owned by stockholders of a national bank. No person shall be a director of any two or more corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and having more than a million dollars capital, when the businesses of the corporations are so nearly alike that an agreement between them to eliminate competition would be a violation of the Sherman Law.

Such is the substance of the proposed law to abolish interlocking directors. No doubt, if enacted, it will prove essentially harmless and futile; but the remarkable point is the limitation as to size that runs all through it.

What is the difference in principle between a man's acting as director of two banks with assets of two and a half million dollars and of two banks with only one and a half million dollars' assets? Why should two industrial companies with a million dollars capital be forbidden to have a common director, but not two with only eight hundred thousand dollars capital? Do not the baneful effects of monopoly operate in places of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants as well as in places with a larger population?

This section of the bill dealing with interlocking directors illustrates the old point that in antitrust legislation sin and size are taken as synonymous.

### Taxes That Bite

THE outstanding facts in the new British budget are the increased taxes on large incomes and large estates. The new inheritance tax, if it had been in force in this country, would have taken thirty million dollars from the estates of John Jacob Astor and E. H. Harriman.

In dealing with swollen fortunes England bites, while we only growl. The present political complexion of both countries is much the same. In both the dominant political fact is a fight by little capital—more or less allied with the better-paid labor-on big capital. We wage the war by attempting to upset the machinery through which big capital mostly operates and by which it is partly produced. England wages it by direct taxation. Their unearnedincrement and inheritance taxes show a deliberate purpose to break up the big family fortune in land which dominated the country for centuries.

The heavy inheritance tax will reduce any other inactive large fortune to moderate proportions by the time it passes to the third heir. The English concern themselves hardly at all with the mechanism of business; but when the product reaches a certain size they appropriate a generous slice of it. The chief fault in our method is that upsetting the machinery of big capital throws little capital's works out of gear, while big capital is by no means restricted to the particular set of operations we attack. The chief fault with the English method is that it may involve a considerable destruction of capital.

For example, taking thirty million dollars from the Astor and Harriman fortunes, to be spent by the Empire State in public buildings that fall apart in the course of construction, or by the Federal Government in pork-barrel appropriations, involves a net loss to the country. On the other hand, the English method does get tangible results.

### The Protected Defendant

THE indictment charged two defendants with murder by "choking, strangling, and by beating and striking." The judge's instructions to the jury said that if the defendants acted in concert it would make no difference which "actually struck the blow or choked or smothered" the victim. On appeal the higher court held this to be a fatal error, entitling the convicted murderer to a new trial, because strangling, as charged in the indictment, was a different thing from smothering.

Such instances occur frequently; but the fine technical points on which murderers are liberated or granted new trials were not invented in a lunatic asylum. Strange as it

may seem to a layman, there was once a reason for then, In most jurisdictions the defense can appeal on any technical point, but the prosecution cannot appeal at all; a defendant convicted of manslaughter, say, may demand a new trial, and on the new trial he cannot be convicted of murder, no matter what the evidence shows.

The maze of technical advantages to the defendant that survive in our criminal law is a product of past centuris. when stealing a sheep or a piece of cloth was punishable by death and when criminal courts were used by sait tyrants as James II for the purpose of political venguant or private malice.

Almost any device that sheltered the accused from the rigors of the law was then justified—and we retain all the devices, though the reasons for them vanished long ago.

Our criminal jurisprudence operates on the theory that the governor of a state may at any time attempt to put a score or so of citizens to death because they led the opposition to him in the last campaign.

### Declining Prices

OUR old enemy, the high cost of living, is on the retrest. It is no unseemly rout; nothing in the enemy's necements suggests panic-stricken flight. However, those persons who make it a business to dog his footsteps with tapeline and microscope are able to announce that every month since last October his toe has receded a little, und at this writing the distance by which he has gone back is fairly perceptible to the naked eye. To express the fistance mathematically, put down a decimal point followed by four, six, nine and a cipher.

We should like to claim this wavering of the for a: tangible result of tariff reform; but in England, where do they follow cost of living with tapeline and microscope, and where there has been no change in tariff, the inin number, which is a complex of the prices of leading outmodities, has declined, in the same period, just short a much as in this country. It is easy enough to trace the course of prices. To say what any given factor counts for in the price movement is decidedly more difficult.

### A College in Politics

FROM Wisconsin comes a piercing cry to rise and regal political liberties that have been lost. Shackled with of that state are told:

"Under the old caucus rule, with all its faults, you could come together in district and county convention and voice your opinions. Under the primary you are # silent as the dead. Then, when it came to making a platform your delegates set forth what you stood for. Nov you have not a word to say. Formerly every legislature was master of itself. Now we have forty-six rings called commissions, in which is concentrated control over every

And, to remedy this appalling political serfdom: "If a Progressive shows his head for office anywhere

spot him! Vote out the Progressives in either party. Put up conservative men. Then, whether Democrats of Republicans win, you will have a safe, reliable lot of hind men in the legislature."

This is only one among many passionate demands for a revival of the precious caucus, convention and boss regard under which Wisconsin's legislature did indeed compile a safe, reliable lot of hired men. No doubt the demant are very comforting to gentlemen who did the hiring.

For the ruthless destruction of their former liberties the bosses very properly lay much responsibility on the State University. In the campaign that seems to be shaping a return to the old régime, Progressives and university professors are coupled in denunciation.

"The university," says one spokesman for the safe and sane, "should devote its entire time to education." But education is exactly what killed his crowd.

### Paying for War

To FINANCE our war with Spain the Government borrowed two hundred million dollars, increased in taxes on spirits, beer and tobacco, and levied stamp tass. Revenue from spirits rose from ninety-two million dains in 1898 to ninety-nine millions in 1899 and one hundred and sixteen millions in 1901. Revenue from beer rose iron thirty-nine millions in 1898 to sixty-nine millions in 189 and seventy-five millions in 1901.

Revenue from tobacco rose from thirty-six millions in 1898 to fifty-two millions in 1899 and sixty-two millions 1901. Stamp taxes produced forty millions a year.

Since 1898, however, consumption of spirits has increased from eighty-one million gallons to a hundred and for millions; and of beer, from eleven hundred million gales; to two thousand millions. War taxes on those articles would be correspondingly more productive.

Judging from the experience of France, where tobard is a state monopoly, that commodity alone could be readto yield a revenue of one hundred and fifty million dollars a year in this country.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

You may say what you like about William Jennings Bryan—and many persons are availing themselves of the privilege—but he surely does remember the boys who stood by, and particularly the boys who stood by oratorically.

oratorically.

Those, as Mr. Bryan puts it, who live by the spoken word shall be exalted thereby, naturally provided said spoken word or words shall have concerned and consecrated the person who has the exalting privileges—who in a certain department of our Government is none other than Mr. Bryan himself.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for Mr. Bryan is by way of being aword purveyor himself, and it need occasion neither remark nor rejoinder if he shall judge qualification on the output of words to the minute as a basis—of course,

s a basis—other merits being considered in subsequent proession. Let me have wordy men about me—as the Secreary of State said, or might have—and I care not who restles with international law.

Appreciation, to be sure, is valued of all men and has its efinite worth, which is evolved on a sliding scale that

egins with opportuneness nd ends with appositeess. A fitting thing said t a fitting moment has a virtue; but if it is said the right spirit and at the exact moment, then hat thing stands preminent as a matter enitled to reward.

The New Legal Talent in the

State Department

Therefore, allow me to ecall to your memory the remocratic National Conention at Baltimore in 912, and the first sesion thereof, when the emocratic National ommittee proposed for emporary chairman of hat gathering Mr. Alton 3. Parker, sometime deeated for the presidency in n almost unanimous maner, but a leading Demorat none the less, and not verly radical in his views, ot overly; in fact a man rhose habit of mind might e said to veer toward onservatism.

Mr. Bryan, after the preiding officer, Mr. Norman

3. Mack, who presided
with great dignity and in
whisper had put forward
Mr. Parker as the choice
of the committee, leaped
coldly to the platform, exiding language of protest
it every pore, and began
o say Judge Parker nay.
Indeed he began to say
nay not only to Judge
Parker, but to Judge
Parker's sponsors, to Wall

Street, to the vested interests, and to va-

rious other persons, things and considerations he held to be good nay-saying objects. He said them nay for quite a spell and offered John W. Kern, of Indiana, as his idea of a nifty and noble temporary chairman. Immediately John W. Kern, his chin whiskers waving like a gonfalon in the breeze created by the impassioned nay-nays of Mr. Bryan, passed the buck right back to Mr. Bryan and nominated Mr. Bryan himself.

Whereupon much oratory ensued and it was clearly apparent that Mr. Bryan did not have the votes. However, there came a moment when a tall Texan scrambled to the lee of Norman Mack and whooped a series of resounding whoops. Inquiry brought forth the information that this tall Texan was none other than Cone Johnson, and Cone certainly gave Mr. Bryan a fine recommendation.

Cone began with an allusion to a few natural phenomena, not perhaps considered in their true significance at the time, owing to the excitement that prevailed. "The tides yonder," he said, "rise and fall; night follows day and men sleep to wake again." Having made this clear, he said a few kind words for T. Jefferson, A. Jackson and A. Lincoln, and then hopped right into his reason for being present, which was: "You cannot do this thing to W. J. Bryan."

### High Tide in Nebraska

OF COURSE they did do that thing to W. J. Bryan; but, just the same, Mr. Johnson told them they could not, and he referred to Mr. Bryan in these burning words: "The rising tide"—a great man for tides—"of trust creations, strangling the freedom of trade, and the riot of ill-gotten wealth roused a giant from Nebraska's plains"—the inference being, of course, that Mr. Bryan was the giant the tides awakened from his nap.

There was some more to it. C. Johnson assured the delegates, who were waiting to do what C. Johnson said they could not to Mr. Bryan, that the Democracy must not loiter on the shore. Contrariwise, the Demmies were exhorted boldly to put their barks to sea, "and the Republican ship will go down in the gale of November, lost in the weltering tempest of a nation's just rebuke."

That was not all. Mr. Johnson informed those delegates further: "The fight is on, and Bryan is on one side and Wall Street is on the other." And he concluded in one grand, gorgeous whoop to this general effect: "For this convention to put Bryan to the knife of defeat will send a chill to the hearts of six million and a half Democrats in the United States."

Sad to say, they sent the chill at the moment; but nothing serious came of it and something pleasant resulted to Cone Johnson, for when that other eminent orator, Mr. Joseph W. Folk, transferred his services from the State Department to the Interstate Commerce Commission, instantly Mr. Bryan telegraphed to Cone Johnson to come up and take the place of Solicitor for the State Department. He was solicitous about Cone and he solicited him to be solicitor. Cone came. He was just as solicitous about it as Mr. Bryan was, if you must know. And thus do we rediscover that verbalism is its own reward.

Aside from all that, however, Cone Johnson, of Texas, and now official custodian of the legal machinery of our State Department, is not entirely voice and vocabulary. Indeed, he is a capable lawyer and a rather distinguished Texan.

Mr. Johnson comes from Tyler, which they used to call the Athens of Texas, on the one hand, and the abiding place of the Tyler Gang, on the derisive other. At one time the Tylerites held about all the worth-while political offices in the state. Johnson was of the younger generation, but he learned his politics from the astute Tyler persons who accomplished all this.

He was active for a time, dropped out and hunted foxes and practiced law, and then, about ten years ago, he was changed, through attending a revival, from a passive Methodist to an intense and active one. He preached a sermon that attracted wide attention, and traveled up and down delivering other lay sermons. He changed his view on the liquor question, always the most political of the issues in Texas, and became a fighter for prohibition.

He had been against prohibition earlier in life; and once he had a notable debate with Representative Joseph W. Bailey, who was at the moment in favor of prohibition. Politics changed Bailey's view and religion changed Johnson's; but there were no more debates between himself and Johnson on that issue, the reason being that Johnson rather put a muffler on Bailey in the previous encounter.

Later, however, Johnson went after Bailey again. This was on the issue of whether Bailey should go to Denver as

a delegate to the national convention in 1904. Johnson, as leader of the Progressive Democrats in the state, opposed Bailey, and Bailey went home from Washington and fought for himself. Both Johnson and Bailey are great campaign speakers, and it was a ding-dong for some weeks. Bailey won by seventeen thousand votes in a total of three hundred and sixty thousand, but he has never been the same since; and he is now in private life.

Johnson was for Bryan. The Bailey followers opposed Bryan, and that led Johnson to Baltimore at the head of a delegation that gave Wilson forty votes on the first ballotall they had-and on each ensuing ballot until he was nominated. Also, as I have shown, it led Johnson to make the speech to which some fleeting reference has been made herewith, and, furthermore, it led to the presence at this moment of Cone Johnson in the State Department as the solicitor thereof.

It is quite impossible to print here what Mr. Bailey thinks of Mr. Johnson; but there is no doubt Mr. Bryan thinks he is a fine man which he is, physically and mentally; and, as it happened, Mr. Bryan had the appointing power.



Getting Back to a Competitive Basis

# The Natural Question Not to Ask

THE man who writes special articles is a sort of war correspondent in time of peace. This was especially true, of course, during the muckraking days when all writers had to be fighters or cuttlefish and discharged oceans of ink at the

public enemies.

The life had its compensations: it was exciting, it was always changing, and it paid. It had its disadvantages, chief among them being the syncopated friendships—the affections that never grew to full size—the delightful though transitory intimacy with acquaintances who would have become bosom friends with two more weeks, but who stayed acquaintances and were forgotten. And then there were first chapters of romances that never got so far as a second, and tantalizing experiences of all sorts which left an unsatisfied curiosity in

I recall many such. Once, on my way to the City of Mexico, I met a Frenchman who had found treasure on an island in the Gulf of California. He was an archæ-

ologist of vast erudition and the most amazing memory I have ever known. He had a keen analytical mind and knew all about inscriptions and secret ciphers and codes. He told me, by the way, that the best cipher code in existence was that used by members of the Rothschild family for personal matters-not their commercial code, which is composed exclusively of words of four letters.

The codes of the various foreign offices, he said, would not require two minutes to find the key. I amused myself telling him some of the Sherlock Holmes stories and he always guessed right-except in two instances in which, by reason of my not having given all the clews, he evolved explanations infinitely superior to Conan Doyle's.

He had raised two hundred and fifty thousand francs among his professional colleagues and was going to bring back the treasure. He promised to write me on his return.

Never heard of him again!

I ran across a slender little Englishman, with a hyphenated name, whose life was one of those Kiplingesque affairs so many of his countrymen can show. He was starting on a rubber-hunting expedition to Bolivia. After that, he said, he was going home for good. There was but one life between him and a historic earldom-and that life was lost later and-I read in the Graphic-the heir was not found. Never heard of him again!

I met one of those seedhunters of the United States Agricultural Department, who was a great folklorist on the side. He was going after a specimen of the legendary Mictlan corn. Mictlan, in Aztec, means the Place of the Dead. The corn was said to be very white, the ears large and weirdly regular; and each plant was supposed to bear four perfect ears and each ear fourteen rows. The ear did not taper.

He was inclined to believe the legend and thought he might be able to prove that the Aztec priests had gone in for seed selection for generations. He was going to a wild region in Mexico. Never heard of him again! The Department, when I inquired in Washington, had lost track of

I met a Belgian baron on the train from Chicago to Salt Lake City. We became pretty good friends and took our dining-car meals together. He owned some mines in Utah. We went to the same hotel together. A cablegram was waiting for him at the hotel office. He opened it, read it, got red, and began to swear in French. I asked him what was the matter and he told me:

"I must kill him. This man, he has gone with my wifemy brother writes. I must return!"

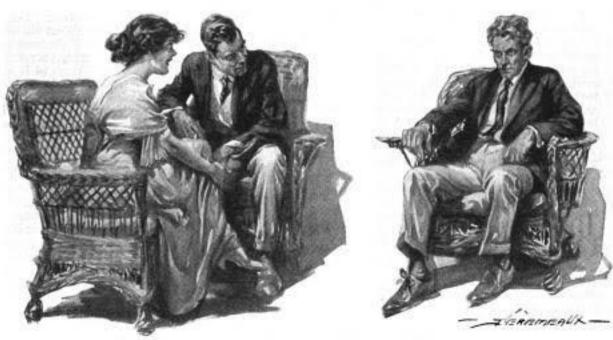
A duel?" I asked.

"Oh, no. One does not fight dogs! One kills them!" He had grown calm. "Oh, yes!" he told me quietly. "It is the end for him!"

He was a well-known Belgian nobleman and very wealthy. I watched the papers. Nothing!

In San Antonio, Texas, I once made the acquaintance of a Mr. Metzger, whose daughter Nettie took a particular liking to me. She was sixteen, and very pretty, with big black eyes and black hair, said to be inherited from her grandmother, who was a highborn Mexican. All Mexicans that marry into your family are highborn. All others are greasers or yaller-bellies.





In the Two Hours I Spent With the Metagers, Waite Did Not Say Two Words

Nettie was a nice girl, very romantic at the most romantic of all the ages of a girl, and very talkative. When I say very of a talkative woman I mean exactly that.

When I had finished my work I left San Antonio. I sent the Metzgers Christmas cards in the following December, and later-in April-made another trip to the Southwest to do an irrigation story. I stopped at San Antonio on my way back, to get a line on a certain phase of a petroleum muckraking special, and I looked up my old friends, the

They were very glad to see me. Old man Metzger, with a sort of proud affection that later made me feel like a silly ass, took me to Nettie's room and showed me, on the girl's bureau, an oval silver frame, inside of which was a half-tone reproduction of a photograph of myself.

He had cut it out of the advertising pages of a magazine I had honored with a series of articles, and she had begged for it. He had given it to her; but it was really the family's, he assured me. They were very proud of me for being so famous and of themselves for knowing me.

Nettie was still talking. She told me about her fellow-Whitey Waite-a quiet young chap, with curious, disconcerting eyes. They always looked as though they were staring at you and yet they were not wide open enough for that. They were pale blue in color and so very clear they reminded you of turquoise beads. They had a tinge of that gray which you see in some Persian cats.

They called him Whitey because he was so blond—almost

In the two hours I spent with the Metzgers, Waite did not say two words; but often I caught him looking at me with those unblinking pale-blue eyes of his, with a sort of meditative expression, as though he had not made up his mind what to do to me. They suggested, also, an absence of eyelids and incessant thinking going on behind the sockets-thinking to which you got absolutely no clew, though you felt the thinking concerned you.

The eyes did not seem to be a part of his body, but a part of his mind; and they baffled you as a snake's eyes baffle you, because you always think a snake is looking straight at you and is prepared or preparing to do something to you. Look out for a man with those eyes. He either is loyal to the death, or else he does not think your death of any more consequence than eating an apple.

I congratulated Nettie on picking out a man who hated to talk and did not seem to object to listening by the hour. Bottling up a woman's speech is fatal to happiness.

"I suit him, all right," she told me defiantly.
"How do you know?" I teased her.

"I know!"

"He never told you!" I asserted.
"No," she admitted reluctantly, "he never told me; but I know it, just as well as though he had told me for breakfast, dinner and supper ten years running."

"Nettie," I said to her paternally, "next to your reticence and your taciturnity, what I most admire in you is your penetration and your modesty.'

"I do!" she averred stoutly. "He just looked at me and I knew he knew I-I was crazy about him. And I knew he cared for me; so it was all settled."

"But didn't he say anything!" I asked her.

"Yes, indeed!" She spose indignantly. "Do you think he is a mute? He can talk!"

'Can he?"

"Yes, he can; and he does too."

She happened to see me gripning and she laughed indecisively, as women do when they wish you to know that they see the joke and enjoy it-only the really do not see and do not enjoy.

"Ah!" I exclaimed very sen-ously. "He talks! And prowhat does he talk?"

"I think you are mean," she said, with hurt dignity.

She was so serious about it that I saw she thought the one man she knew who came from the great outside world of book and romantic people and marvelous magazine makers was not nice to her-or to the one man in all the world for her. So I said contritely:

"My dear child, I was jesting:

but really your romance is not extraordinary - and very besutiful. So it is all settled?"

"Oh, yes!" She smiled happily at me and looked a though she could talk about it for fifty years steadily. "Then he must have said something to your folks."

"Oh, no! He said it to me."

"Nettie, just what did he say?"

"He said: 'I reckon when I get that Panama job well get married and go down there together."

"He said all that?"

"Yes, he did!" "And that settled it, of course?"

"Of course!"

I looked at her and clearly perceived that, so far as she was concerned, it was settled indeed. I spoke to her father a little later.

"Nettie tells me she and young Waite are going to get married."

"Yes." He did not seem exactly tickled to death over it.

"Don't you like the idea?" I asked.

"I don't like the idea of her going to Panama."

"Then why do you let her go?"
"Well," he said dubiously, "well, I ——" I could see he had never before thought about his reasons. "Well," he finished, "Whitey said he was going to take her down then after they got married." He had not the faintest notion of dreaming to think of daring to oppose Whitey. It was very remarkable.

I more or less desultorily asked for information about young Waite and heard nothing against him. I learned that he was a quiet, honest, industrious sort of chap, neither very popular with anybody nor especially disliked anywhere. He had always lived with his mother, except when he was working on a ranch in the Panhandle county-I forget just where.

I left the next day and the Metzgers became one of the hundreds of nice, friendly families I had met in my travelno more, no less.

Some years later a magazine wished to find out how Under Sam had become Papa Sam to a lot of ditchdiggers. At experiment in government control of everything, including the cost of food and wages, had created a demand is character sketches of men who were handling millions by the hundred, tackling problems by the thousand, taking chances with life like intelligent heroes, living like decormen and guessing like geniuses.

I therefore went to Panama. I was watching the reiscating of the railroad—this was before the Gatun Dam was much more than begun-and as I walked along the track! heard a calm voice say:

"I reckon you had better get a rustle on."

It was a drawling voice-almost purring; but for some reason it reminded me of the soft velvet sheath of a partic ularly sharp knife. It was a voice that greatly interested me. Everything is interesting to a man who makes is

living by writing about anything.
"Who is he?" I asked my cicerone.

"That's the roadmaster. Did you notice how these Jamaican coons hustled?"

"Did I? I consider it the most remarkable thing on the Isthmus, bar none. Why, that man has just got 'em scarel to death! Oblige me by looking at them.'

The negro tracklayers were indeed working like madmen. One of them, a tall, sculpturesque husky, was positively maniscal in his activity.

"That big buck yonder," I observed, "probably could

tear the roadmaster in two. It shows

"Hold on, before you make a break! I'll tell you what it shows: it shows love! That big Jamaican swears by Whitey. Come with me. I'll show you. Hello, Roberts!' He spoke to the lunatic. "What's your work today?"

"I don' know. Arsk Mars Wee-yet!" he replied in the queer jargon of the British West Indian.

Mars Wee-yet approached us.

"How do you do?" he said to me, as though I were an inspector on one of his regular daily routine trips. "Nettie will be glad to see you."

I shook hands non-committally and presently recalled Texas, the Metzgers, Nettie, whose father had cut my portrait out of a magazine, and Whitey Waite.

I hung round a bit longer, but he had nothing more to may to me, his remarks-few and gently spoken-being uddressed to the gang.
"I'll see you again!" I called to him.

"Dinwiddie knows the house. Nettie is there. I'll be

nome at eleven," he answered.

Dinwiddie, my guide, one of the engineers of the division, took me to the Waite cottage. I found Nettie at home. She seemed glad to see me in a subdued sort of way. She told me the latest news of her father and mother; but I noticed she only did so in answer to questions. She volunteered nothing. There was nothing to hide, but her girlish loquacity was gone. This made her a new Nettie.

At first I thought her taciturnity might come from living n the tropics; but I recalled other American women I had net in the Zone and they had not been made reticent by the climate - quite the contrary. Therefore I concluded that

Whitey had something to do with it.

"Nettie," I said, "you were an awful chatterbox as a dd. Now you are what novelists would call a saturnine roung woman. Why?"

"Most people talk too much," she answered.

"And say too little?"

She nodded. "You are happy, of course."

"Yes." "Does Mars Wee-yet talk to you evenings?"

She smiled—and nodded! She had not lost her sense of sumor-only her penchant for talking. A woman does not ay silly things when she does not talk at all. Nettie had equired much wisdom.

We conversed—or, rather, I talked in a more or less lesultory fashion; told her about some of the things I had lone and places I had visited since our last meeting in San intonio. She listened with interest and, I like to think, ith intelligence.

In one of the pauses she rose and went into the houseve had been talking, American fashion, in rocking-chairs n the mosquito-screened porch. She returned with a

undle of old magazines and weeklies. "He saves everything of yours he comes across," she said roudly-like a mother trying to speak dispassionately bout her prodigy. "I read them aloud to him evenings."
"That doubtless gives your vocal cords all the exercise

hey require," I said.

She nodded-twice! Then she shamefacedly took the recious literature back—possibly she felt she had been too alkative with her nods.

Shortly after eleven Waite came in. He was tanned a rick-red and his eyebrows and hair showed sunbleach.

His curious pale-blue eyes showed the same disconcerting immobility of the eyelids, but were less staring.

I decided that this came from the effort to keep himself from blinking in the awful glare of the tropic sun. You saw the infinitude of little wrinkles, such as you see about the eyes of old sea-captains-and also the inscrutability you see in the eyes of people who do their talking in silence, as it were.

He washed leisurely and then came out and shook hands with me-in silence. Somehow I did not feel that I had to supply any conversation, and yet I could swear I was among friends intimate enough to be silent with for months at a stretch. We do not have many such friends-have we now?

After breakfast, which they called lunch, he said to

"I had to see the colonel." It was so plain he was apolorizing for being late that when she nodded understandingly did so too. He went on: "I've asked for three months' leave of absence."

She opened her eyes wide and stared at him. He was looking at the floor, so her eyes could not ask his eyes anything. She fell back on her tongue:

"I thought vacation didn't come until February."

He took a letter from his pocket. The envelope was edged with black. She turned very pale when she saw the mourning stationery and her lips moved silently, but I easily read: Mother! Her hands trembled as she took over

She read with unpleasantly wide-open eyes and quivering lips; then she began to weep softly. Whitey had pushed his chair back from the table and was staring at the tips of his boots.

I looked inquiringly at Nettie, my features composed as well as I could manage it-to what you might call a general funereal expression. I did not know who had died or when. She understood and for all answer said:

"George-his brother!" She nodded toward Whitey. Whenever she said he or him she meant her husband.

Childless women always talk that way—God bless 'em!and girls in their first love affair.

I shook my head sadly. I had never heard of George Waite; but he was the brother of a man I had met once, for an hour or two, six years before. Whitey looked up at his wife and said calmly: "I gotter get 'im!"

She drew in her breath sharply, with a frightened little gasp. Then she stared unblinkingly at him, dumb with terror, fascinated into utter petrification by what she saw in her husband's eyes. Then she nodded-exactly as if a powerful hand had grasped her head and made it bow!

He looked at me. I looked at him. I got no definite message—only an unpleasant goosefleshing along the spine; but because this always was a house of silence and now also was a house of death I bravely raised my eyebrows and whispered:

"What?"

"Man got George. Gotter get him!"

The gooseflesh left me and before I knew it I asked:

"When do you sail?"

MEMERLY

"Tomorrow! New Orleans!" he vouchsafed.

He rose from his chair and beckoned me with a motion of his hand to follow him. I immediately did so-and felt glad to do it. I do not know why. Really I do not! As he passed his wife he stopped, patted her head and said quietly:

"You can't come with me. I'll cable when."

"I could stay with father and -

"No! Here!" he said emotionlessly and walked on.

Ifollowed, still vaguely glad to follow. He took me into his garden. It was his hobby. There were no vegetables-all flowers.

"Most of them from Texas seed," he told me. "Getting 'em acclimated."

He motioned to me to remain where I was, and I did-without the slightest impatience. He went back into the house and

"Net!"

"What?"

"The automatic!"

Presently Nettie came out with an automatic pistol in her hand. He took it, nodded his thanks and walked to the rear of the little garden. I saw a target of heavy plank, faced with boiler plate, leaning against banked earth. He painted the target rings afresh with



That Stare Made Me Think of Ice Cold Thoughts

a brush he took from a can he kept behind the target, and then began to practice both drawing and firing quickly from the hip, and deliberately as at a French duel. He was a very good shot-not the best I have ever seen, but very good indeed.

"I've learned to shoot with the sun in my eyes," he explained. Then I understood why he practiced.

"Look here, Waite, do you really mean to say you're going North to kill -

He interrupted me and, with a complete absence of heat, said:

"I gotter get the man that got my brother!"

"Yes," I agreed, "you've got to!"

I could not help it-and I could not ask any more questions. A man told me that the only pale-blue-eyed Mexican he ever saw was by profession a bandit and never had the slightest trouble with his followers. They always obeyed him-no mutiny.

I left the Waites feeling that our friendship had never been interrupted. Nettie had begun to pack up his things. She did not stop packing long enough even to shake hands; but she said apologetically:

"I'm sorry I couldn't show you any more attention;

but, you see, it was -

"Nonsense!" I said. "I didn't come to be entertained, but to see you. I'm very glad I came."

"Me too," she said. "Good-by."

"Remember me to your father and mother when you write," I called from the front steps.

She came to the door, smiled at me amicably, nodded and went back into the house.

Dinwiddie, the young man who had been detailed to act as my cicerone, was waiting for me at headquarters. He told me that Whitey Waite had received a letter, read it, and instantly went to the superintendent and said he had to have three months' leave of absence.

The superintendent began to explain that such a thing was utterly unthinkable—because it was absolutely impossible. Nobody could get the work out of the Jamaican gangs that Whitey could, and -

"I'll speak to them," said Whitey. It settled it in his mind.

"Nobody can-and you know it," protested the superintendent.

Then, according to Dinwiddie, Whitey just went up to his chief and said a few words in a low tone of voice. The superintendent jumped back and yelled:

"But you can't, cold-blooded -

And Whitey cut in, saying:

"I just gotter!"
"And," finished Dinwiddie, "I'm a goat if the super didn't say:

"'All right-damn it! All right-hell! All right-blankblank! But you tell the colonel. You know how anxious he is to finish that relocating work.'

"And then Whitey said:

"'No need—I'll just tell my gang what they gotter do." "And then Whitey just goes to the gang of Jamaican niggers and says:

"I'm goin' No'th to-morrow. I reckon you'd better rustle some while I'm gone.' "The gang began to shake. I swear it. Then Whitey

"'You heard me?'

(Concluded on Page 74)



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### Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power

(Continued from Page 5

moved, the capacity of cars and locomotives, the cost of rights of way, the classification of traffic, and the general customs, habits and methods of the people engaged in manufacturing, commercial and agricultural pursuits, that comparisons between privately owned railways in this country and publicly owned railways in Europe are of small value; but Germany, with publicly owned railways, and Great Britain, with private ownership, furnish an excellent demonstration of the comparative value of the

The total capitalization of the railways in Germany is \$109,000 a mile, as compared with \$265,000 a mile in Great Britain. The actual average passenger rate paid a mile is ninety-five hundredths of one cent in Germany and one and a half cents in Great Britain. The average freight rate a ton-mile is 1.41 cents in Germany under public ownership and 2.33 cents in Great Britain under private ownership.

Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen's book on Government Ownership of Railroads says:

"It costs \$5.72 to transport a ton of hardware from Birmingham to London, while the cost for the same class of goods over the

Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen's book on Government Ownership of Railroads says: "It costs \$5.72 to transport a ton of hardware from Birmingham to London, while the cost for the same class of goods over the same distance in Germany is about \$2.25. Cotton goods from Manchester to London cost \$8.76 a ton; in Germany, over the same distance, the cost is from \$4.86 to \$5.60. General machinery from Leeds to Hull costs \$6.09 a ton; in Germany, over precisely the same distance, \$1.09."

Referring to other conditions, the same authority says: "It may be said that these are not important differences; but what is important is that the German railroads must carry these goods over two hundred miles for about \$1.22 a ton, whereas in England it costs from twice to four or five times that to carry it one hundred miles."

No people less abundantly endowed with natural resources than ours could ever have

No people less abundantly endowed with natural resources than ours could ever have withstood the enormous waste, plunder and larceny involved in the methods employed in financing the railways of the United States. If this reads like the emphasis of overstatement, let it be boldly declared that statistical and court records prove more against private ownership of the railways of this country than any mere list of nouns and adjectives can imply or set down.

nouns and adjectives can imply or set down.

An empire of 247,093 square miles—over 158,000,000 acres—of the public lands of the United States has been given to the railways to aid in their construction and maintenance. This is a domain more than equal to the German Empire in extent. In the words of Secretary Lane, who furnished the figures as lately as January, 1914, to the Congress of the United States: "These land grants equal in area a territory as large as the combined areas of the New England States and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia." And Secretary Lane continued: "How much other public aid has been given to private railroad building, in the form of cash bounties or subsidies or guaranteed interest and principal on bond issues, cannot even be approximated with any degree of certainty."

### Railroads Under Receiverships

In this connection Douglas County, Kansas, my home county, with twenty-five thousand population, has contributed more than half a million dollars in bonds and cash to aid the construction of railways in that county. Missouri contributed thirty-eight million dollars and received six millions from the railways, making the net loss to the state thirty-two millions.

In spite of these enormous public subsidies, in spite of high rates, in spite of the frequent control by the railway politicians of Congress and legislatures and courts, 735 railway companies, operating 136,156 miles of road and involving nearly eight billion dollars of stock and bonds, have gone into the hands of receivers. In other words, until agencies of the Government took hold of more than half of the roads, squeezed a part of the water out of them and compelled them to be temporarily honest, they could not run successfully. The operation of railways under government receiverships has been surprisingly successful and furnishes an argument of no small value for government ownership. The actual general manager of some of these railways under receiverships has been a Federal judge, not a trained railroad man. Efficiency? Has not Mr. Louis Brandeis, in his brief to the Interstate Commerce

Efficiency? Has not Mr. Louis Brandels, in his brief to the Interstate Commerce Commission, pointed out leaks of many million dollars, not to mention the assertion of experts he examined, who declared that three hundred million dollars a year could be saved to the railways by more efficient management?

Efficiency? Is it efficient management to kill or injure every year one trainman for every nine trainmen employed? Think of it! In nine years every trainman employed in the operation of railway trains in the United States would be killed or injured if there were no new men to fill in the gaps and share the burden of killings and injuries. And inefficiency is only one indictment of the American people against the

railways.

Waste goes along as one factor of inefficiency. Waste is inherent in the system itself, waste that would be almost entirely eliminated by the mere fact of changing from private ownership to the unity of national public operation. For their legal departments alone the railways expended last year about twelve million dollars; and that sum did not include the salaries of many highly paid general solicitors and counselors. A large share of this expense would be unnecessary if a bureau of the Government, with its corps of assistants from the Department of Justice, had the management of the rail highways of the country.

### The Cost of Getting Business

The Interstate Commerce Commission asserted recently that the railways lose annually at least fifteen million dollars by giving free service to industrial companies. This is not only waste, it is also a fraud on the shippers who are competing with such industrials.

Simply for getting the business by their traffic departments, the railways are spending fifty-six million dollars annually. The soliciting that makes up the bulk of this expense simply enables one railway to take business away from another. For the most part it is pure waste. For the year ending June 30, 1911, the people, through the United States Government, paid the railways fifty million dollars for transporting the mails. In the same year the people, through the express companies, paid the railways seventy million dollars for transporting packages. The railways' middlemen profits in those transactions amounted to many million dollars.

The enormous profits made by the Pull-

The enormous profits made by the Pullman Car Company, enabling it to swell its capitalization from one million dollars in 1867 to one hundred twenty million dollars in 1910, are waste, chargeable to private ownership of the railways. In this country the railways pay the Pullman Company for routing sleeping cars over their tracks. In some European countries the sleeping-car owners pay the railways. So, also, are the great profits taken by private refrigerator car companies and express companies chargeable to waste. If the railway had owned and operated the Pullman, express and refrigerator-car companies, the enormous profits that these companies have absorbed could have been used to lower freight rates for the benefit of the public.

The total of these wastes runs between two and three hundred million dollars an-

The total of these wastes runs between two and three hundred million dollars annually. Some of them cannot be stated in exact figures, because of the juggled accounts and the varying contracts the railways have with the allied companies.

I have mentioned larceny as one count in the indictment of the methods that have been so generally used in financing our railway properties. Is that too harsh a word for the almost countless repetitions of acts infinitely worse in their effects on general property rights and more criminal in their intent than most of the acts for which common criminals fill our jails and penitentiaries?

"Reliable authorities have stated," said Secretary Lane in his letter to a congressman, already referred to, "that the actual cost of construction of the Union Pacific Railroad was approximately fifty million dollars. The cost to the railroad company



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of this construction was ninety-three and a half million dollars, nearly forty-three million dollars being taken in profit by the contractors and the Crédit Mobilier." A long time ago that, some one may say. Yes, it was; and railway high finance has not improved since then. Instead of the Union Pacific's beggarly plunder and swag of forty-three million dollars, the swag and plunder that wrecked the New Haven road in this present period has been estimated at two hundred million dollars. The Frisco's wreckage was brought about in the same time by the grafting of still unenumerated but certainly many millions. If such things be not larceny they are as flat burglary as was ever committed.

Through all the railway years the way is marked by such deals as these and by such so-called legitimate deals as Jay Gould's watering of the Erie to half a million dollars a mile; by E. H. Harriman's waterlogging of the Chicago and Alton, and by his use of the credit of the Oregon Short Line to traffic in stocks and bonds of other lines, and pile new millions on millions of fictitiously created wealth, on which the public pays interest. The space of a magazine article can scarcely enumerate the deals by which the railways of the country have been used to pile up ill-gotten fortunes instead of to develop the land for the people.

Even waiving every other advantage and need of government ownership and opera-

Even waiving every other advantage and need of government ownership and operation, I believe firmly that private ownership and operation cannot much longer perform the necessary function. I mean that the present system will break down if it has not already broken down. I mean that the Government itself is the only organization strong enough to perform the transportation service adequately—as adequately as it will have to be performed to meet the demands of our commerce.

### Mr. Hill's Prediction

Consider the statement made by Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and Burlington Railroads. It was made in an open letter to the late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, in 1906, the year of a memorably disastrous car shortage. It was repeated in November, 1907, in an address by Mr. Hill to the Commercial Club of Kansas City. In that speech he said: "A year ago I said it would require five and a half billion dollars, or one billion one hundred million dollars, or one billion one hundred million dollars a year for five years, to make our railroad facilities equal to the demands on them. The figures are staggering, but twelve months have confirmed them and enhanced the difficulty of securing such investment. In the last year the railroads have raised in one way and another in the neighborhood of a billion dollars. Much of this has been obtained on short-time notes at a high rate of interest. Most of it has gone into terminals, renewal of old equipment and purchase of new, and other necessary improvements. It was a forced investment, the funds for which were raised not to make our railroads adequate to their task but simply to keep them at their present working level.

nals, renewal of old equipment and purchase of new, and other necessary improvements. It was a forced investment, the funds for which were raised not to make our railroads adequate to their task but simply to keep them at their present working level.

"It has been used to keep the wheels of industry from slipping backward, but there has been very little new construction. The needs of the moment were too severe for that; and, though substantially the amount of money suggested by me as indispensable has been collected and spent, the railroads have barely held their own and the future remains to be provided for. Not less, but in the opinion of competent judges perhaps fifty per cent more, should be spent annually

fifty per cent more, should be spent annually for the five years to come."

That was more than six years ago, and the indispensable demands on traffic facilities have necessarily increased. On their own showing the private railroad companies are utterly unable to perform the functions that must be performed. If that is not true then they and their spokesmen must stand convicted of the grossest misrepresentation in order to force increasing rates

to support new stock and bond deals.

The railways themselves fear their own deficiencies and the consequences of their own wrongdoing. They fought the Alaska Railroad Bill as they fought the Panama Canal, for they do not wish the proof given of what the Government can do in the way of railway construction and railway management, even under the most unfavorable conditions. The railways themselves have brought the government ownership issue to the front in seeking to head off that step by a persistent campaign of misrepresentation and one-sided discussion of it.



In these days of rising business costs, when stock must be moved more quickly than ever before to maintain your profit, when costs must be known and distributed more completely to insure operating economy, you must have some way to get the vital facts about your business quickly and surely when you want them. Details heretofore neglected must be studied, analyzed and turned to account.

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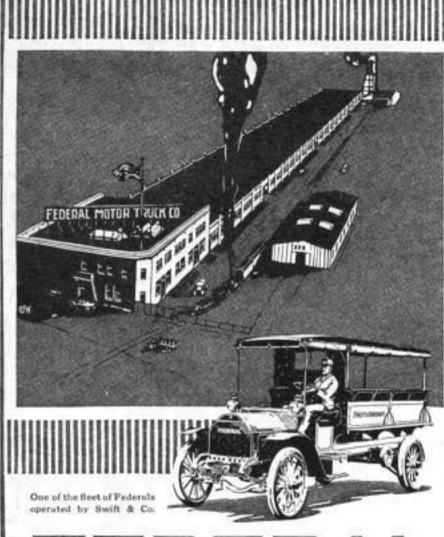


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The experience of other countries—those having government ownership—has borne out the teachings of our own opposite experience. "The rapid extension of industry in Germany has called for a parallel development in the facilities for transportation, Consul Norton, writing from Chemnitz in 1907, reported. "In most respects," he continued, "this growth has been more harmonious and better adapted to meet the natural economic needs than has been the case in the United States under corresponding conditions. This is due in large measure to the fact that most of the railroad lines are under government control and to the

are under government control and to the consequent uniformity in management and avoidance of unhealthy rivalry."

The square-deal effect on all railway labor, and incidentally on all labor, with one central management of the whole transportation system in government hands, would be a prodigious benefit of government ownership.

United States statistics show, as Professor Scott Nearing has set out in his Wages in the United States, that twenty-two per cent of the nearly one and three-quarter mil-

cent of the nearly one and three-quarter million railway workers in the United States receive a wage of less than eight dollars a week. The figures are for 1909, but they have not changed sufficiently since more than to make up for the increase in the cost of living.

Fifty-one per cent of the railway employees of the entire country receive less than six hundred twenty-five dollars a year. Only seven per cent receive more than a thousand dollars; and of the few high-priced railway men or operatives none receives more than all in that limited class would receive under government owner-ship, and probably none of them receives as

It is a real menace to the country that more than half of the workers in one of the most useful occupations in the world should receive less than a living wage.

### Saving on Bond Interest

If it owned the railways, the United States Government could guarantee to every rail-way worker a wage that would at least support him and his family up to the standard of the average American home. It would not get the money for this by leveling down the wages of the high-priced, better-skilled operatives. It would get it from the savings represented by the lower rate of interest that the railways would have to pay or railway bonds principal. rate of interest that the railways would have to pay on railway bonds, principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, as compared with the sum total of interest, dividends and surplus earnings the railways now pay to their stock and bond holders; and from the savings of the vast waste that has been partly enumerated earlier in this article, resulting from inefficiency, the duplications of expenses, the traffic departments, the virtual rebates to industrials, the profits over the actual cost taken for mail transportation, express carriage, Pullman and refrigerator car servriage, Pullman and refrigerator car service, and so on. Who shall state with complete accuracy just the number of hundreds of millions of dollars these possible present savings would represent?

Of the first item alone, consider that the railway interests, dividends and surplus railway interests, dividends and surplus earnings for private benefit amounted to \$833,734,571 for the year ending June 30, 1911, as shown by the last published report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now in a letter read to the United States Senate by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, on January twenty-first of this year, Mr. Clifford Thorne, of the Iowa Railroad Commission, states that the United States Government would have to pay in yearly interest on bonds representing the full present market value of all the railway securities, including stocks and bonds, \$419,curities, including stocks and bonds, \$419,-075,201. The difference between this latter sum and the \$833,734,571 now paid to private beneficiaries is \$414,659,370. Mr. Thorne's figures are based on a government rate of interest of three per cent; but, using a four-per-cent basis for railway bonds guaranteed by the Government, the saving would amount to approximately three hundred million dollars annually.

The saving, regardless of interest rates in that one item would be vast, nor does all this offered present saving take into account the future saving. Here and now I can only indicate these. The "unearned increment" of land values in city terminals, country right of way, and so forth, are piling up hundreds of millions of "capital values" that the railroad rates under private ownership must also return interest upon. The other

# The Smuggled Calabash

# A Tale of Crime and Reparation

Jones of Philadelphia (not the Jones you know) had business in Detroit. Before to turning he crossed over to Windsor with the fell notion of buying a swell calabash and bringing it back without paying duty.

He got away with it, with much less trouble than he expected. But Jones was afflicted with a conscience. He was sorry before he got to Mansfield and it was a contrite loss who left the train at Broad Street Station

At home his wife made it worse. She said it sounded downright dishonest, and even time the postman rang she jumped with terror at the idea of Custom men, U.S. marshals, Federal prisons and things.

Poor Jones couldn't make that pipe taste right. He never enjoyed smoking it-got m pleasure out of it. He almost gave it away once, but instead he stuck a \$5 bill in at envelope and sent it to the Detroit Custom House, hoping that would ease his conscience.

He had no sooner mailed his letter than he found that he wanted to smoke. He felt for his tobacco but he had none, so he walked

> over to Harrison's desk and asked for a pipelif and got it from Harrion's tin.

He lighted up with trembling fingers. Would his conscience money spent make thz. beautiful pipe taste 25 it should-as he had longed for it to taste!

Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss Oh, Rapture! Thepipe tasted glorious, the smoke was incompar-

able. He leaned back in his chair and said into a reverie of pure pipe pleasure. Suddenly he roused himself.

"Harrison," he burst out, "would you be lieve it? Now that I have repented and paid Government the duty I cheated it out of a this pipe, it gives me the sweetest, nicot, slickest smoke I ever experienced."

And Harrison said, "Oh, forget it! The

pipe got good because I gave you some Edgworth—if you had started in smoking Edgeworth you would be ahead the \$5 bil you just dropped down the mail chute."

Now the question is, Was it conscience of Edgeworth that made Jones begin to enjoy his pipe?

We'll let you decide this by testing Edgeworth yourself, and we'll furnish free the tobacco for a thorough test.

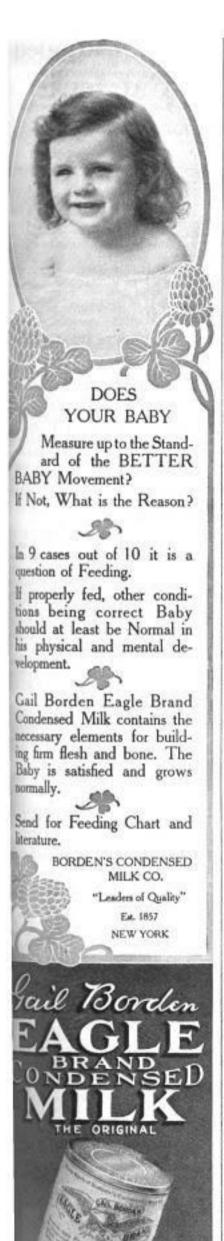
If you will send us your address and you dealer's name on a post card we will postpay a sample package for you to try. We was you to try Edgeworth for the same reason that you would want people to try any prouct that you had spent years in perfecting and that you made as well as you knew his So send and get your sample.

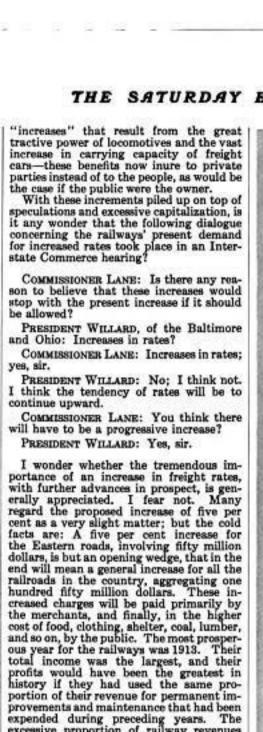
Edgeworth is made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground and comes in two forms-Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c far large tin, \$1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. It: on sale practically everywhere. Mailed propaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write !! Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street. Richmond, Va. This firm was established 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, include the well known Qboid-granulated plug-s great favorite with smokers for many years

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If you jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co, will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid paroi post at same price you would pay jobber.





expended during preceding years. The excessive proportion of railway revenues invested in cars, engines, terminals, tracks and improvements during 1913 represents profits, but in the form of property instead of cash. There was not the slightest justification for the advance in freight rates demanded by the railways and refused by the manded by the railways and refused by the commission in 1910 and there is now no justification for an increase. The facts sub-mitted by the railway officials themselves condemn the whole scheme.

# The Public Suspicious

There has been an immeasurable increase in the wealth of the world and we are en-joying comforts and luxuries undreamed of by our ancestors, chiefly on account of useful inventions and the advance from the cruder methods of transportation to the present system. These are the factors which have contributed most largely to the marvelous advance in our material civiliza tion during the past hundred years. But are we come to an end of this advance so far as aid from cheaper transportation is concerned? After the age-long forward march, are we now to face the other way and retrace our steps? If the cost of everything we buy, including transportation, is to advance, it cannot mean anything else but that we are nearing the end of the increase in the comforts and luxuries of civilization. And I for one refuse to believe that transportation cannot be made very much cheaper and very much better than it now is. I believe it can be made so under government ownership and control. I see no such hopeful prospect otherwise. Even if an increase in freight rates were

as imperatively required as the railway ople claim, it would be exceedingly diffi cult to secure the higher rates sought. The people are justly suspicious of the correctness of the arguments advanced for the proposed increase. They do not believe all the facts are in their possession. They think it is likely that the New Haven and the Frisco, and possibly other roads, need more money right now, but they are ex-ceedingly reluctant to furnish the added money in the shape of higher freight rates. Under government ownership the people would know or could learn all the facts at any time. If an advance or reduction in rates were needed it could be easily made. In Belgium and Germany the fullest publicity is given regarding railroad rates and





# The lovely lady of the little village

will win one of the 50 cash prizes Ansco Company offers-\$5,000 in all—for photographs of "America's 50 Loveliest Women." You know the lovely lady of the little village or the lovely lady of the big city. It is your duty to photograph her, or have her photograph taken and enter it for a prize in this nation-wide competition.

Every corner of the United States and Canada will send its loveliest women's photographs. Interest is tremendous. Bear in mind that the portraits chosen will be shown at Ansco Company's exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which opens at San Francisco, February 20, 1915.

# \$5,000 for Photographs of America's 50 Loveliest Women

Fifty prizes! The first is \$500 - not one less than \$50. That should interest you, who know a lovely woman, be she a wife, a mother, a sister or sweetheart. Here is her opportunity for fame and your opportunity to win a prize! The Jury of Award, who will select the winners, has been chosen with great care. It will delight every contestant to know that it consists of

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE Distinguished Actress

HARRISON FISHER Celebrated Artist

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Critic, photographer, publisher, whose fame is international

Your Ansco dealer will give you all sorts of interesting information regarding the contest, and will gladly supply entry blanks which name the few and very simple conditions; or write us if there is no Ansco dealer near you. This Ansco contest is open to everyone. There are no re-strictions as to make of cameras, film or paper.

Contest opened May 1, 1914. You have not a moment to lose.

# ANSCO COMPANY (Dept. D) Binghamton, N.Y.

Producers of Ansco, the amateur camera of professtonal quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years.

finances. Is it any wonder that Mr. Bran-deis, in his brief for the shippers and con-sumers against the increase, said: "Let the consumer beware of the vicious circle of ever-increasing freight rates and ever-increasing cost of living."
All this illustrates, too, the deceitful

character of the arguments of private rail-way advocates. In one breath, when talk-ing to those out of sympathy with the rights of labor, they say government ownership would make railway employees politically arrogant and economically overpaid and lazy. In another breath, when talking to the railway workers, they say the employees under government ownership would be underpald, servile and afraid to unite and strike for their rights.

The courtesy, efficiency and manliness of the employees of the Post-Office Depart-ment is a sufficient reply to such charges. Would there not be a much greater in-centive to diligent work in all departments

of railway employment when the men were given a square deal than now when a preponderant proportion of the men do not earn a fair wage, and when most of the real benefits go to those who are not workers at all? Would there not also be a greater incentive in the increased safety to life under government operation?

It is said that railway service would not be developed to its full capacity without the incentive of private profits. The truth, proved over and over again, is that the governments of the world have to do those things they dare not intrust to the incentive of private profits. They have to chart the seas and light the shores to keep the ships operated by private owners for profit from being wrecked.

Block signals were opposed, and now steel cars are being opposed, because they interfere with profits. The Government of the United States built the Panama Canal under the direction of a man who was paid fifteen thousand dollars a year, and it will be operated for the world's benefit and convenience, regardless of profit. In Alaska, private railway building failed and the Gov-ernment had to go into that pioneer field. What public convenience or service that is in private hands has been run as efficiently and with such wide-awake enterprise as has

the postal service, without regard to profit?
And so one might go on.
Mr. Andrew Carnegie said to the Ways
and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in the tariff hearing of 1908: "Gentlemen of the Committee, allow me to address you in one word: Figures will do nothing but mislead you if you do not apply nothing but missed you if you do not apply your brains to such questions as these on which I address you." He said also: "There are more ways of figuring cost than there are ways of killing a cat. It is a simple matter of bookkeeping." And he added: "Well, gentlemen, I have told you over and over again that I do not judge by figures given by interested parties."

# Capitalization Per Mile

And so, in keeping with that advice, I have laid the emphasis in this paper on the broader facts and principles involved—facts and principles that no clever book-keeping can get round. I have used figures only as they have told their own unevadable story. And it is on the broad physical facts that the American people are going to solve this issue between transportation for service and transportation as only an for service and transportation as only an incident to profit. And let me say that the figures, too, yield to analysis and tell the same story as do the broad physical facts. They tell that the railways' capitalization in Europe is larger than the average capitalization here because not only do the rail. talization here, because, not only do the rail-ways there have to buy expensive rights of way through thickly populated regions, but the roads there have been brought to a far greater standard of efficiency and equipment

than have the roads here.

The official report of President Arthur wining Hadley and others of Mr. Taft's Railroad Securities Commission furnishes ample evidence of this.

"The average capitalization of the rail-roads of the United States is about ninety thousand dollars a mile," said Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, in a letter, dated January 19, 1914, to Congressman Houston.

The 2042 miles of government owned and operated railroads in Canada show a capital cost to the Government of an average of \$47,237 a mile.

Wisconsin made a physical valuation of all the railways in that state and found the

present valuation per mile to be \$35,490 on June 30, 1911. The railways of Wistonsa represent more than an average in cost of construction and equipment to the mile as compared with the average cost per mis-of all the railways in the country. In making their valuation the engineers in the employ of that state included within that valuation Wisconsin's proportionate share of the cost of the terminals in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also of all the rain and armneapons, and also of all the terminals in the cities within Wisconsin. They also made an estimate of the cost of reproducing all the railway lines in Wiscon-sin from absolutely new material, paying the present price for materials and rights of way, and found that cost to be \$44,897

The Union Pacific Railroad in Kansas is a high-grade property. The State Railroad Commission, under state laws, placed the physical value of this railway at less than forty thousand dollars a mile. The total control is a state of the Union Pacific System. capitalization of the Union Pacific System per mile is \$146,012.60.

# Increases in Dividends

There are very few railways in the United States that are so well built equipped and managed as the Santa Fe. It has extensive and expensive terminals a Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Sar Francisco, Denver, Fort Worth, Dallas Houston and Galveston. It traverses the mountain ranges west of the Mississippi, are its cost per mile of construction and equipment is certainly higher than the average cost of all the railways of the country. The total capitalization of the Santa Fe amount to only \$58,346 a mile and its stock sells of the country. total capitalization of the Santa Fe amount to only \$58,346 a mile and its stock sells of the market at about par. It is well know that a large amount of the common stock issues of the Santa Fe was used for promition purposes and does not represent cas paid into the treasury of the railway or an

paid into the treasury of the railway of an physical property value.

After making fair allowance for depreciation in the value of cars, engines, track bridges, buildings, and so on, on accountage, service and wear and tear, fifty thousand dollars a mile would be an extravagate estimate of the reproduction value of a the railroads in the United States.

Statistics show that the amount of ra road stocks yielding dividends increase from \$2,668,969,895 in 1900 to \$5,730 250,326 in 1911, how the average rate ( 250,325 in 1911, now the average rate of dividend-yielding stock has increased fro 5.23 per cent in 1900 to 8.03 per cent 1911, and how the average rate of return all stock has increased from 2.39 per ce in 1900 to 5.43 per cent in 1911.

The figures on all the hodgepodge of rate will show the most classics in interest.

will show the most glaring injustices, a surdities and wrongs that most communit

know of and fight against.

If it be said that all these evils will y

to regulation, the fact remains that th have not yielded to regulation. Taxation? The railroads merely char it as one of their expenses that freight a

passenger rates must pay.

Franchise taxation? The courts he held, notably in the Consolidated Gas cathat if the people tax a corporation frachise they have admitted its value rate-making purposes

Court review of railway charges? W. that is one of the chief weapons of the rway against the public. Mr. Justice Brew in deciding the case of Smith versus An said: "If it be said that the rates must such as to secure to the owners a reaso ble percentage on the money invested, it be remembered that many things have he pened to make investment far in excess of actual value of the property—injudici contracts, poor engineering, unusually he cost of materials, rascality on the parthose engaged in the construction or magement of the property. These and mother things, as is well known, are fact that have largely entered into the invented with which railroad properties st charged." Contrast that record with clean, honest, efficient government const such as to secure to the owners a reaso clean, honest, efficient government const tion of the Panama Canal.

Regulation? Right now the railways trying to have the Interstate Commo Commission empowered to pass on all t stock and bond issues, in order that, as Railroad Securities Commission warned as others have warned, their securities a have a practical guaranty of face value

the United States Government.

Regulation? No; it does not regulation in spite of the splendid service of the la state Commerce Commission and thele though able service of the several s

mmmissions. A few years ago, as some one has pointed out, everything was going to be made all right by allowing the railways to cooperate, pool or unite with the interlocking directorates, under government supervision and regulation; but now everything is going to be made all right by breaking up railway cooperation and pooling and unity of interests through interlocking director-

ates. And so it has gone!

President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, and
many lesser lights in the railway world are stating without reservation that government ownership of railways is coming, and

they are predicting that all kinds of disasters will happen when it does come. If private ownership is a success, if regulation is effective and satisfactory, why s there such a widespread demand for government ownership of railways and no demand at all for private ownership of parcel post? Universally, railway systems have been founded by private capital; but today practically every country in the world, except the United States and Great Britain, have entered on the project of public ownership.

No railway system once taken by the Government has been permanently returned

to private ownership.

According to Professor Richard T. Ely: "Our American railroads are incomparably more in politics than the German railroads."

President Hadley, who is opposed to pub-lic ownership, says: "In judging the rail-road policy of Belgium by its results, all must unite in admitting that they are in many respects extraordinarily good."

Travel in Germany is six times safer than in the United States, and it is fifteen times

safer in Belgium.

Mr. Acworth, the leading English author-ity, admits, as do other English authorities, that, in spite of over three thousand regulative enactments by Parliament in a country where laws are made to be enforced regulation does not regulate. Private ownership in England emphasizes the tendency every where under such ownership and control toward concentration of wealth; while pub-ic ownership and control, as in Belgium, Germany, Denmark and New Zealand, tend

toward diffusion of wealth. If the question were submitted to the voters of the United States, how many men and women would vote to turn over our postal service and parcel post to the express companies or to the railways, or to Mr. Rockefeller or to Mr. Hill? A fair comparion of the Post-Office Department, where service is the end and aim of its methods, managements and operation, with the railway companies and their parasitical parlor or and express companies, where profits are of first and service of secondary importance, will be valuable to those who are unprejudied and interested only in the greatest good to the greatest number. Is there anything so blind and stupid as the familiar but unthinking statement made by defenders of rivate privilege in this country that the inture of public ownership and operation is proved by the postal service?

# If Rockefeller Carried the Mails

Where did these critics of the postal service get the idea that this service compares unfavorably with railway service or with big business of any kind in private minagement?

In what respect does it compare unfav-erably? Not in price; if anything is self-evident it is the statement that if Wall Street financiers were running the postal business of the world today the cost of postage for a letter from Chicago to Liverpool

or London would not be two cents, but

nearer ten cents. Nothing in the world is more certain than that if John D. Rockefeller or J. J. Hill were running the postal business, and if anybody were daring enough to suggest that they extend free daily delivery to the farms, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Hill would TENY that the suggestion is ridiculous on its have that any one should know that free rural delivery every morning could not pos-sibly pay; that it must result in a constant deficit and therefore is not even to be considered by a sane business manager. Free dailyrural mail delivery under private postal management would not be introduced in this country before the year 2000, if it were ever introduced.

The best proof, however, that the postal business is well managed lies not alone in the fact of constantly declining charges at a time when the price of everything else has advanced; it is not in the fact that the

postal service is a real service and considers the convenience and the interest of the whole public first and profit afterward; it is not in the fact that, though constantly reducing charges for postage, the service is constantly broadening, as in the case of free rural delivery. It is rather in the decisive fact that the postal service is the only big business that touches everybody in the United States against which is no general

Consider these remarkable facts a moment: Your mail does not go astray. It is not unduly delayed. It is brought directly and promptly to the very door of your

It is, considered as a system, satisfactory service. The American people are not slow to complain when things do not go right and they would raise loud complaint if the postal service were unsatisfactory.

To many government ownership seems new and strange. Even if it were new, that would not necessarily be a presumption against it; but, as a principle, it is not new. The Government that may regulate railway rates and service may own and operate railways if such ownership and operation be in the public interest. It is a principle always recognized by our courts that the railway right of way is a public highway, to be used not primarily for the benefit of the owners of the railway but primarily in the interest of the people.

### The Paramount Question

A railway company may get its property by condemnation proceedings. The property it gets and properly gets for its own use in this way was evidently not the property of the previous private owners in such a sense that they could do with it what they hose; in fact, no such property rights exist. Much less is railway-owned property the property of the railway to do with as they choose. Property acquired by the railways by condemnation proceedings may surely be taken over by the people collectively under similar proceedings. The public interests— the general welfare of the preamble to our Constitution—is really the only question

The implication of the words general welfare is pretty wide. It is becoming increasingly clear to all our people that there is nothing that makes for the general welfare which the people may not do. We are hearing less often than formerly that the people the Government—may not do this or that which it is desirable in the public interest

Occasionally some belated person is heard to say regarding some proposed measure that it doubtless would bring benefit to the public, but that it cannot be put in force pecause it is against our form of government.

What is our form of government for? Do we exist for the sake of a form of government or is our Government in all its forms simply an instrument by which we may

serve the best public interest?

In considering this question of government ownership of railways and of the municipal ownership of local public utilities, t should be remembered that the only really important question is the people's rights

and interests.

We shall do well to keep steadily in mind the famous saying of Lincoln that "There are no rights against the rights of the people." Of course it must be understood all the time in this discussion that there is no intention of doing any injury to any one. It has always been recognized by our courts that to take over any property for a public or a quasi-public purpose, at a fair rate of compensation, works no injury—no legal

injury—to the dispossessed owner.

There are two main functions of government—one is restraint, the other service.

Doubtless there should be as little restraint on individuals as possible, and none at all, except in the public interest; but who shall set limits on the service the Government may render the people? Certainly no one except the people themselves. The limit cannot be set by any philosophical theory

of government.

There are numberless sound and valid reasons not referred to in this paper why the public should own and operate railways, waterways and water power; but it must always be remembered in discussing this subject that the only way success can be assured is to keep these utilities absolutely free from politics, and apply the same business principles to their management which were used in the construction of the Panama Canal.

# Two Great Efficiency Features make the PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN Leak-Proof

You can handle a Parker Jack Knife Safety as carclessly as you like—the ink cannot ooze out. It can be carried upside down, right side up, or flat—in a man's trousers', vest or coat pocket lady's purse, hand bag or work bag—or tossed care-

lessly into a trunk tray. It is ready for use the instant you want it and positively will not leak. The Lucky Curve Ink Feed and Patented Ink Lock are the two great efficiency features that make the Jack Knife Safety Pen leak-proof. You will find it a wonderfully handy and loyal companion on your travels or summer outing. Geo. S. Parker.

# Jack Knife Safety FOUNTAIN PEN

The Lucky Curve Ink Feed, borrowing nature's wonderful law of capillary attraction, draws the ink back into the barrel after you have finished writing, instead of allowing it to be pushed out by expanding air caused by the heat of your body when returned to your pocket, as with ordinary

fountain pens. Only Parker Pens have the Curved Ink Feed, which is the clever idea that prevents the leak and ink-stained fingers and linen.

The Patented Ink Lock shuts in the ink tight and fast so that even when the pen is carried bottom side up ink cannot get out.

# The new Parker Press-the-Button Pen extends the usefulness of the Self-Filler

This new self-filling pen has a perfectly smooth bar-rel—no outside projections of any kind—nothing to interfere with your grip or impede writing. It fits

The Transparent

BAKELITE Pen

shows how the

Lucky Curve stops

leaks by Capil-

Thispenismade with a barrel of Bakelite, a

new transparent sub-

stance that exactly resembles clear amber.

You can look right through the barrel and

watch the Lucky Curve drain back the ink-

how much inkthereis

in the bar-rel and tell inadvance when the pen will need re-filling.

lary Attraction

snugly into your pocket without bunching and there is no chance of an accidental flow of ink. Positive in operation easy to fill and use. Simply take off shield cap at end of barrel, drop pen point into any inkwell, press the button and it fills itself in two seconds. A new and clever idea in self-filler construction that is winning widespread favor on account of its simplicity, efficiency and remarkable

PRESS THE BUTTON FILLS TWO SECONDS

handiness. Any of the 15,000 Parket Pen dealers will be glad to show you the new Self-Filler, Jack Knife Safety or Standard Parket Lucky Curve Fountain Pena. More than 200 styles—\$2,50, \$3, \$4, \$5, and higher higher. You can be sure of getting a Parker Pen that will suit you exactly. With stick-tight clip, which disappears to level of barrel when you write, 25c extra. If you cannot locate a dealer, write us and we will send you on illustrated catalog showing all styles.

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Von are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woodworth Building and see every style of Purker Pen we manufacture,

# COMMUNITY SILVER BEST PLATED WARE MADE LOUIS XVI CHOPGIAN THREE ARISTOCRATS Six Teaspoons, \$2.15 (Engraving extra) In Canada, \$275 It your Service for 50 Years

# OUT-OF-DOORS

# In the Junk Closet

THE most wholly delectable place in the house, as any outdoor man knows very well, is that certain apartment, room or receptacle usually by the real head of the house called the junk closet. There is where your true outer stores much wealth of cloth-ing, guns, rifles, rods, fishing tackle, foot-wear, cooking utensils, and the general gear he classifies among his chiefest treasures. You have such a place yourself without doubt. It is full of interest, instruction and history.

For instance when, just the other day, while tugging at a bootlace on the top shelf,

you pulled down on your head a blackened and battered kettle—the stewpot that ac-companied you on many tours—it might to another have seemed empty at the time. Not so to you! On the contrary it held many things. There is much that a well-

educated stewpot can teach any man, savage or civilized, outdoors or indoors. Not long ago, for want of anything bet-ter, I went rabbit hunting with a man who had a sort of shack out in the country, where sometimes he did a little trapping or shooting or fishing at this or that time of the year. We had walked hard and were hungry; so presently we repaired to the shack aforesaid to make us up a meal. No

one had been there for some days.

We found a loaf of bread, very dry, and some coffee berries. Besides, we had some rabbits. It does not sound like much of a meal. Perhaps our banquet did not cost us over six cents a plate; but, quite outside the outdoor appetite, the point to be made is that it really was good to eat, and, with no better equipment, you also, in a like case, may knock together something good to eat. We did not have time in our hunting to

stop to make a stew; so for the time we fell back on that American stand-by, the fryingpan—American and wasteful, just as the stewpot is European and economical. Our rabbit was rather freshly killed, to be sure, but fresh cornfed rabbit, when young, is good to eat. The proprietor of the shack, one of those outdoor men who just natu-rally take to doing things right, proved this to our mutual satisfaction.

# One Way to Cook Rabbits

He built a fire in the cookstove and heated up abundance of hot lard in his frying-pan. Into this he put sections of the choicer cuts of a couple of rabbits, which in a few moments were sizzling hot and dis-posed to be golden brown in color. The point is that he did not simply fry his rab-bit and then take it off, more or less tough and stringy. On the contrary, after it was well cooked he poured some water in, with the fried rabbit, put on the cover of the pan, and allowed it to steam for a few moments. This is a trick worth remembering. It made the rabbit very tender and sweet-much better than it would have been if simply fried and left more or less greasy.

Our cook had poured off some of the grease before putting in the water, and now he proceeded to add flour and a trifle of salt, with the result that be fabricated a very excellent gravy for the tender rabbit. Meantime he had cut some slices off the dry loaf and placed them in a dripping-pan, which he shut up in the oven. To my own intelli-gence this did not seem indicative of bread, zwieback or toast.

Our cook presently opened the oven door and sprinkled his slowly browning slices of bread with water. "That'll make her ten-derer," said he; and so it did. The bread was very palatable and sweet, as was the The point is that water and steam are of use in handling fresh rabbit or dry bread-something which perhaps you have not yet discovered. What with these two items and a good pot of coffee, we would not have surrendered our banquet plates

for six dollars each—that is sure!

We fell to talking of stews, regretting that we had not time to use the five-gallon oilcan, which offered so inviting an oppor-

oncan, which offered so fiviling an oppor-tunity to build a real stew,
"We'll come down here and have a big coonhunt next week," said the owner of the shack; "and we'll just about set that can on carly in the evening, and when we come in at midnight it'll be just about ready to be good."

Since we could not have our stew at the time, it was agreed between us that we should devise meantime a formula for a real stew, to be executed in town the following day. It was so devised, formulated and executed.

And here we come to direct proof of the

wirtues of the stewpot proper.

We called our stew a Brunswick stew, using the name of a compound as famous as it is various, which seems to have come down from the past to the great good of those who hunt or those who like game. Properly speaking, it is a game stew. As to its dimensions, ours filled perhaps two-thirds of a three-gallon stew kettle. The compounding and cooking created great excitement in a certain household for the better past of a day. better part of a day.

We had, as it chanced, a squirrel, besides abundant rabbits. More squirrels would have been better; but in a hunter's stew of this sort you are to use what you have ducks, rabbits, qualls, grouse, or whatever the fallen to your how and speed. has fallen to your bow and spear. Mest such as venison you can stew, but perhaps in that case you will not get so delicate and tasteful a compound as we certainly discovered ourselves to own.

### What Went Into the Stew

We put in our solitary squirrel, as well as the hind legs and saddles of about three rabbits, more or less, carefully cutting out the bloodshot portions and throwing away the flanks and most of the forelegs. The remainder of the meat was washed clean while we took up the vegetable side of the problem.

Into our kettle we poured the contents of one can of mock-turtle soup-real green turtle would have done quite as well—a can of tomatoes, one of corn, one of red kidney

of tomatoes, one of corn, one of red kidney beans and one of green peas. We poured off most of the liquor from the peas, but added a quart of water to the contents of the kettle and then put in the meat.

Meantime other departments of the enterprise were active. We had about a pound and a half of bacon—salt pork would have been as good or better—and this was cut crisscross with a hunting knife, clean through to the rind, so that it fell apart in tiny cubes not over an eighth of an inch

through to the rind, so that it fell apart in tiny cubes not over an eighth of an inch across. Notice we did not dump these indiscriminately into the stewpot.

On the contrary we fried them thoroughly in the frying-pan and poured off most of the grease, leaving only sufficient grease thoroughly to fry three large and succulent onions, which gave off fragrance of exceeding excellence. The contents of the frying-pan next went into the stewpot. Some one thought it would be fine to put in plenty of salt; we so put in about three tablespoonfuls. It was not too much. A stew needs plenty of salt. We also tossed in a teaspoonful, I should say, of pepper. Nor was this all. The stew needed some thickening and richening. All the ingredients we had used—meat, bacon, vegetable and all—were first class of their kind Fresh vegetables would have done as well, no doubt but we did not the stew needed some.

and all—were first class of their kind Fresh vegetables would have done as well no doubt, but we did not have them. Now we took about half or three-quarters of a pound of fine butter, and about a teacupfu of flour, and mixed these thoroughly on a plate. The compound resultant, whateve it may be called, also went into the stewpot. There seemed to be nothing else we could put in at the time; but a glance happening to fall on a bottle of table sauce, which stood near by, we put in a tablespoonful of that for luck—and it was an inspiration Added to the abundantly spiced nature of our can of mock-turtle soup, we now had it

our can of mock-turtle soup, we now had : compound, the proc

of which was in the eating.

It was now one-thirty by the clock. Reverently we placed our stew kettle on top of the stove, with a good steady fire beneath it, of heat just sufficient to keep it simmering steadily. Then most of us went about other business. The pot was watched from time to time during the afternoon. Some times it was stirred to keep the flour from sticking to the bottom. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the assistant who did the stirring could refrain from falling at once on the contents of the kettle, so appeals once on the contents of the kettle, so appeal ing had its fragrance become within the

space of two hours. At seven-thirty that ame night we ate about a gallon of it. It

was delicious! Take our word for it, if you make a stew on precisely the foregoing lines it will be a success. Also, it will be a square meal. It vill be first aid to the injured and a balnced ration all in one. Fed on this manner f manna-or manna of manner, as they rould say in New York—you shall go forth nd prevail mightily in the land. As to that such a stew as this would mean to party of tired coonhunters at midnight's oly hour — Hush, man! Let us not peak of sacred matters!

Our camp cook, the hunter and trapper, eclares himself of the intention to set up he Brunswick stew as one of the instituons of his shack, winter or summer. He iys that in the summertime they often atch a good many mud turtles in their nets, and he is of the belief, in which I concur, that artle flesh will be excellent in one of these nt; and in camp one could add beans or

ce, or such vegetables as offered. Perhaps the tin of commercial mockremaps the throf commercial mocarile soup is not ethical; yet, like other
nethical things, it is mighty practical.
here is something in the high flavoring of
ne tinned soup that makes the whole comound tasteful. Perhaps even half a tin of e soup would be sufficient. For most stes, however, the seasoning mentioned

bove will prove very alluring. All of which matters very naturally come your mind when your pet stewpot falls If the top shelf in the junk closet and lands

n your head. What is the best stewpot for camp use? bviously the one you happen to have. ou may use an iron kettle or a Dutch oven r a powder keg, or a square oilcan or lard-use. Or, if you are lucky, you may have n aluminum kettle. Do not get a stewpan ith the long handle on the side, for you in neither cook so well with it nor handle so well. Only, remember that your fire hould never be extreme and that your cookg of the stew must extend over several ours' time. Indeed, a good hunter's stew an imperishable and perennial thing. ou may put fresh stuff into it every day and keep it going throughout the season if ou like. Do not burn the stew. Take your me about it.

For the eating of a stew a large tin cup is n excellent receptacle, or a deep tin plate. to not try to make your own dishes out of ark and such stuff in camp. You might do but it is not necessary. Also, you can make fire by twirling a hard stick on a piece of oard; but it is much simpler to strike a atch on your pants. This is a practical age.

# A Thousand-Dollar Secret

As to that large wooden-handled fork and that long-handled spoon so often rought to mind, see that they rest by your reside; and when you are moved to fabriate a stew take the aforesaid long-handled soon and bend the top of the handle into hook. Then it will not slip down into hook. This idea is known to but for ne kettle. This idea is known to but few nd is worth at least a thousand dollars to ny man. Do you remember the time in the moun-

ins when you killed your first elk, the one ou had longed for those many years? And hen you came into camp long after dark, red and happy, leading your own saddle-orse with the elkhead lashed on it, do you ot recall the fragrance which rose to your ostrils where the camp fire was making tadows all over the trees, and where the ook was going about getting things ready, nce he had heard you coming?

And do you remember that in the kettle e had a stew of meat and vegetables hich he had put on that morning when ou started out? This perhaps was the roma that greeted you when you leaned our rifle against the spruce tree and loos-ned your belt at the close of the day. The tew and the coffee, and the grilled elk-ribs ver done in the frying-pan—something of memory—eh? What?

And it all came back when the stewettle dropped and smote you on the occipal portion of your cranium, nut or coco. Nor was that all that happened. When ou were putting the kettle back on the top helf whence it had fallen you knocked from ne of the hooks another precious possesion. It was fragrant alike in memory and fact, fragrant with the smoke of the camp nd the memories of the open-your uckskin shirt.

It all depends on what you want to do. In church or at a directors' meeting or at grand opera a buckskin shirt is not particularly appropriate. The hunters' clubs of the great cities sometimes give buckskin dinners for the lark of it. These big gameclubs are now active and growing institutions in some of the larger cities—bodies such as the Hunters' Fraternity, or the Campfire Club, or the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York; the Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh; the Hunters' Fra-

ternity, of Chicago—and so on.

Most or many of the members of these
clubs will sneakingly admit the ownership of a buckskin shirt and confess inability to name a proper place to wear it in these modern days. It is the most impossible and yet the most impeccable garment of the

sportsman's trousseau.

For the Simon-pure incorrigible there is no smell in the world quite so fine as that of smoke-tanned buckskin. It is as imperishable as attar of roses and far more sweetthe smell of the smoke that lingers with it. When the stew-kettle fell on your head, and you stooped to hang up your wholly absurd, wholly useless buckskin shirt, you could hardly keep from pressing the shirt to your face and taking a deep, strong inhalation, if only for the sake of the pictures in it. In the old days of the weekly funny papers of America one of the erstwhile

famous humorists wrote a story about the man with the velvet coat. It was his allegation that every man, no matter what his station in life, had at one stage or other of his career either owned or yearned to own a velvet coat. Now that I recall it, I wore one myself when I was very young. Did not you? Therefore, as to a buckskin shirt, of course you have one, or want one, or are going to have one.

# The Wonders of Buckskin

What a map of the outdoor world hangs in the little junk closet! Here are rolls of buckskin from almost everywhere—Kootenai buck, white and fine; and Blackfoot bighorn, soft tanned; and Crow-tanned elk; and Micmac moose; and caribou from above the Arctic Circle; and other moose from the Peace River country—what a waste of time there has been for some of us, to be sure! But who would part with any one of these useless rolls of buckskin, whether soft and white and odorous, or yellow-brown and rich in smoke? After a while-sometimeone is going to make something out of one or other of these skins. Is it not true?

However, take buckskin just as an article, as a fabric, as a product—an industrial product. It has not only history but exeedingly interesting history. Moreover, it has utility, even where it does not own the stamp of fashion. So far as I knew at the time, I was the first man of my acquaint-ance to have my shoemaker make me up over a regular last a pair of shoes built of moosehide, smoke tanned by the Cree Indians.

There was never a better pair of walking shoes made than those. Of course they would not turn water; but, made as they were with a flexible sole, they were the softest, coolest, warmest, dandlest boots I ever wore! I made a present of a similar pair to a friend in Winnipeg. They laughed at him—until winter came. He did not need overshoes.

Then again, perhaps you have noticed madame, with her fine white boots to go with her piqué costume in the summertime—boots made by her own bootmaker over a private last. Being white, perhaps they make madame's feet look a little bit large; but even feminine vanity will condone that in view of the extreme ease of wear. Her bootmaker has sold her buckskin, white buckskin, made by a white man, not worth the tenth of Indian-tanned buck, yet excel-

You can make your own buckskin if you are a regular woods rat. I cannot think of any accomplishment more utterly useless than an ability to make buckskin; but it is the utterly useless things of life that give us nearly all the fun we get. The best teacher you can have is an Indian woman. Indeed it is much better to let the Indian woman aforesaid do all the work of making the buckskin. No white man can really pitch a lodge so it will not smoke, or make buckskin of an even and permanent softness and color. It takes an Indian woman to do

Your Indian has no conscience and he knows the best buckskin is summer-killed doe. Buck leather from elk is not so good.



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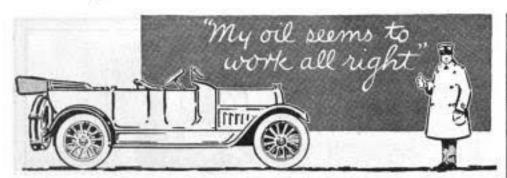
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You cannot spare time to frequently examine your wrist-pins and bearings. Nor can you, after each run, inspect your cylinder walls and piston rings for signs of faulty

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No matter how inefficient your oil is, your motor for a while will "seem to work all right."

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- Its body must be suited to your feed system, piston-clearance, bearing design and many other important factors which differ with different
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Correct Lubrication

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means "Gargovic Moddiol "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasant and commental vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	15	734	15	m	15	113	10	¥13	P	914
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winner	Summer	Wlater	Sammer	Winder	Summer	Wister
Abbutt Detroit	A	Art.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Are.	Arc	Arc
American	1.0	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arr.	Â	Art.	٨	Are
Autocar (2 cyl.) (4 cyl.)	4	MAK	3	Arc.	A	Arc	1	Arc.	A	Arc
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Moline Knight Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arti	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	٨	Arc
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Seiden	A	E	A	A.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
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Velle (4 cyl.)	A	E	٨	Arc.	٨	Arc.		Arc. Arc. Arc.	Anc.	Arc
Walter	A	15	Art.	Anc	Arr.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
White Winton	Arr	311.	A.Fr.	-					****	1



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Moose makes far better leather, especially for moccasins. If there were any antelopes left you could even use their hides. The whitest and softest buckskin, for so we still must call the native product, was made from the skin of the mountain bighorn. That was the skin of which the Indian women fifty years or more ago made their finest dresses, genuine works of art of much value today—the sort that once were covered with the now priceless teeth of

It was marvelous how white the leather was often made by these Indian artisans. Today in the Far North, north of fifty-five, you may go into an Indian's dirty tent and, by proper inducements, find at length, hid under the ragged blankets or odds and ends scattered on the floor, a bag inside of which is a snow-white skin of caribou leather.

That is the sort the Indian women use
for the tops of their fancy moccasins. They
smoke it then; but if they are using it for
an ornamental band or flap they leave it snow-white, embroidered with fine silks or ornamented with beads.

I do not know how they make this white tan; but very probably they do it by repeated washings and wringings and rubbings. Perhaps they use a little soap. I do not think they use any alum.

In general, Indian-tanned buckskin means the vellow-known smoked article.

means the yellow-brown smoked article. Perhaps you remember grandpa's buffalo robe. It was sort of dark colored on the inside and it was split up the middle and sewed together. That meant it was a gention Indian tenned when the best over uine Indian-tanned robe, the best ever made. A large buffalo skin was too big for the Indian woman to handle well in tanning; so she split it, tanned the two halves, and then sewed them together with sinew thread, the same sort of thread that Lizette, a woman of the Loucheux, on the Mackenzie, has used to sew her white caribou these

Laughing Water tanned her buffalo hides by the same process she used on elk or sheep. The only ingredients she used were brains, muscle and patience; beyond a little smoke, that was all. And the greatest of these was patience. Of course the buffalo robe retained the hair. It was stretched flat on the ground, flesh side up, and then scraped, pared and chipped thin by the Indian woman with her little bone or irondred her argument a tool you could recome edged hoe or scraper, a tool you could never learn to use, but which in her hands did magic. She did not salt her buffalo hides and she never had seen alum, that bane of good fur often used as a ready aid in ama-teur tanning. She simply used patience and muscle, and maybe smoke.

# The Indian Woman's Art

In buckskin proper the hair must be re-moved, of course. If the Northern Indian is making a caribou coat for warmth the

is making a caribou coat for warmth the hair is left on and the hide is tanned as the old buffalo hides once were. For moccasin or shirt leather, used for tobacco pouches and the like, buckskin proper had to be made. The first thing in the making was to get the hair off.

The savage tanner had no vats. She knew, however, some running stream or muddy pond. Her first step in getting the hair off a hide was to bury it in the water or in the mud for from three days to a week. Usually in four or five days the hair would slip off readily. Then Laughing Water would take her buck hide and throw it over a log or pole, and working from the neck a log or pole, and working from the neck down, with the grain of the hair, either with her little iron hoe or with the back of her butcher knife, which she used as a graining tool, would remove every trace of hair literally with neatness and dispatch. Sometimes round Chippewa camps I

have found great heaps of deer hair, and it felt coarse and gritty, as though it had ashes in it. I suspect that ashes were added to the water to effect the slipping of the This was not necessary or typical in the Indian camp. Usually the process was to bury the hide in clean water.

From this time on, savage and civilized tanning lose all likeness to each other. The white man uses tanning liquids and produces leather. Laughing Water uses nothing of the sort and she produces buckskin, which is not leather at all. There is no romance about leather; you cannot grow enthusiastic over it. It is something dead. Buckskin, however, is not something dead but something alive. All its original chemis-try is still there. All the fibers are there, only they are broken, so that they are permanently softened.

Laughing Water takes her buck hide now and reverses it on the beam. Now she begins to scrape on the flesh side. This is a work of art and may be a work of genius, for some Indian women are noted above others for their skill in dressing hides. Here is the operation essential to the success of is the operation essential to the success of the Indian tan—all the integument must be removed, all the horny spots taken out, all the flesh removed. Working over the beam or perhaps more often flat on the ground, and quite often with the hide laced in a frame, Laughing Water keeps on patiently, skillfully, with her scraping tool of this or that shape, until the flesh surface of the hide is even and soft. She may do this is hide is even and soft. She may do this in one day or in several.

Perhaps the hide now has been a week in the tanning. Laughing Water is in ne hurry about it. If she were tanning a bear hide in all likelihood she would lace the hide in a pole frame and use it as she would a buffalo hide. Sometimes Laughing Water spreads the buck hide across her knees and at risk of limb or finger, trims at this or that spot which does not suit her. The Gros Ventre squaws were said to be the most particular hide-dressers of the Rocky Mour-

particular hide-dressers of the Rocky Mour-tains. Be sure the essential application of their art was in this part of the tanning or that immediately following.

The hide is now a rather ragged-looking article, but it is not parchment or rawhide. It is becoming soft. Laughing Water now calls in the neighbors. They twist and pull the hide every way, drag it round a lodge-pole, throw it over a thick sinew rope and saw it up and down, and do all sorts of things to break the fiber of the hide—that things to break the fiber of the hide-that is to say, give it its imperishable quality. It takes muscle and patience to do this Perhaps in the Far North you may have seen small spruce trees with their trunks peculiarly hewn into triangles, sharp-edged Here was where the women dragged mosshides back and forth to make them soft.

### Tanning With Brains

The last stage but one of the Indian tanning operation had to do with the permanent softening of the hide. Laughing Water took the skull of the deer or other water took the skull of the deer of other animal whose hide she was tanning, split it open with her little hatchet, and took out the brains. She now rubbed a thick coating of the crushed brains not on the flesh side but the hair side of the hide, where the grain was most open. If she were tanning a large bear or buffalo hide she might have a pot of mingled brains, liver, scrapings and grease; but the real secret of the Indian tar s animal brains and nothing else. Laughing Water allows the brains to dry into the hide slowly in a cool place; she never leaves it in the sun or near the fire.

After the brains have dried in the hide's again rubbed, twisted, stretched and draws until it is thoroughly soft. The brains do not leave it greasy, but pliable. They have some peculiar property all their own. This property was discovered by the American aborigine long ago, no one knows how.

Laughing Water accepts no substitute. There is nothing else just as good.

At any stage up to this time it has been quite possible to wash the hide clean with soap and water or with water alone, then wringing it and stretching it and rubbing it quite dry. There cannot be too much rubbing and twisting and stretching. No white man will take the pains to do it right but Laughing Water has done it correct. but Laughing Water has done it correctly and she knows that nothing now remains but to smoke the hide.

There were different ways used in smoking buckskin. Sometimes a heavy hide would simply be thrown on top of a flatroofed frame of poles, six or eight feet above the fire. The best buckskin was not made in this way, however. Probably Laughing Water would make a little pole tepee and stretch two or three hides round the little fire in the middle of it, reversing the hides as they colored. She used whatever fuel she could get for this, but soft or punky wood made the best smoke.

Of late years it is to be confessed the Indian women of the reservation very often use a barrel as a smokehouse-that is to say, they knock out both ends of a barrel and stretch the hide over the top end, over a little fire built on the ground. This smol-ing is kept up carefully and evenly, and much of the beauty of the buckskin dependent on the thoroughness of this part of the tanning.

At last Laughing Water looks on the work of her hands and pronounces it good Then, some day, she sits down to make a

buckskin shirt. No white man or woman can make a buckskin shirt—yet the Indian woman is imitative of the whites these days; so very likely she cuts out her buckskin shirt on the pattern of an old flannel shirt she has ripped open. It opens part way down the front and is fastened with buttons very likely, the sort Laughing Water can find at the trader's store. She will also execute a little collar for the shirt. Perhaps she will make it double-breasted, like a fireman's flannel shirt; in which case, if Laughing Water is a Chippewa squaw living near civilization, she will execute on the bosom the head of a large buck with flashing eyes. Then she will sell it to you for twenty-five dollars. twenty-five dollars.

The buckskin shirt proper of the old days was simply a tunic, collarless, and not opening in front more than just enough to allow the head to pass through. Sometimes there was a little flap, which buttoned across the neck. Of course no buckskin shirt is entitled to be called such unless it has fringed seams. When the Indian woman, having rolled over her knee the threads perhaps made of the back sinews of the buck himself, began to do her wonderfully neat and accurate seamwork, she let into the seam the edge of a strip of fine leather, which was cut into

narrow fringes.
You would not love your shirt so much if it were not for these fringes across the shoulder seams and down the arm seams. Why did the savage artist put them there? It was to protect the seams against wear and the weather. Perhaps some heartless civilized squaw has sold you a shirt sewed with thread. It is bogus. The fringed shirt with sinew thread is the only real article. How much is a good buckskin shirt worth? Perhaps five hundred dollars. My favorite is a Crow shirt for which I paid wight dollars treatty was a second or the same and the same and the same and the same and the same are the same and the same and the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are the

eight dollars twenty years ago. In muse-ums you will see Blackfoot or Cheyenne warshirts of the old days which would be cheap at one hundred or two hundred or three hundred dollars. It was by no means the case in aboriginal life that all garments were worked down to one utilitarian pattern. There were artists, designers, persons of style, persons of quality, dandies and

Perhaps the native woman who made one of these valuable old warshirts for her lord and master would be engaged on it many weeks. The strips of twisted ermine had to be made and let in. The little brass cylinders and pieces of shining metal had to be affixed. Broad bands of colored porcupine quills must be executed to adorn the front, where was to lie the phylactery of eagle bones or the like.

# Styles in the Yukon Country

Perhaps you may read about how to tan buckskin or how to make a buckskin shirt; but the white tailor does not live who could take two thousand dollars and make one of those old warshirts to save his life or his

So, you see, buckskin may have considerable history and considerable romance hidden in its smoky folds. If you can get a genuine Indian-tanned and Indian-made buckskin shirt today, made on honor by an artist, do not begrudge your twenty or twenty-five dollars.

Buckskin has more warmth for its bulk and weight than any cloth in the world. An old plainsman will tell you the warmest way to wear your buckskin skirt is inside your trousers. The Indian did not wear his so because he had no trousers, only leggings. His shirt was the tunic proper, and this is the type of the plains and the Rockies. In the extreme Northern country, among the Chippewaians or the Loucheux, the coat shirt seems to be more popular, a garment open all the way down the front. This type revails in the Yukon country cannot say whether it was the ancient fashion of the garment in those latitudes; but probably it was not.

There was no native product of more harbaric and interesting splendor than the oldtime warshirt of the buffalo tribes of the West. Today their glory has departed. They wear flannel shirts, and if they sell

you moccasins those are made of beef hide. The moccasins you buy in Eastern Canada of the trade as moose, and which are sold in most of our American sporting-goods stores as moose, are in nine cases out of ten made of beef hide. They are smoked and look Indiany; but they are spurious. They do

not rub soft after wetting.

A piece of genuine buckskin, whether in shirt or moccasin, will wet through like paper, stretch like rubber when wet, shrink like flint when left to dry, and yet rub soft as a glove if you take care of it when drying. My own favorite buckskin shirt has been drenched in many a snowstorm, but it is as

soft today as ever.

The best buckskin shirt for a white man has no ornamentation whatever beyond the fringed seams. As to museum value, bones, quills and beads come first, and then the more modern silk embroidery of the mis-sion girls. You can see these at all the Northern fur posts, clear to the Arctic Ocean. The beadwork on the Yukon side of the Rockies is more profuse and rather handsomer than that on the Mackenzie side. Considered as a work of art and beauty, however, the finest buckskin shirts obtainable today come from Fort Nelson, on the Liard River.

# Buckskins Too Good to Wear

These artistic garments-and they are indeed things of beauty and not merely examples of barbaric ingenuity—are made coat or jacket shaped, edged with fur down the front and at the wrists, and with one or two bands of fur, usually beaver, round the wrists or arms.

Across the shoulder-yoke, down the edges of the front, and round the wrists are broad bands of stained porcupine quills. This is the most expensive of all the Indian ornamentation and the most beautiful as

There are still a few women at Fort Nelson who can do this quillwork handsomely. There was one family at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie, related to the Fort Nelson workers, I think, who also could do it beautifully; for we must see that this is the work of artists not many in number. I have seen such shirts sell at from thirty-five to fifty dollars. The women who made them would not get five cents an hour for the time they put on them. They are beau-tiful garments, but rather too fine and good for human nature's daily use on the trail. They are to be put on when the priest comes, or when there is a grand baptizing, or when one is a-courting. The post trader may have one, but he will not be apt to wear it very

This porcupine-quill work was used by some of the plains tribes, but they did it coarsely as compared with the Liard prod-uct. Apparently only the small, fine quills are used. The best dyes are the native vegetable ones.

All this fancy work, however, is part of such history of the savage races as now has to do with contact of white and red life. Perhaps in your junk closet you have more

than one buckskin shirt.

The older they are, the better. And it is your oldest one, the one with little ornamentation, the actual hunting tunic made perhaps twenty or thirty years ago—the one with the imperishably fragrant smell of the smoke still lingering in it—over which you hesitate as you hang it up once more in the junk closet.

If you are a very sloppy man, and a lot of us are a heap sloppier than we admit, perhaps you linger over it just a moment or so and look at it thoughtfully. Like many another thing near it connected with the life of the open, it was a product of evolution, the work of an artist. It has thought in it, and history, and romance, and sugn, and e

In short, of the entire household this is the very one apartment, room or receptacle where precisely the best things may be found. And they are classified as junk! Ah, well—and very well! Let it be so. All art is junk, in the same fashion of speech. You cannot really use a picture, but you can enjoy it.



# Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people really understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take your skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it because, like the rest of your body, your skin is continually changing.

As the old skin dies and new forms, you have an opportunity to make the new skin what you want it to be.

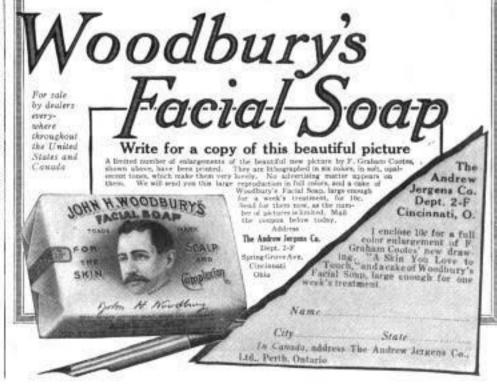
# Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

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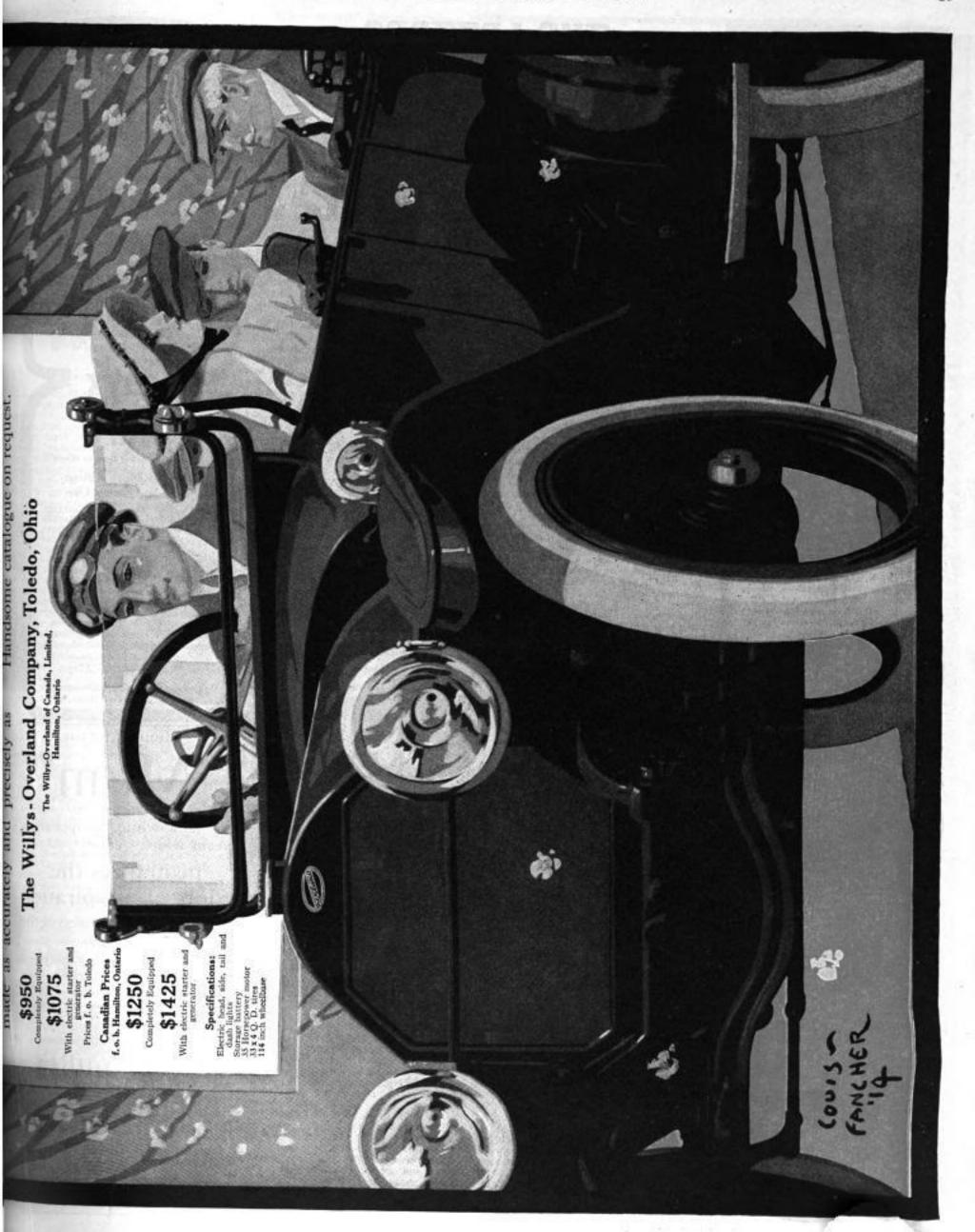
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that is why if costs voll

advertisement.

Ask them about the mechanical efficiency and out-and-out economy of the Overland.



# THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

# Of the Return of the Prodigals

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me are back again from spenden a week in camp verry brown and sunburnt and a grate apetight from outdores life witch is mostly eaten and sleepen and playen round in the woods with nuthen to wurry about eckscept the bishup's butter witch has faded away as a hov's wurries convelly do.

a boy's wurries genrelly do. Hennry's muther was offle glad to see him again and could hardly reckonize him becaws he was grone so mutch in a week and

Hennry and me went to camp the day nifer we got your swete letter full of sim-pathy with a little scoalden and five dollers

witch about eavend it up Hennry said.

The five dollers fickst it so we did not haffto walk the ateen miles home for witch we were verry grateful and we had a little munney left over but we could have walked

if it was nessary. We spent a doller extra besides our bored for gelly and pickles witch made us verry poplar in camp and a high standen among the boys who eleckted Hennry capten of the Wood Rangers for too glasses of currant gelly and fore pickles.

It was a grate onner to be capten of the Wood Rangers with a star on your cote made out of haffa tomatto can flattend out and easy wurth that mutch gelly and pickles Hennry said and I could ware it sumtimes in the afternoons when Hennry wassleepen it off in the tent frum too mutch dinner as boys sumtimes do.

One reesen our muthers were glad to see us back was becaws Hennry and me did not tell them about goen to the camp for a week and there was no way to rite frum the camp and so it was too days before ennybuddy found it out ware we were after looken in all the dry wells and emty barns for us but we were not in enny of them witch wurried our parunts quite a little and thay forgot all about spoylen the butter witch was a little

about spoyien the butter witch was a little
thing beside of not knowen ware two boys
went for a cupple days and nites.

Spoylen a cupple pounds of butter is not
so verry importunt beside of probily losen
two boys don't you think so?

Hennry's and my father was quite eckscited by our not commen home all nite and

the neckst day and not finden us in enny of the dry wells or emty barns and no cricks to be drounded in so it was a grate misstery to them.

Hennry ment to leeve a note in the coffy pot so his muther would find it in the mornpot so his muther would find it in the morn-en tellen them not to wurry becaws we would be back in a few days but he forgot it on account of the hurry getten started and it was too days before they found the trale of us witch was quite a releef to them when Hennry's father came to the camp and found us all rite eccepts for cleen shurts witch was esay to ficks by senden sum frum home but we did not need meany close becaus of beein in swimmen a grate deel of the time and not waren mutch but pance the rest. pance the rest.

But a boy's muther thinks if he has clean shurts he is all rite but it does not wurry him as mutch as it does her. It was a fine week in camp and sleepen on a mattruss full of corn husks but now and then a corncob in your back onley maken you roll over a little and not enny dammidge.

Becaws of not haven cleen sheets it was not nessary to wash our feet every nite after.

goen barefoot all day witch was a grate re-leef to us and did not seem to be enny harm to us frum not washen.

Hennry's stummick trubble witch he had the last time he ett onley haffa wotter-mellun and sum grene pares was all gone the furst day and he would not know he had enny stummick at all eckscept for ware it all went at meeltime

Hennry said it would take a pretty good size wottermellun to scare him now even if it mite be a little grene witch thay sumtimes are but a boy will tackle one ennyway. Hennry said it must be a grate thing to be ritch and have a bad stummick and go

country every summer for pleshure boy liven in a town of too or three erd peeple is appto miss a grate deel of country for witch we ofto be verry teful to you for senden us the munney Hennry and me got home all rite eckscept for pance a good deel worn out frum onley one pare in the woods a week sumtimes swimmen in them and sumtimes climben a swimmen in them and sumtimes climben a tree and sumtimes goen through the black-bury bushes and uther things witch are more than one pare of pance will stand but by walken in the house the back way and beein careful we mannidged to make them hold together till we got home but it was a tits sweet. tite squeaze.

Hennry and me went in the back dore and gave the Wood Rangers' warhoop; to supprize them witch we did and our muthers came out and hugd us tore pance and all and cride and never throo up the bishup's butter witch was a grate releef to Hennry

It was quite a long time getten us cleen becaws of goen barefoot so mutch and needen quite a lot of scouren after the wurst of our feet was scraped off and then soked for a cupple hours in hot wotter sopesuds to

get the rest of it off witch it finaly did but did not look like the same fete afterwurd. Hennry and me also brought home quite a lot of woodtly witch we did not know about till afterwurd and were a little sore but nuther access.

but nuthen seryus.

Hennry's and my muther burnt our pance
in the kitchen fire for supper and a cupple
of our shurts for dinner neckst day witch would hardly hold together to wash after looken them over.

Hennry's nose was quite badly pealed off frum the hot sun on it and his lip crackt open a little and one ear blissterd and his uther thum cut on a tin can not the one partly blone off and black and bloo in sevel places from small surjecture and his back rel places frum small axsidunts and his back quite sunburnt down to ware the top of his pance would be and one of his big tose smasht a little frům a rock fallen on it on the bank out fishen.

But he had nuthen the matter with him

eckscept those.

After his muther put sum cold creme on his nose and sum vassylene on his ear and sum on his lip and rubbed sum on his back and tide up his thum and put a politice on his toe he was reddy to eat his supper and go to bed as well as he could from so menny things rubbed and tide on but it onley takes a little wile for a boy to heel up and he is all

I was so ankshus to tell you all about Hennry I forgot almost to tell you about Hennry and me finden a wosps' nest in a tree out campen.

It was a verry strange thing and Hennry and me did not know what it was when we found it furst but afterward we found out.

Hennry let me carry it furst and it was verry old and dead looken but afterwurd it came to life in a grate menny difrunt places when Hennry and me opend it to see if it was ennything inside of it witch it was a grate menny of them all of witch hurried out as quick as we opend it.

Hennry and me had been in swimmen with onley our pance on witch was mutch wurse for us becaws it was more room on us for them to lite.

A wosp is a grate deel like a bee onley he does not make hunney but uther things he seems to do about as well. When thay lite on you it is a verry hot and sharp pane and a hunderd of them tryen to lite on you at the same time is verry ecksciten for a boy who is just out of swimmen with onley short

pance on and not verry mutch of them.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me and one wosps' nest will last you for a long time if you see the neckst one furst.

We slapt them on the frunt pretty well but we could not slap them on the back and after runnen quite fast for a ways we came back to the crick again and dived in head furst and stade under as long as we could

commen up verry slow and careful.

None of them seemd to be able to dive witch was luckey for us but a good menny were buzzen over the wotter and daren us to come out on the bank witch we did not.

After a wile they got tired of waten and Hennry and me came out and lade in the mud all cuvered up witch was the furst cumfurt we had since we met them.

Hennry and me did not tell ennything about finden the wosps' nest to the uther



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toys becaws we were tired when we got tark and did not feel mutch like talken but it was a grate day for Hennry and me and probly we will not forget it as long as we live and all the places were thay lit on us are not quite gone down yet. I gest the wosps is about all the campen

I gest the wosps is about all the campen you would be interusted in and Hennry and me are both grateful for haven on as mutch pance as we had.

Henny and me are pretty bizzey since we came back organizen the ball nine for sin games this summer.

Hennry and me know a place ware we can get good ball soots for boys for atey sense speace with shurt pance stockens and caps not the best made but plenty good enough for us. We can eather ware our own shoes or play barefoot witch would not be so much expense.

Henry and me are goen out collecten this week and see how mutch we can raze anusg our parunts and other peeple Henry and me know.

A good menny peeple would be glad to give a kworter apeace and be invited to the furst cupple games free. Hennry said whoever gave us the most munney the nine would be named after them this year witch is a fine chance for sumbuddy don't you think so?

Sumbuddy could have a grate onner for maybe a doller and probily a grate menny people will be ankshus to get it when thay find out about it.

find out about it.

Hennry said Uncle William's Winners
would be a grate name but you never can
tell.

If the boys should feel like callen it after Uncle William ast him if he would ackscept. The name would last all the yeer.

Hennry and me send mutch love and are verry happy over the way everything came out and the butter appears to be all blone over witch we owe all to you.

Your affeckshunate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Maybe a haffa doller would get the name of the ball nine but a doller would be almost shure.—W. G.

J. W. Foley.

# WHAT NEXT?

### **Promotion Scouts**

THE promotion scout is a very recent I development in the management of a large corporation, the business of the scout being to find among the employees those who are best fitted for promotion. A Canadian railroad is among the first to attempt this experiment. None of the employees other than the high officials know who the scout is or just what methods he filless to get in touch with the men; so any employee may have company business with him any day without suspecting his identity.

Though it is the duty of the scout to be in the watch at all times for efficient employees, and also, in a lesser degree, to with for causes of complaint, the greater part of his work is not at all haphazard. Records of availability for promotion are made up for every employee by his superior, and these records give the tip to the scout for further investigation.

If any statement is made in the record that an employee is not available for promotion for some reason or other, the employee is notified of the fact and is permitted to file with the report any comment he may wish to make; and the comment may attract the attention of the scout to his case.

# Smelling Balt

THE old belief of fishermen that some fish can smell bait further than they can see it has recently been proved positively true in the case of dogfish, and a smelling bait for fish has now been invented. The proof of a dogfish's ability to detect the proof of dinner was given recently before a meeting of the American Society of Loslogists.

An investigator reported that when the testrils of the fish were plugged up it could not detect the presence of food. When food was placed near and the right nostril of the fish plugged, it swam to the left looking for lood, obviously because the smell of food was stronger to the left.

This evidence, however, was not needed by the inventor of the smelling bait, for he wied on the old belief to this same effect. It is bait is simply a soft-rubber imitation ist made hollow so that it may be filled with fish oil. The oil is allowed to leak out lovely and so notify the fish that an attractive dinner is at hand.

# The Sixth Sense

THE belief of some people that they can always detect the presence of a spider a the same room with them, and of other copie that they can tell when a cat is near, a rousing a lively controversy abroad; and scientific study of the supposed ability as been undertaken by psychologists.

One scientist has advertised for persons the believe they have the second or persons.

One scientist has advertised for persons to believe they have the strange power and are willing to be tested. The existence lany such sense is denied by many scientist, who ascribe it to the habit of noticing very time a guess is correct and taking very size and taking the suggested that it may be true and due the detection of a faint odor.

### Paint Alarms

FIRE-ALARM paint is coming into use abroad. At ordinary temperatures the paint is light red, but when heated it becomes darker. Long before it reaches the temperature of boiling water it becomes black. On cooling it returns to its original shade.

The principal use found for it is in painting machinery parts that are liable to overheating. An attendant needs only to glance at the machinery occasionally to know whether it is excessively hot. It has, however, another application—to give warning of threatened fire.

### Smoke Monitors

THE smoke monitor is an ingenious new device to serve notice in the manager's office of a factory or office building that the smokestack of his plant is pouring out black smoke. In many cities the smokenuisance laws make the owner liable to a fine if his smokestack gives out heavy smoke, which is enough to make the manager interested in the performances of the chimney. Within certain limits the production of heavy smoke means a waste of money by improper firing under the boilers; so in many plants the shade of the smoke interests the main office.

The device is simple enough, being based on the fact that a spark of electricity cannot jump so far through heavy smoke as it can through clean gases from a coal fire. A small current of electricity is kept constantly jumping across a gap in the chimney, the jump being one that the spark can make in clean gas. When the smoke becomes black, however, the spark cannot make the jump and the electricity takes another path. When it takes this other path it will ring a bell in the manager's office or light a red lamp there, as well as one in the fireroom to warn the fireman.

# Testing Fatigue

A MACHINE to show just how tired a man is after a light or a heavy day's work is now proposed by a noted French scientist as the best means for deciding what hours of labor should be fixed for each trade. Many tests on postmen, printers, typewriters and men following other lines of work that require moderate muscular effort have shown that the machine he uses can detect fatigue with much accuracy.

The apparatus is one common enough now to physicians—a device to record blood pressure. His experiments show an increase of blood pressure with increasing fatigue, an additional check on the results being furnished by another blood test.

Having demonstrated that fatigue can be detected with fair accuracy in this way his next step is to find a standard of fatigue that would constitute a fair day's work—in other words, to find the number of units of increased blood pressure that would result from a normal working day.

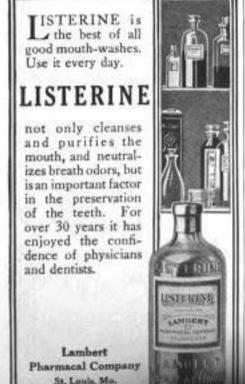
from a normal working day.

His preliminary results showed that the amount of fatigue for an eight or ten hour working day varies considerably in different

SAFETY FIRST! Don't Go Speed Crazy In Your Business The fellow who has his feet on the accelerator all the time generally has the largest repair bills. Sometimes he takes a trip to the hospital. You might say there can't be too much haste in business methods. Experience proves there can be. Advertising is like eating peanuts. There's a fascination to it that keeps you at it. The question is, do you know how many peanuts your business can digest? Fifty dollars worth of advertising in a real market does more good than \$50,000 worth of guessing. Don't imagine that the books advertised here lay out a campaign for you. They just go ahead of you in your business and point out the stretches of bad road. I'm take the wheel. on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open," for those who spend over \$25,000. Advertising simplified, stripped of mystery, and applied to your busi-ness needs. That's what you'll find One book—whichever fits your needs—will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for in these books. If you check "A" on the coupon below, you'll receive "Blazing the Trail," a book for non-advertisers; "B" is "Building the Roadway," for men who spend \$25,000 or less a year each additional Address Town and State Attach this coupet to your besize o letterhead, sixteng it name and official position, and mail to above address.







# Sense and Nonsense

### His Son's Father

GENE BULGER and Ruth Grute, the little daughters of two New York newspaper men, print a paper of their own. It is called The Bugle-Star and it appears weekly

called The Bugle-Star and it appears weekly and, in the form of manifolded typewritten copies, has a growing circulation in the Washington Heights district of Manhattan. William Collier was playing at the Criterion Theater. In the supporting cast were his wife and his twelve-year-old son. During the engagement the younger Collier gave a box party at a Saturday matinée for Miss Bulger and Miss Grute and some of their small friends. After the performance the little fellow served tea upon the stage for his guests and altogether it was a gala occasion.

Occasion.

In the following week's issue of The Bugle-Star the following note appeared under the head of Dramatics:

"William Collier, Junior, the greatest boy actor on the American stage, is starring at The Criterion in a new play which was written especially for him by one of our best-known authors. His work is wonderful from start to finish. His father, whose name is also William Collier, is in the troupe too."

# Erin Go Higher

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, the Irish actor, was to play at the Tabor Grand Theater, in Denver, and in view of the popularity of the coming star the management advanced the price of parquet seats from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

The first man in line when the box office opened for the advance sale was an elderly

Hibernian. He laid down two silver dollars

on the shelf.

"Give me a couple of good seats for Chauncey," he said.

"One dollar more, please," said the boxoffice man.

One dotter more, please, said the boxoffice man.

"Why so?" demanded the patron suspiciously. "I never paid more'n a dollar to
see Chauncey before."

"Yes, I know," said the ticket man, "but
you see Dave Warfield, who is a Hebrew
actor, is playing up the street next week at
two dollars. We thought if a Jewish comedian was worth two dollars, an Irish comedian ought to be worth a dollar and a half."

"Is that so!" snorted the customer. He
snatched his silver back and slammed a
wrinkled five-dollar bill down instead.

"I want two tickets," he roared; "and
don't you give me no change back out of
that five-spot neither, young man. If a
Jew is worth two dollars Chauncey is worth
two and a half, and not a cint less."

# No Such Name

PAUL ARMSTRONG tells of a friend of his, an exceedingly deaf man, who was being introduced to a young woman. The young woman was pretty, but she had a strange name. Her name was Dinglefugle. "Mr. Smith," said the mutual acquaint-ance, "this is Miss Dinglefugle."

The deaf man cupped his hand behind

his ear.

"Please pardon me," he said, "but I'm hard of hearing. What did you say the name was?"

Miss Dinglefugle."

"Miss Dinglefugle."

"I'm awfully sorry," murmured the afflicted one with a strained and puzzled look in his eye; "but I haven't caught it yet."

The other man raised his voice to a shout.

"Miss Dinglefugle!" he blared.

Resignedly, hopelessly the deaf man shook his head.

"It's no use," be said; "sounds like Dinglefugle to me,"

# Open or Closed?

TUST as a large Irish stevedore walked into a water-front saloon in San Francisco trouble broke out in the back room. There were sounds of oaths, of blows, of chairs being overturned and of crockery smashing.

The newcomer's eye brightened. He moistened the palms of his hands after the approved stevedore's fashion, hitched up his sleeves and started for the rear. Then, remembering the proprieties, he halted. "Mister Barkeeper," he inquired softly, "tell me, is that a private fight or kin any-"ke a hand?"

### White Elephants

ALITTLE girl walked into a grocer's store at Bayside, Long Island, and ordered a nickel's worth of animal crackers.

The clerk was in the act of putting the purchase in a paper sack when the small patron halted him.

patron halted him.

"Are there any elephants in those animal crackers?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "lots of elephants."

"Then please pick them all out and put 'em back in the box again," ordered the customer. "My little brother is afraid of elephants." customer. elephants."

### The Value of Illiteracy

A NEWLY landed German immigrant who A could speak broken English applied for the job of janitor of a flat-house in New York. The owner of the building was impressed with the candidate's earnestness and appear-ance, but when he found the German could him down. Nevertheless, he liked the young foreigner's looks so much that he helped him to get work in a construction crew and took pains to keep in touch with him for a

At the end of four years the German walked in on his former benefactor. He was well dressed and cleanly shaven. He explained that he had been so busy he had not had time to acquire even the rudiments of an education, but he now owned a thriving grocery business and had saved some

money.
"How much money?" inquired the

American.

The German drew out a bankbook and showed that he had upward of ten thousand

showed that he had upward of ten thousand dollars on deposit, drawing interest.

"Good heavens!" said the American.

"Fritz, I congratulate you. You're a wonder! You can't write your own name, and yet in four years you've made this much money all clear. I wonder what you would have made if you could read and write?"

The Gorman thought a moment

The German thought a moment.
"A janitor," he said.
The chief merit of this story is that it is uaranteed as true by the man who saw the bankbook.

# The Canny Andy

AS HERBERT COREY tells it, he went to a dinner once where Andrew Car-negie was a guest.

"After the eating was over and the speech-making had started," said Corey, "Mr. Car-negie reached in his pocket for something and pulled out a handful of small change. A dime got away from him and fell on the floor, and at the first chance Mr. Car-negie got down under the table and looked negie got down under the table and looked

for it."
"Did he find it?" asked one of the audience to whom Corey was narrating the incident.

"Did he find it?" echoed Corey. "He found fifteen cents!"

# The Daly Drive

THE late Pete Daly, whose memory is still green wherever theatrical people gather, was a great hand for staying up late. He never went to bed as long as there was anywhere else to go.

In the soft dawn of a June morning he emerged from an all-night café on Lower Broadway and climbed into a hansom, fill-ing it to overflowing, for he was a very

large man.

"Where do you want to go, Mr. Daly?"
inquired the cabby. All Broadway cabbies
knew the big comedian.

"Anywhere," murmured Daly drowsily.
Then an idea struck him. "Drive me to the

Polo Grounds," he said.

The cab jogged north, bound for the ball park, six miles away. An hour later the driver halted his horse outside a high board fence, climbed down from his perch and shook his slumbering fare by the elbow.

"Here we are," he said.
"Where?" inquired Daly, half opening

one eye.
"At the Polo Grounds. Where'll I drive "Drive me round the bases," said Daly, and went back to sleep.

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# ON ACCOUNT OF A LADY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Some fight tomorrow night," said

"Some fight tomorrow night," said Split-tooth tentatively.

"Those big hams?" said Faraday. "No chance—I could lick 'em myself."

"Naw—not them. Whitey and Sammy."

"Oh!" said the sporting authority.

"Yes; if this grudge-fight talk is on the level it ought to be a hummer."

Split-tooth grinned knowingly.

"Don't worry," said he. "It's on the level all right."

"How do you know?"

"Never you mind how I know," said Durkee mysteriously. "P'fessional jealousy! Where do you get that stuff? You're supposed to be wise. You've been round and seen a lot of things come off. What is it that makes most of the trouble between pals, eh? What is it that makes a man want to lick his best friend? P'fessional jealousy? Bah! Ain't there no other kind of jealousy?"

"You don't mean to tell me there's a kind of jealousy?"

"You don't mean to tell me there's a skirt in this!" said Faraday, pausing in the

act of spearing a pickle.

"You've been asleep at the switch a long time, but you're waking up now," said Split-tooth. "A skirt! You've said it all. Pity you didn't know about it before you wrote that bunk about p'fessional jealousy. Gee! That handed me a laugh!" Durkee

Gee! That handed me a laugh!" Durkee moved away from the counter.

"Say, come back here!" Durkee paused uncertainly. "Come here!" repeated Faraday. "You don't mean to tell me that Whitey and Sammy busted up over a girl?"

"I don't meant to tell you nothing," said Split-tooth. "Do you think I want to get in bad with a couple of lowbrows that have got me shaded on the weight?"

"Oh, come on!" pleaded Faraday. "I'd treat it as confidential—honest, I would. I wouldn't tell a soul where I got it."

"Nothing doing!" said Split-tooth firmly.

"Why, you got a nerve to ask me! You eat

"Why, you got a nerve to ask me! You eat here a good deal—you could 'a' seen it with your own eyes."

Faraday struck the lunch counter with his open hand.
"The girl at the cash register!" said he.

"Go to the head of the class!"

"What's her name?"
"Myrtle Schmidt." "How old is she?"

"Nineteen—say, what are you trying to do? Interview me? Nix! You've seen her, ain't you? Brown eyes, kind of dark complected, weighs about the feather-weight limit, been working here about two months — You ain't going to write anything about this, are you?"

"No—of course not!" said Faraday with sarcasm. "I'm just gathering this information for the census bureau!"

"Well" said Splittooth with a sigh "if

"Well," said Split-tooth with a sigh, "if you're going to spill it in the paper it ain't my fault. I can't stop you. All I ask is that you leave me out of it—see? I don't mind tellin' you a few things you ought to know— out of friendship—but I don't want no comeback. I can't go on the floor and mix

with these rough-and-tumblers, and I ain't going out of my class to oblige anybody." "Mum's the word!" promised Mr. Fara-day. "Now then, how did it start?"

FIGHTING Sammy Dugan sat on a rub-bing table in one of the tiny dressing rooms underneath the bleachers of the boxing pavilion, swinging his heels and lis-tening to the roar of the multitude. From time to time he inclined an ear to the earnest words of the Dis-and-Dat Kid, his chief second and adviser.

second and adviser.

"Now remember, Sammy, don't git mad!
Never mind standin' toe to toe an' sluggin'
until somebody drops. Let Whitey fight
dat way if he wants to. Wear him down
wit' dat left an' den wham him wit' de right.

Remember your reppitation, an The door banged open and T-bone Riley entered, a thundercloud on his brow. He held a pink sporting extra in his hand, which he thrust under Sammy's nose.

"You're a fine pair of mutts—you and Whitey!" said he. "Look what you done!" Sammy glanced at the paper and his jaw fell. A double row of black type three columns wide smote him with all the force of a blow between the eyes.

DUGAN AND WILSON TO BATTLE FOR LOVE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

"Wha-what's this?" stammered Sammy,

"Mighty innocent, ain't you?" sneered T-bone. "I'll tell you what it is! It's my notion of a dirty trick! Here's a girl that's all right in every way—behaves herself like a lady, never mixes up in nothing and ain't looking for publicity. A couple of bum fighters get to quarreling over her and between 'em they cook her up a press notice like this. Listen while I read you a sample."

T-bone cleared his throat and read as follows:

follows:
"'The little god of love will referee
tonight's battle between Fighting Sammy
Dugan and Whitey Wilson, erstwhile friends, but now bitter enemies and rivals for the hand of Miss Myrtle Schmidt, a petite bru-nette beauty of this city.' Wha' d'ye think of that—eh? 'Rivals for the hand!' Say, do you think she'd marry either one of you

"Marry!" gasped Sammy. "Nothing like that. And they've even got her name! Oh, if I can get the fellow who spilled this, "Marry!"

Riley, I'll murder him!"
"You're sure you didn't?" questioned

"You're sure you didn't?" questioned T-bone.

"I've never mentioned her to a soul!" cried Sammy. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, somebody spilled it," said T-bone, "and now it's all over town. Whitey says he didn't do it."

"I wouldn't put it past him to do anything," said Sammy.

"That's what he says about you."

"He does? Oh, wait till I get him in the ring! Say, Riley, do you think she'll be sore?"

"Sore!" T-bone laughed unpleasantly.

"Sore!" T-bone laughed unpleasantly.
"No; she'll be tickled to death to have her name mixed up with a couple of cheap fighters! A nice girl wouldn't mind a little thing like that at all! I haven't seen her. She's on the late shift tonight; but I'd ad-

vise you to keep away from the joint until she cools out."

Half an hour later Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson stood in the center of the ring, blinking in the glare of the arclights, ostensibly listening to the referee—an honest, conscientious soul—who droned monotonously about many things, none of which was new.

Said Sammy, glowering at Whitey: "What did you get that put in the paper

Said Whitey to Sammy:
"I didn't. You did it yourself—nobody
else knew."
"You did!"

"I didn't!" "You're a liar!"

"You're another!"

Said the referee, extending his arms and diving between the combatants:

"Here! None of that! Can't you wait till the bell rings?"

Thus, with an added cause for grievance, they waited for the clang of the gong.

The honest and conscientious referee said it was a draw, and three thousand lay brethren applauded that just decision wildly. Then they fell back in their seats, hoarse, hysterical and happy. For once a grudge fight had justified its press notices. As a matter of fact, there was nothing else for the referee to do. With both men on their feet at the end of the battle—dazed, battered and staggering, but still on their

feet-he had no choice. He could not have awarded a decision on scientific points. There were no scientific points. He could not have declared either man a winner on aggressiveness. Both had been as aggressive as wildcats. In the matter of knockdowns honors were fairly even. Whitey had taken the count six times and Sammy five. As to punishments inflicted, there was little to choose. Sammy had a broken nose, but Whitey had lost a tooth. Sammy's mouth resembled a badly bitten damson plum, Whitey had a mouse under his left eye. Sammy had a lump on his jaw,

but Whitey had a split lip.

"And as for blood," said the referee, ruefully regarding his soft white shirt, "between 'em they shed enough of it to free Ireland!"

No sooner had the two soggy gloves been hoisted in the air than Sænmy dashed out at one angle of the ring and Whitey hopped through the ropes at the other, thus violating all tradition. After a drawn battle it is customary for the gladiators to linger as long as possible, leaving the ring separately in order that the applause may be sustained.



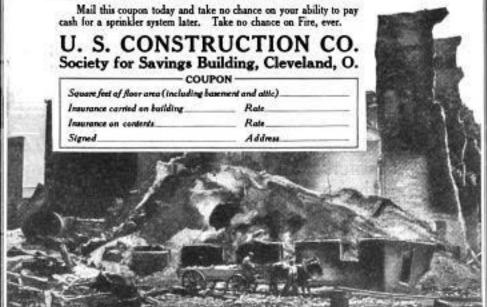
# The "Ash Wagon Argument"

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THE SATURDAY EL

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Two such precipitous exits were never before witnessed in that arena.

"Say, you gotta have dat nose fixed up," said the Dis-and-Dat Kid to Sammy in the

dressing room.
"Plenty of time," mumbled the dis-figured gladiator. "I shaded him in every round, didn't I?"

On the other side of the partition Whitey's handlers besought him to allow them to reduce the mouse by the simple and expedi-ent method of lancing it with the blade of a penknife.

"Tomorrow!" said Whitey impatiently.

"Where's my pants?"

It was a great race and Sammy Dugan won it by half a block. He burst into Riley's place out of breath, disheveled and perspiring freely. Split-tooth Durkee grinned behind the coffee boiler, and Myrtle stared stonily over the cash register. She had put on her hat and coat, and her bag dangled from her wrist. Her nose and ever were suspiciously wrist. Her nose and eyes were suspiciously

wrist. Her nose and eyes were suspiciously red.

"They give it a draw," panted Sammy, "but I win a mile! Say, I want—to tell you—I didn't put that piece in the paper. It was Whitey did that—and——"

This declaration was interrupted by the accused, who hurled himself into the room, also breathless and perspiring.

"Don't you believe him!" he cried.

"S a lie!"

"Oh, you're both here, are you?" said Miss Schmidt coldly. "Well, I just want to tell you one thing: I wouldn't waste my time on hoodlums like you. I wouldn't look at you outside of this place. I wouldn't speak to you! You're trash, that's what you are—trash!" Her voice grew suddenly shrill. "The idea of you dragging me into the newspapers like this—a couple of lowdown hoodlums like you! My fiancé is going to be in town tomorrow. He's a going to be in town tomorrow. He's a brakeman on the railroad, and he's bigger than both of you put together. Just wait till he catches you—that's all!" She had stepped round the end of the

counter and now swept out into the street, banging the door behind her. The battle-scarred gladiators looked at each other blankly. After a time they became aware of Split-tooth Durkee, who was grinning at

them from a safe distance.

"She's quit her job," said Split-tooth cheerfully—"Says she couldn't hold up her head in this joint again. And say, if what she tells me about this brakeman is right you better leave town now. He's bigger'n a house!

Sammy and Whitey exchanged glances

of deep concern.
"If that's the way it is ——" said Sammy

tentatively.

'We better stick together," said Whitey.

"We better stick together," said Whitey. They shook hands.
"We can lick him if he's as big as Jim Jeffries!" said Sammy.
"You're whistling!" said Whitey.
They shook hands again.
"You're a tough bird, Whitey, old boy!" said Sammy. "I'd rather fight a champion than take you on again."
"I never got such a lacing in my life as I got from you," said Whitey, thoughtfully stroking the mouse under his left eye.
"Say, what started it anyway?" asked Sammy.

"Why," said Whitey, "Split-tooth, over there, he said that you was knocking me to

her."
"He told me the same about you," said

Sammy.

They considered the situation gravely, over and over in turning this information over and over in their minds. Then they looked at Split-tooth, who squeaked and backed suddenly into a pile of plates, sending them crashing to the floor.

"Nix! Nix!" he begged. "Ain't we always been friends?"

"You go round one end of the counter and I'll go round the other," said Sammy. "He can't get away," said Whitey.

When T-bone Riley dropped in he found Saginaw in sole possession of the premises,

Saginaw in sole possession of the premises, which bore every appearance of having been visited by a cyclone.

"What's happened here?" asked T-bone, estimating the damage with a practiced eye.

"A whole lot of things," said the night cook: "Your cashier has quit. Sammy and Whitey are friends again. It was Splittooth that got that piece put in the paper. He's in the Receiving Hospital."

"Outside of that every little thing is all right?" asked T-bone.

"So far as I know," said Saginaw.

"Fair enough!" said T-bone Riley.

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# THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 23)

the carse of this country, if he were to act otherwise. Am I right?"
"You are right, senator," Hicks answered. "I am for the people, and I believe I can serve them best as a Democrat."
"Good!" exclaimed Paxton, slapping Hicks on the shoulder. "Now come in and take a little dictation."

take a little dictation.

Hicks went in with his notebook and pendis, pulled out the shelf on one side of the senator's desk and waited.

Paxton lighted a cigar, fussed over some papers and, leaning back, looked up at the

"Politics," he began presently, "may be separated into two grand divisions: Practical politics and impractical politics. Fractical politics is the kind that wins. Inpractical politics is all other kinds. Paragraph.

"Politics has many aliases. It is rarely practiced under its own name, except by those who are designated as the unscrupusus bosses and their henchmen and heelers. All others who engage in politics so engage because some unendurable condition of national or local affairs demands their prompt placing on the payroll in order that

these abuses may be corrected. Paragraph.
"Next to getting on the payroll the important object of politics is power. Power simportant object of politics is power. Power important, because if you have power you can get the money. At any rate you can put others in the way of getting the money, and no politics is a success unless senebody gets it. Paragraph.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows. All combinations and associations you perseally make are excessable because you

smally make are excusable, because you invariably make them for the good of the people. Paragraph.

"Always be unselfish in politics. For example, if called to choose between two

offices, always take the office to which you an be elected, even if it be the lesser one, for any salary at all you can get is better than any salary, however great, that you cannot get. Paragraph."

Paxton stopped, puffed a little at his cigar and then began again:

"The greatest asset of the politician is the people. Paragraph.

"It is well to remember that though the

"It is well to remember that though the jeople may not always be right, they are sweedingly numerous. Paragraph.

"Every politician should observe carefully what the people think they demand, and demand that thing instantly, stridently and continuously. As the people pay attention to politics for only a few weeks each the real the political pears attention to year, and the politician pays attention to politics all the time, it will soon fall out that the people will come to think the re-forms they demanded and you took up are really reforms that you demanded and they

resty reforms that you demanded and they took up. Paragraph.

"Never refer to the people as the people. Always call them the plain people. The great bulk of the people are so plain they like to be told of that characteristic constantly. Likewise, they dote on being held up as the bone and sinew of the nation.

Paragraph

"Always be in sympathy with the wrongs of the people. Never make a speech without referring to the great toiling masses. The great toiling masses like publicity for their greatness and sympathy for their toil.

Faragraph.

"The great toiling masses would be mighty uncomfortable and unhappy if they had nothing to kick about; so if there are no outrages on the body politic think up a feet. Personnel.

few. Paragraph. The secret of successful political oratory is to tell the people what they already know.
If you thunder at them for two hours that honesty is the best policy and virtue is its own reward they will consider you a patriot and vote accordingly; but if you elucidate a new political or economic theory they will say you are trying to sell them out and probably will think you are a crook.

Paragraph.

"Money has no place in politics except to defray legitimate expenses. Money is expended illegitimately in politics when you are caught expending it. Wise politicians have expend money in politics themselves. detection comes, their hands are unsullied and their motives cannot be impugned."

The senator stopped again and relighted his rigar. "That's all for now," he said. "What is it?" asked Hicks—"a speech or an article or what?"

"Neither," replied Paxton. "It is merely an epistle for the aid and guidance of any aspiring young man who desires to become a successful politician."
"What shall I do with it?"

"Oh, make a few copies and keep one for yourself. It might be of use to you some day, for it contains the condensed wisdom of thirty years of dealing with the people in public life."

Hicks looked in the Congressional Directory, and found that the representative from the Rextown district lived in Rextown. He went over to that statesman's committee room and introduced himself to the secre-

tary of the representative.
"I'm T. Marmaduke Hicks," he said,

"assistant secretary to Senator Paxton."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hicks," the secretary responded. "My name is Duffield, James R. Duffield. What can I do for you?"

for you?"
"Oh, nothing much," Hicks replied, "but a friend of mine out home is thinking of locating in some Middle Western city and he wrote me and asked me if I knew any-thing about Rextown. So I thought I'd drop over and see you and get some points about the place."

"It's a good town," Duffield replied, as-suming the tone of a booster. "It's the best town in the Middle West and it is

growing by leaps and bounds. It has the best water, the best climate, the biggest buildings, the most complete street-car system, the finest park system, the greatest hustlers among the business men, the most expensive homes, the greatest bank clearings of any town of its size in that section.

It also has the biggest jobbing houses, and it's one of the largest mill and factory towns anywhere in the Middle West."

"What's that?" asked Hicks—"a big

mill and factory town?"
"One of the biggest," boasted Duffield.

"Why, our factories —"
"How do the men in the factories vote?"

asked Hicks, interrupting.

"Oh, they vote the Republican ticket.
Paddy Ross, the boss out there, sees to
that. Talk about Republican towns and
counties! Why, Mr. Hicks, there hasn't been a Democrat elected out there since Hector was a pup, and Corliss County is unanimous for the G. O. P. every crack out of the box." of the box.

"What is the factory vote—how much of the total vote, I mean?" Hicks asked. "About half, I guess," Duffield replied; "maybe a little more." "How many Democrats are there in Rextown?"

'A thousand in round numbers perhaps. Old Perk Rollins sort of hangs on to them

Old Perk Rollins sort of hangs on to them and herds them up at election times; but, pshaw, they haven't got a chance!"

"Still," continued Hicks, who saw possibilities, "if that labor vote should get away from you and go with the Democrats once, they would be able to clean you up, wouldn't they?"

"Sure!" assented Duffield; "but there isn't a chance—not a chance. Paddy Ross holds that vote for us, and Paddy will hang on to it too, you can bet on that."

holds that vote for us, and Paddy will hang on to it too, you can bet on that."

Hicks asked a few more questions, listened impatiently to another panegyric about Rextown, thanked Duffield, and hurried back to Senator Paxton's office.

"Senator," he said, "that town of Rextown looks pretty good to me. I was talking to a young fellow from there, Malcolm's secretary, and he tells me it is a big mill and factory town and that the labor vote is about half of the total."

"Well?" interjected Paxton.

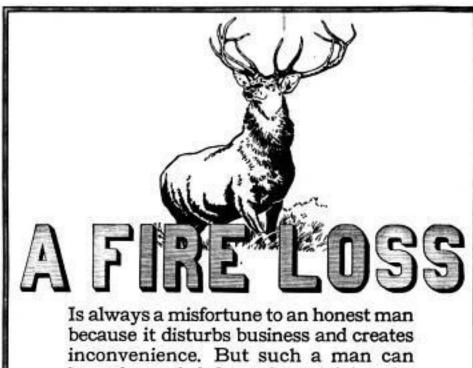
"He says there are about a thousand

"He says there are about a thousand dyed-in-the-wool Democrats too, and there might come a chance, on some local or national issue, to shift that labor vote. Then I'd win."
"Such things have been known," com-

mented Paxton, to whom this situation was no news. "How are you getting on with no news.

"I'll have my degree in February. The examiners will allow me credit for the time I studied back home with Judge Smith, and then I can take the examination."

"Can you pass it?"
"Pass it?" and Hicks laughed. "Why, senator, all my studies have been directed to that end. I have inquired carefully into such principles of the law as will come up in that examination.



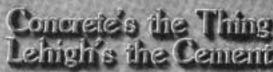
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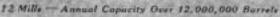
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"I see, and such real knowledge of the law as you will eventually have you will obtain after you are out of law school and a member of the bar?"
"That's the idea," Hicks replied.

Hicks applied himself for several weeks, secured his degree and took the examina-tion. He passed by a narrow margin. Senator Paxton told him he would fix it so he would be admitted on motion to the Rextown bar, on the strength of his District of Columbia certificate, and Hicks swaggered about the boarding house be-cause of his new distinction. Also he let it be known generally that, notwithstanding his association with Senator Paxton, he had concluded that the Democratic party more closely approached his ideals as the party that had the interests of the plain people at heart, and that he had decided to cast his political fortunes with the Democracy for that reason. Paxton and Madden chuckled and everybody else predicted Hicks would

soon lose his job.

Hicks sent for the Rextown papers and read them carefully, familiarizing himself with the names of the people most mentioned in their columns. He gained a smattering of the local politics of the place and informed himself, as well as he was able, concerning the characteristics of the surrounding country and the intrinsicies of surrounding country and the intricacies of

the city government.

Paxton talked with Hicks frequently about the plan, never going so far with him as he had with Madden, but, by skillful reference to the manners and methods of men in Congress, impressing on Hicks the basic political fact that the general political gullibility of the people as a mass is a natural and legitimate political asset. Hicks, on the other hand, though fully convinced of the truth of this, both from what the senator told him and from his own what the senator told him and from his own observations, sought to maintain, and did maintain—to his own satisfaction at least—the pose that he sincerely believed that the people needed his services, and that he could work for them better as a member of the Democratic party. He sometimes combatted Paxton when Paxton was especially bitter and cynical, protesting that the people were not so easily fooled as Paxton thought. thought.

Paxton enjoyed this hugely, for it was evidence to him that he had not misread Hicks, and Hicks thought he was making the impression that what he had in mind was a means to gain a most desirable end, which, as he stoutly asserted to Paxton, was the general good of the people, but which in reality was the immediate and continued. in reality was the immediate and continued good of Hicks. As time went on Hicks be-came enthusiastic over the idea, and Paxton had much amusement in planning the

details.
"How's the Paxton-Hicks coalition com-

ing along?" asked Madden one day.
"Fine!" Paxton replied. "Tommie has swallowed the bait and is trying to make me think he's only nibbling at it."
"He talks to me about it by the hour." said Madden. "I think he's beginning to believe he has a mission to go out and reference.

believe he has a mission to go out and reform things. He's getting a lot of the genuine reformer's earmarks."

"Don't make the mistake of classing all reformers as bogus, Madden," and Paxton was very serious. "There are plenty of men who are earnest and sincere and honest and helpful in their efforts to eliminate a lot of abuses that have grown into our political and economic system. Not all of them are

fakers by a long shot.

"I personally have the greatest respect for a man who believes what he says, and who acts on his own honest convictions. The chaps I detest are these canting, hypocritical, faking humbugs we see round us in such numbers. The great fault of our politics isn't graft or dishonesty, Madden, it's hypocrisy."

He walked back and forth across his

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Look round you. Put any one of nine-tenths of these hand-shakers and four-flushers under the acid test, and that one and all the rest will turn green in a second. Don't spare me.
I am as bogus as the rest of them, only I admit it privately, of course, and they don't. I have been thirty years in public life, and I've made a fortune out of politics and secured a reputation, and am counted as one of the leaders of the Senate. Yet I'd be back home running a grocery store if the people hadn't made it so easy for me. They allowed me to bunko them, and I utilized my opportunities. Some day these people

(Continued on Page 53)



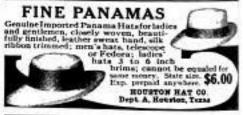
and over again.

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Continued from Page 50

ril wake up, but until they do they themelvs will be the instruments of their own undoing.

Suppose some one tried to wake them

suggested Madden.

"Some one will some day," Paxton re-ied "but not yet and not Hicks. When hat time comes we'll all scuttle for the high green. Until it does come the game ail go on in the same old way, for there's to use trying to get the yolk out of a china ag, or any profit either. So far as Tommie a concerned, he won't try to awaken them. His idea is to keep them fast asleep.

WAS arranged that Hicks should start for Rextown in April. Paxton told him he as wasting time in the office, inasmuch as a had his future plans so carefully con-idered, and urged an early beginning. The easter was much pleased with the eager tanter in which Hicks had undertaken this yucal enterprise of his, and was anxious or the actual test of it. He felt sure he had n able and amenable subject for his minis-mions, and told Hicks not to let lack of noney bother him, as he would assist him inscally at the start.

Il Paxton had not been frank with Hicks ether had Hicks been frank with Paxton. licks was without a scruple and was willof to take any step that would advance in along the line of his ambitions; but he at he should not disclose these inner attiades of mind and conscience to the senator. Is considered the senator's interest in him. wa friendly attempt to aid a young man the had attracted the notice of that statescan by his eminent abilities. Paxton read liks like a book, but Hicks did not get unter than the preface to Paxton. Paxton ad made just the sort of an arrangement of Hicks he had in mind to make, and his reliminary negotiations with Hicks and her working out had given him so much nusement he was sure the processes of insignment would be even more entershing. Hicks felt he had concealed his ul character from Paxton, and had listened b Paston's satirical lectures on the abuses the body politic, which abuses Paxton as daily engaged in making greater, with a air of belief in their literalness that Hicks d vas most skillful dissimulation. Paxton iscussed the attitude of Hicks with Madden ad laughed over it.

"Be's a convert and a crusader, Madden," ad Paxton. "I am constrained to think to the T. Marmaduke Hicks will add to the porty of the nation as time goes on.

flicks finished his work in the office, bade Washington friends good-by and left 
 Salestown to see his mother. Senator
 Salestown to see his mother to see his mother to see his mother. Senator
 Salestown to see his mother to see his moth Senator

'atten drove him to the train.
"Good-by, Tommie," the senator said at before the train pulled out; "good-by ad good luck. Remember that from this ine forward you are a tribune of the peo-a a lifelong Democrat since day before interday and a foe to the corrupt forces of ealth and plutocracy. Above all, be seri-The people must think you are in arrest, else you are lost. Here are a few other thoughts I have jotted down for you. usp me informed of your progress.

He handed Hicks an envelope, waved his and and walked away. Hicks found his ent, arranged his baggage and opened be envelope. It contained a check for a housand dollars and this letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1899.

"Dear Hicks: Let me call your attention othefact that certain traditions and proceents in politics have been in vogue so long hat they have the force of rules. Occasionly a politician arises who does not play the ame according to the rules, but he can be endemned unsparingly as an upstart and demagogue and the traditions and prece-

ents thereby preserved.
"Dress is an important thing, and deends somewhat on the section from which ou come. Do not in any circumstances low yourself to overdress, especially as au are to make your appeal to the plain eople to whom plain living and plain dress-it are marks of virtue. Wear clothes milar in kind to those your constituents ear, or the bulk of them, but do not understimate the value of a plug hat and a tock coat on occasions. Be dignified, but of too dignified. Be familiar, but not too

"Gauge your public carefully and be all bings to all men, but be careful to be the and of thing to each man that appeals to hat particular man.

"For example, never take a drink with a clergyman and never fail to buy one for a ward boss. You are as good as the greatest citizen of your community and no better than the humblest one. Always remember that—when canvassing the district. "There is ample precedent for the state-

ment that no frivolous person ever got anywhere permanently in American politics. It is well to be borne down by the seriousness of the situation and to assume an impressive manner of speaking. Do not allow yourself to be led into any public display of wit, and never by any chance make a public demonstration of a sense of humor. When stating your conclusions, state them with an air of finality that is observed when a justice of the United States Supreme Court hands down a decision.

"Never fail to take active commissions of

Never fail to take active cognizance of any movement or issue or policy that is favored by the religious bodies. Align yourself-publicly-with the better ele-ments, and go to church regularly. This will enable you to carry on, with much less danger of detection, the necessary negotiations with certain politically important

elements of your community.

"Always keep your promises. That is to say, always claim to keep your promises and always assert vigorously that you do keep them to the letter. An expert politician can find many ways for breaking prom-ises—after he is elected; and after you are elected you have secured your reward and do not need votes for the time being. "If you have an obvious thing to do, do

it in a highly complicated manner. Befog every action. Never make a direct statement on a matter of policy and never do a direct thing until you have carefully calcu-lated the consequences. Many a political career has been ruined by haste in such matters. You may have observed that the

trimmer usually lands.
"Do not be led at any time into telling the truth about any political proposition. Truthtelling in politics is the mark of the inexperienced politician, but be careful to lie skillfully and always remember just how

you lied.
"If you want a political place, induce several people to run for the same place. Do not select men strong enough to get the place—that would mess things up fright--but get aspirants who can control a few votes in the convention. This multipli-cation of candidates will help you amazingly. Conversely, it will aid you to beat

some man whom you desire to beat.

"Never talk; always confer. That impresses the people and looks fine in the

newspapers.

"I leave these few final political principles in your hands, confident that you will discover their worth. These and the others I have given you have stood the test of time. They can be relied upon to be most useful. Keep me posted.

Draw reasonably if you need money. Good luck, and don't forget you are a lifelong Democrat. Also, most important of all, be serious-take yourself seriously and the people likewise. "Hopefully,

"WILLIAM H. PAXTON."

Hicks had saved fifteen hundred dollars, and this, added to the Paxton thousand, gave him a working capital of twenty-five hundred dollars. Paxton had secured for him a letter of introduction from a Democratic friend who knew Perkins G. Rollins, the Rextown Democratic leader, and he had a letter to the First National Bank. He had written to his mother to have his father's law books shipped to him, and he had in his trunk his certificate of admission to the District of Columbia bar, neatly framed, also his law-school diploma and his

picture of President McKinley.

He arrived in Rextown on the morning of the second day, went to the Hotel Metropolis, which was the biggest hotel in the place, and registered: T. Marmaduke Hicks, Washington, D. C.

Hicks knew enough about the ways of small-town newspapers to understand that a man who registers in a small town from Washington, District of Columbia, is always considered as a potential newsgiver, and always is approached by the local reporters. Fifteen minutes after he was in his room a bellboy brought up the card of Charles

Bignall, reporter for the Rextown Globe.

"Ask him to come up," Hicks said to the

hellboy, and Bignall came.

"Mr. Hicks?" he inquired as he entered.

"Yes; Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"I noticed on the register you are from Washington. Is there any news in your



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visit—anything official, I mean? I thought possibly you might be in the government service.

service."
"No," Hicks replied, "I am not a government official, although I have been more or less in touch with the workings of the Senate for some time. However, I shall be glad to answer any questions you may care to put to me on Washington topics."
Bignall asked him about a pending measure and Hicks aypertly analyzed it. Fur-

ure and Hicks expertly analyzed it. Fur-thermore he discussed several other live

topics understandingly and with a Demo-cratic angle and gave Bignall a good story. "Thank you, Mr. Hicks," Bignall said, after Hicks had finished. "That'll make a corking interview. Give me a scoop on it,

will you?"
"What do you mean?" Hicks asked.
"Why, don't talk to the other afternoon

"Why, don't talk to the other afternoon paper."

"All right," Hicks agreed amiably. "By the way," he added, as though the idea had just come to him, "you might mention that I have decided to enter on the practice of the law here and hope to take an active part in Democratic politics."

Bignall laughed. "You've got courage," he said, "to come here if you're a Democrat. Why, this town is so Republican the Democrats can't get trusted at the stores. Old Perk Rollins is about all there is to the Democratic party here."

Democratic party here."

"Well, you might add then that the Democratic party in Rextown has been doubled in size and is now composed of Mr. Rollins and T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"All right," assented Bignall. "I've got to jump back and get this in the home edition. I'll take care of you."

Hicks kept his promise to the reporter by going out on the street and inspecting Rex-

going out on the street and inspecting Rextown. He found it a clean, lively city with good stores, good buildings, good pavements and a prosperous-looking people. He walked about until the Globe came out. His interview was prominently displayed on the first page. The opening paragraph read:

"Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, who has been identified with Washington affairs in an official capacity in the United States Senate, arrived in Rextown this morning to take up his residence here and enter on the practice of the law. Mr. Hicks is a well-known Democrat, and in discussing affairs at the Capital made the following comments to a reporter for the Globe.

Bignall had written a very good report of his interview and Hicks was much gratified. As he entered the Hotel Metropolis the clerk, somewhat impressed, said: "Say, Mr. Hicks, there's been a reporter for the Leader round here all the afternoon looking

for you."
"Is that so?" asked Hicks easily. "I am sorry I missed him. If he returns I shall be

in my room."

Then he went upstairs, after buying several copies of the Globe, cut out his interview and mailed one of the clippings to Senator Paxton with no comment. Two days later he received a telegram from the senator which said: "Congratulations. Apparently your face is turned toward the morning." (TO BE CONTINUED)

# Outshining the Sun

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# Crooks all

(Continued from Page 12)

made a mistake in matters like this. Just be good enough to bring me the nippers from my bag in there; then you will take my card up to the captain and say that I desire his presence here at once."
"Well, sir, at that the old boy shoves up

both hands and says:

"I beg you, gentlemen, let me have one word with you—just a word!"

"'One moment, Doctor!' says Eddie.
'But it's no good, my man—you'd better

'But it's no good, my man—you'd better take it gracefully; and remember anything you say will be used against you.'
"The little guy puts his head down in his hands and begins to cry—he just cries. Say, it darn near made me sick.
"'I might have known!' he says. 'Oh, I might have known! But, officer,' he says, looking up to Eddie, 'you'll listen to reason, won't you? Oh, surely you'll listen to reason—I'll make it well worth your while.'
"'Where is it?' says Eddie quick.
"'It's in my trunk in the hold,' he says,

"'It's in my trunk in the hold,' he says, 'every cent; and to-morrow in London you'll have half of it if you'll just listen to

reason.'
"'Doctor,' says Eddie to me, 'I ask you
that this unspeakable to make a note that this unspeakable scoundrel tried to bribe us. Are you aware,

scoundrel tried to bribe us. Are you aware, my man, that this infamy will only make it worse for you in the end? And besides,' he goes on, 'it may be in your trunk in the hold, and then again it may not be.'
"'Oh, it is! I swear it is!' he says; and in a second he's down on his knees, with both his arms wrapped round Eddie's legs, begging and screeching for us to be reasonable. 'If you have any heart in you,' he says, 'I'll divide it fair and square. Show a little 'I'll divide it fair and square. Show a little mercy when you see a man in the gates of hell!' he says.
"Well, at that it flashed over me what

"Well, at that it flashed over me what Eddie's whole play had been; I don't have to have an office building fall on me.
"'Get up!' says Eddie, and lifted him by the collar back on to the seat. 'Doctor,' he says to me, 'I confess that in all my twenty-years career I have never come so near to sympathizing with a wrongdoer. Something in this man has touched me to the quick. I am sorry we ever took the the quick. I am sorry we ever took the case. I tell you frankly that if I saw any honorable way to manage it I should return and report failure to our employers and leave this poor wretch to enjoy his ill-gotten

gains."

"'Half his ill-gotten gains,' I put in quick; and I was going on to say some more, but Eddie kicks me on the ankle.

"'The other half,' he goes on, 'we could make restitution of to the rightful owners, and leave this poor creature to his torment when repentance comes, as I am confident it will come. His own conscience will punish him more effectively than man-made laws.

"At this the old boy goes dippy again, telling Eddie Heaven will repay him for his tender-hearted mercy, and a lot of stuff like that, Eddie being greatly touched by it.
But someway I have a hunch we ought to
get action right there. I says, 'What's the
matter with having the trunk up now and
saving time?' But the old boy won't have it. He says he's in a nervous collapse, and though he feels moved to trust us, still we might play him false and arrest him anyway after we'd got the half that belonged to us. He wants it done on land, where he'll have a fair show. He's trusting us, he says, and why shouldn't we trust him?
"And Eddie's feeling so good over his work that he sides in with him and says it

will be all right to-morrow. But that hunch of mine keeps working. They was some-thing about this lad's eyes I didn't like from the start. So I comes back and says he must have some of it there in the room, and what's the matter with kicking in

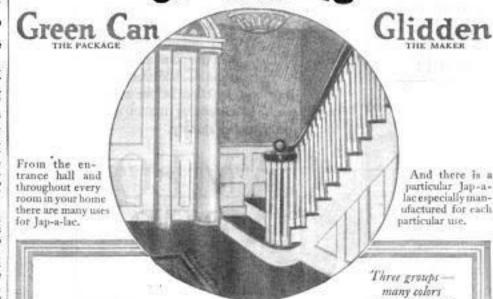
with a little of it right now?
"'That's true,' he says, 'I have some of it here; and to show you gentlemen that I trust you I'll make a partial payment at

"So he unbuttons his vest and throws it open, and there across the top was the two safety-pins like I'd said. Then he takes out some bills, and what do you think he done?

Well, sir, he hands us each a twenty.
"Say, you could have knocked Eddie
over with a match! He even lost his voice for a minute. How would you have felt? How would any man have felt? I says:

"'Say, you must have us sized up for a couple of cheap crooks! What do you mean by it? This ain't no time to kid!'

# Three Things to Remember JAP-A-LAC



And there is a particular Jap-alac especially manufactured for each particular use.

DERHAPS you have not yet begun to realize the broad scope of Jap-a-lac. Possibly you've only used it for renewing old or scarred furniture. Do the big things with Jap-a-lac, too-floors, woodwork, radiators, pic-ture moldings. It's just as much pleasure and satisfaction-the results are just as marvelous.

But for true Jap-a-lac results be sure to get Jap-a-lac in a Green Can and made by Glidden.

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Quality Varnish Makers

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Three groups many colors JAP-A-LAC trans-purent colored fin-ishes — the right col-ors) — color but allow the grain of the wood

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You will find Jap-alac at quality stores. The Jap-a-lar book let gives complete in structions—the color card shows all color-



That sort of thing's not good for the average lawn hose. But that's the very kind of treat-ment Goodyear Lawn Hose is made to stand—year in and year out. There are many Goodyear reasons for it. Read them -



# See the Ribs

then buy your lawn hose knowingly.

Goodyear Lawn Hose is more than mere corrugated hose. It has six heavy rubber rils that run its full length. These prevent all "kinking"—give a moother and greater wearing surface as the hose glides over the ground or is pulled around trees, posts and corners. They reduce the friction immensely.

# The Construction

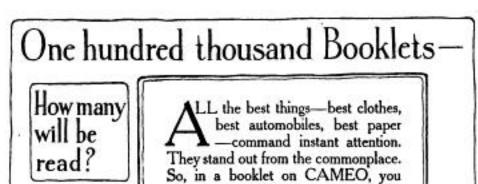
Goodyear Lawn Hose has five distinct layers. The inner rubber tube, then a jacket of braided cotton, then another rubber layer, still another braided jacket, then the outer rubber cover—all absolutely seamless—all "cured" to one solid, weather-

proof, knock-proof, water-proof, wear-proof unit that will give years of service. Every foot bears the Goodyear "Wing-foot" brand — every foot is "Goodyear." You know how seach you're getting as will as who! you're getting.

# Buy This Way

Buy lawn hose wisely. Say "Goodyear."
That insures years of service—and better service. If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immediately, by express, prepaid. Price in 50-foot lengths: ½-inch, 20c a foot; ½-inch, 19c a foot; ½-inch, 19c a foot; ½-inch, 18c a foot.
We recommend the ½-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use,

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Lawn Hose Akron, O.



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has the distinction that attracts instant notice. Its velvety, dull coated surface brings to halftones the beautiful depth of photogravures, giving you the uttermost value of money spent on engravings. Its quality of depth does wonders for all sorts of plates and type matter.

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"And he just says: 'Why it's part of the money; I'm relying on your honor and giv-

ing it to you now, and I trust you to deduct it from your half in the morning."

"Well, I was going up in the air at that, but Eddie just grabs me and says: 'Come on!'

"I took the two twenties just the same, and I says to him: 'You do any of this four-flushing with us townstress and you'll have

flushing with us tomorrow and you'll have your name in the papers!'

"Back to the smoking room for me and Eddie, him looking foolish and me feeling pretty hot to think all our work was going for little or nothing.

"'You can kink me Doe' Eddie sow

"'You can kick me, Doc,' Eddie says,
'only you got to give me good on my system. I shot straight enough, but I got
a mudhen 'stead of a canvasback. That old yap had all the earmarks of making a big getaway. I doped his physiology right, but not his caliber. I sized him for a cashier at the lowest, and here he's some cheap bookkeeper who's likely grabbed off three thousand dollars at the most! I never saw such a blow-up.' Of course I had to give Eddie good for working it up like he done, and I said so. 'And it'll serve the thief right,' I adds, 'if we take the whole three thousand for ours.'

"'Oh, I'm too disgusted!' says Eddie.' We'll be straight with him as long as he's been straight with us. It probably ain't his fault he didn't grab off more.' And right then I feel my hunch again. 'He may be square,' I says,' but I don't like his looks a little hit.'

"It took me the longest time to get old yap had all the earmarks of making a

"It took me the longest time to get to sleep, account of this hunch of mine. 'Maybe it's only three or four thousand,' I says to myself; 'but, at that, he'd do us out of our half of it if he had the chance.' I ain't pertending to be any physiologist, understand, but he looks crooked to me. The last thing Eddie says is that he couldn't ask the guy how much he'd took, because we was supposed to know all about it; and that it couldn't be anything decent or he wouldn't have offered us only two twenties, which was the straight physiology of it and can't be wrong if you've studied it much, like Eddie had.

"Well, we're up bright and early to land at Plymouth, and soon's we get dressed we're in to help our man. He only had half his clothes on and was all gone flooey. His empty suitcase was lying on the bench, his clothes and things all over the place; and he was blubbering round that he had ought to shave off his whiskers. But Eddie says: 'Wait till you get to London; they might notice it on the boat.' So he says he will; but won't we help him pack his

bag—him being so nervous and helpless.

Eddie soothes him down and we both wedge the stuff into his bag while he dresses. And you can bet I saw they wasn't anything in that suitcase he could hold out the property of the stuff on us, either, nor in his clothes, which I takes pains to hand to him. We got all his shirts and things in and put his shaving things on top, like he asked us. Eddie was just fastening the bag when he looks up to the top shelf of the little cupboard and

to the top shelf of the little cupboard and sees a bundle.

"'What's that?' says Eddie.

"'Oh, that,' says the lad, 'that's just some old worn-out underwear I won't need any more; so I thought I'd leave it. But my initials is on it—will that do any harm?'

"'Sure!' says Eddie. 'They might trace you by it. You better let us pack it,' he says. So we squeeze this bundle of flannels into the bag, too, which shows you how we was befriending the little dub.

"Then we went down and had some coffee, and was out on the tender. We made

fee, and was out on the tender. We made the old boy pick out his trunk when it come down over the side and we stayed right by it, you bet!

'It's in a secret bottom I had made,' he says; 'and, dear me, I'll have to shave off my whiskers the minute we get in.' He kind of chirked up, thinking about that, 'It'll make a different man of me,' he says; and we told him it would sure change him a whole lot.

"He was so pitiful that we kept throwing the good cheer into him like he was a sick Just the same, that hunch of mine kept working, and I made a stiff bet with myself that he'd never get that trunk out of my sight till we'd got our money out of it. "The customs lads didn't keep us more

than a minute or two, and there we was in a compartment for London, the old boy saying over and over that he'll feel safe the minute he's shaved. We get in all right, and, say, he was that scared going out of the station we had to hold him up between us-looking for the hand on his shoulder, understand.

"We go to a quiet little hotel where Eddle and I always stop, and get the trunk inside. I stay by that while Eddle gets a room. Then the old boy grabs his bag and

says:
"'Now it's all right for me to shave

ain't it?'
"And Eddie says: "'Yes, for Heaven's sake go shave and

get it off your mind!'

"So he says: 'Will you come with me or watch the trunk till they can bring that up!'

"And I says: 'We'll watch the trunk, if it's just the same to you.'

"I think it's much better you do,' he

says; 'you can't tell who might be about.'

"And off he goes to the room to share, while we waited for the porter that took his bag to come back and get the trunk.

"It won't be much, says Eddle—'cake and coffee for a week; but it was better they nothing."

than nothing.'
"So we chin back and forth there for
about ten minutes, till I says:
"'How about that porter coming back
to get this trunk up?' So Eddie grahe another porter and tells him to wrestle the trunk, and you bet I follow him right along

"Eddie's waiting at the door of the room when we get there. 'He can't be in here, he says, 'because I've knocked!' So the porter with the trunk opened the doo with a key and, sure enough, no one it there. Lust then along comes the fire with a key and, sure enough, no one is there. Just then along comes the firs porter and says our friend changed his mind and went out the side entrance am off in a taxi with his bag about fiftees minutes before. We was surprised at the naturally; but gee, I felt good we had ou trunk there! I knew he hadn't anything is his old suitesse. So the porter puts the

trunk there! I knew he hadn't anything is his old suitcase. So the porter puts the trunk inside and we go in and lock the door and just look at each other.

"'I got it,' I says—'he was too nervou to shave himself, so he went to a barber.

"'More likely,' says Eddie, 'he say some one he knew and ducked out quick to another hotel. Poor little devil!—and left all the stuff here. But we'll be squar with him. If he don't communicate we't take our bit out and leave the rest in the trunk here for him.'

take our bit out and leave the rest in the trunk here for him."

""Well," I says, like you or any may would, 'I ain't greedy so long as I get a I want and what's fair and decent; but don't see how he wins a whole half of after he's left us here to do all the world Anyway." I says, 'let's see how much we split and do the splitting afterward.

"At that we pry the lock loose with poker and pull the stuff out of the trunk the get down to this here secret bottom."

Doc paused. Life died from his face to the stuff out of the stuff out of the stuff out of the trunk that the stuff out of the trunk that the stuff out of the stuff out of the trunk that the stuff out of the stuff out of the trunk that the stuff out of the stuff out of the trunk that the stuff out of the s

Doc paused. Life died from his face color goes from the tropic sunset. Hi stared gloomily into the boulevard's ebbit

"Well?" I said gently, for I saw that !

was stricken.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung other pot-tea!" he commanded in his best Frenc

Then he turned weary eyes on me.

"You guessed the answer. There was any secret bottom; nothing but ches clothes and things, and a few odds at ends of paper that showed Eddie had be slight at first. He was eachier of a honk! right at first. He was cashier of a bank one of them milltowns—and what do you think he'd left with? Only a hundre thousand dollars—that's all! In big bill How'd we know? Oh, we read it in the papers that same day. After fifty years strict integerty, the paper said. It also sat the Burns people was hot on his trail at hourly expecting to pah him at New Orless. hourly expecting to nab him at New Orles when he took the boat for Honduras Tonsilitis, or one them places. "You better believe I talked a few woo

over in that room; but Eddie never as but one thing—he says: 'That underwo he wanted to leave on the boat ought keep him warm through several hard wi ters if he's careful with it, and I think I will be. He seemed like a careful man "So Eddie's back there, hoping he has

got out yet, and I'm here waiting for his But something tells me I won't see his Serves us dead right for being easy will him. We trusted him and stood by his and he ducks out with about every cent? had. How a guy can expect to get alor without no more principle than that— The gay multitude flowed on by us of

The gay multitude flowed on by us on heedless way. How callously it brasht this gothic monument of woe!

"Yes, sir," muttered Doc; "if I omegate him here what I'll say to him all anything you'd care to tell round the evening lamp. A crook, is he? Why, the guy's so crooked he couldn't walk without stepping all over his own shedow!" stepping all over his own shadow!



Also for sale by Splind Co., Richmond, North and Co., Rorton, Mass. Gen. Cles. H. Wood, 1883 Weshing I braz, Hondgrenery, Als.

# THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 9)

live in; the vermin nearly ate me up!"
"The food was so bad that I got sick with
it!" "The camp was filthy; I couldn't stand
the smell!" "The meat was rotten! I was
afraid to eat it. They told me the company
paid for good meat, but the boss was taking
his bit out of the contract."

And been is a payage from the every

And here is a passage from the experi-ence of a young Hungarian immigrant. He had been a cooper in the old country, but found American methods so different that he would have to learn the trade over again before he could get work. He had lived by peddling, odd jobs, and the like, for a year, when he saw this sign in the window of an employment office: "Wanted. fifty men; free shipment; two and a half dollars a day." The story proceeds as

"He applied at once and paid two dollars in advance for the job. He was shipped to a Southern coal mine, where he worked outside shoveling ground ten hours a day. He slept in the company shanty. He was not charged for the shanty, but paid two dollars a week for the bedding. He pre-pared his own meals, securing provisions from the commissary store of the company. He had to buy from the company. . On pay day he discovered he was receiving

only one dollar and forty cents a day. The charges for the employment office and for the bedding were taken out, and the remainder just covered his commissarystore debts. He did not know whether this job was a strike-breaking job or not—only the boss would not allow the men to go away; he threatened to kill them if they went. So during the night he ran away and walked to Washington, and then finally to New York. He slept in fields or in empty barns. His meals he earned by taking odd jobs on farms."

From the threat of the boss it is easy to

see that this, as the Hungarian suspected, was a strike-breaking job.

Being a Russian, with a Russian's temperament and talent for subtleties, Speek believes strongly in what he calls the psychological background. He questions these men and gets from them sincere an exercise the ordinary investigator is more. points the ordinary investigator ignores. He finds, for example, that few if any of them are married—at least in the full sense of the term.

# Ambitious Americans

Some married in youth, but deserted their families. Most have hoped at some time for that experience, which is the right of any normal man; most admit having known in youth some girl whom they wished to marry. They gave over that hope long ago. Homeless, lacking all opportunity to meet decent women, they take what feminine association they can get; and that association they find in and about saloons, which represent in their lives what his club, his lodge, his sitting room or his dancing class represents to the man of better luck or better abilities.

Speek has found, also, the psychological background for that drink habit we have lightly supposed to be the seat of all misery in the American laborer. The American is by tradition and environment rather than by nature ambitious. To the European peasant the order of society seems forever arranged by a superior power; that he should rise to a higher and more affluent social class is usually beyond his imagination. The American, on the contrary, has lived in the land of opportunity.

The notion that any man may rise to the highest position by his own efforts has been dinned into him from the beginning of his education. As time goes on and he fails to rise, as starvation period follows starvation period, he drinks in order to revive this imagination of success that life has almost killed in him; and the fact that his loafing place, his only expression of social life, is the saloon, does not help him to cure the

And this casual laborer of the type I have been trying to sketch figures in all our primitive industries. He furnishes the raw, human material for farming. The day has gone when the American farm hand was a stout young fellow who expected, after he had saved a little money, to stake out a quarter section of his own. The quarter

# Silk - Exquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks \$3.00 to \$10.00 Madras and other desirable shirtings in specially attractive designs, in authentic styles suitable for town and country wear \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

# What Men Know of Motorcycle Tires

# In Four Years One Has Out-Distanced All

In 1910 the first Goodyear Motorcycle tires were sold. In 1911 the output multiplied itself by 32. In 1912 sales were 139 times greater than in 1910. The 1910 figures were multiplied by 183 in 1913.

And this year, three out of every four new motorcycles sold will carry Goodyears. For this tremendous gain there is but one answer—super-service proved by these thousands of tires.

# 115,000 Motorcycles This Year

That is the number of motorcycles that will be Goodycar-equipped in 1914. What better evidence could there be of the superiority by which men have come to know and prefer Goodyears?

Remember, too, that Goodyear Mo-torcycle tires have won and held every world's record for speed and durability. It is not enough simply to make a good tire. There must also be the Goodyear knowl-

edge by which these tires can excel under every road Rival makers say "Just

as good as Goodyears. But the evidence gives you the facts.

Goodyear leadership has been won in the realm of automobile tires. These men meter their mileage, And the same successful factors of leadership now come to you in these Goodyear Motorcycle tires.

What motorcycle tire, then, offers you more than Goodyears? What man can make a better motorcycle tire than Goodyear-based on actual records?

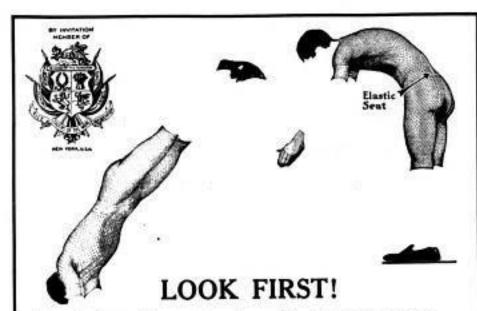
And when you consider that Goodyears cost you no more than other standard makes, why should you take

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YOU will like Chalmers "Porosknit" for its coolness its comfort-elasticity. More than that, for the real qualitythe wear.

But don't buy underwear just because of mere holes. There are many imitations of Chalmers "Porosknit."

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"If any garment bearing the Chalmera 'Peresknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in under-wear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

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sections are all taken up. The farm hand is now a casual laborer, working hard during the plowing and planting seasons, tramping or resting until harvest time, working at bonanza wages for a few weeks during the harvest—and, when that is done, living as best he can during the winter.

Of like habits are the men who construct

our railroads, dig our big irrigation ditches, cut our timber, load and unload our freight

cut our timber, load and unload our freight
at the lake ports. No one can venture a
guess at their number, but it must run into
the millions; and of these millions few, if
any, ever hold steady employment.

This is an American problem. Europeans, it is true, know the casual laborer;
but he cuts no such figure in their society
as in ours. Conditions there are settled;
society has shaken itself together. Though
they have periods of prosperity and depresthey have periods of prosperity and depression, the variation is not so wide as in America. Then, too, they have broken and harnessed all their industrial resources.

When an American railroad suddenly decides to double-track an overland line; when the Government or a corporation undertakes a new irrigation system; when an era of building in our pioneer cities booms the lumber market—we have a mighty shift of labor, such as never occurs in Europe. When the double track or the irrigation system is finished, when a cessa-tion of building causes a drop in the demand for lumber, we suddenly throw back whole battalions of labor into the army of the unemployed.

Again, the psychological aspects of the problem trouble the closer-living European but little. The German, the English or the French laborer does not tend to wander. He sticks to his county, canton or depart-ment. In that district dwell the few less competent men who represent casual labor. They lose their places when work is slack they are the first to be laid off when hard times arrive; but somehow, with the help of relatives and mates, they tide over the seasons of unemployment.

# Better Conditions in Europe

The district is home to them; they have those normal relations with women and family that keep a man sweet on life. They manage even to marry. They have, in short, some social ties other than those furnished by the saloon and the scarlet woman. Their curve of life does not necessarily run downward; though Europe knows the man who, by dint of irregular living and periods of loafing, goes from unemployment to un-employability, that man is not typical there. So far as we can learn, he is typical with us.

The problem, it is true, includes condi-tions we cannot wholly escape. We still figure as an agricultural country; we are still engaged in developing our resources. Agricultural labor and such other primitive labor as ditchdigging, tracklaying and building need an open season. Our seasonal manufacturers, though they proceed most busily in winter, still cannot begin to ab-sorb the army of outdoor laborers made idle by winter. Slack seasons have always been

and always will be. What we can escape is the appalling loss of time in the busy season caused by our grievous and characteristically American failure in industrial teamwork. The Cali-fornian fruit crop is rotting on the trees for want of pickers at the very time when the ag-ricultural laborers of Kansas and Nebraska are resting between planting and harvest. Often the wheat of Kansas and Nebraska is dropping from the standing stalks at the very time when a decline in the lumber market has thrown an army of Northern lumbermen out of work.

Along a certain railroad, which connects Philadelphia and New York, lies a district of passably good agricultural land, un-broken or abandoned. Why, in the slack spring or autumn, are not our unemployed

laborers clearing that land?

And what is our society doing that it permits the headless rush of labor to unprofitable fields? Ford, the automobile man, announced last autumn his famous profit-sharing plan. He remarked, in pass-ing, that he expected soon to enlarge his factory. The news spread through the West; ten thousand laborers, most of them without mechanical training, rushed into Detroit and settled on the town for the winter. San Francisco has been advertising her Exposition. The impression got abroad that there would be much work in San Francisco. For weeks the westbound brake beams and blind baggages were crowded; before the movement ended, the charity organizations



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the arecrest strains.

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of San Francisco were sending out warnings to their Eastern correspondents.

Only last year, at a season when work was plentiful, a railroad wanted a large force for a fortnight's rush work. By promise or hint of a steady job all winter it lured thousands of laborers away from the more profitable harvest—and discharged them all when the fortnight had passed.

fortnight had passed.

The case of John Smith, the floating common laborer, doomed by social forces greater than himself to industrial ruin and premature old age, should appeal, I suppose, to the philanthropy in us; but Christianity is still far from a working theorem in dealing with social forces. And the feeling to which we must appeal in trying to improve the lot of John Smith is enlightened self-interest. He is worn-out and useless for production at thirty-five; yet he has, on a normal expectation, fifteen or twenty more years of consumption left to him.

In some way or other society must support him until the end. Further, half his working days up to thirty-five have been lost, not only to himself but to the world; and a lost day's work, as our copy books used to inform us, is the most complete waste we can imagine. If John Smith does not need those working days, industry as a whole certainly does.

The old-fashloned social moralist, incapable of seeing more than the individual, would have said that the trouble with John Smith was a flaw in his education. Let us teach him a trade; let us establish craft schools. But the trades will absorb only somany men; if John Smith had learned a trade and prospered thereby he would merely have pushed Jim Brown back into unorganized casual labor. We need common laborers just as much as we need plumbers, electricians and paper hangers.

No; it is a matter of teamwork. Europe, with a far less pressing need than our own, has already put that teamwork on foot. In this, as in many other problems of modern industry, we are far behind those Europeans whose monarchic institutions we were taught in our youth to despise. Let us see, in another article, what Europe has done, and what we can do.

Editor's Note-This is the second of a series of articles by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an early issue.

# Rain by Wireless

WEATHER control—rain ordered for midnight, day after to-morrow—may be a wireless victory in the next generation. Now it is weird and visionary; but Sir Oliver Lodge, who is in the top rank of living scientists, thinks it not improbable, and is now calling on his fellows to begin wireless studies with this purpose in mind. The more there is discovered about the way wireless telegraphy works, the more it is evident that weather and wireless waves are tangled with each other.

Almost every one knows that wireless telegraphy works better by night than by day and has peculiar jumps of efficiency at sunset. A wireless operator on shipboard in the far North found that during a display of the aurora borealis the northern lights were widely disturbed when he sent out wireless signals from his ship.

The growing theory concerning the way wireless waves follow the curve of the earth is, in simple language, that the upper layers of the air form a sort of magnetic cushion against which the wireless waves can bound along. Sir Ollver wishes to have experiments made by discharging very powerful wireless waves from kites under all kinds of weather conditions, in order to ascertain whether the waves will, under any conditions, make clouds condense into rain, or prevent them from condensing.

rain, or prevent them from condensing.

It is not to be expected, of course, that rain could be obtained from a dry sky, but normal conditions of the air would leave much opportunity for weather control if the theory should prove workable.

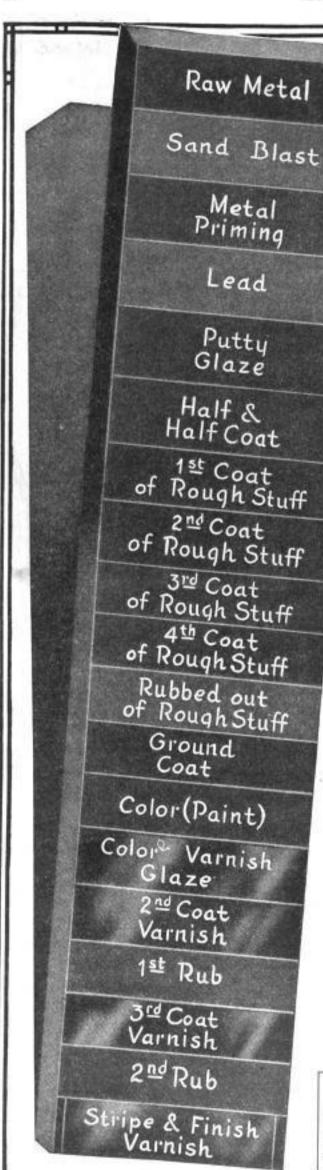
The total eclipse of the sun on a path from Greenland to Persia next August is to be made the occasion for elaborate wireless experiments. Wireless signals will be sent out from within the path of shadow and across the shadow, and the effect of the shadow on these signals should give more clews to the whole problem.







-





**7**OU'VE observed, haven't you, that the Studebaker FOUR finish looks as bright and clean and fine after a year's hard use as in the beginning? That kind of finish fights off depreciation.

What do we mean by that?

We mean it adds actual cash value when you sell the car and buy another.

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Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Behold, m'sieur! We are now approach-ing a wine shop on the left. You were most gracious and kind in the matter of luncheon.
Kindly permit me to do the honors now.

It is a very good wine shop—I know it
well. Shall we stop for a glass together,

It was the first time since we landed at Calais that a native-born person had offered to buy anything, and, being ever desirous to assist in the celebration of any truly notable occasion, I accepted and the car was stopped. We were at the portal of the wine shop when he plucked at my sleeve offering another suggestion:
"The chauffeur now-he is a worthy

fellow, that chauffeur. Shall we not invite

I was agreeable to that too. So he called the chauffeur and the chauffeur disentangled his whiskers from the steering gear and came and joined us. The chauffeur and I each had a small glass of light wine, but the general took brandy. Then ensued a spirited dialogue between him and the woman who kept the shop. Assuming that I had no interest in the matter, I studied the pictures behind the bar. Presently, having reduced the woman to a state of compara-

tive silence, he approached me.
"M'sieur," he said, "I regret that this
has happened. Because you are a foreigner and because you know not our language, that woman would make an overcharge; but she forgot she had me to deal with. I am on guard! See her! She is now quelled! have given her a lesson she will not soon orget. M'sieur, the correct amount of the sill is two-francs-ten. Give it to her and let

s begone!"
I still have that guide's name and address n my possession. At parting he pressed is card on me and asked me to keep it; and I did keep it. I shall be glad to loan it o any American who may be thinking of soing to Paris. With the card in his pocket will know exactly where this guide lives; and then, when he is in need of a guide, he an carefully go elsewhere and hire another

I almost failed to mention that before we arted he tried to induce us to buy somehing. He took us miles out of our way a pottery and urged us to invest in its ares. This is the main purpose of every side—to see that you buy something and terward to collect his commission from the topkeeper for having brought you to the iop. If you engage your guide through se porter at your hotel you will find that steers you to the shops the hotel people we already recommended to you; but you break the porter's heart by hiring arguide outside, independently, the guide eers you to the shops that are on his own ivate list.

# A Transaction in Gaiters

Only once I saw a guide temporarily imped, and that was in Venice. The ies were leaky that day and the weather s raw; and one of the ladies of the party re pumps and silk stockings. For the otection of her ankles she decided to buy pair of cloth gaiters; and, stating her ention, she started to go into a shop that alt in those articles. The guide hesitated noment only, then threw himself in her th. The shops hereabout were not to be sted—the proprietors, without excep-n, were rogues and extortioners. If dame would have patience for a few of moments he would guarantee that she what she wanted at an honest price. seemed so desirous of protecting her

t she consented to w n a minute, on a pretext, he excused self and dived into one of the crooked ys that thread through all parts of nice and make it possible for one who wis their windings to reach any part of city without using the canals. Two of secretly followed him. Beyond the first ning he dived into a shoe shop. Emergafter a while he hurried back and led lady to that same shop, and stood by, ling softly, while she was fitted with ers. Until now evidently gaiters had been on his list, but he had taken steps emedy this; and though his commis-on a pair of sixty-cent gaters could have been very large, yet, as some osopher has so truly said, every little added to what you have makes just a

licum more.

Indeed, the guide never overlooks the smallest bet. His whole mentality is focused on getting you inside a shop. Once you are there, he stations himself close behind you, reënforcing the combined importunities of the shopkeeper and his assembled staff with gentle suggestions. The depths of self-abasement to which a shopkeeper in Europe will descend in an effort to sell his goods surpasses the power of description. London tradesman goes pretty far in this direction—often he goes as far as the side-walk, clinging to the hem of your garment and begging you to return for one more look; but the Continentals are still worse. A Parisian shopkeeper would sell you the

bones of his revered grandmother if you wanted them and he had them in stock; and he would have them in stock too, because, as I have stated once before, a true Parisian never throws away anything he can save. I heard of just one single instance where a customer desirous of having an article and willing to pay the price failed to get it; and that, I would say, stands with-out a parallel in the annals of commerce and

An American lady visiting her daughter, an art student in the Latin Quarter, was walking alone when she saw in a shop win-dow a lace blouse she fancied. She went inside and by signs, since she knew no French, indicated that she wished to look at that blouse. The woman in charge shook her head, declining even to take the gar-ment out of the window. Convinced now, womanlike, that this particular blouse was the blouseshedesired above all other blouses the American woman opened her purse and indicated that she was prepared to buy at the shopwoman's own valuation, without the privilege of examination. The shop-woman showed deep pain at having to refuse the proposition, but refuse it she did; and the would-be buyer went home angry and perplexed and told her daughter what had happened.

# Where Desdemona Never Lived

"It certainly is strange," the daughter said. "I thought everything in Paris, ex-cept possibly Napoleon's tomb, was for sale! This thing will repay investigation. Wait until I pin my hat on. Does my nose need powdering?

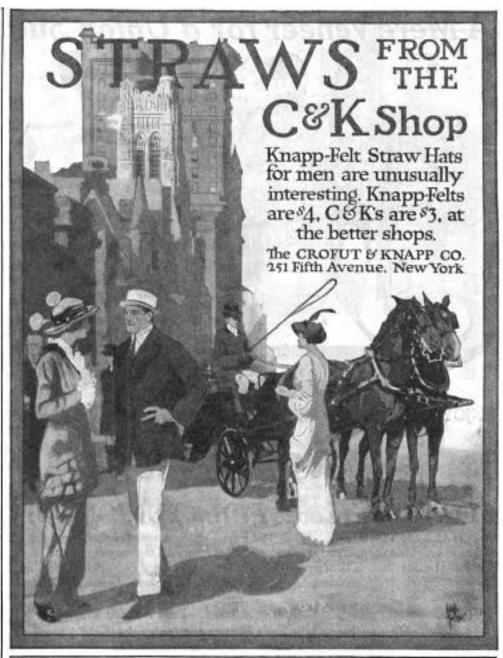
Her mother led her back to the shop of the blouse and then the puzzle was revealed—for it was the shop of a dry cleanser and the blouse belonged to some patron and was being displayed as a sample of the work done inside; but undoubtedly such a thing never before happened in Paris and probably

never before happened in Paris and probably never will happen again.

In Venice not only the guides and the hotel clerks and porters but even the simple gondoliers have a secret understanding with all branches of the retail trade. You get into a long, snaky, black gondola and fee the beggar who pushes you off, and all the other baggars who have assisted in the push-ing off or have merely contributed to the ing off or have merely contributed to the success of the operation by being present, and you tell your gondoller in your best Italian or your worst pidgin English where you wish to go.

It may be you are bound for the Rialto; or for the Bridge of Sighs, which is chiefly distinguished from all the other bridges by being the only covered one in the lot; or for the house of Desdemona. The lady Desdemona never lived there or anywhere else, but the house where she would have lived, had she lived, is on exhibition daily from nine to five; admission one lira. Or perchance you want to visit one of the ducal hat are so numerous These palaces are still tenanted by the descendants of the original proprietors; one family has perhaps been living in one palace three or four hundred years. But now the family inhabits the top floor, doing light housekeeping up there, and the lower floor, where the art treasures, the tapestries and the family relics are, is in charge of a caretaker, who collects at the door and then leads you through.

Having given the boatman explicit directions you settle back in your cushioned seat to enjoy the trip. You marvel how he, standing at the stern, with his single oar fitted into a shallow notch of his steering post, propels the craft so swiftly and guides it so surely by those short, twisting strokes of his. Really, you reflect, it is rowing by shorthand. You are feasting your eyes on





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In this week's issue of

# The COUNTRY

Five Cents the copy of all newsdealers. \$1,50 the year by mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania the wonderful color effects and the group-ings that so enthuse the artist, and which he generally manages to botch and boggle when he seeks to commit them to canvas; and betweenwhiles you are wondering why all the despondent cats in Venice should have picked out the Grand Canal as the most suitable place in which to commit suicide, when—bump!—your gondola swings up against the landing piles in front of a glass factory and the entire force of helpers rush out and seize you by your arms—or by your legs, if handler—and try to drag you inside, while the affable and accommodating gondolies boosts you from behind

while the affable and accommodating gondoller boosts you from behind.

You fight them off, declaring passionately that you are not in the market for colored glass at this time. The hired hands
protest; and the gondoller, cheated out of
his commission, sorrows greatly, but obeys
your command—at least he pretends to
obey it; but a minute later he brings you
up broadside at the water-level doors of a
shon dealing in antiques, known approprishop dealing in antiques, known appropri-ately as antichitas, or at a mosaic shop or a curio shop. If ever you do succeed in reach-ing your destination it is by the exercise of much profanity and great firmness of will. The most insistent and peaky shopkeepers

of all are those who hive in the ground floors of the professedly converted palaces that face on three sides of the Square of Saint Mark's. You dare not hesitate for the smallest fractional part of a second in front smallest fractional part of a second in front of a shop here. Lurking inside the open door is a husky puller-in; and he dashes out and grabs hold of you and will not let go, begging you in spagnettified English to come in and examine his unapproachable assortment of bargains. You are not compelled to buy, he tells you; he only wants you to gaze on his beautiful things. Believe him not! Venture inside and then decline to purchase and he will think up new and subtle Italian forms of insult and insolence to visit on you. They will have brass bands out for you if you invest and brass knuckles if you do not.

### The Aristocrats of Venice

There is but one way of escape from their everlasting persecutions, and that is to flee to the center of the square and enjoy the company of the pigeons and the photog-raphers. They—the pigeons, I mean— belong to the oldest family in Venice; their lineage is of the purest and the most unde-filed. For upward of seven hundred years the authorities of the city have been feeding and protecting the pigeons, of which these countless blue-and-bronze flocks are the direct descendants. They are true aristo-crats; and, like true aristocrats, they are content to live on the public funds and grow fat and sassy thereon, paying nothing in

No: I take that part back-they do pay No; I take that part back—they do pay something in return; a full measure. They pay by the beauty of their presence, and they are surely very beautiful, with their dainty mincing pink feet and the sheen on the proudly arched breast coverts of the cock birds; and they pay by giving you their trust and their friendship. To gobble the gifts of dried peas, which you buy in little cornucopias from convenient venders for distribution among them, they come for distribution among them, they come wheeling in winged battalions, creaking and cooing, and alight on your head and shoulders in that perfect confidence which so delights humans when wild or half-wild creatures bestow it on us; though, at every opportunity, we do our level best to hunt

and harry them to death.

At night, when the moon is up, is the time to visit this spot. Standing here, with the looming pile of the Doge's Palace bulked behind you, and the gorgeous but some-what garish decorations of the great cathe-dral softened and soothed into perfection of outline and coloring by the half light, you can for the moment forget the fallen state of Venice, and your imagination peoples the splendid plaza for you with the ghosts of its dead and vanished greatnesses. conceive of the place as it must have looked in those old, brave, wicked days, filled with knights, with red-robed cardinals and clanking men at arms, with fair ladies and grave senators, slinking bravos and hired assas-

senators, sinking braves and mred assas-sins—and all so gay with silk and satin and glittering steel and spangling gems.

By the eye of your mind you see His Illuminated Excellency, the frosted Christ-mas card, as he bows low before His Eminence, the pink Easter egg; you see, half hidden behind the shadowed columns of the long portico, an illustrated Sunday supplement in six colors bargaining with a stick of



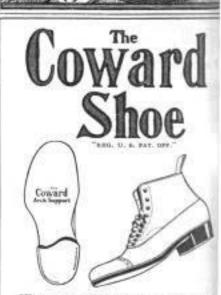
# "Locating The Spark Plug"

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singed peppermint candy to have his best friend stabbed in the back before morning; mend standed in the back before morning;
you see giddy poster designs carrying on
firstices with hand-painted valentines;
you catch the love-making, overhear the
intriguing, and scent the plotting; you are
an eventures to a slice out of the life of the nest sinister, the most artistic and the most

nurderous period of Italian history.

But by day imperious Caesar, dead and num'd to day, stops a hole to keep the wind may; and the wild ass of the ninety-day nor stamps his heedless hoofs over the spot where sleeps the dust of departed grandeur. By day the chug of the motor boat routs not old sleepy echoes from cracked and crannied ruins; the burnished golden frescos of Saint Mark's blare at you as with brane trumpets; every third medieval durch has been turned into a moving-picture place; and the shop-keeping paraates buzz about you in vermin swarms and bere holes in your pocketbook until it is al one large, painful welt. The emblem of Verice is the winged lion. It should be the boll weevil.

In Rome it appears to be a standing rule that every authenticated guide shall be a rolent Socialist and therefore rampantly antiderical in all his views. We were in Rame during the season of pilgrimages. From all parts of Italy, from Bohemia and Hangary and Spain and Tyrol, and even from France, groups of peasants had come to Rone to worship in their mother church and to be blessed by the supreme pontiff of their faith. At all hours of the day they were pasing through the streets, bound for Saint Peter's or the Vatican, the women with kerchiefs over their heads, the men in their Suday best, and all with badges and tokens

on their breasts. At the head of each straggling procession would be a black-frocked village priest, at ence proud and humble, nervous and exalted. A man might be of any religion or of to religion at all, and yet I fail to see how be could watch, unmoved, the uplifted faces of these people as they clumped over the mobiles of the Holy City, praying as they went. Some of them had been saying up ill their lives, I imagine, against the comng of this great day; but our guide—and we tried three different ones—never beheld this sight that he did not sneer at it; and not once did he fail to point out that most of the pilgrims were middle-aged or old, taking this as proof of his claim that the Church no longer kept its hold on the younger people, even among the peasant classes.

The still more frequent spectacle of a marching line of students of one of the holy calleges, with each group wearing the dis-tinctive insignia of its own country—purple ross or green sashes, or whatnot—would exite him to the verge of a spasm.

# The Terrible Rollmops

Our guide in Vienna was the most stupid human being I ever saw. He was profoundly ignorant on a tremendously wide range of subjects; really, he had a most complete repertoire of ignorance. He must complete repertoire of ignorance.

have spent years of study to store up so
mininformation. This much interesting misinformation. This guide was much addicted to indulgence in a peculiar form of twisted English, and at odd moments given to the consumption of a delicacy of strictly Germanic origin, known in the language of the Teutons as a Rollmops. A Rollmops consists of a large dilled
turumber, with a pickled herring coiled
round it ready to strike, in the design of the
nattlemake-and-pinetree flag of the Revolation, the motto in both instances being in effect: "Don't monkey with the buzz saw! He carried his Rollmops in his pocket and bequently, in art galleries or elsewhere, would draw it out and nibble it, while Esseminating inaccuracies touching on pictures and statues and things.

Among other places, he took us to the church in Vienna. As I now recolect it was six hundred years old. No; on erond thought I will say it must have been ider than that. No church could possibly secome so moldy and mangy looking as hat church looked in only six hundred ears. The object in this church that intersted me most was contained in an ornate has case placed near the altar and alongide the relics held to be sacred. It did not xuctly please me to gaze at this article; out the thing had a fascination for me;

will not deny that. It seems that a couple of centuries ago here was an officer in Vienna, a captain in ank and a Frenchman by birth, who, in he midst of disorders and licentiousness,

lived so godly and so sanctified a life that his soldiers took it into their heads that he was really a saint, or at least had the making of a first-rate saint in him and, therefore, must lead a charmed life. So-thus runs the tale-some of them laid a wager with certain Doubting Thomases, also soldiers, that neither by fire nor water, neither by rope nor poison, could he take harm to himself. Finally they decided on fire for the test. So they waited until he slept—those simple, honest, chuckle-headed chaps—and then they slipped in with a light and touched him off. Well, sir, the joke certainly was on those soldiers. He burned up with all the spontaneous enthusiasm of a celluloid comb. For qualities of instantaneous combustion he must have been the equal of any small-town theater that ever was built—with one exit. He was practi-cally a total loss and there was no insurance.

They still have him, or what is left of him, in that glass case. He did not exactly suffer martyrdom—though probably he per-sonally did not notice any very great difference-and so he has not been canonized; nevertheless, they have him there in that church. In all Europe I saw only one sight to match him, and that was down in the crypt under the Church of the Capuchins, in Rome, where the dissected cadavers of four thousand dead—but not gone—monks are worked up into decorations. There are altars made of their skulls, and chandeliers made of their thigh bones; frescoes of their spines; mosaics of their teeth and dried muscles; cozy corners of femurs and pelvises and tibias. There are two classes of travelers I would strongly advise not to visit the crypt of the Capuchins' Church—those who are just about to have dinner and want to have it, and those who have just had dinner and want to keep on having it.

### The Tragedy of Two Bound Hands

At the royal palace in Vienna we saw the finest, largest and gaudiest collection of crown jewels extant. That guide of ours seemed to think he had done his whole duty toward us and could call it a day and knock off when he led us up to the jewel collections, where each case was surrounded by pop-eyed American tourists taking on flesh

at the sight of all those sparklers and figur-ing up the grand total.

The display of all those gems, however, did not especially excite me. There were too many of them and they were too large. A blue Kimberley in a hotel clerk's shirt-front or a pigeon-blood ruby on a faro dealer's little finger might hold my attention and win my admiration; but where jewels are piled up in heaps like anthracite in a coal bin they thrill me no more than the anthracite would.

A quart measure of diamonds of the average size of a big hailstone does not make me think of diamonds but of hailstones. I could remain as calm in their presence as I should in the presence of a quart of cracked ice; in fact, calmer than I should remain in the presence of a quart of cracked ice in Italy, say, where there is not that much ice, cracked or otherwise. In Italy a bucketful of ice would be worth traveling miles to see.

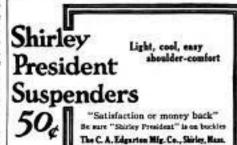
ou could sell tickets for it. In one of the smaller rooms of the palace we came on a casket containing a necklace of great smoldering rubies and a pair of bracelets to match. They were as big as cranberries and as red as blood—as red as arterial blood. And when, on consulting the guidebook, we read the history of those rubies the sight of them brought a picture to our minds, for they had been a part of the wedding dowry of Marie Antoinette. Once on a time this necklace had spanned the slender white throat that was later to be sheared by the guillotine, and these brace-lets had clasped the same white wrists that were roped together with an ell of hangman's hemp on the day the desolated queen rode, in her patched and shabby gown, to the Place de la Révolution.

I had seen paintings in plenty and read descriptions galore of that last ride of the Widow Capet, going to her death in the tumbril, with the priest at her side, and her poor, fettered arms twisted behind her, and her white face bared to the jeers of the mob; but the physical presence of those precious, useless baubles, which had cost so much and yet had bought so little for her, made more vivid to me than any picture or any story the most sublime tragedy of The Terror the tragedy of those two bound hands.

Editor's Note-This is the ninth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The tenth will appear in an early number.









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# The Cadillac State of Mind

Doubtless you know what we mean when we speak of the Cadillac state of mind.

We mean the way that everyone—everywhere—talks and thinks and feels about the Cadillac.

That state of mind is the same today as it was yesterday, a year ago yesterday, and ten years ago yesterday.

It will be the same tomorrow and, no doubt, a year from tomorrow, and ten years from tomorrow.

But what a wonderful thing it is when you come to analyze it—this country-wide, world-wide unanimity.

It seems almost incredible that so many millions of people, who differ and disagree on a myriad of other subjects, should so strikingly, startlingly concur concerning one motorcar.

This concurrence is not confined to the Cadillac clientele.

It is not confined to Cadillac owners nor to Cadillac dealers.

It is shared by owners of all kinds of cars, by dealers in all kinds of cars, and by makers of all kinds of cars.

And what is it they admit concerning the Cadillac?

They agree, unconsciously perhaps, in regarding the Cadillac as a car apart—a car not in any "class" excepting its own.

You must have had the evidence of this yourself, hundreds of times—in hundreds of different ways.

You must have heard a score of hot discussions concerning other cars stop short when some one said "Cadillac."

"Oh, well—of course—the Cadillac." You've heard that time and time again, haven't you?

Well, for every time you have heard it, the same admission of pre-eminence has been uttered a hundred thousand times.

In the face of such overwhelming tribute, how idle it would be for us to intrude our own modest praises of Cadillac characteristics.

How futile to enter our claims of supremacy which everyone concedes—which no one disputes.

How much better to refer you to your own city, to your friends—to yourself!

Even though you do not drive a Cadillac, you must know that you would surely not be the loser if you did.

You know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is a good thing to be a Cadillac owner.

And some day, when you obey your innermost convictions, you surely will, if you can, become a Cadillac user.

# STYLES AND PRICES



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# THE LANTESCANE ROSES

(Continued from Page 18)

Persis sat down helplessly on the cabin couch. She felt fairly unequal to facing Tom with these in evidence. He could not possibly suppose the steamship company was an Italian landlord.

"Take them away and put them on the table," she added after an instant's thought. As the man moved obediently to do her bidding she stopped him. "Wait a minute!"
From the mass she chose a single flower.
"That's all, thank you."
She waited until he had left the room

before she opened her traveling bag, took out a volume of Browning, which she had been intending to read all the way, and care-fully laid the rose within. Then she put the

Browning back into her bag.
"That's the last of that nonsense!" she

said to herself with great decision. Even as she said it she felt a sudden rending of her heartstrings. All the whistles had stopped shrieking and she became aware of slow pulses beating in the soles of her feet. The ship was moving. She climbed hurriedly on the couch and gazed out through the porthole. The wash of a placid sea was the first thing she saw and, widening across it momently, a pier, a shore, Genoa, Italy itself, diminishing and slipping and fading from her view every minute, becoming faint, like the remembered perfume of a

By another day the salt breath of the sea By another day the sait breath of the sea had driven even the last vestige of that per-fume away. And by another week Persis had ceased to sigh for a remoter shore and saw her own native land—any land at all, indeed—looming in her dreams as an infi-nitely desirable though too-remote possibil-ity; which is only a way of saying that they had the usual Christmas crossing and got in two days late, on Christmas Eye itself. two days late, on Christmas Eve itself.

Persis, with feminine forethought, had laid in her store of gifts abroad and tied them all neatly in ribboned packages during what might be called days of convalescence; but Tom had put his trust in Providence— "So like a man!" said Persis disapprov-ingly. Wherefore it was agreed between them that Persis should go straight to their apartment, while Tom dashed down to the office and tipped everybody in sight, thereafter stopping all the way up Fifth Avenue to lay in presents for innumerable sisters,

cousins and aunts.
"I'll be up for dinner anyhow," he said cheerfully, putting Persis carefully into

their waiting car.

Then, beckoning a taxi, he piled himself in, with all Persis' beribboned gifts for distribution, and rolled away, a monument to American patience in the masculine and happy as only the returned American can be.

The warmth of their pretty and luxurious apartment, all glowing with color and comfort and with many ingenious electric contrivances for yet more comfort, cheered even Persis' heart. Tom's mother had been over and even the dinner was waiting, ready to be served. Secure in the undisturbed privacy of Christmas Eve, Persis made herself happy in a luxurious house gown; and while she waited for Tom she amused herself by reading the cards on the piles of boxes and packages heaped in heart-warming anticipation of their Christmas return.

There was a pile of letters, too, and she began sorting these. One was from Janet Seabury, with the San Carlo postmark; she laid it aside to read first of all, and as she put it down she had a curious obsession. It seemed to her the room was full of the perfume of roses, yet there were no roses about. Her cheeks grew warm. Was it possible the sight of an Italian postmark could call up associations so vividly as to make her smell imaginatively?

She sniffed again. There were roses in the room—she was sure of it! Her questing eyes fell with sudden relief on a long pasteboard box. That was it, of course! Somebody had sent her roses for Christmas; it happened every year. To make sure, she opened the box; and with the half-lifted cover in her hand she stopped to ask herself an absurd question: Would the roses be red? And then, as suddenly, she found herself supposing things. Suppose? And suppose? She lifted the cover, and stood gazing almost superstitiously at the con-tents of the box. The roses were re 1-and there was no card. She rang for the ser ant. "When did these come?

They had come sometime that morning, the maid did not know precisely when, from one of the florists; the maid did not

know which. The bell had been ringing all day, but she had understood the boy to say it was an order from Europe. The maid asked whether she should put them on the

table.

"No," said Persis. "Put them"—she hesitated a moment—"in the drawing room," she concluded.

Was this what the count had meant by his enigmatic "Perhaps not—who knows?" Nearby attentions might mean anything, but attentions across an ocean could mean but one thing.

It secretly excited and pleased her to think this thing might be, even though she determined that, of course, she must not let it be if it really was. She must take steps to end it at once.

Suddenly she remembered Janet's note. Janet was not a very perspicacious person, but she might accidentally drop some word. Persis sat down, looking very much as she had looked in the Lantescane gardens, and tore open the note. She read it hurriedly, passing over the "lovely hotel," the "quite too lovely view," and the "quaint atmos-

phere."
"She seems to have forgotten I have seen it," thought Persis with sarcasm—until she came to the "delightful terrace," when she began to read with intentness:

We take all our breakfasts and luncheons on it, and at present have it all to ourselves except for one gentleman, a Count Lantescane"—here Persis turned a page and, hunting frantically for a context, finally chased to the fourth page—"whom I dare say you will remember, for he says he met you. I wonder you never mentioned him, as he is quite too charming, with the most speaking eyes"—Persis' lip curled slightly; "but perhaps," Janet soothingly offered, "you did not see so much of him as we do, for we are told he is very reserved with strangers. He has the most wonderful old villa and garden, which he took me all over the other day, and the most wonderful roses! They have been in his family hundreds of years. And he simply over-powered me with them, which was a great compliment, as he does not give them to everybody. He is going to show me the family portraits."

At this point Persis let the letter fall. The Lantescane roses at their proudest never boasted anything to equal those in Persis' cheeks. Her eyes were bright and hard, her lips were scornful. So, then, he had been nothing but a vulgar flirt, the vulgarest kind imaginable! No doubt he flirted with every American who came along. And her little Italian idyl had been the cheanest kind of incident. the cheapest kind of incident.

She walked into the drawing room and glared at the roses. She should hate roses—red roses—as long as she lived! But the very force of her revolt caused it to spend itself quickly. Her anger suddenly failed her; she could have cried instead. She remembered the count's manner, always perfectly respectful, and that Janet was undeniably a forthputting person; she might have exaggerated. She might have foisted herself on him, she might even have hinted that she would like the roses those roses not given to everybody! And there was Genoa, and the steamer; and here were the roses!

Everything in Persis struggled fiercely to maintain a hold on its Italian idyl. She was still struggling when the sound of Tom's latchkey sent her hurrying into the hall; she could not meet Tom in front of those roses! Tom must not see that any-

thing had happened.
She need not have worried. Tom was in such a state of paradisaical bliss, having breathed again the air of Broadway, that he would have been incapable of noticing anything unless it had been thrown at him. He had actually come up in the subway for fun, to convince himself he was really here; and he kissed Persis thrice over and smiled his way through the whole dinner like a gay and handsome boy. He had found everybody busy with his and her Christmas tree, to every one of which Tom and Persis had been invited; and every one had sent love. Tom congratulated himself gleefully on their quiet first evening at home.

"I told them all we'd make the rounds tomorrow if they'd let us off tonight," he

Then he came round to kiss Persis again for the little jade seal ring from Florence



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and the silver-mounted tortoise-shell cigar case from Naples, and to lay beside her plate a small stamped and gilded leather case, the very sight of which brought up at once all the jewelry shops of Italy; and which, being opened, revealed a scarab necklace of beryl and cloudy amethyst. "Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Persis. He brought his heels together and made

her an elaborate foreign bow.

"Ricordo d'Holia!" he said dramatically.

"I learned that much Italian anyhow; it was plastered over every blessed thing in that country."

"It's wonderful!" said Persis of the neck-lace. "Tom, you extravagant boy, you shouldn't have!" Her tone was curiously remorseful.

"Oh, as for that, it's worth as many dol-lars here as franca there; I showed it to a jeweler," answered her husband lightly. "And you seemed to like it; I thought it

would remind you of San Carlo."

It did! Persis sat looking at the beautiful jewel, and it flashed across her perverse mind that it was precisely the typical gift of the rich American husband. She shut the case and looked across at her husband. He was lighting his after-dinner cigarette with a vast sigh of content.

"My, but it's good to be back!" he said.

His eyes went happily from his wife round the room and came back to the pretty table, with its shining lights, its silver and glass. "But isn't there something I'm miss-ing?" His brows contracted in thought as he stared at the little ferny centerpiece.
"I have it—it's the flowers! I knew there
was something unnatural."
"The flowers!" Persis repressed the

smallest start.

"Roses—red roses!" repeated her hus-band. "We've had them so long I feel quite lost without them. Besides, there ought to be some. I took particular pains——" With his usual promptitude of action he had already rung the bell. "Weren't there some flowers, Manton, from the florist?"

The footman would inquire that Parti-

The footman would inquire; but Persis stopped him.

Oh, you mean the roses? They are in

the drawing room."
"They did come; then that's all right. But why didn't you have them on the table? Weren't they all right?"
"Oh, yes," said Persis. "They were beautiful!"

She rose and slipped quickly into the other room; by the time her husband had joined her she had herself thoroughly in

joined her she had herself thoroughly in hand. He contemplated the enormous hothouse beauties with satisfaction.

"Some rose!" was his laughing comment. "By Jove, I'd like to show them to His Highness, the Count! I used to tell that man they didn't know a rose over there. I don't think Italy can give us anything on roses. But," he added tolerantly, "it's only fair to remember that it's a matter of france there—dollars here. You could buy out the count's whole garden with a few of these bunches."

"Francs and dollars!" repeated Persis mechanically. She was standing very straight and looking also very straight at her husband; there was a look of dawning intelligence about her. "And buy out the count's garden'! Do you—do you mean that you ever did—that you did buy roses at San Carlo?"

"Well, what did you suppose, my dear?" asked Tom in some surprise, "You seemed perfectly stuck on the count's; it was a very cheap way of making you happy.

perfectly stuck on the count's; it was a very cheap way of making you happy, surely. I just gave him a standing order for roses that first night."

for roses that first night."

"He just gave him a standing order for roses that first night!" repeated Persis' brain to her dully. "For roses, those family roses the count said"—quite honestly, it now appeared—"they did not give to every one."

"You knew he sold flowers, didn't you?"

said her husband smiably. "He's as poor as poverty, like most of those old families; so he sells his fruit and flowers. Very sensible of him too. I fancy I was one of his best customers this long while. Didn't you notice be seemed quite cast down when we came away? He supplies the hotel with vegetables in return for board, and sells his roses all through the Riviera, clear to Genoa."

"To Genoa!" said Persis. "Why, yes;

so that's how -

"Yes; that's how. I told him to supply them all the way, as far as he could. He's got a little vineyard, as he said, up there, and he shipped roses to our hotel too;

that's how I was able to get them for you-

and on the steamer too."
"I see!" said Persis. She did—at last.
"Unluckily," added Tom, smiling at her,
"he couldn't whiff them over by wireless or cold-storage them across; so on this side it had to be hothousers. But I cabled the order so that you shouldn't miss your Italy too much at first."

There was a touch of unconscious wistfulness in the glance that sought his wife's face; that was what he had feared most that she might miss her Italy. But she was

looking fixedly at the roses.
"I don't see why you never told me,"

she said slowly.
"What? About the count? Why, I guess I just never thought of it," replied her husband. "You had the roses and you

her husband. "You had the roses and you seemed to enjoy them—that was all that mattered, wasn't it?"

"You might have told me they were from you."

"Why, when you already knew it?"

"How do you know? How could you be sure I knew it?" persisted Persis.

"Why, you took them, didn't you? And wore them?" said her husband simply. Then a sudden illumination struck him. "You don't mean to saw" he avaluated. "You don't mean to say," he exclaimed with a laugh, "that you really thought the hotel furnished them free and fresh, right

Persis was stricken through and through by an absolutely new sensation—that of shame. It turned her hot and cold together. She looked at her tall young husband, with his unsuspecting clear eyes, and veil after veil fell away from her own. She realized all at once that she had married a great gentleman—one not only incapable of imagining certain things, but who would not have believed them if they were told to

him. In his world they simply did not exist.

And she had gone through Italy with him looking for—the count! That was what it came to; and, really, it was pathetic!

reame to; and, really, it was pathetic!

Persis knew a wild pang of pity for her
silly self—not for Tom; for nobody had
been able to do him out of his Italy!

Together with this perception came an
enduring one of the vast difference between
empty heads and full ones. The foolish
little confession with which she was prenational to salve her conscious headers and paring to salve her conscience became sud-denly literally too foolish for words. The count had been the least, as he had also been the worst and was haply to be the last, of her subjects for contrition, as she saw it

Accordingly she did the wisest thing in her power: instead of confession she walked straight to absolution—in the arms which, as though by unconscious habit, curved to

as though by unconscious nable, curved to take her in their sheltering clasp.

"Never mind what I thought!" she said with a laugh that was fully half a sob. "I've been several kinds of an idiot; but it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter one bit!" She gave herself a moment for the triumphant realization of that fact, leaning close

against the sheltering arms.
"But there's one thing I do want you to know—our three months haven't been entirely wasted!"

"Of course not! You're looking a lot better, Persis."

His wife glanced at him with a kind of

admiring despair; then, to his intense aston-ishment, she buried her face in his waistcoat. "Tom," she exclaimed in a voice suited to this unusual action, "you are too delight-ful!" A still more smothered voice added: "Tom, I—I didn't suppose you cared so much."

The arms about her tightened instinc-

"You didn't suppose I cared!" her husband repeated, and looked down at the buried head in puzzled wonder. He asked himself whether this was the effect of climate and he had unwisely brought her back too soon. "You didn't suppose I cared!" he reiterated in growing amaze-ment. "After all these years!"

"No-because of all these years!" came in a correctional murmur from the waistcoat; and Tom, even Tom, experienced a partial illumination.

The tiniest smile crept into his eyes and

the corners of his mouth.

"What on earth," he asked dryly, "did
you suppose I went on living with you for?"

"Oh, habit—custom—les convenances—
any old reason!" Persis answered with an effort at lightness.

Her husband took her chin in his hand and lifted up her face, but her eyes refused to meet his; she had no intention that he should see the tears in them.

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"You little goose! Well, you want to get that particular idiocy out of your noddle

without loss of time."
"I mean to," answered Persis meekly, "preliminary to getting a few other things in." Hastily she followed up this weird statement, which was as near as she ever came to confessing: "Only, one thing, Tom—please, for a while, don't send me any more red roses! I—I'm sick to death of them!" she blazed forth with sudden

"Why, for mercy's sake, didn't you say so before!" gasped Tom. "You could have had any blooming thing you wanted— white, yellow, pink, blue! Just say the word. Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

He stopped bewildered. Persis was shaking—he thought, at first, with tears; but it was with laughter. Tom eyed this it was with laughter. To hysterical tendency sternly.

"I don't want even blue roses, thank you," she said. "I don't want anything—not anything but you—just you! Oh, not anything but you-just you!

She stopped, because no word could express what she wanted to say, and because, also, she suddenly perceived there was no need to say it. The strength of that loyal arm about her, the twinkle in the blue eyes looking down at her, and the little laugh that ran through her husband's voice when he spoke-all told her that; and these things were more and more moving to her than a thousand romances, though all he said was:

'Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

# OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY

(Concluded from Page 20)

European Powers undertook that control they would never withdraw from the island. Mr. Roosevelt explained it as follows:

"Our own Government has always refused to enforce such contractual obliga-tions on behalf of its citizens by an appeal to arms. It is much to be wished that all foreign governments would take the same view. But they do not; and in consequence we are liable at any time to be brought face to face with disagreeable alternatives.

'On the one hand, this country would certainly decline to go to war to prevent a foreign government from collecting a just debt; on the other hand, it is very inadvis-able to permit any foreign Power to take possession, even temporarily, of the custom houses of an American republic in order to enforce the payment of its obligations; for such temporary occupation might turn into a permanent occupation."

When citizens of a country are in danger or national honor requires it, however, a government must act swiftly and with firmness.

An insult to the flag may seem a slight thing to go to war about, but it must be re-membered that the flag is the emblem of the nation's honor, and insults to it cannot be overlooked. A high and formal courtesy is insisted on by all nations claiming the respect of the world.

No matter what the final result of affairs in Mexico may be, it is certain that our re-lations with other nations, especially the Southern republics, will be in some degree affected. If our intercourse with these governments is ultimately to become more friendly, and if in the end some plan of efficient and permanent cooperation is likely to be evolved, it will be a distinct advance in diplomatic relations on this continent, Whatever the final result may be, however, we must in the end make our conception of the Monroe Doctrine, as an American policy, clearer and more definite.

It is, therefore, of the first importance that the people shall have a correct understanding of the exact limitations of this Doctrine. Governments are influenced by the pressure of public opinion, and this public opinion must be intelligent if the policy of the Administration is to be farsighted and





RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is composed of thirty-1 four perfect little brushes—each made like the famous RUBBERSET Shaving Brush. Each tuft is a perfect RUBBERSET brush in miniature—not a single bristle can be pulled out of its solid base.

The bristles of each tuft are gripped in a cone of solid vulcanized rubber. The bristle tufts are inserted in cone-shaped holes in a plate—and they can't be pulled through these holes with a pair of pliers.

Over this plate is moulded the top of the brush and you have a tooth brush whose bristle-base is water-tight, and impervious to all use and misuse. You have the

# UBBERS



The RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is made in all styles and sizes - plain, curved and serrated brushing surfaces for men, women and children.

Each brush in Individual, sanitary package. The price is 25c and 35c—the same as you pay for the ordinary tools brush. Ask for, insist on, and GET1—R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T.

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Factories and Laboratories

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Panama Pacific Exposition Postcards Beautifully Lithographed in Colors
6 for 25 cents. Special Prices in Quantities.
THE A. D.V. COMPANY, 636 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.



### The Fashionable Promenades are covered with Essex Rubber Soles and Heels

whether your steps take you down Fifth Avenue, New York — Commonwealth Avenue, Beaton — Michigan Boulevard, Chicago—or through any of the great cosmopolitan thoroughfares, you will find yourself in the company of happy footed thousands wearing Essex Rubber Soles and Heels.

The comfort of rubber soled shoes has been enjoyed in the past chiefly by those interested in Tennis, Yachting, Golfing and other active sports. But today you will find them worn everywhere by those who respect style and demand comfort.

You will easily find your style of shoe equipped with Essex Rubber Soles and Heels, at the price you want to pay, at any first class shoe or department store. And separate Essex Rubber Soles and Heels at all reliable repair shops. Be sure to specify Essex goods if you want wearing quality and style.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY Manufacturers of Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions and Essex Rubber Heels

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If there is n bit of the Indian's love of outdoor life in your veins, if you readly want to enjoy your vacation and bring back your trophics set so quainted with Seneta Cam-rias. Write for this

Seneca Handbook full of photographic fore and camera suggestions.

Mailed free on request

The Seneca Tribe, the complete independent line of Seneca Cameras and Supplies, offers a great opportunity for dealers. A Seneca Agency may be open for you—Write and set.

Seneca Camera Mig. Company 293 State Street Boohester, N. V.

# Abbott Detroit

# Offers a Rare Opportunity



By Edward F. Gerber President Abbott Motor Car Company

I want 50 more dealers to handle Abbott cars.

I want men of character and responsibility, who will give the line added prestige.

I want men of ambition, with the ability to plan large undertakings and the energy to carry them out.

The purpose of this advertisement is to put before such men an exceptional opportunity for commercial and financial success.

# My Unusual Plans

In November, 1913, I purchased a controlling interest in this company.

Prior to that time I was a retail dealer in automobiles. Thus I had first-hand knowledge of the dealer's problems. And I knew from experience that the success of any automobile concern is in direct proportion to the success of its agencies.

So I have set about to make sure of dealer efficiency. I have made extensive arrangements, for the benefit of Abbott dealers and users alike. First and foremost, I demand that Abbott cars give good value. I insist on this, to make sure of a ready market.

Then, I accept no more dealers than I can give personal attention. Even with increased facilities, I only want 50 more now.

I give each agency sufficient territory in which to operate profitably. And I see to it that dealers have the co-operation of every department in this institution.

# **Efficiency Throughout**

My organization is particularly well qualified to render able assistance. From every standpoint it is a strong organization.

This company has been in existence five years. During that time it has put out 6000 machines. It has gone slowly and cautiously. It has built no model without first making sure of its mechanical perfection.

To manufacture Abbott cars I operate a splendid plant, with machinery of latest design. Experts are in charge of every department, to insure strict maintenance of a systematic manufacturing policy.

The engineering ability behind Abbott cars is of the highest order. Our designerin-chief is recognized by experts as one of the leaders in his profession.

This man has designed and built 1000horsepower engines. He has designed and built motors, axles and electric starters. He has designed and built automobiles, power plants and machinery. Even our rivals concede his greatness.

# Liberal Advertising

The Abbott publicity appropriation for the coming season will establish us in the front rank of advertised automobiles.

National mediums of wide circulation, such as *The Saturday Evening Post*, will be used. I shall personally supervise this campaign.

Then I shall employ large newspaper space in the territories where we are represented. Millions of folders, circulars and catalogs will be distributed. Dealers will have maximum assistance in the creation of Abbott demand.

# Financial Strength

Our resources are sufficiently large to assure the future conduct of the business along broad-gauge lines. Sufficiently ample to guarantee permanent service.

Here is a factory run on a strictly economical basis. Cost figures are kept scientifically. Overhead is reduced to a minimum.

Here is a factory practically without debt. It owes no borrowed money. Against it there are no bonds, notes nor mortgages. No watered stock exacts its tribute of dividends. Our equipment is paid for and clear, and we are operating with a clean financial slate.

# A Great Proposition

This organization has given to the Abbott line qualities which make for success. Scientific engineering, appearance, comfort—these are built into every car.

Financial strength, service, advertising all are generously provided.

And now I offer a line of four-cylinder and six-cylinder models, ranging in price from \$1785 to \$2290, with which the right dealer can compete with other makes successfully.

No other line, I believe, affords greater attractions.

# A Certainty for You

Now I suggest that you apply this advertisement to yourself.

If you are in the automobile business and are not satisfied with present arrangements you have before you an opportunity to better yourself.

If you are not making financial headway in proportion to your efforts—this advertisement presents a chance to increase your profits.

If your line does not interest buyers and you find yourself losing sales—here are wonderful selling possibilities within your grasp.

Even if you are not an automobile dealer but are considering the business—it will pay you to investigate my proposition.

Our 1915 advertising campaign begins at once. So to get the full benefit it is necessary to act now. If possible arrange for a trip to Detroit and an inspection of our plant.

I invite correspondence from capable men. Please address me personally. I promise your inquiry immediate attention and careful consideration.

Edward F. Gerber, President Abbott Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

# THE LAME DUCK

# Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: If so be the President shall select Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, as one of the representatives for this country at the mediation proceedingswhich, on the one hand, may have gone over Ningara Falls in a barrel by the time you get this, or, on the other hand, Blon-dined across those tempestuous waters on a tight rope—that selection will be a good thing and a kindly.

Mr. Lehmann put in a couple of years here as solicitor-general in the Taft Administration, though a nominal Democrat; and we watched him operate with exceeding joy. His specialty is getting in touch. In early life he decided he must lay in a large and assorted stock of information, and he laid it in. He first studied a few political almanaes, and then took up the encyclopedias and learned those from cover to cover.

It may be the President desired to have the mediation negotiations prolonged. If he did he chose wisely when he selected Lehmann, for, with the slightest encouragement, Lehmann will exude information

and opinions twenty-four hours a day.

The boys up on the hill, who comprise our national association of lawmakers, are in a frightful stew about getting home to see how things are going in relation to their renominations. Various tentative dates have been set for the adjournment of Congress. A tentative date for the adjournment of Congress, James, is any date that is not O. K.'d by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. His date is the only genuine date, and no substitutes will be allowed or recognized. As yet, his sole response to the impassioned pleas for an adjournment has been the erection of a reat and commodious tent in the back yard of the White House, and the announcement that he thinks he can be quite comfortable therein during the heated term.

# Tenting in the White House Grounds

Congress has no tent, albeit Congress could go on the road as a circus any time and increase the revenues materially. Also, Congress has thirty-three senatorial re-election problems on its hands, and four handred thirty-five similar problems pertaining to the House of Representatives. Congress has been in session practically since Mr. Taft made his justly celebrated reverse-English revision of the tariff away back yonder in the summer of 1909, and has been in session continuously since Mr. Wilson came in.

It is the aggregated opinion of the legis-lators that that man Wilson has no heart. He listens to their appeals for permission to adjourn and go home and get in touch with the boys and the girls—in the states where the girls vote—smiles in a surprised but

interested manner, and asks softly:
"Why, is it possible you desire to go
home before my program is completed? I
certainly am astonished, especially as I have made my plans to remain in Washington until all my bills are laws. You do not

want to go away before I do -- now, do you?"
"Certainly not," they say, with forced gayety. "We do not want to go home a minute before to-morrow night."

So far as the appropriation bills are conevrned, Congress can easily get away by July first, or earlier if occasion demands; but the appropriation bills are not the only ones. There is that little question of the repeal of canal tolls in the Senate, where there is no cloture, and where nearly every senator has a large gob of passionate pro-test or of dignified declaration on his chest. And just three paces to the rear is that collection of antitrust bills, which has been so maltreated by patriots with ideas-and without the same-that the collection now looks, reads, proposes or proclaims about as much like the original drafts as it looks and reads like a textbook on meteorology.

Various other little matters are pending, to say nothing of our Mexican muss; and every time the boys are brightened by the hope that an agreement for a get-away day may be reached they are immediately de-messed by the knowledge that that tent is dure in the back yard of the White House, and that the President can keep quite cool in it, and will—until he passes his bills. It is a serious and perplexing problem with the legislators. They think they have done enough. They are willing the Senate should take its time, as it will, over the canal-tolls fight; but they do not think they should be required to stay here and fuss round with antitrust legislation, especially as there is a fairly good supply of that on hand as it is—and especially, further, as

hand as it is—and especially, further, as candidates are springing up against them back home almost every day. That is a curious phase of our politics— the constant cropping up of new candidates. It should be printed in every newspaper in every state all the time that the only way for a state, or any locality in a state, to secure adequate representation in Congress is to select good men, send them to Washing-ton and keep them there. The new repre-sentative and the new senator gets nowhere. Experience and length of service are the only things that count in Congress.

Any state may secure a very important place in Congress by sending good men and keeping them there. There was a time when Iowa dominated the legislation of this country; and not so long ago Wyoming, with less total population than the apportionment law requires for the ordinary congressional district in a populous state, had one of its senators as chairman of the tremendously important Appropriations Committee, and the other as chairman of the great Judiciary Committee. Wyoming allowed her legislators to stay in office.

# North Carolina's Position

We are about to have another example of this. North Carolina is soon to hold a commanding position. As it is now, in the Senate, Senator Simmons, from that state, is chairman of the Finance Committee, the committee of which Nelson W. Aldrich was chairman for so many years, and Sena-tor Overman is ranking member and act-ing chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Over in the House, when Oscar Under-wood moves across to the Senate, as he will do next spring, Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, will become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of the Democrats-provided, of course, the Democrats retain the House. In any event, in case the Democrats lose the House, Kitchin will be leader of the minority and ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee. Also, owing to the appoint-ment of Henry Clayton to the Federal bench in Alabama, Representative Webb, of North Carolina, becomes chairman of the big House Committee on Judiciary. This proves two things: The first is that if a state continues her men in Congress

If a state continues her men in Congress they will eventually get to the top, pro-vided they are men of even average worth, and thus attain the power that will be of inestimable benefit to the state. The sec-ond is that Congress offers a good field for serious and honest endeavor, provided the people give the endeavorer a chance to try.

All that is needed is attention to business and an opportunity to serve, and the reand an opportunity to serve, and the re-wards will come; which rewards, by the way, are greater for the constituents than for the constituted. The representative or the senator has to work, and work hard; and the state, owing to the position at-tained, gets the results of that labor. And those results invariably are greater in direct ratio to the length of service allowed. However, the ambitious hove back home

However, the ambitious boys back home do not think of this, and they are cropping up everywhere, while the men who want to be reflected are tied in Washington. The statesmen are sore. They want to go home. The only urbane person is the President. He assures them he has not the slightest objection to their going home-provided, of course, they will do a few little additional

things for him that he desires to have done. There was a dispatch in the papers the other day from London, which made a great hit in certain quarters in this city. It concerned a dinner or something, where Ambassador Page proposed a toast. That wasn't what made the hit, however. The joy-provoker was the last line of the dis-patch, which said: "The toast was drunk in silence!"

Yours postprandially, but quietly,

# SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



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# THE NATURAL QUESTION NOT TO ASK

(Concluded from Page 27)

"And the crowd answers like a chorus, as though it was one of their revival meetings: Yas, suh!'-all except the big fellow,

Roberts.
"'I'm gwine wif you, Mars Wee-yet!'

"'I'm gwine wif you, Mars Wee-yet!
he says.
"'No!' says Whitey Waite.
"'Mars Wee-yet!' yells Roberts—and
I'm blest if he doesn't flop down on the
ground and begin to bellow like a kid.
"'Go back to your work!' says White'y;
and that big buck gets up whimpering and
goes back. I wonder why Whitey is going?
He isn't taking his wife, you know."
"You might ask him," I suggested.
"What?" Dinwiddie actually yelled at
me. "Are you crazy?"
"I guess you're not!" I said mollifyingly.
"I guess not!" he emphatically agreed
with me.

I left for New York two days later. The next year I went to the Isthmus—this time with an official party. On the dock at Cristobal I ran across Waite and Nettie. He nodded caimly and held out his left hand. With the other he held a small handbag such as women carry at times. Then

I shook hands with Nettie—in silence!
"Well, how are you both?" I asked,
with the cheerful imbecility of all writers, which makes so many people wonder who it is that really writes their articles for them. "Fine!" he answered.

I looked at her. "We came to see the secretary of war," she vouchsafed. "He's a friend o' his!" And she nodded toward Whitey to show

And she nodded toward whitey to show me whose friend the secretary was.

We moved out of the way of a rushing baggage truck. This parted Whitey and me from Nettie.

"When I left you last year you were going——" I stopped because he nodded.

I had to. It was what the nod was intended I had to. It was what the hod was intended to do and I knew it. Moreover, I knew I could not help knowing it; and this power-lessness actually irritated me so that I asked bluntly: "Did you get him?"

For all reply he shifted the little hand-satchel to his left hand and held up his right. I saw the thumb and the forefinger pointing unward.

ing upward.
The other three fingers were cut off at

the first joint!
"Then ——" I began, and suddenly saw
him watching me with that unblinking
ophidian stare which made me think of paralyzed eyelids and also of ice-cold thoughts concerning me somewhere behind the inscru-table pale-blue eyes.

He nodded, took the bag in his maimed right hand and rejoined Nettie.

I felt as though there were a dozen con-gealed spots within me. These kept my curiosity in cold storage until hours after I left them.

It was the right hand-his pistol hand. The fingers were not chopped off or bitten off. They were sliced off. Perhaps George's murderer tried cold steel. Whitey might have seized the sharp blade with his right hand and shot with the left—or perhaps

Whitey himself used cold steel.

But he got his man. I knew he would.

But I did not learn how. I knew i should not.

Do I still wish to know? More than ever; much more than you who read this, because, knowing Waite, I could dramatize so many

But I did not ask for details—I did not dare! And if you do not realize why I did not dare I have not made you see White; Waite as I knew him. And if I have not made you see him it does not matter, after all, how curious you may be.

THE Far West and the Far North have I produced some pretty good men in their time. Well known in the old buffslo days of Saskatchewan was Joe Beaupré, famed a thousand miles as the biggest eater in the North. Joe was not six feet tall, but he was a broad, deep, thick sort of man, with a hand like a ham and a stomach like nothing else in the world. He would eat an entire boxful of apples at one sitting and think nothing of it.

Once, having encountered a gentleman who thought he was some eater, Joe con-sumed fifty-three pounds of buffalo meat in one day, and topped off with a raw turnip, a six-pound piece of pork, some lard and two loaves of bread. The best his compet-itor could do was thirty-seven pounds of

Beaupré was so strong he never would fight any man for fear he should kill him. One day, while sledging on a narrow trail with an obstinate horse, he became angered, struck the horse on the head with his fist and killed it. He loosened the harness and threw the dead animal on one side of the trail. He never really knew how strong he Once he was taken captive by the Indians, but they were glad to set him free, warrior though he was, because he ate up everything they had. Beaupré died of rheumatism while still a young man.

A great many stories about big daily journeys done by dog drivers in the North are heard from time to time. As a matter of fact there are more days when the driver covers twenty-five miles than when he covers fifty; but very probably there are authenticated instances where half-breeds have run from seventy-five to eighty miles day behind a dog team.

Some of these men are superb specimens of manhood, and perhaps their stories lose

nothing in the telling.

The ability of the Northern Indians and half-breeds to pack heavy loads is well known. These men have rather narrow ambitions in life, and to be stronger than all his neighbors is fame for any one of them. It is well known that one half-breed, rather an old man, stood for ten minutes posing for some photographers, carrying on his back seven sacks of flour, each weighing a hundred pounds. His legs trembled under him, but he was game.

The usual load on a portage is two hun-

dred pounds, if the going is at all good. Men often carry six hundred pounds for a short distance; and they will pack seventy-five pounds all day, six days at a stretch, for a dollar and a half a day.

Some of them will take on eighty-five pounds. The ordinary white man cannot carry forty pounds a day without great dis-

comfort long before the close of the day. In all likelihood what is called a fifty-pound pack on the trail does not really weigh thirty pounds on the scale.

I have seen half-breeds, on a portage, play along with three or even four sacks of flour on their shoulders. Once a slender boy, not over seventeen years old, posed for his pho-tograph. He had on his back three sacks of flour, and on them another half-breed, whom he had invited to climb on top of the load.

These men live hard lives. There are few doctors and no hospitals in the Far North, and the man who is injured has to take his chances. One man, now trying to make a living as a cobbler in a Northern town, while running his trapping lines seventy-five miles from the nearest house, shot a hole through his foot with a rifle. It was six days before he could get help. The strain proved very hard on his constitution.

Again, we saw a half-breed on Athabasta River roll back his shirt sleeve and try to dress a wounded arm. A rifle shot has taken off most of the forearm and damaged the elbow. Crippled though he was, this chap had been among a scow crew two days before any of us discovered that he had been injured.

On the same flotilla of scows was the transport master of a big fur company. Be was a very angry man, because he had fallen from a cabin roof and broken his collec-

He had told his men how to bind it up as best he could, and was lying under an awning drinking gin and smoking—though he had to hold his pipe between his tors while he filled it with his good hand.



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cause of high premiums. Therefore, they regard them as a myth.

But yesterday's score of fire victims know now that hazards are actually sleeping fires, which awake suddenly, no man knows when, to deal destruction.

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[3]

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### THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

HANLEYTOWN girl who couldn't talk ship was hardly considered respectable. When she ied, she married a captain, e, boatswain or foremast or she didn't marry at all. anleytown wife could have aboard her husband's ship e dark and found his specs for him, or his thimble, as she could have descended her own cellar and laid inhands upon the apple bar-But this special knowledge of little use to her. She selhad occasion to go aboard husband's ship, and if she I help herself she never went voyage in her.

metimes, sooner than be rated in the first light of ymoon, wives sailed with ands; but this was the excepand not the rule. A whalecompletely out of touch with zation for three, four and five years at a time is no e for a woman, however rly she may be loved.

aptain John Haithway ought we been a proud and happy

Six whalers, anchors atrip all sails drawing aloft and were moving slowly out of eytown Harbor. Of these though not the largest or iest, the old Mary Blount, whose solid quarterdeck his vere planted, was the most rated and the most beloved. ie six seasoned navigators mmand of the six whalers, ain John Haithway was the gest. He was twenty-one of age. He had risen durse voyage, lasting five years, cabin boy to first mate. now the owners had made

ought then at that moment re been proud as a peacock. st the whole of manhood efore him, and he was beng life at the top. His ship reathered the sea-stresses of v fifty years, and she was

and as a new-minted dollar. In all these years she had never made an unprofitable te. Her record was known over the whole world: "Follow the Mary Blount," was pr saying: "she smells whales."

sought to have felt very proud. But he was only twenty-one and very much in love, b instead he felt very unhappy. He was saying good-by to Hanleytown—how small hite houses looked already!—it must be for years and it might be forever. Why evil hadn't he followed the impulses of his blood and married her and brought her

ho was he, to have concluded that she was too young for marriage, and to have set If up to play father and mother and brother and minister to the little wild thing heart was like a warm stove and whose face was like a rose?

y-ay, sir!"



The first mate, a graybeard of fifty, having shot a long stream of brown tobacco juice into the sea, crossed the deck smiling.

"A propitious start, sir." "Very, Mr. Tuttle."

"A fine lot of men forward, sir. Some of our best families represented; not many of these modern soldiers and sea-lawyers."

"On any of your voyages, Mr. Tuttle, did the master have his wife or his daughter along?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it work?"

"Why, very pleasantly for all hands, sir."

Captain Haithway sighed. "In ordinary circumstances a

sailor leads a lonely life, Mr.

The young captain's romance being well known to everybody aboard the Mary Blount, Mr. Tuttle averted his face and nodded his head.

"So much so," pursued Cap-tain Haithway, "that the ex-cesses into which he is carried by short liberty are readily understood."

"If a sailor's excesses," said Mr. Tuttle, "were spread out over the whole substance of his life, instead of being lumped here and there like cold butter, there would be no more moral man

"And you believe in wives sailing with their husbands?"

"Firmly, sir - Excuse me, sir, what did you say?"

"I think I started to say that I wished I had discussed this with you sooner, Mr. Tuttle."

"I don't wish to intrude upon your private thoughts, sir. But believe me, sir, there isn't a man aboard this ship who doesn't feel for you, sir."

"She is so young," exclaimed Captain Haithway, "and has no mother. I have put her to board with a most excellent old woman; but three or four years, Mr. Tuttle, three or four years is an agonizing length of time. I wish to heaven I

had brought her with me."

An hour later the cabin boy, Bowers, a great blushing lad of sixteen, approached the master.

"What can I do for you, my lad?" "You can let me have the key to your stateroom, Cap'n Haithway. I want to turn down the bed'n put things to rights."

"Is the door locked? I didn't lock it. I haven't got the key."
"Maybe I'm wrong, sir. I'll try again."

He returned in two minutes.

"The door is locked, sir." "Well, I'll see about it presently. You can find something else to do."

Captain Haithway stood for some time longer, his eyes upon the low coastline that had swung between him and Hanleytown. Then he shook himself and went below. He had a picture of her in his stateroom, and he wanted to look at it and kiss it. He had



"Not in This World! Not in This Life!"

forgotten that the door was locked. He shook the knob angrily and exclaimed: "Who the devil has locked this door?

He drew back with the idea of bursting the lock with his shoulder, when a key was heard turning in it and the door swung open. His first insane thought, on seeing who stood in the narrow doorway, was that the daguerreotype he had of her had come to life. Then a great trembling seized him.

"I had to come," she said. "Say that you won't send

me away."

He just stood and looked. Then he opened his arms, and as they closed, his voice breaking, he cried: "Not in this world! Not in this life!"

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the six whale ships in close company were now merely drifting. It looked as if they would have to anchor for the night.

"Mr. Tuttle."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

"There is a stowaway aboard."

Mr. Tuttle scrutinized his master's face closely. Then a smile trembled at the corners of his mouth.

"You don't mean -

"She had locked herself in my stateroom, Mr. Tuttle. I can't send her back now, can I?

"No, sir."

"As we have no minister -

"You forget Mr. Lightfoot, sir."

"Mr. Lightfoot?"

"Yes, sir. He is going out in the Admiral Colt as a passenger to Honolulu."

Captain Haithway's face brightened immeasurably. "I will be obliged to you, Mr. Tuttle, if you will lower a boat, and invite the Reverend Mr. Lightfoot to come aboard. You will also be so kind as to invite the captain of the Admiral Colt and the other captains to join us at

dinner." "With the greatest pleasure."

AS MR. TUTTLE had said, the men forward were a fine lot. But even oak is not proof against rot. The oldest man forward was also the strongest and potentially the most able. But he was one of those perverse men who cannot be content with their own wickedness. If he wasn't undermining some one's natural instinct toward virtue he

But for the shortness of his legs Crandle would have been a giant. But for the fact that his nose had been turned permanently to one side and flattened by some terrible blow, he would have looked like Neptune before that god's beard turned gray. The history of his evil deeds—when ashore—followed him from ship to ship. He was known to the police of every seaport he had ever visited. To the reverend gentleman who conducted the Seamen's Mission in Honolulu he was a most odious memory.

He loved an argument, and the Scriptures themselves furnished him with his most offensive sacrileges.

And he was a sad cross to Mrs. Captain Haithway. Perhaps the child, so wild and wayward before her romantic marriage, had something in common with him-an inherent love of escapades, mischief and turning other people's preconceived notions topsy-turvy. Perhaps she felt that if she had been a man, with a man's opportunities for going downhill, she could have been just such a man as he was. For we are apt to hate and denounce most vigorously those very qualities in which our own nature participates. It is the dishonest man who cries out most loudly against dishonesty; it is the sinner himself nearly always who flings the first stone.

Bowers, the cabin boy, an excellent boy in his way, but overgrown physically and undergrown mentally, was the first of the ship's company to fall under the spell of Crandle's plausible tongue. It was like the moth and the flame. Every time Bowers went near Crandle he got singed, until those wings which float youth and innocence were no longer strong enough to carry him. He lost the strong grip which almost all New England boys of that day had upon religion. He learned to regard the commandments as expedients for controlling large populations rather than as stepping stones to the salvation of individuals.

"And why," Crandle would say, "did Moses forbid the people to eat pig? 'Cause in hot countries pigs is poison. Why did he order the doctors to use sharp stones when it came to cutting off legs and arms? 'Cause in those days the only other thing they had as would cut was copper, and copper spells gangrene. When you allow that old Mose had horse sense, you are talking; but when you advances that he had any religion in him you talks like a woman or a sky pilot. Why did Solomon have three hundred wives and Captain Haithway's only got one-as he boasts about? If God's God, His thoughts is immutable, being right first clip out of the box. If it was right for Solomon to have three hundred, then it's wrong for the old man only to have one; or else God has changed His mind. And if His first idea was wrong, I denies him a Godlike mind; and how do I know He ain't a-going to change again? Mebbe He'll hold out next for a baker's dozen. Boy, you take it from me marriage numericals ain't got nothing to do with God. They has to do with human nature, which is the same as dog nature, and climate -

And in the end the boy Bowers went gloomily about the ship, full of doubts, wondering if goodness was only cowardice after all, if all men were really devils in their hearts, if expediency was the only basis for laws which he had been brought up to look on as divine; and, like the average boy, inclined to aggression and the shattering of mysteries, and almost persuaded that dolls are stuffed with sawdust.

"What is happening to that poor boy?" asked Mrs. Haithway one night at dinner, the afore-mentioned boy having just left the cabin. "He looks as if he

had lost his last friend, Mr. Tuttle." "I think he is beginning to lose his first illusions," said the mate, "at his age!"

"Which is only a shade less than mine, Mr.

"Boys are always younger than girls at the same age. Some one has told him that the moon isn't made of green cheese. Just now he doesn't know whether to believe that or not. Once he is convinced one way or the other, he'll be all right again and go about laughing and blushing and upsetting things as he used to."

"It's all that Crandle," exclaimed Mrs. Haithway. "Bowers can't keep away from him. I shall give him a piece of my mind!"

"Crandle?" her husband asked.

"I shall tell him."

"I wouldn't interfere with the men too much."

"Your ship's in my house. And I shall make it clean from cellar to garret!" Captain Haithway regarded her with a won-

derful pride. And then he turned to Mr. Tuttle. "But it beats the Dutch," he said, "how the girl that everybody said didn't even know how to cook or darn stockings turns out to be an A-number-one housewife, that spoils her husband for ever sitting down to a bad meal again and with the smallness of the stitches she puts

into his mending." "How," asked Mr. Tuttle, coming on?"

"When I came aboard," said Mrs. Haithway, "I had nothing but the things I had on. Now I've got six changes and three dresses, and I'm beginning to knit stockings like mad. Chanler is the best knitter before the mast, and I got him to give me lessons. And then"—here she beamed with excitement-"don't let them know that I know, please; but a little bird told me: the men are making me a wedding present. It's a great sea-cloak of blue for the cold latitudes. It has a hood lined with baby seal—one of the men had two skins in his chest-and it's to be all embroidered up and down with pictures of ships and and: and whales. And Shattuck has rigged a lathe and he's to ing the buttons out of whale teeth, and each button is to scrimshawed with bouquets of flowers in blue and red a green and inlaid with mother-of-pearl."

Mr. Tuttle, already in the men's secret, asked her h she had found out. She laughed aloud.

"One day I saw Chanler looking at me with his eyes! of tears. I said: 'What's the matter, Chanler?' And said it was nothing, only I reminded him so of his in 'darter' as he left at home—same eyes, same nose, sa height-why, he'd bet a hat we was the same meas round the shoulders, and before I could say Jack Robins the old hypocrite had snatched up a piece of rope's end; taken the measurement he wanted."

"You never told me of this,"

"Oh," said she, "I knew there was something in wind; so I went to Crandle. I said: 'Crandle, they me Chanler is a most exemplary husband.' Crandle si 'Him a what?' 'Yes,' I said. 'He was telling me about little daughter.' 'Chanler,' said Crandle, 'ain't marri As for a daughter—well, when he gets shore leave be lig out for the nearest botanical garden in the company of resident clergyman, and if he ever found a little daugh in the cabbage patch I ain't never heard tell about it. was lying to you, ma'am, that's what Chanler was do And if I know the man, he's readin' his Bible at t moment in the hope that God will overlook the sin."

And then she told them how in similar wise she ! found out about the color of the coat, the embroidery, lining of the hood and the buttons. For it seemed that u every point her taste had been artfully consulted.

At this very moment the starboard watch was eating dinner on deck. Shattuck had finished two of the butt for the cloak and was exhibiting them.

NE day they took a sperm whale that stowed eig barrels of oil. The cutting in, the trying out and subsequent cleaning up took the "heart out of a week," Crandle put it, and in subtle ways affected the future the whole ship's company.



"Do You Want to be a Cabin Boy All Your Life?"

In the encounter with leviathan, Edmonton, the boatteerer, who first fastened to him by a noble throw, was cescatly so caught in a snag of the swiftly running line o which his iron was attached that his left forearm was coled almost to the bone. With the line slipping overoard and the boat tearing along at ten or twelve knots, aging and plunging, the bow-oar improvised a tourniquet nd saved Edmonton from an immediate and painless eath, so that later he might succumb to the torture of lood poisoning.

As a result of this accident, Crandle, the most experinced man forward, was promoted to be boatsteerer in

dmonton's place.

During the cutting in Mr. Tuttle slipped from the itting-in platform and hurt his side, not, it was thought the time, very seriously. But events proved this diagnosis be sadly mistaken.

With the inside history of Crandle's promotion Mrs. aithway had something to do. She had been looking pale d drawn for several days, and during a short spell of rfectly calm weather had complained of feeling seasick;

erefore her husband could deny her nothing.

"The more his record has ood in his way," she said, he worse his record has His wickedness isn't stubborn but what a litresponsibility and a little ccess might heal it. And, sides, it will bring him where characters are onger and better formed in the fo'c's'le. He'll under your eye, and if u can't make something his strength and courage, m I'm wrong and all the stains who have kept n down were right." After thinking this over hile, Captain Haithway t for Crandle and told a of his promotion. for once the fo'c's'le apter had his breath en away and was at a

for words. Presently

managed to say: "I'll to do my duty, sir."

the youthful captain

led and shook his head.

"I wish you would say 'I will do my duty,' not 'I'll try," said he. "You are one of those men who do what they please with their lives."

Crandle said nothing, and Captain Haithway turned on

his heel and then turned back.

"By the way," he said, "you owe your promotion less to me than to Mrs. Haithway, Crandle. She would be bitterly disappointed if it didn't turn out well. She believes that you will from now on be a good example to the men, both afloat and ashore."

Crandle cleared his throat in a peroratorical way, blinked his big agate eyes, and said nothing.

"You may move your belongings aft immediately." Crandle darted forward, and spying Bowers called to him:

"Boy," he said, "have you read that book I loaned you?"

"I haven't had a chance yet."

"You bring it to me."

The boy went and came.

Crandle took the book in his immense hands.
"I got another book," he said, "will do you more good 'an this one."

It Looked as if They Would Have to Anchor for the Night

"What's that, Crandle?"

"Mr. Bowditcher's Navigator,"

And as a first attempt to do his duty, Crandle turned and tossed the book into the sea. Later on that same day his collection of colored prints, purloined from various sailorheavens up and down the world, followed it. Later still Mrs. Haithway seized an opportunity to congratulate him on his promotion.

"I have you to thank, ma'am," said he.

"I am putting my money on you," she said gayly, "and I hope you'll try to do your duty."

"But I ain't a-going to try."
"Oh, Crandle!"

"I'm going to do it."

There was that in his repressed but powerful voice which sent a thrill through them both.

"I believe you," she said; "and I thank you!"

WHALING ship, unless full of oil or for some press-A ing reason, does not attempt to sail the shortest line between two points. In a voyage that may last five years

time is of very little value. In good whale-pasture a ship will cruise north, south, east and west by day, as suits the whim or the instinct of her commander, and lie to at night. She is not designed with any view to expedition. She is almost as square forward and aft as a sawed log. She is built with very thick timbers and planks of very heavy stuff; after a few months her bottom becomes rank with sea-growth; and her steering gear, very slightly improved upon that which sufficed for Noah, cannot hold her to a straight course for more than a minute at a time. Sailors say that in hell there is a punishment for those who have lived in too much of a hurry: it is always to be trying to get somewhere quickly in a whale ship.

(Continued on Page 48)

# Sutting With a Blunt Knife

By Maude Radford Warren

HE following is the autobiography of Thomas Barrows, which he related some dozen years after he was gradu-

from college: hen I left college and went to work I

such habits of playing, so little interest in business, and ittle notion of how to apply myself to it, that my ations in the practical world were precisely like cutting a blunt knife when there is no excuse for the blade not g sharp. I know now that I was a typical college boy. ne way my home life was typical-that is, my parents ght I was the brightest and best-looking chap in the munity, and they made silent and constant sacrifices we me the advantages they never had.

y father had not gone to college; he had been pitched into the world at fifteen to earn his own living, and tever education he got after that he picked up himself. ad, therefore, an exaggerated idea of the importance rmal education. Every personal disadvantage he had id to the fact that he had not been fully educated, had forced to stick at his work too closely to mix with le and use what schooling he had and acquire more

was really an attractive, lovable man; but, because ever grabbed the center of the stage and forced people ten to monologues, he thought he did not know how eet men-was not a mixer.

ras a mixer from the start of my schooldays. The way ered from my father was that where he had diffidence consideration for other people I had conceit and cheek. er laid my ease and my popularity to the fact that getting higher education. I remember once when I college Freshman, and some friends called, I talked aly to them and played and sang some college songs. e say when they went away they said to each other I was a fresh cub, pushing my agreeable parents into ackground; but after they had gone, and I had retired e dining room to bone up enough French to keep

myself from flunking, I heard my father say proudly to

my mother:
"Marian, that boy can meet people better at his age now than I can at my age. It's because his youth is being prolonged, and he's getting from books and his teachers and classmates the kind of education that makes a man broad—that fills him with such resources that he can handle any situation life may put up to him."

Well, all I got out of the speech was that my parents were sensible enough to appreciate me. I never doubted that their estimate of my powers was correct. I was quite sure I could dominate any circumstances in which I might be placed, because I was used to success. It never occurred to me to question whether or not the successes I had enjoyed were worth while. It sufficed me that I had always got whatever I had gone after and always expected to. As to that education of which my father spoke, I do not think I ever spent ten minutes thinking about it.

My father's notion was that I was in touch, through books and teachers, with the master ideas of the world; and that when I finished my course I should be well fitted to survive in any hard struggle for livelihood. My notion of my college course was that I must do enough work to pass in each class, so that I might end up with a sheepskin. It was considered something of a disgrace not to be able to graduate; but it was not considered a disgrace for a fellow to avoid real education, as I did-always provided he were avoiding it for something he considered better worth while.

What we collegians considered better worth while was social leadership and athletic leadership. Usually they were the same thing. Next after them came leadership in the affairs of the mind. There were among us a few boys

and girls who were what we called sharkswho swallowed knowledge as we social leaders lapped up the adulation of our fellows. When we heard these people recite in class, answering the questions in which we

failed and even presuming to discuss knotty points with the profs, we respected them; but, as a rule, we did not ask them to join the fraternities and sororities. Sometimes we did; but usually such students were without the social graces-more concerned with books than with people. They were after what was going to count in their future work. I and my kind were after a good time. We admired them-but we would rather have been the fullback or the shortstop.

And I am sure they envied us too. I am sure that many a girl-grind wished she had been born pretty and fluffy, and the sort that would be chosen to lead the grand march, rather than the person she was. I am sure, too, that many a man who made a recitation to an admiring whisper from the male idlers of "Gosh! Hear the spiel!" would far rather have had a fraternity boy whisper: "Say, old hoss, don't forget the jamboree this eve!"

I was a leader, because I was a halfback, and because I sang in the glee club, and because I could tear off lowcomedian stunts in dramatics-because I could imitate the president giving a talk in chapel, and the dean of the women walking across the campus, and a dog and a cat having a fight on top of the fence of a German and an Irishman. If there was anything ornamental and attractive and utterly futile-so far as the real business of life was concerned-that thing I could do. One of my stunts was making smoke-rings about the size of doughnuts. I cannot count the number of hours I spent practicing that accomplishment and the amount of nicotine my system absorbed before I was a past master in it.

They say that often a frivolous youngster, sidestepping away from education during his first college year, settles down to business in his Senior year. He begins to apply

himself hard, and to try and relate what he is learning to the serious business of life; but my serious business in life during my Senior year was still the business of having a good time.

About the spring of my last year I did a little reflecting. It was not to the effect that I was wasting my father's hard-earned money; that I had ruined a new suit of clothes in a fraternity house scrap; that I had spent a lot of time talking nonsense to girls whom I should never see after the year was past. No; my reflections merely were to the effect that time was galloping by and that all too soon the dear old friendships would be over-I should be graduated and

have to fend for myself.

Plenty of fellows-some of them the grindshad fended for themselves in college; but I was not one of them. My father had five thousand a year and I was his only child. When a candid uncle asked how it was I did not get the scholastic honors which accrued to the classmate who looked after my uncle's furnace, my father replied that I was in so many things besides my work that I could not be a specialist. He wanted me, he said, to be developed in all directions. I should have to specialize when I was in business

As I had shown no taste for any particular profession it had been decided that I was to enter the business in which my father was. He was the head designer of a stationery firm; and as the management liked him he hoped that he should be given a small partnership some day; and he had been promised that a place should be made for me. It would be a small place; but my father said that a man of power could rapidly forge ahead in that firm, and that the smallness of the beginning was nothing—it was the power of making good that mattered.

Just before I was graduated the management of the firm changed. The new partners were men who did not know my father. He was kept on, because that had been a stipulation of the old partners, who had valued him; but most of the other heads of departments went, and it was made clear to my father that the old

patriarchal days were over; that not only need he never hope for a partnership, but also that any jobs of importance the firm gave away would be given to relatives of their own.

My father's chief regret was that he and I should not be working in the same place. He had no doubt that such a brilliant youth as myself would soon find his opportunity. Neither had I. Probably I saw myself cruising easily along the highroad of the world, while various jobs raced up to me and offered themselves for my inspection—I to choose the most profitable and doubtless the easiest; but that was not the way it worked out.

My father had plenty of friends; but when we came right down to it, not a great deal of business influence. Not very many five-thousand-dollar-a-year men are able to land a big job for a young, inexperienced fellow—and it was a big job I was after. Father made many inquiries, but his influential friends generally had sons or nephews of their own they had to take care of.

"Don't get impatient, Tom," said my indulgent dad.
"We can afford to allow you a little time in which to look round. I'm not in favor of your falling into the wrong job through impatience of results."

#### A Self-Made Electrician's Opinions

HE NEED not have counted on my impatience at first. It was still summer-time and I loafed along with my friends, as I always had in the summers; but in the autumn a change came. I used to visit the boys in the fraternity house; they welcomed me-but with a difference. I was a graduate and therefore an outsider. I was a brother, but of a past generation. I was not on the football team any more nor in the glee club nor in the dramatic club. Moreover my friends began to say to me:

"What! Haven't landed anything yet?"

I woke up to the fact that playtime was over. I thought I was thoroughly awake—but I was not. Even my experience of the next few weeks did not do more than shake the first veils of drowsiness from my eyes. I set out to find work for myself, taking as my first medium the advertising columns of the newspapers. I answered over four hundred advertisements of all kinds, using every precaution to make my replies as businesslike and convincing as possible. I sent out over seventy typewritten applications—for which my father paid-to picked addresses. I made innumerable applications in person. In almost every case I was met by the same fatal question:

What do you know about our business?"

If I did not know something about his business the prospective employer did not seem to care how fine my personal qualities were, or how excellent was my mental



"Did You Try to Find Out How Important a Customer This Clark Is?"

capacity, or how promising my zeal. He would not even give me a chance to show what I could do. Many of these men told me I was too old-I was twenty-two. They wanted young men in their teens, who would be cheaper, last longer, and, not having college training, would be more easily reduced to mere cogs in the business machine.

Among the manufacturers particularly I soon found out that what an employer wants is not a man of theory, but a man of brains who has had an unusual amount of experience, who knows the state of the art thoroughly, and who understands all kinds of tools and what they are capable of doing. This seems to be the only kind of man who is regarded as of any account in a manufacturing business.

My experience in getting turned down merely led me to believe that it was hard for a young fellow capable of big things to get a start. I was sure there was plenty of room at the top and that I was fitted for the top; the difficulty was to break in. Usually I was turned down with dispatch, but one self-made man, an electrical engineer, turned me down with the trimmings of a long speech.

"I don't want any young fellow who has been trained in technical school," he stated; "I don't believe in them." I replied that I had not had a technical-school trainingthat I had had simply the four-years course in college.

"That's a little better," he said; "but still, young fellow, you are four years to the bad. I'm sorry, for you look as if you had the germ of a brain. When I make electrical engineers I do it in this way: I select boys of sixteen or seventeen for machine-shop apprentices. I watch over them to see that they are the material for good machinists, and I weed out the wrong ones. Those that have unusual ability I put in training for electrical engineering.

'I give them a year at benchwork and one at toolwork, shifting them round considerably, so that they can get the knowledge of that part of the work which is required to make of them good electrical engineers. Then I put them in the testing department for half a year, in the drafting department for half a year, in the erecting department for a year, and in the operating department for a year.
"While they work in this way they are surrounded

constantly by an electrical atmosphere, and they will absorb through observation and association nine-tenths of all the knowledge they will need to have regarding electricity. Meantime they can study at night school, so at the end of five years they will be fairly good electrical engineers-and, at that, they will have half a dozen more years of work in them than the college man.'

I listened to this politely but skeptically, and as the engineer was a judge of men he saw my disbelief. He leaned forward in his chair and discharged a long forefinger at me.

"Young man," he remarked, "I can see that you are a believer in the technical colleges. There are close to one hundred and thirty of them in this country, including universities that have special departments devoted to technical training. Let us say thirty thousand boys take these courses and ten thousand of them leave these schools each year. What becomes of them?

"Don't you see that there would have to be an enormous demand in order to provide places for the large number of young men supposed to be trained for the higher and better positions' I could tell you of hundreds of chaps who have real merit, and who after six or eight years o higher schooling are glad to be hired for twenty cents an hour, which is the same price that othe men get who haven't had the schooling.

"There is a big electric company in this city that takes boys from these technical college and gives them two years in the testing depart ment, starting them for the first six months a twenty cents an hour, and giving them-towar the end-twenty-seven and a half cents. Th boys are then taken to the engineering depart ment, where they start in at about the same pa they have been getting in the testing depart ment, and there they spend two years. Mayb they are twenty-seven years old by this time They will be lucky enough if they can go out an get three dollars a day.'

#### A Start in the Valve Business

'AND why should they get more? They at a still far from being electrical engineers, it they aren't machinists; and a good electric engineermust be a machinist. They have had a experience in erecting or operating; they kno nothing about costs—knowledge that is nece sary to enable them to make estimates. I te you, young man, I don't believe in the comb nation of four years of mental activity in colles with two years afterward of practical shopwor in the student course, calling largely for phys cal exercise. It isn't the most effective method for training commercial, designing and constru tion engineers. It fails to give the necessar insight into the practical side of electrical eng

neering and into the proper relation of the economic force

of an industrial organization.

Shop-practice courses at college can give at best but slight idea of the real industrial situation. Considering t limited equipment of colleges and the brief time they of allow, they can initiate the students only in a very gener way into practical processes, and give them but a speakir acquaintance with machines and materials.

"Besides, considerations of the elements of time # money in carrying out practical work are entirely neglecte at college. No one can succeed in industrial life who h not a hard-and-fast appreciation of economic values. young man can't get a conception of these values unle he has an extended experience in practical work in whi time and money play leading parts. You're not graspl what I'm telling you, young man, though I've spent a sm fortune of time on you already. So, get out!"

I got out, carrying away merely the impression that did not want to be connected with any kind of engineeri work, and also that the big engineer did not believe college men simply because he was self-made. All the san I continued to find that those employers who did belie in college men somehow had no place for me. I was s blind as to what was the matter with me; but I was far in comfortable in my mind, for all my other friends seemed have good positions, with plenty of chance for promotic I know now that most of them were bluffing—but, still, th had something to bluff on.

It was my father who at last landed me a job. He# held to his theory that it would be a tragedy for me to started on the wrong job; but he now said that one way knowing the wrong job was trying it and leaving it. had a friend who was with a firm that manufactured val and steam-fittings. This friend, Mr. Burton, was beat the brass-valve department. He knew I was looking for position; and, though his firm did not care much for t college-bred product, Mr. Burton engaged in his office at fifteen dollars a week.

I should have been thankful—and, in a way, I w I had no desire to sponge on my father any longer. Tak an allowance from him while I was in college seemed to quite a different thing from taking it while I was not do anything-not even making a pretense at studying; lot I left my suburban home on the Monday I started war felt a good deal of mortification. My dreams had too to the stars—and here I was a clerk! As I walked 10 Canal Street before turning west to the office I might be noticed the hordes of eager and even hungry-looking hanging about the windows of the labor-employment and cies; but I merely felt sorry for myself.

Our office was in the same building with our shops. as I passed up the stairs to my new work I could heaft

ming and clash that bespoke the labor of hundreds of 5 but of what they were making I knew and cared sing. I knew Mr. Burton well, for he was a neighbor irs. He was a fine-looking man, with shrewd, kind blue , red cheeks that somehow added to the genial look is face, and a pointed beard that gave him a slightly essional air.

is expression, however, was far from being that of the sroom, and, for all his gentle manners, any one who a judge of men would have seen that my new manwas not in the least to be trifled with; but at that time

is not a particularly close judge of men. expected Mr. Burton would start me off with some sort piel-and he did, but briefly. He said that any man had it in him to rise could rise with this particular pany, and that the best way to get on was to make elf as familiar as possible with the manufacturing and kings of the firm; and that, above all, I must realize eriousness of business. The steady thinking man would on: the flighty or indifferent one would be left behind. wo or three times he repeated that phrase—the seriousof business. If only I had listened to him with my ie mind—really grasped what he was trying to impress with-I might have saved myself some humiliations; I merely gave him the specious attention I had rded my professors. I had come to him as a stop-gap, use there was nowhere else to go, and I was not in the interested in the work. All I cared for was the fifteen irs a week-the pittance, as I called it privately.

#### Getting Broken to Harness

R.BURTON, first of all, took me downstairs and showed me the workings of the timeclock. I did not like to be bered; I hated the democracy of that timeclock, even igh the manager himself had a number. Then he took hrough the shop, from the foundry to the plating room. ight to have interested me. I ought to have felt the ificance and even the grandeur of what I casually ced at: but all I saw was a confusion of belts and shafts. th seemed to me to shadow their blackness on the ewashed walls.

saw flying splinters of steel, one of which struck me on cheek; grimy faces where, nevertheless, pallor showed dark eyes gleaming out of them stolidly, scarcely eing at us in order not to hinder the piecework.

I saw countless parts of valves dropping from machines or resting in great boxes, and I did not ask a single question about them. I saw long double boards, with rows of brass hooks, on some of which order slips were impaled; and I did not know or care that they were there to save the foreman clerical work. I merely felt that after all I was lucky in that I was not born to work in a shop.

My work was to write out orders and do other small details of clerical work. I had a desk between two clerks who did the payroll work and the cost work. The sunniest corners of the room went naturally to the manager, the assistant manager and the stockkeeper; but I had a good place and plenty of light. The work was easy; I mastered it at once, and I suppose I had a corresponding contempt for it. I soon became friendly with the other clerks in the office. They were not my sort exactly, but plenty of my classmates had not been, either, and yet I had got on with them.

As I have said, I had a gift for mixing. Presently I got used to my situation. I missed the freedom of movement of the college, where my closest confinement had been an occasional three hours in a laboratory, always with the privilege of moving about. It bored me to be on duty from eight until five-thirty; but I had an hour off at noon and after a while I did not mind the routine. Having a job I lifted up my head among my fellows once more, lied about the pay I was getting, bragged about my chances of promotion, called on girls and went to parties. In short, I was once more exactly the same joyful drifter I had been in

At the end of the first month I was called to Mr. Burton's desk.

"Tom, this won't do!" he said briefly. "You have been

late four mornings this month."

"Yes, I know," I said, feeling that I must smooth him
down exactly as I had smoothed down my professors. "I take the seven-twenty. When it gets in on time I'm here on time."

"I take the seven-fourteen," Mr. Burton said crisply. "Twenty-four days out of twenty-eight I get to the office six minutes ahead of time; but that keeps me from being late four times. If I can do it you can. Your position ought

to be just as important to you as mine is to me. That's all!" I retreated to my desk feeling aggrieved. Two or three nights a week I went to parties or to the theater or to the fraternity house. It was not always easy to be at the

> station by seven-fourteen-six minutes leeway between seven and eight is always a help. I was doing the confounded firm a favor anyway-it was not every office that could have a college man like me at its beck and call; but for all my inward grumbling I took the earlier train. Perhaps I subconsciously realized that I was lucky to have work at all. Soon after I was made a special order clerk; and, though this was really no promotion, somehow I felt as if it were.

> Presently I paved the way to a serious reprimand. A customer sent us a valve specifying a certain repair he wanted made, which would cost about two dollars. The foreman saw that it

would be useless to make this repair unless other work were done on the valve, which would bring the cost up to five dollars. Without consulting the customer I told the foreman to go ahead with it.

When the valve went backthecustomerobjected to the price. We had to write several letters before he was at all placated, and even then the firm felt it would have to absorb the extra cost. Mr. Burton took me to task.

"You showed very poor judgment in that matter, Tom," he said, "and a high-handed way that it is not our policy to take with our customers."

"Why, I figured I'd be saving time for the customer," I said glibly; though, as a matter of fact, I had not done any real figuring at all. "It would have taken two or three days if we'd written to him. Besides, the work had to be done."

"That's not the point," Mr. Burton said. "If you



I Went for a Long, Cold Walk and Did Some Hard Thinking

sent your overcoat to a tailor and told him to put on new braid and buttons, you'd object if he sent it back with a new lining you hadn't asked for. If you're going to stay with us, Tom, you'll kindly try to take your work seriously."

I smarted under that. I knew I had blundered, and for a few days I read over every order with the care that a nurse gives to a doctor's instructions. Then I blundered again. I suspect my mind was on a trivial honor that had come to me that morning-a song I had written had been incorporated in the college songbook. I was thinking of going to the fraternity house that night to be congratulated.

#### A Walk and a Turning-Point

AN ORDER came early in the afternoon from a customer, which was what we call a breakdown job. The man telegraphed that a valve on a high-pressure line in his manufacturing plant had broken, and he wanted one sent to him by express at once. I went to the foreman and asked him whether he could get the job out that night. He said he could not possibly, but he would have it ready before noon the next day. I took the word to the shipping department. The manager happened to be there and he inquired the name of the customer.

"Clark, I think," I said.
"Not the Clark-Ralston Company?" he said.

"I-I don't know," I replied.

"You come back to the office," he said grimly. We went back to the office. Mr. Burton looked at the

telegram; then he stared at me. "Did you try to find out how important a customer this Clark is, or why he wanted the valve on his high-pressure line, or what the consequence would be if he didn't get it?'
"No, sir," I said. "I went straight to the foreman."

"Well, you go back to the foreman," he said.

The foreman said he had not understood it was the Clark-Ralston Company or that the valve was to be sent by express, or he would have rushed it. By a little overtime work, he said, he could get the valve off that night.

Mr. Burton started in then and there to give me the talk that was the turning point of my life. He explained that the Clark-Ralston Company were most important customers; that the very 'warning "breakdown job" ought to have put me on my mettle; that the company's shop was running with a great number of men; that it was a high-pressure plant, and that they must have had to shut down part of their plant until that valve was in shape.

He said that if the valve had not been sent until the next y-which was Friday-it would have arrived on Washington's Birthday-which was Saturday-and that would have meant two idle days. He said I had handled the situation with the stupidity and inexpertness of a child of ten. What more he might have said I do not know. Luckily for me the head of our firm sent for him.

I did not go to the fraternity house that night. I went for a long, cold walk and did some hard thinking. For the first time I realized how utterly worthless I was. I did not show as much skill as some of the clerks who had scarcely gone through the high school.

For the first time I saw that my college education had, so far as business was concerned, got me nowhere. I had not learned one thing in college that I had been able to apply to my present work. I had felt above my work—had

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I Had Spent a Lot of Time Talking Nonsense to Girls

### FREDDYET CIE



PHOTO, D1 AGE, FEDER, NEW YORK CITY

T IS always a perplexing question how to provide for younger sons, and the immediate relatives of the Honorable Freddy Foulkes had forfeited a considerable amount of beauty sleep in connection with the problem.

"My poor darling!" the Marchioness of Glantyre sighed one day, more in sorrow than in anger, when the Honorable Freddy brought his charming smile and his graceful but unemployed person into her morning room. "If you could only find some congenial and at the same time lucrative post that would take up your

time and absorb your spare energy, how grateful I should be!" "I have found it," said the Honorable Freddy, with his cherubic smile. He possessed the blond curling hair and artless expression that may be symbolical of guilelessness or the admirable mask of guile.

"Thank heaven!" breathed his mother. Then, with a sense that the thanksgiving might, after all, be premature, she inquired: "But of what nature is this post? Before it can be seriously considered one must be certain that it entails no loss of caste, demands nothing derogatory in the nature of service from one who---I need not remind you of the fact that your family must be considered."

She smoothed her darling's silky hair, which exhaled the choicest perfume of Bond Street, and kissed his brow, as pure and shadowless as a slice of cream cheese, as the young man replied: "Dearest mother, you certainly need not."
"Then tell me of this post. Is it anything," the Mar-

chioness asked, "in the diplomatic line?"

"Without a good deal of diplomacy a man would be no good for the shop, but otherwise your guess is out."

Doubt darkened his mother's eyes, "Don't say," she exclaimed, "that you have accepted a club secretaryship? To me it seems the last resource of the unsuccessful man."

"It will never be mine," said Freddy, "because I can't keep accounts and they wouldn't have me.

Try again."
"I trust it has nothing to do with art," breathed the Marchioness, who loathed the children of canvas and palette with an unreasonable loathing.

"In a way it has," replied her son, "and in another way it hasn't. Come! I'll give you a lead. There is a good deal of straw in the business,'

"You cannot contemplate casting in your lot with the agricultural classes? No! I knew the example of your unhappy cousin Reginald would prevent you from adopting so wild a course. But you spoke of straw.

"Of straw-and flowers-and tulles."

"Flowers and tools! Gardening is a craze that has become fashionable of late; but I cannot calmly see you in an apron, potting plants."

"It is not a question of potting plants, but of potting customers," said Freddy, showing his white teeth in a charming smile.

A shudder convulsed Freddy's mother. Freddy went on, filially patting her handsome hand: "You see, I have decided, and gone into trade.

### By Richard Dehan



If I were a wealthy cad I should keep a bucket shop. Being a poor gentleman, I am going to make a bonnet shop keep me. And what is more-I intend to trim all the bonnets

There was no heart disease on the maternal side of the house. The Marchioness did not become pale blue and sink backward, clutching at her corsage. She rose to her feet and boxed her son's right car. He calmly offered the left one for similar treatment.

"Don't send me out looking uneven," he said simply. "If I pride myself on anything it is a well-balanced appearance. And I have to put in an appearance at the shop by

He glanced into the mantel mirror as he spoke, and, observing with gratification that his immaculate necktie had escaped disarrangement, he twisted his little mustache, smiled, and knew himself irresistible.

"The shop! Degenerate boy!" cried his mother. "Who is your partner in this—this enterprise?"

You know her by sight, I think," returned the cherub coolly. "Mrs. Vivianson, widow of the man who led the

Doncaster Fusiliers to the top of Mealie Kop and got shot there. Awfully fetching and as clever as they make them!'

"That woman one sees everywhere with a positive procession

of young men at her heels!"
"That woman, and no other."

"She is hardly -

"She is awfully chic, especially in mourning."

'I will admit she has some style." "Admit, when you and all the other women have copied the color of her hair and the cut of her sleeves for three seasons past! I like that!"

Freddy was growing warm. "When you accuse me of imitating the appearance of a person of that kind," said Lady Glantyre in a cold fury, "you insult your mother! And when you ally yourself with her in the face of society, as you are about to do, you are going too far. As to this millinery establishment,

it shall not open.' "My dear mother," said Freddy, "it has been open for a week."

proof or the Transport and to the State of the



He drew a card from an exquisite case mounted gold. On the pasteboard appeared the follow inscription in neat characters of copperplate:

> FREDDY ET CIE. COURT MILLINERS 11, CONDOVER STREET, W.

"Freddy and Company!" murmured the strid parent as she perused the announcement.

"Mrs. V. is Company," observed the son will spice of vulgarity, "and uncommonly good a pany too. As for myself my talents have at last in scope and millinery is my métier. How often you haves that no one has such exquisite taste in the arrangement

'As you, Freddy! It is true! But -

"Haven't you declared over and over again that; have never had a maid who could put on a mantle, adja fold of lace, or pin on a toque as skillfully as your own set "My boy, I own it. Still, millinery as a profession-

Can you call it quite manly for a man?"
"To spend one's life in arranging combinations to off other women's complexions-can you call that women for a woman? To my mind," pursued Freddy, "it is only occupation for a man of real refinement. To con-Beauty with beauty! To dream exquisite confect that shall add the one touch wanting to exquisite ye or magnificent middle age! To build up with deft tood a creation that shall betray in every detail, in every de-

the hand of a genius united to the soul of a lover, and reap not only gold but glory! Would this not be fame?"

"Ah! I no longer recognize you. You do not talk like your dear old self!" cried the Marchioness.

"I am glad of it," replied Freddy, "for, frankly, I was beginning to find my dear old self a bore." He drew out a watch, and his monogram and crest in diamonds scintillated on the case. His eye gleamed with proud tri-



umph as he said: "At twelve I am due at Condover See Come—not as my mother, if you are ashamed of my pri sion, but as a customer ashamed of that bonnet"-13 Glantyre was dressed for walking—"which you out have given to your cook long ago. Unless you a prefer your own brougham, mine is at the door."

The vehicle in question bore the smartest appears The Marchioness entered it without a murmur and whirled to Condover Street. The name of Freddy 61 appeared in a delicate flourish of gold letters also



justely decorated portals of the establishment, and the hie-glass window contained nothing but an assortment lphnes, ribbons, chiffons and shapes of the latest mode, and a single completed article of head apparel.

The street was already blocked with carriages, the vestior parked, the shop thronged with a vast and everpressing assemblage of women, among whom Lady lature recognized several of her dearest friends. She abid she had not come, and looked for Freddy. Freddy ad vanished. His partner, Mrs. Vivianson, a vividly ned elegant brunette of some thirty summers, assisted three or four charming girls, was busily engaged with ger would-be customers, not a few, who sought admission the inner room, the pale green portière of which bore in adjusters of embroidery the word atelier.

"You see," she was saying, "to the outer shop admisis guite free. We are charmed to see everybody who

us to come, don't you know, and show them glatest shades and shapes and things; but nsultation with Monsieur Freddy - we arge five shillings for that. Unusual? shaps. But Monsieur Freddy is Monsieur

"Why do you ask? Is it true that he is the anger son of the Duke of Ancestous?" "Dear madame, to us he is Monsieur

edly; and we ask no more." "A born tradeswoman!" thought Lady lutyre as the silver coins were exchanged tlittle colored silk tickets bearing mystic miers. She moved forward and tendered stalf crowns-and Freddy's partner and sity's mother looked each other in the er but Mrs. Vivianson maintained an inrable composure.

And then the curtains of the atelier parted da young and pretty woman came out

fieldy. She was charmingly dressed and wore the most quiste of hats, and a murmur went up at sight of it. She atched out her hands to a friend who rushed impulsively net her, and her voice broke in a sob of rapture.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet? And he did it anagic-one scarcely saw his fingers move!" she cried. He friend burst into exclamations of delight and a ma arose about them:

"Wonderful!"

"Estraordinary!"

"He does it while you wait!"

"Just for curiosity, I really must!"

ltd a wave of eager women surged toward the green ties. Three went in, being previously deprived of their

headgear by the respectful attendants, who averred that it put Monsieur Freddy's taste out of gear for the day to be compelled to gaze on any creation other than his own. And then came the turn of Lady Glantyre.

She disbonneted and entered the sanctum. A pale, clear, golden light illumined it from above; the walls were hung with draperies of delicate pink; the carpet was moss-green. In the center of the apartment, on a broad, low divan, reclined the figure of a slender young man. He wore a black satin mask, concealing the upper part of his face, a loose loung-

WITH TILES FEBRE, NEW YORK CITY ing suit of black velvet, slippers of the same with the embroidered initial F. ad him stood, mute and attentive as slaves, half ben pretty young women, bearing trays of trimmings very conceivable kind. In the background a grove lands supported hat shapes, bonnet shapes, toque dations—the skeletons of every conceivable kind of

lent, the Marchioness stood before her disguised son. mily put up his eyeglass, to accommodate which aid sion his mask had been specially designed, and moed her to the sitter's chair, so constructed that with ach of Monsieur Freddy's foot on a lever it would ive, presenting the customer from every point of He touched the lever now, and chair and Marness spun round slowly. But for the presence of the Wladies, with their trays of flowers, plumes, gauzes Tibbons, Freddy's mother could have screamed. All abile Freddy remained silent absorbed in contem-90, as though trying to fix on his memory features for the first time. At last he spoke.

Itall." he said, "and inclined to a becoming embon-1. The eyes blue-gray; the hair of auburn touched with silver; the features of the Anglo-Roman type, somewhat severe in outline; the chin - A hat to suit this client"-he spoke in a sad, sweet, mournful voice-"would cost five guineas. A Marquise shape, of broadtail"—one of the young lady attendants placed the shape required in the artist's hands-"the brim lined with a rich drapery of chenille and silk. . Needle and thread, Miss Banks. Thank you." His fingers moved like white lightning as he deftly wielded the feminine implement and snatched his materials from the boxes proffered in succession by the girls. "Black and white tips of ostrich falling over one side from a ring of cut steel," he continued in the same dreamy tone. "A knot of Point d'Irlande, with a heart of Neapolitan violets, and"-he rose from the divan and lightly placed the beautiful completed fabric on the Marchioness' head-"here is your hat, madame.

Five guineas. Good morning. Next, please!"

Emotion choked his mother's utterance. At the same moment she saw herself in the glass silently swung toward her by one of the attendants and knew that she was suited to a marvel. She paid her five guineas, made her exit, and returned home, embarrassed by the discovery that there was an artist in the family.

One thing was clear-no more was to be said. The Maison Freddy became the morning resort of the Smart World: it was considered the thing to have hats made while society waited. True, they came to pieces easily, not being copper-nailed and riveted, so to speak; but what

poems they were! The charming conversation of Monsieur Freddy, the half mystery that veiled his identity as his semimask partially concealed his fair and smiling countenance, added to the attractions of the Condover-Street atelier.

Money rolled in; the banking account of the partners grew plethoric; and then Mrs. Vivianson, in spite of the claims of the business on her time, in spite of the Platonic standpoint she had up to the present maintained in her relations with Freddy, began to be jealous.

"Or-no! I will not admit that such a thing is possible!" she said as she looked through some recent entries in the daybook of the firm. "But that American millionairess girl comes too often. She has bought a hat every day for three weeks past. Good for business in one way, but bad for it in another. If he should marry, what becomes of the Maison Freddy?"

She sighed and passed between the curtains. It was the slack time after luncheon and Freddy was enjoying a moment's interval. Stretched on his divan, his embroidered slippers elevated in the air, he smoked a perfumed





PROTO. BY THE TRANSPIRENTIC APPROPRIES OF

cigarette, surrounded by the materials of his craft. He smiled at Mrs. Vivianson as she entered and then raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Has anything gone wrong? You swept in as tragically as my mother when she comes to disown me. She does it regularly every week and as regularly takes me on again." He exhaled a scented cloud and smiled once more.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Vivianson going direct to the point, "this little speculation of ours has turned out very well, hasn't it?"

"Beyond dreams!" acquiesced Freddy.

She went on: "You came

to me a penniless detrimental, with a talent of which nobody guessed that anything could be made. I gave that gift a chance to develop. I set you on your legs, and -

"Me roild! You don't want me to rise up and bless you, do you?" said Freddy with half-closed eyes, awfully, you know, all the same!"

"I don't know that I want thanks, quite," said Mrs. Vivianson. "I've had back every penny that I invested and pulled off a bouncing profit. Your share amounts to

little while you'll be able to pay your debts." "I shall never do that,"said Freddy with

a handsome sum. In a

feeling. "Marry and leave me-perhaps," went on Mrs. Vivianson. A shade swept over her face; her dark eyes glowed; the lines of her mouth hardened.

"Keep as you are!" cried Freddy, rebounding to a sitting position on the divan. "Where's that new Medici shape in gold rice-straw, and the amber crêpe chiffon, and



WHOTO, BY JOSE PROCES, NEW HORS CITY

the orange roses with crimson hearts?" His nimble fingers darted hither and thither, his eyes shone, and his cheeks were flushed with the enthusiasm of the artist. "A tuft of black and yellow cock's feathers à la Méphistophélès!" he cried; "a topaz buckle, and it is finished. You must wear it with a jabot of yellow Point d'Alençon. It is the hat of hats for a jealous woman!"

"How dare you!" cried Mrs. Vivianson; but Freddy did not seem to hear her-he was rapt in the contemplation of the new masterpiece. And as he rose and gracefully placed it on his partner's head Miss Cornelia Vanderdecken was ushered in. She was superbly beautiful in the ivory-skinned, jetty-locked, slender American style, and she wore a hat that Freddy had made the day before, which set off her charms to admiration.

She occupied the sitter's chair as Mrs. Vivianson glided from the room, and Freddy's blue eyes dwelt on her worshipingly. To do him justice he had lost his heart before he learned that Cornelia was an heiress. Now words escaped him that

brought a faint pink stain to her ivory cheek.

"Ah!" he cried impulsively. "You are ruining my business!"

"Oh, why, Monsieur Freddy? Please tell me!" asked Miss Vanderdecken with naive curiosity.

"Because," said Freddy, while a bright blush showed beyond the limits of his black satin mask, "you are so beautiful that it is tor-



PRODUCT BY JOHN FROM N. NEW YORK CITY

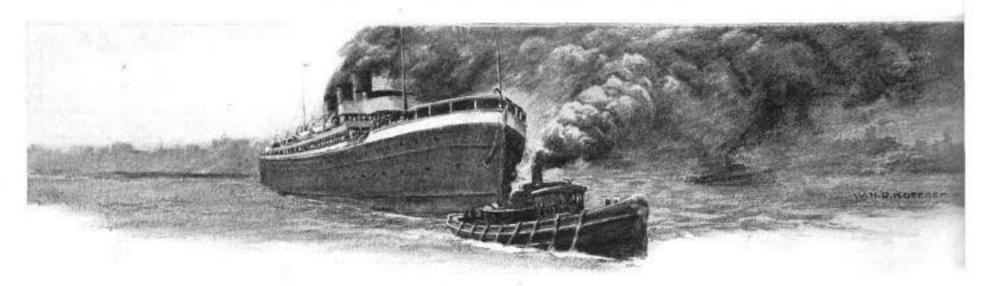
ture to make hats for other women—since I have seen you." There was a pause. Then Miss Cornelia's bangles clashed and her silk foundations rustled as she turned resolutely toward the divan.

"I can't return the compliment," she said, "by telling you that it is torture for me to wear hats made by any other man since I have seen you; for other men don't make hats, and I can't really see you through that this you wear over your face. But

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# Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries By James H. Collins

GETTING RID OF THE SMOKE FROM THE FACTORY CHIMNE



Carelessness and Ignorance are Jaid to be Responsible for Ninety Per Cent of the Worst Jmoke

THE business world has now set seriously to work to eliminate by better management a number of unpleasant things connected with its affairs that-only yesterday-were considered unpreventable. Industrial accidents make up the largest item, and the next largest and most expensive seems to be smoke.

Many years ago a few esthetic critics raised objections to the smoke from the factory chimney because it was not beautiful, and the very idea was new to the business world, which was astonished and could only retort that smoke from the factory chimney meant prosperity—more wages and profits; more goods and comfort for everybody. Smoke from the factory chimney was really a form of human happiness-and there could not be too much of it. In the United States a great national election was won on the platform that abundant black smoke should

pour from all factory chimneys.

By and by the opponents of smoke found a more practical objection - that it was immensely expensive. Some startling facts were collected. Smoke-measuring devices were made and the fall of soot was reduced to figures.

In London it was found that about six hundred and fifty tons of soot fell every year on each square mile of the city, doing damage estimated at twenty-six million dollars a year, with a fuel waste of a million more. And that was only an everyday matter-for a London fog, which is only smoke out of the higher regions dropped down into the city by atmospheric conditions, could cost as much as a million dollars a day in delay and

In Pittsburgh careful estimates indicated a yearly loss of ten million dollars, chiefly in damage to clothes and buildings, cost of washing, painting, papering, replacing of corroded metal, damage to merchandise, artificial lighting, and the like.

In Chicago the smudge bill was figured at forty million dollars a year; in Cincinnati at one hundred dollars for each family-and so on.

#### Numbers for Smoke Clouds

FINALLY Uncle Sam's experts made a national estimate, placing the smoke loss by damage and waste at a round half billion dollars yearly-or seventeen dollars for every man, woman and child in all our cities and towns.

When ideas have any vitality at all they grow. By this time the business world itself admitted that smoke was not beautiful-except in a symbolic way-and the bill of costs was not disputed.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Business. "How are we to run our plants without making smoke?"

The answer was, smoke laws, smoke inspectors, smoke fines, smoke preventers, and other measures designed to cut down smoke production. Much was accomplished. Big industrial plants partly cured the smoke evil by patent stokers or better methods of firing boilers; v improvement, not elimination.

Hundreds of little plants continued to make smoke in the small quantities that went to produce the great aggregate. Household chimneys continued their business at the same old stand; and the extent to which they are responsible for the smoke evil is shown very clearly in London, where it is estimated that more than half the coal used is burned in household grates-smoke has been an issue in London for five hundred years at least.

The inspector could not catch such offenders; and there were other smokemakers who, though anxious to reduce

A Great National Election Was Won on the Platform That Abundant Black Smoke Should Pour From All Factory Chimneye

their contribution, had to face great difficulties-rail locomotives furnish a large share of a city's smoke instance, yet could not be fitted with mechanical sta or fired to eliminate smoke to the degree possible in industrial power plant.

Worse yet, it was found that the smoky chimney not cause so much damage as the one apparently su less. Exact tests were devised by which the inspe looking at smoke through an instrument, could gi a figure rating as number-one smoke or numbersmoke-or whatever it might be. But the chimney ducing dense number-three smoke for fifteen min calling out the inspector and bringing down a fine found to cause far less damage from soot and cinders the innocent-looking stack producing a light nun

two smoke all day; for, though the latter was confor to the law, its daily output of soot might be enorm

#### Smoke Washed But Not Ironed

TN OTHER words, when smoke was taken up setiit was found to be as many-sided as other modern lems; but today the whole business world has its a tion directed toward smokeless production, and several different directions the real article seems act to be coming.

One way of dealing with smoke that yields exe results is turning round the old proverb and in recognizing that where there is fire there will alwasome smoke. This point of view leads the engine stop trying for smokeless combustion and see wh something cannot be done with smoke after it has

There are the smokewashers, by which smoke an industrial plant is forced through water spray cleansed of its solid matter. About one per cent : coal burned under boilers with the best equipms automatic stokers will pass out of the chimney a and tiny cinders. To the average citizen's eye. chimney looks clean, because there is little of the co cloud which he regards as smoke; but with a plant ing a couple of thousand tons of coal daily, located heart of a city, there will be a daily deposit of from twenty tons of soot and cinders constantly raining on the neighborhood and causing complaint.

The smokewasher removes all this objectionable and, though it may be costly to a corporation i quantities of water necessary must be purchased. certainly economical to the community. And ther direct advantage to the company that warrants th penditure; for a large electrical corporation in the considers the washing of its smoke one of the! forms of peacemaking between the public and itse

This kind of smoke treatment naturally less attempts to do something useful with the washing even in a small plant installed at a railroad round to wash the smoke from a hundred locomotives the half a ton of washings weekly, while a big power |

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### THE DANCING CARNIVAL

USTARD pie or canned pear?" asked the waitress; to which Goldie Dailey answered:

"If it's pears I want some, an' if it ain't I ant 'em anyway, an' they can charge me itra. But don't bring just a stingy half!" The waitress stared haughtily and withrew to tell the kitchen that the blonde tress was kicking again. Johnny Trippit d Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggler, who ere having luncheon at the same table, inned.

"The chow in these one-nighters sure is mpin awful!" said Goldie, hungrily cutting e last tag of meat from a chopbone.

"When I ain't nourished correct it tells," served Bologna. "No man can do my stuff he don't git plenty of meat. I come near oppin' a big weight right on my coco yesrday mat'née-an' all from misjudgin'. I never make that mistake on stronger edin'.'

"I used to hear they gave you cold stringans an' apple pie for breakfast through w England, but I didn't believe it," said hnny. "It's been worse'n that in some these tanks. They don't know what com-

"The dressin'-rooms ain't fit for an animal t," said Goldie as the waitress grudgingly posited a whole canned pear before her, wonder where Lionel is?" Silence met s query; so she repeated it, with a similar ult. "You can't both be deaf," she said arply. "What are you grouchin' about

"I got no use for that guy," said Bologna ruptly. "Not that I'm knockin'."

Johnny nodded approval. Goldie looked ignant as she rearranged a fold of her gray e wnist.

'I tell you, kiddo," said Johnny, "he ain't re on professional ethics. I was tellin' ne Willetts how certain acts has been alin' an' usin' our material, an' how I had wyer after the parties, an' that killin' was good for 'em—an' he the same as defended An' he's too fresh, ain't he, Fred?" 'He laughed right out after me remarkin'

t the chooser who was passin' out your steps might be his company, for all we could tell," said Bologna. "I'm picious of him. We don't know where he come from-re's a million Western acts. We don't know what or who re harborin'.

But you do know he's scored a personal hit an' it's got r angora, don't you?" cried Goldie. "Lionel's nice an' ibly artistic, an' I wouldn't 'a' had half the light an' de to my work if he'd never joined. I see values truer

That guy entered this show as property man; an' e he's got a little part he thinks he'll tunnel under me, the next thing grab you for a partner an' git some adway bookin'," said Johnny; and the waitress ried to the kitchen to notify her associates there that redheaded actor was angry.

Now you're talkin'!" said Bologna, uneasily avoiding

fie's scorching glance.

I see Miss Duffy huntin' me; so I'll ask you to kindly se me," said Goldie; and she trailed her black satin t into the hotel office, where Daisy Duffy was telling the that there was no place like dear old New York.

aisy had a small and wrinklish face and the greaset was never entirely out of her eyebrows. There was narily a gap in the back of her bodice, proving the ations of her reach; but she wore such modish wraps such excessively split and pegtopped skirts, and had a profusion of gold cords and tassels depending from elf, that small details were unimportant. Persons ous of her acquaintance must expect to hear of her rce and her difficulty in finding number-two shoes-it not all skittles, this having little feet. She catalogued ts simply; things happened with Daisy either before ter her operation.

e put an arm through Goldie's when the latter had put handsome seal coat, and they went out together, as y people commenting on Goldie's bright hair and clear skin as on Daisy's tassels and pink fur leg-muffs, ned to protect the wearer against a January wind and

p-split costume. He's fussin' over Lionel, as though the poor boy was a inal," confided Goldie: "but I sha'n't stand naggin', if we are engaged. Would you?"

By Helen Van Campen



"I Hit Their Cursed Leader in the Eye!"

"I'd just let him say what we'd do and then I wouldn't do it," counseled Daisy. "You didn't go and tell about Lionel writing the song to you? Don't you! Redheaded men are mean at best, dearie; so he's only being true to his nature."

"He forbade me goin' to dinner with a very old friend. The party's a jeweler and as highminded as can be!"

"A woman would be mad not to show a little kindness to a jeweler," said Daisy. "I should get to training Trippit in a hurry, or he'll be impossible; for they grow that way when you give in to them. Wouldn't you hate to live in one of these teenchy-weenchy towns? It gives me the creeps to think of it."

"Yes, they're extremely hick; but then they don't realize it, I s'pose," said Goldie. "We better be hikin' for the theater. I do hope Johnny doesn't make any threats against Lionel! It seems like all we draw in this world is

The company playing one-night stands through New England was called by the profession the Trippit and Dailey Road Show. Theatrical critics in the towns booked described it as two-dollar vaudeville. The owners of musical shows with large casts and heavy expenses called it any harsh name that occurred to the defamers. Charlie Levy, the backer in New York, had visited only the receiving tellers of his bank since the opening week. It was a money-getter.

Trippit and Dailey drew the one salary that was considered high in times when the most ordinary act received pay on an extravagant scale. Everybody doubled by working in the Dancing Carnival, which formed the last half of the show. The company carried a few special drops and set pieces, but they were able to use house scenery to an extent that helped to keep the bills at a low figure.

Goldie always got the star dressing room, Johnny the next choice, and the other artists squabbled over what was left. It was a dancing show, arranged to meet the demand of the moment; and the feeling of the performers toward each other was as pleasant as was usual where many temperamental persons in the same line of work played two shows a day, contending bitterly for favor.

Lionel Lamotte had been recruited in Boston. The show's accredited property man had developed rheumatism

and cried off on six weeks of one-night stands; and Lionel, briefly explaining that he was a Western professional out of work, offered to be property and baggage master, and to play a small part in the "revue" for thirty-five dollars a week. He modestly said that he could dance, play the violin and piano-and if the manager wished he would write his own part. He was hired, and Sam Josephs, the company manager, declared him the material of which big-time acts were made. Lionel told inquirers that his mother had been connected with the theater; and so she had—as scrubwoman to a San Francisco stock house, where big-eyed, curious Lionel filled her buckets and wrung out soiled cloths as he listened and learned.

A property man who had been with Réjane taught him to build the most intricate properties, and a stage carpenter whose wife was an ex-ballerina often took him home to dinner and a dancing lesson. The theater's first violin wanted to make a musician out of him, and they would work together at a piano from midnight to foggy dawn. Lionel had to take naps in the dressing rooms between bucketfillings. The property man urged him to study for the drama; the ex-ballerina was certain that he could dance a path to fame; and the violinist, fearful of the grind of dreary hours in a theater orchestra if his pupil played no better than himself, sadly bade the boy decide without advice.

Lionel thereupon became a barker for a circus sideshow, sending money to his mother with such regularity that she scrubbed no longer. He played in a restaurant orchestra in Los Angeles, then went out with Smoke's Mustodonic Minstrels, playing a violin in the orchestra, doing the press work and taking tickets on the gallery door, and faking trombone—for ten dollars weekly.

These various employments occupied him until he was twenty, when his mother died, leaving him a collection of musty photographs, a ribbon worn by Fanny Davenport, and her famous signed letter from Pete Dailey, in which he inclosed two dollars for the washing of some shirts.

Lionel set his face Eastward, crossing three states with a dog and pony circus, and another with a medicine show to which his oratorical gifts were valuable. He rode the brakebeams of an overland train into Chicago and was uninjured by the extensive airing. He was twenty-one before he got to New York; and its bigness, and the stone wall that successful performers and busy booking agents, and managers whose business was done only through agents, seemed to form against one lone boy, cowed him thoroughly. He registered at an agent's office and became so used to the clerk's sniffish cry, "Nothin' for you today!" that he dreamed it, and would have fainted from amazement had the clerk ever admitted that there was anything for him, on that or any other day!

The Trippit and Dailey Company did not hear of these vicissitudes, for Lionel had learned not to mention failures. He had twenty cents when a stagehand, who was a Native Son and because of it had been assisting this other Californian, remarked that the show at his house that week needed a property man.

"I guess I know too much about too many things and not enough about any one of 'em," Lionel later told Goldie. who answered:

"Then specialize in one an' git somewhere! What do you like best?"

"Drama," said Lionel; and Goldie confided that she had always felt that, with time to study, emotional drama would have claimed her.

She suggested a few changes when he brought the part he was writing to her. They rehearsed a little secretly. Lionel forgot the vivid beauty of Vera Kelly, of the Sisters Kelly, and his plan to ask Vera to a fine dinner as soon as his finances permitted the feast. What a privilege-to be on friendly terms with a real star! And the star was young and blonde and pansy-eyed, with plump arms and a white throat rising gracefully from plaited lace ruffles or severe round necks of velvet gowns that were of the most alluring colors. Her nails had the bright pink polish considered modish in vaudeville, and he liked to watch her many rings flash when she moved her fingers.

Vera Kelly's little nearseal jacket and her inevitable white waist and brown skirt, with heavy-soled tan shoes, disgusted him after he had walked with Goldie, delightful

in velvet or silk crêpe, and twelve-dollar shoes. Goldie had a different set of rich furs or a splendid coat for each day of the week; but she was not proud or above talking to persons lacking similar wardrobes. And when he said that one with her sympathy, and her power of characterization would have been at the very top in drama, she asked quite humbly whether it were too late to try.

"Oh, why don't you? Give yourself a chance! What's vaudeville?" cried Lionel, with the memory of the agent's clerk smarting. "You're above these people and you owe

it to the world to take your proper place.

"An' I bet I could git an' audience goin' if I was in the legitimate," said Goldie; "but I simply never knew a single person who could put me next to the game. An' it's six nights, an' in some only Sat'd'y matinée—though others have Wednesday too; but that's only eight shows as against fourteen with us. An' look at the rep they git if they're a real hit!"

They rehearsed often; and Manager Josephs, when the bit was interpolated, wrote the backer to try and catch the show one of these days and watch Goldie Dailey and the new kid. Lionel was making a little part stand out. He was able to ask Vera to dinner now; but she ate alone, for Lionel was thinking of his art and of Goldie, who listened avidly as he limned a grander destiny.

"I'd just have to lift myself from the vulgarians an' give my whole soul to the work," she said. "Maybe it was evil influences made me a champion buck dancer instead of a dramatic actress, an' you were sent to guide me, Lionel! But if I did cut loose from the two-a-day where would you think I'd develop quickest?"

"Far, far from all this," said Lionel vaguely; and as soon as they separated he pondered the matter.

Goldie must retire temporarily and seek the lonely spaces, whence she should emerge triumphantly capable of interpreting the works of the masters. And suppose Lionel Lamotte wrote the play that first displayed her genius? He had done Smoke's press work, and composed speeches that sold innumerable bottles of an Indian tonic, for the medicine show. He would invade the lonely spaces with her—one more could not really disturb the silence. Write? With Goldie near, he could write plays that would startle press and public! Goldie did not consider Lionel as necessary to the realization of her ambition until he outlined the plot of a play. Then she saw his worth.

"I like you lots, Lionel; but as to bein' ever anything more, why, nothin' doin', for I'm engaged to Johnny, an' I s'pose we'll keep on, though if I see I can do good in drama I sure will leave the act, even if he does git peeved," said she. "Mona Morton's a toe dancer, an' her husband's a legit—though, at that, he's as dull as a fruit knife, an' I don't see how she endures him! Those combinations ain't unusual, though, an' we could both live our lives. Time'll

"Trippit is a weed compared with the fragrant flower of your talent," said Lionel, much encouraged; and when Goldie was not looking he wrote the remark down to use in the play.

She sighed. He was a handsome weed! Fresh-colored, thick-framed and strong, and as light-footed a dancer as the slimmest man could be, Johnny was physically attractive; while Lionel, lean and small, his complexion the hue of a picked chicken, was not. But Lionel had remarkable eyes. They were large and black and talkative, and their homage was inspiring. Goldie thought of them as she strolled to the theater with Daisy. Entering, they heard the stage doorkeeper saying:

"Yes-no one allowed back without an order from the front, so I put her out; an' then I found this paper.

She's been lookin' at your snowshoes."

"An' this here's notes on our snowshoe dance-Gee! It's one the choosers, an' she's got away on us!" claimed Johnny; and the doorkeeper added that the woman had been talking to the show's property man. Goldie followed Johnny to the property room in search

of Lionel. Daisy and Bologna the Juggler went also. "What's he doin'?" demanded Bologna, hearing a

queer sound.

Johnny flung a door open, discovering Lionel Lamotte intently practicing what Trippit and Dailey's billing described as an eccentric dance. The snowshoes were real; and as Lionel was unfamiliar with the hitch used by the team he had tied the thongs in a bunglesome way, confining his heels instead of leaving them free. He was awkwardly trying to execute a step; and, caught in a silly position, he flushed and endeavored to get out of the lacing.

"Will you take off them shoes or will I bust you right on your beezer?" shouted Johnny, and Bologna deemed

his language temperate.

"Oh, Johnny, you mustn't! Stop, now!" warned Goldie; and Lionel said:

"I only put 'em on to see how they felt, and I apologize. Ain't that sufficient?"

"Performers coppin' other parties' tricks are gittin'

pretty numerous—not that I mean parties here—an' again p'raps I do," said Bologna, bulging his wide chest with a tremendous breath. Johnny coldly asked about the strange woman and

Lionel as coldly replied that all he knew was that he had told her she must not touch the snowshoes, whereat she had laughed and left. "Mr. Lamotte ain't a chooser, an' I don't see any harm

in him tryin' the snowshoes on," said Goldie. "If I don't care, Johnny needn't. Now let's git made up an' leave Lionel be. You come on with me, John. D'you hear me?"

Johnny murmured hoarsely as Goldie led him off. Daisy encouraged Goldie with a wink. But Bologna lingered; and he said to Lionel:

"The chooser that makes notes on my turn'll be drove out of this land! Git me?"

"No, I don't—and I don't propose to hear your views; so get me on that point!" said Lionel hotly. "What's the matter with you fellows in this troupe? Are you scared of having some of the fat cut out of your parts? Looks like it."

Bologna rumbled that if he did not have to make up he would show some people! And Lionel, setting the snow-

shoes outside, shut the door on the juggler.

The Sisters Kelly had opened the performance; Gene and Fanny Willetts, society entertainers, were now on. Daisy Duffy and her Different Dancers, six girls who were useful in the revue, were hastening into their costumes. When the Happy Harmonists, four gentlemen who sang ballads and danced, succeeded the Willetts, Goldie was in an entrance, clad in a jaunty suit of white satin coat and

tight knickers, trimmed with swansdown, with a swansdown cap. All her diamonds adorned hands and breast. Trippit and Dailey's new act was a winter setting, and the team entered on snowshoes over a drift of property snow. Then they danced-and the feat had put another hundred on their weekly salary.

Goldie dreamily watched Billy Graff, of the Harmonists, doing a burlesque tango with the act's lanky

"Have to set this bunch on fire to heat 'em up," gasped Billy as he danced near her, and Goldie smiled as the audience finally decided to clap. She was still smiling when Johnny, bearing the snowshoes, appeared beside her.

"Goldie, will you please be a little less realistic with that Lamotte today?" he pleaded. "You don't want the comp'ny to see me have to lam him, do you?"

'Sacrifice my art to your jealousy? I'd be ashamed



They Waltzed Off to a Clamor That Brought Them Out to Take Six Bows

to give the public less'n my very best," said Goldie vir ously; and Johnny retorted;
"It's you draggin' him up. He can't do you a liek

good, kiddo!"

"Didn't he sit out in front, movin' from A to R, so's git the effect an' tell me if I had enough red on after w switched from blackface? You never done it! An' I wo let his an' my actin' suffer for any one!"

"Be sure it is actin', Goldie—others ain't so positiv

he said darkly.

As they worked she thought with anger of his reque What effrontery in a man who opened the Dancing Carni with Vera Kelly, dancing the Brazilian Tango and Maxixe, and concluding the offering by holding Ve languorously supine on his arm, while he gazed arder into her black Irish eyes!

When she finished her turn Goldie changed quickly to white dress she wore in the Carnival. A maid fluffed her shining hair. She was ready for the revue, and at callboy's shrill Time! she took her place at the forem table, in what was presumbably a colorful vision of night life of Broadway. The Kelly Sisters were back of !

All performers sat on gilt chairs arranged in a semicir with tables between the chairs. It was a restaurant wit dancing platform, and the drop rose on Johnny, now ordinary evening clothes, in altercation with a comtaxicab driver who had pursued him from the street. comedy policeman dragged the chauffeur off and Joh seated himself at a table across the stage from Gol Daisy's dancers unobtrusively filled in at the tables. action was rushed-Gene and Fanny Willetts doing time and turkey trot; Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggle America's supreme novelty—tossing first oranges, cannonballs, while he jigged merrily and caught the nonballs on the back of a hefty neck.

After each number the stage audience clapped t hands and yelled, and the comedy policeman, who Billy Graff, of the Happy Harmonists, danced out to what they meant by it, which delighted the real audie on the other side of the footlights. The policeman has look earnestly into Johnny's face, then display an enorm star and attempt to arrest him, which fed Johnny to trick of suddenly standing on his hands, and on them da ing a buck at such speed that the policeman could maintain a hold on him.

While this continued, a youth with long black hair. black eyes enlarged by the lavish use of make-up, mor slowly from table to table, until he faced Goldie. Wit dramatic cry, she held a hand to her heart, and the you commenced a wailing tune on the violin he carried. audience laughed as she fell under the spell of his musiperhaps they wondered how she could, for it was me ocre—and the player crept steadily closer until be less over and she leaned faintly back. A final note and his = clutched her! But she repulsed him with a look of her



at gradually faded as he played again, retreating. mosching, retreating, until she rose, dazedly following he went sinuously between the tables and made his exit. Goldie glanced defiantly at Johnny as she returned to prous applause. She waltzed to meet Lionel, who entered m the opposite side, playing a gay tune as he waltzed ward her. She had to tantalize him, eluding him as they ed up and down, Lionel sawing frantically, the orchestra seding with him. He threw down the violin and Goldie lted an instant; then each danced alone, dipping, gliding, onel's great eyes beseeching, his arms imploring, until abruptly bent, when he kissed her-and they waltzed to a clamor that brought them out to take six bows and give an encore.

He'll be expectin' to be featured next-the way he's eived," said Gene Willetts to Johnny, who said shortly:

'I'll feature the long-nosed mutt!"

Foldie and Johnny danced together in the finale, singing t stirring number, Good-Night Rag, with the company ging and dancing back of them. Trunks were rapidly ked and street clothes hurried into, as they were due in ther town for the night performance. Goldie and Daisy it in a cab to the station, while the others walked or rode the street cars. Vera Kelly loitered behind her sister z, who was wedded to Billy Graff and too busy with a all Graff boy to worry over Vera. Lionel was still in the ater, attending to the trunks in his capacity as baggage-

Lionel, would you like me to wait for you?" asked Vera idly; and she blushed with shame when he said:

Not today—I've got my play to think of, you know."
Oh, I hate her, when she's got Trippit and then takes

-I hate her!" said Vera agely, and she went out the blustery March d with a tear in each k eye, and later declined nind little George Graff le his mamma took a nap he train.

No one does anything nean' I'm goin' to do the e!" said Vera sharply; Billy Graff whispered to wife that she had not a the same girl since that p had joined.

oldie motioned Lionel to of her seat, though she Johnny coming along aisle. One of the Harists informed the train fuctor that Lionel was manager, and chuckles general as the conducpatiently waited for iel to become less ensed with the fair visage

I'm workin' on the big e in the third act toin my head, of course; I've got it doped out t," Lionel was saying. en there's got to be the own for the emotions, a smaller punch again the finish. I suppose clod of a producer'll pargue us out of a fourth but I'll never give in, you vote with me, ie. It's killin' to think e delay while you'll be

yin', when we might be puttin' on a two-year run-yes ondon later. A play with real merit will go, over there." had already spoken guardedly of having been-in a -a pupil of Madame Réjane; and he mentioned the nique of acting with an ease that convinced Goldie of

ound judgment and vast experience.

f I hadn't run into you I might have been a plain ler all my entire career!" she marveled. "Now listen! ly b'lieve I could jump right out an' do emotional this very minute! Naturally some people have to be ed, 'cause they don't understand stage business an' n't any presence; but I got that, an', oh, Lionel, you imagine how I long to be on a stage completely alone old a house by the spell of my art!"

Ve could go on without the trainin'," said Lionel, highly

"for I- Eh?"

ght up; "for I— Eh?"
"ickets! Tickets!" said the conductor.

'hat guy ain't our manager! He's only the property " said the voice of Bologna; and Goldie was discond at the presence of Johnny and the juggler in the seat. "Mercy! Do you s'pose they heard?" she asked agitated whisper, and Lionel mumbled while trying k as though he was keeping still:

lo! Just sat down-couldn't have."

"If we're interruptin' anything put us next an' we'll blow," said Johnny. Goldie did not reply. Occasionally Bologna whispered steadily to Johnny. Goldie and Lionel remained silent.

"Them keepin' so quiet now's a tip they was discussin'

secrets before we come," Bologna opined.

"I heard you, Fred Bologna; an' the next time you want sumpin mended, or your money kep' for you so you won't gamble it, you can ask others to do it!" cried Goldie. got the privilege of talkin' over my business with parties work with, ain't I?"

"All I contend is, you're misled," said Bologna.

Goldie turned again. Johnny's chin was protruding; and that was ominous, for when that chin was stuck belligerently outward he was ready to promote trouble.

SAY, Lionel, you change seats an' let him sit with me," was the suggestion that made Lionel rise, loudly announcing that he had a little writing to do. He went to the half seat at the end of the coach without a word for Vera Kelly, who looked up hopefully as he approached. The six Different Dancers bade the Happy Harmonists note how quickly Johnny took the vacated space.

"If I figgered that whiffet was tryin' to steal my honey he'd be bounced out of this troupe," said Johnny, stroking

Goldie's hand with large, warm fingers.

"It ain't a case of bein' stole, dearie. Am I or am I not allowed personal liberty? Women ain't slaves!

"Engaged ones oughta ignore all other parties," said Johnny; and Bologna, interested, said from the rear:

"True for you, John! One's plenty for 'em."

he could shave his absurd little black mustache, and that would improve him. Still, looks were not essential to art and it was weakness to think so.

"Who does this little baby love?" queried Johnny; and she said with a pang:

"Oh! I-I-a person ought to think of their art."

"Walden next stop!" bawled a trainman, and the company crowded into the aisle.

'Remember who put you where you are, Goldie. You're awful prone to fall for flattery," said Johnny. "And-Eh? Josephs is callin' me. I'll see you at the showshop."

"My own talent put me here," Goldie thought resentfully, and at that moment Lionel poked a folded note at her. While the train was slowing for Walden she read:

"He cannot appreciate you like me. Will find you soon as I get the trunks over. You are the sunshine of the life of your Lionel."

It was on mauve paper and peculiarly scented. The odor was different from that with which Lionel perfumed his handkerchief. Johnny sneered at him for using any; but Goldie and Daisy, discussing it, decided that the perfumery was only another indication of Lionel's refinement. Goldie put the note in a pocket of her mink coat as Daisy whispered:

"What was he writing, dearie? He had the raptest look!" Bologna pushed by the ladies as Goldie fumbled in her pocket. He had reasons for haste, for hidden in his capacious hand was Lionel's mauve message, abstracted by the juggler as soon as Goldie deposited it.

"It's gone!"

"You must have dropped it, dear!"

"Oh, Daisy, s'posin' some of 'em find it!"

"Swear you never set eyes on it," said Daisy.

Some one called out that the woman who had been making notes on Trippit and Dailey's act in Newtown was in the next coach; that Johnny was seeking her and would hire a detective if he missed her-and he requested Goldie to unpack his theater trunk if he was

"Be calm, dearest lady!" begged Lionel, rushing up as Goldie stood uncertainly on the platform.

"Calm? An' our original stuff that we evolved with our hearts' blood-for, b'lieve me, it's no frolic to create new dancin' steps, Lionel-our stuff bein' peddled over the land by pirates?" said Goldie, near to tears. "We'll invoke the copyright law, though! That stuff's protected, she'll find! Oh, if I just get my hands on that dame!"

"Think of the future only. These things ain't worth your cryin' over," said Lionel; but Goldie retorted:

"Don't talk foolish, Lionel! I'll see that woman behind the bars yet, an' so'll Johnny. Oh, it's originate an' originate, an' then find dubs coppin' it!"

Lionel went blithely through the main street of Walden, halting under arc-

lights to scribble on a sheet of scented mauve paper that was one of several he had found in the property room at Newtown after the unknown woman had disappeared. He kept them because he liked the fragrance. While writing to Goldie a wonderful plan had come to him. Instead of searching the pitiably inadequate ranks of leading men for one who would not be constantly trying to overshadow Goldie in the great drama, he would play the part himself! Goldie should have the fattest lines and the thrills that wrenched tears from enthralled audiences.

And when the play was done, with actors hastening into street clothes, Lionel Lamotte, the world's youngest actormanager-playwright, would escort his beautiful star to the Lamotte limousine; and as they rolled away toward Broadway he would lay his all at her feet and ask whether she preferred the Little Church Around the Corner or some town where there was no bother over a license.

He saw a dim light down an alley and turned in, and was then yanked roughly from the limousine of fancy to the

stage door of fact by hearing:
"You the Dancin' Carnival's prop'ty man?"

"I am, sir," replied Lionel. And one of the men on the steps said: "Leave us glim your union card."

(Continued on Page 50)



"Fred Bologna, will you quit hornin' into my business?" cried Goldie. "Maybe you wouldn't be droppin' your stuff s'much if you rehearsed instead of tellin' Johnny how to floor-manage me! I think you're a lot too flip!"

"He means it friendly," defended Johnny.

Bologna became melancholy, and Goldie smiled and shrugged as on the cover of her tin make-up box she beat the chorus of a ballad that Lionel had dedicated to her.

"You only need to give a guy like Lamotte the once-over to git him tagged," said Johnny. "But listen, Goldie,

you're my kiddo, ain't you?"

He masterfully slid an arm about her and she had a sudden desire to forego the drama, remaining an untrammeled vaudevillist, who might dance down the spotlighted years with Johnny. They had intended to wait until more money was amassed and then take out a show of their own like the Dancing Carnival, and have all the profits for themselves, instead of working for the backer and paying booking commissions to the syndicate; but when Johnny headed his company she would be charging three dollars to the West—the East would not pay it—and riding in her private car. And the Lionel whom Johnny scornfully termed a whiffet was to write plays round her unique talents. Perhaps Lionel would be less lathy when he was older. Anyway,

### THE WAR REPORTER

### By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE leisurely and literary war correspondent is of the past. He is done, down and out. The Spanish War made him groggy. The Russian-Japanese War put him on the ropes, and he took the count in the Balkan War.

Long ago the war reporter filled his shoes, as will be demonstrated in Mexico if occasion arises. Moreover, so far as this country is concerned, the best war reporters do not go to war. When I say best I mean best in a news sense. That is what a reporter is for-to get news. That is what people desire to have about a war-news. War news is not descriptions of scenery, or speculation on strategy, or recital of brave deeds, all excellent and interesting when they get over the wire. War news is, first, whether we won or didn't win; and, second, what it cost us in blood to win or what we lost in losing. It is well enough to detail, in such picturesque diction as may be, what was done; but that isn't the main point. The main point is-Did we whip them? And how many were killed and wounded?

Therefore, whatever may happen in Mexico—and there's no telling what will happen as this is written—the best and quickest news will come, not from the writing men at the

scene of hostilities, but will come from the writing men at the seat of government, at the national headquarters of the army and the navy. That is the way it worked in the Spanish War, and that is the way it has worked thus far in this Mexican affair. The reason is simple enough. News is no good unless it is printed. I know a man who sat for four hours at Key West with the news that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor bottled in him. He was the only man in the United States who had the information. Think of the splash he might have made if he had sent that news North. He didn't, however. He waited for the official dispatch from Captain Sigsbee, and after that where did the news, the information for the people, come from? It came from Washington reporters, of course.

Mind you, I am not saying that special commissioners, and sob sisters, and word painters, and persons with literary reputations, and professional war correspondents, and all such are not excellent newspaper properties when a war is going on. Not that. They are, and more power to them, on the broad general theory that it is the business of the writing people to hook the editor people whenever they get a chance. What I am saying is that the news of this war, if it is a war, will be provided by the war reporters, not by the special commissioners, or the novelists, or the poets, or the other literary men that will flock to it. The news will be sent in by the men whose trade it is to send in news,

#### The Passing of Percival Piffle

ALSO—and watch the development of this prophecy—you will not find in this Mexican trouble—if so be there is more trouble than there has been—you will not discover in the columns of your newspapers one-tenth of the special and so-called literary stuff that decorated those pages during the brief progress of the Spanish War. When that little struggle broke we had not been at war for thirty-five years, and there was an entirely new crop of editors and managers in charge of the newspapers, a crop of editors and managers who knew nothing of war save that it is big news, and they were crazy for it.

The signed-statement freak had developed a few years before that date. The sole idea of the editors on many of the newspapers seemed to be to have the story of a news event written not by a man who knew news when he saw it, knew how to get it and how to handle it, but by somebody who had written a passable short story or had put out a hook or something of the kind. Most of the stuff was incredibly bad, considered from a straight newspaper viewpoint. But the editors thought they were giving character to their papers by printing a sloppy story written by Percival Pendenni terary light, and playing it up



PHOTO, BO EINE POWELL, LOS AMGELES

What They Read at the Front

all over the first page as a special mark of enterprise, instead of printing in the prominent place the news sent in by Bill McGinnis, regular reporter, and putting what Percival had to say in agate on the market page, where it belonged.

The signed statement craze was a manifestation of a curious sort of editorial snobbishness. It was explained to me once by its inventor in this way: "I am anxious to have my newspaper the medium whereby the persons who are considered authorities shall express their views, opinions and conclusions to the public. I want my newspaper to be the vehicle of transmission. I want to be identified, as owner and editor of this newspaper, with these men." You see, he wanted to benefit by the association.

That was all well enough in its way, if the signed statement had been confined to such expression; but it wasn't. It degenerated to a struggle to get into the papers signed statements from almost any person with a name, whether the person had a statement to make or not, and still further degenerated to a plane where, when a burglar was arrested, a signed statement from the burglar, the burgled, the policeman, the mayor, the indignant taxpayers, the leading minister, the leading soubrette, and the poet of mark at the moment were printed, and the facts about the crime incidentally put in—if there happened to be space.

When the Maine was blown up, and for some years before, we were right in the middle of the craze. Signed statements were the newspaper thing. They were all the editorial rage. So the big newspapers, having a war and not knowing exactly what to do with it, cut loose and hired special commissioners by the dozen, and bought boats, and put up jungle printing presses, and fired off, with big gobs of expense money, all sorts of persons who could write, or who couldn't write but thought they could, or who had written, or who had been in the public eye in some manner, and announced in large type that the war would be reported for them exclusively -always exclusively a trained corps of experts in tatting, mandolin playing, bridge whist, poems of passion, popular fiction, realism, buck-and-wing dancing, ragtime, science of war, tactics, taffy, and so forth, and that no expense would be spared.

Well, that part of it was correct. No expense was spared—that is, no expense for the editors and managers. Some of them are not through paying Spanish War bills yet. I know of a case where the thrilling pictures of a war he didn't see by a special commissioner cost his editor and manager \$1900 a column for each column printed. Coal was fifty dollars a ton, and boats were a couple of hundred dollars a day, and cable tolls were high, and, all in all, when the editors and managers who were crazy for a war, and secured all these special commissioners at an enormous

expense, totted up, they for the expense had indeed the enormous, that permanent culation results had been and you haven't heard and those editors or managershing for war since. Any time editor feels as if we must the with somebody, he goes to files and gets out the expectation of the Spanish affair, shrieks for continued peases.

The result has thus far b and the result will continu be, in case there is war, there will be fewer special missioners at the seat of and that the work of get the news back home wil mostly done, not by mili experts or naval experts or tlemen with literary rep tions, but by regular repo whose business it is to get news back home, and who k how to do the same. And said, a good many of those ular reporters will be no as the war than the State, War Navy buildings in Washin Nevertheless and not withst ing, they will furnish a proportion of the facts, such flub-dub as there m: will follow in due course the word artists on the bell ent spot, or as near there prudence dictates, but not away that the regular repo cannot be asked to inform what has been going on.

There were not many wires at the time of our War, or many quick presses, or any such developme the science of getting newspapers quickly on the st Hence a number of men made reputations as war spondents, and deserved them, for they had time, : story was a story until it appeared in print. Now a st a story only until the moment it gets into the news rosome newspaper. The methods of transmission are a fected and the competition is so keen, that the whole cess of reporting a war depends on success in getting a and the failure of reporting a war comes from the los wire. Consequently, the men who will be most use this contingency will be the men who know how to wire and what to do with it after they get it, and no men who have to think their thoughts before they car them adequate expression, and who lack that report faculty of thinking their thoughts and giving them e sion at one and the same moment.

#### The Stories Printed in Red Ink

7OU will observe on the part of our great newspa Y sort of dignified repression when it comes to co this war, provided there is a war, as it is necessary to: this day and date. There will be some special co sioners, of course, but only some; not all can be in to leave home by offers of large sums of money and the ing out of the lure of glory to be gained. You will fin the men who send back the news of this war will b who are reporters first and literary persons a bad s not men who are literary persons and nothing else. far be it from me to cast any aspersions on my calling if I were an editor of a newspaper, or director of a association, I'd rather have Bill Sheppard, or I Harmon, or Skipper Merriweather, or Charley Mi son, or any one of fifty other boys I could name at th of war for me, than all the novelists and poets who be induced to attach themselves to the army in the f the ships in the water.

So far as the lure of glory goes, that is where the breaks up of general debility. There were probable hundred American writing men of all kinds in the Si War, and if you will tell me the name of one man secured any enduring reputation out of that affair II it all back. The conditions won't let them. There chance for a George Alfred Townsend, or a Whitelaw or a Nordhoff, or a Joe McCullough in these days of tins and wires. The long and leisurely story doesn't in time for the first edition. It is held over for Sunfaread by a few. Whereas the bulletins of the report printed in red ink and absorbed by the million.

That was never better illustrated-this difference between the old and the new-than on a certain ecusion during the Balkan War. Two Englishmen saw a big engagenest. They were the only two writing men who did see it or, to put it is another way, the only two who ar it and had a chance, or made a chance, to get in a story about it. One of these Englishmen was a war prespondent, a big, talented man with a great gift of style. The other as a reporter. They got wires inultaneously. The literary man gote a wonderful story of the enpgement. He began with some descriptive stuff that was great. He proceeded toward the battle in picpresque and vivid language, telling paphically of the events that led to the engagement and painting a fine picture of all the welter of this prelinitary to the battle. Just before his story got to the battle and the nest of it his paper in London was ampelled to go to press.

The reporter, being a reporter, sated his story with the battle. He sich't waste any time on a description of the events leading up to the

eggement, but he jumped, bing! into the event the other rents led up to. The result was that while the opposition paper in London had an excellent piece of descriptive writing his paper had the story of the battle on the same noting, and the second half of the other man's story, which was a great piece of description, was printed on the by after the regular reporter's story had thrilled London with its facts and its clear, crisp, masterly narrative.

#### The Helplessness of Men at the Front

OF COURSE these men were both trained newspaper witers. Most of the special commissioners are not. Size of them may have had a little experience on newspapers, but the great bulk of them were hired, and are tirel, because they have reputations as writers—not newswiters, but fiction writers and other kinds of writers. With the best conditions surrounding them they were at a great handicap when stacking up against reporters who now how to write a news story; but with most wires annuandeered by the navy and the military, with incredible hardships to be suffered and hustling to be done to go wires and get stuff away, they simply blew up. This was the case in the Spanish War, in the Russian-Japanese for and in the Balkan War. If there is war in Mexico it will be the case in the Mexican War. It is all in the day's

surk for the reporter. He as a job to do and he does to The special commissioner, sing a special commissioner, sust needs be special, and sinds up by not being any-hing except a drag on the syroll.

Moreover, since the hittuis days of our Spanish w, when there were as uny correspondents in Cuba ni sijacent thereto as there ere volunteer majors and slorels - which means an tornous number-the perons in direction of warfare ave tightened up, and have aposed regulations and retrictions that make war reerting most difficult, and et a game for the literary prespondent, Methods of thing have changed, too, ith the introduction of highand long-distance ins, and the wireless, and I that, A battle line now my be forty miles long. In te Russian-Japanese War by let the correspondents ma section of a battle here td there; but if they had Fen them free rein no man wild have seen more than a inute portion of any enagement. In the Balkan ar most of the correspondthe never saw any fighting any kind. They were dely in the rear.



Howard Banks, Private Secretary to Secretary Daniels, Passing Out War Builetins

A high military authority told me in London, a year and a half ago, when they were talking of fighting Germany, that in the event of that war they wouldn't have any correspondents along at all; and our own War Department, as I shall show presently, has issued regulations that make the man who has access to the news in Washington of more importance to his paper, in a news sense, than a man who is somewhere in the rear of the fighting line. In Cuba, during the Spanish War, cables that could be used freely were miles and miles away. Think of the difficulties that will ensue in Mexico if our army should advance on the city of Mexico. The army will need the wires for long periods. Individuals must be restricted in their dispatches so all may have an equal chance. In one case, in the Balkan War, they allowed the correspondents two hundred words each. Imagine a special commissioner trying to tell a battle story in two hundred words. Why, he'd need more than two hundred words to get in all his capital I's. However, a good reporter can tell a lot in two hundred words, and, in a race for a free wire, he'll beat a special commissioner three miles an hour, and have his story in the home office before the special has finished writing "By Peter P. Punk, author of Wars I Have Caused, My Experiences in Battle, and so forth."

Returning, therefore, to my original proposition, let it be said that the men who have thus far told the American people what has been happening in Mexico have been, not the special commissioners and the literary lights, but the reporters, mostly the reporters in Washington, and in conjunction therewith the reporters in Mexico. That was what happened during the Spanish War, and during the Boxer troubles in China when we had an acute interest in this country. The word painting came from the front, but most of the news came from the Washington reporters. And that will continue to be the case.

It works out this way: The commander-in-chief of the army and navy is in Washington. The head of the War Department is in Washington, and so is the head of the Navy Department. The men in the field and on the ships are operating under the direction of their generals and admirals, and the generals and admirals are, in turn, operating under the direction of the heads of their departments in Washington, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, who must report to the President and Commander-in-Chief. The generals and the admi-

rals, and their subordinates in the field and on the ships, must necessarily be in close touch with one another and with headquarters. Wires are needed for the transmission of these reports. The military authorities in a war are the supreme authorities. It is of more consequence to them to have their superiors know what is doing than to let the newspapers know, and as most battles are fought and most movements made in regions where the wire facilities are not so great as they are between Washington and New York, the men in the field and on the ships use the wires first for official reports and the transmission of news to their superiors in Washington, and then let the reporters have them.

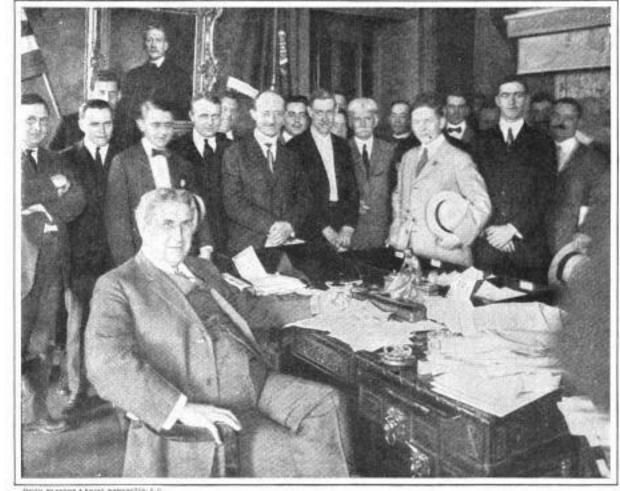
#### How Naval News Is Given Out

Suppose there should be a battle in Mexico City. The first real news of that battle—real news—whether we won or lost and how many were killed and wounded—would come to Washington to the War Department and the President. If a reporter on the field were exceptionally lucky he might get a flash through, but the first real news would come to Washington. There it would be given out, and the Washington men, with scores of wires at their disposal, would hurry it to their papers, and presently the full stories would come from the field. Details are always interesting, but the main facts are usually embodied in the

official reports, and, as it stands now, the official reports are handed out quickly and frankly and freely.

Take the incident at Vera Cruz, for example, or go back further than that and begin with the Tampico flag affair. There is a small room in the Navy Department called the press room. This is the headquarters for the men who report for their newspapers and for the press associations the happenings in the Navy Department. There is a telegraph room in the Navy Department and one in the War Department, and all messages intended for the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy come direct over those wires. As soon as that story broke the wires became jammed with reports from the men in command in the southern waters. Also the Navy Department and the War Department became immediately vitalized into places of intense activity,

The first news was navy news. Secretary Daniels put an officer in charge of the wires, and detailed Lucien Howe, private secretary to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and a former newspaper man, to prepare and give out the war bulletins. This was the procedure: A dispension of the content of the procedure of the procedure.



Secretary of War Garrison With the Newspaper Men Gathered About His Desk for the Afternoon Interview

from Admiral Mayo, say, was received. The officer in charge read it, transmitted a copy of it to the man it concerned and to Secretary Daniels, and handed a copy to Mr. Howe. A number of expert typewriter operators were on duty at all times. They rewrote the dispatch as prepared for the papers on the necessary wax sheets, and an electric mimeograph machine turned out copies at great speed. These copies were taken immediately to the pressroom, where the reporters were waiting for them, and as quickly put on the wires for the newspapers represented by the reporters.

If anything required explanation or comment, these reporters could reach the men who could explain or comment, and that explanation or comment was hurried away too. This service continued for twenty-four hours a day, and was organized in the War Department when it came the army's turn at Vera Cruz. Then, too, the Washington reporters were in touch with the White House and the office of the Secretary of State and with the happenings

This was the first news, and this will be the first news in the event of war. Soldiers and sailors are capable bulletin writers and get their facts straight, but naturally they do little story writing. Necessarily, also, what each Washington reporter received was identical with what each other reporter received. Interpretations and comment and significance depend, in all cases, on the capability of the reporter and the soundness of his sources of information, and can be individual; but the news-this first news-was the same for everybody and will be.

The fact that this first news is identical, both in form and in extent, is what makes the necessity for reporters in the field with the army and on the ships with the sailors. The newspapers are not completely standardized as yet, and they require individual treatment, and use their individual sources to supplement this official news. Also, there may be instances where the headquarters in Washington will deem it advisable to withhold certain facts as a matter of policy. Hence the big newspapers send men of their own to the scene of operations, and ask them to report what they see and hear to supplement these official bulletins and the later and more detailed dispatches given out by the Washington departments.

The Washington war reporters have two advantages: They are able to get what has happened before the men in the field can send it in, because the military authorities have first use of available wires, and also can censor, if they choose, what the field men desire to send. Of course the departments can and do censor their official dispatches before they give them out, but not in the main details, not in the important news, not in casualties and not in general results. Then again the Washington reporters are in a position to get, before the field men, information of what action is intended, except so far as actual operations dictated by the exigencies of the local situations are concerned. For instance, they probably know that a general has been ordered to advance, but the field men are the ones to note how he advances and what he does after he has gone forward. This information is not always available, and not even generally available, in case of hazardous operations or when foreknowledge would be to the advantage of the enemy. But, all in all, an expert Washington reporter can keep in rather close touch with what is going on and what is intended, and he has the tremendous advantage of being in a place where he can tell his newspaper, and through his newspaper the public, of the course of the events of the day, because he has plenty and unimpeded facilities for getting his dispatches away.

In contingencies like this the work is continuous. Officers in the field and on the ships send dispatches at all times of the night and day. The telegraph forces in the departments and in the White House are continuously on duty. There must be constant watch for news. The taking of a town or the assault of a port may occur any time, and the news of it may come in at any time. Hence somebody is always on duty. The morning papers will take dis-patches until six o'clock on the day of publication, and the

evening papers begin demanding news at that hour a keep up the demand until late at night. The morning n come back to duty again in the early afternoon. The papers, with morning and evening editions, maintain wi that are up and in working order all the time. Throu the medium of telephones the chiefs of the War and Na Departments are always on call for important communi tions, and there is a force on hand in the offices ev-

Under Secretary Daniels, who is a newspaper edi himself, the system developed this year is as satisfacts as it can be, everything considered. Of course if papers could have it so they would get the dispatches fi and give them to the President after they had finished w them; but unfortunately the President and the Secretar of War and of the Navy will not allow this. However there is not much delay, and if it comes to real war th will be less still.

The position of the man in the field is far more difficu He is where things are happening, and his job is to get news to his paper. He is at the mercy of the men in co mand of the army to which he is attached, and subject stiff rules and regulations, recently made much stiffer. prevent any disaster coming to our forces through pres ture disclosure of plans. Moreover, battlegrounds are picked out because of their accessibility to wires and cab Battles usually happen, not at a given point, but as a tated by circumstances.

The job of the man in the field is to get the wire. T is the beginning and the end of it, the top and the b tom of it; the tremendous difficulty of it and the sole rew of it. Get the wire! It isn't of a particle of interest editors, sitting miles away and impatient for big first-p. flashes or for something to carry an extra, how the repor gets the wire or where he gets it. He must get it. If does get it, and beats the other papers with his story, tl may pay his expense bills without cutting any items c

(Continued on Page 62)

#### CALLY LLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BUL

The Story of a Perfect Gentleman

BETTERSEA trem?
Right, miss!" My wife,
who has been married

long enough to feel deeply gratified at being mistaken for a maiden lady, smiled seraphically at the conductor, and allowed herself to be hoisted up the steps of the majestic vehicle provided by a paternal county council to convey passengers-at a

loss to the ratepayers, I understand-from the Embankment to Battersea.

Presently we ground our way round a curve and began to cross Westminster Bridge. The conductor, whose innate cockney bonhomie his high official position had failed to eradicate, presented himself before us and collected our fares.

"What part of Bettersea did you require, sir?" he asked of me.

I coughed and answered evasively:

"Oh, about the middle."

"We haven't been there before," added my wife, quite gratuitously. The conductor smiled indulgently and

punched our tickets. "I'll tell you when to get down," he said,

and left us. For some months we had been considering the question of buying a dog, and a good deal of our spare time-or perhaps I should say of my spare time, for a woman's time is

naturally all her own-had been pleasantly occupied in discussing the matter. Having at length committed ourselves to the purchase of the animal we proceeded to consider such details as breed, sex and age.

My wife vacillated between a bloodhound, because bloodhounds are so aristocratic in appearance, and a Pekinese, because they are dernier eri. We like to be dernier eri even in Much Moreham. Her younger sister, Eileen, who spends a good deal of time with us, having no parents of her own, suggested an Old English sheep dog, explaining that it would be company for my wife when I was away from home. I coldly recommended a mastiff.

Our son John, aged three, on being consulted, expressed a preference for twelve tigers in a box, and was not again invited to participate in the delimits.



The Leading Object Proved to be a Small, Wet, Shivering,

Whimpering Puppy

Finally we decided on Aberdeen terrier, of an age:

sex to be settled by circ stances, and I was instructed to commi cate with a gentleman in the North advertised in our morning paper that Al deen terriers were his specialty. In course we received a reply. The advert recommended two animals-namely, Ce Chief, aged four months, and Scotia's Pr aged one year. Pedigrees were inclosed, e about as complicated as the family tre the House of Hapsburg; and the favor o early reply was requested, as both dogs v being hotly bid for by an anonymous d in Constantinople.

The price of Celtic Chief was two guineas; that of Scotia's Pride, for reas heavily underlined in the pedigree, twenty-seven. The advertiser, who resi in Aberdeen, added that these prices not cover cost of carriage. We decided to stand in the way of the gentleman Constantinople, and having sent back pedigrees by return of post, resumed debate.

Finally Stella, my wife, said:

"We don't really want a dog with a | igree. We only want something that bark at beggars and be gentle with be Why not go to the Home for Lost Dog Battersea? I believe you can get any you like there for five shillings. We will up to town next Wednesday and see al it—and I might get some clothes as well.

Hence our presence on the tram. Presently the conductor, who had kir

pointed out to us such objects of local in est as the River Thames and the House Parliament, stopped the tram in a crow thoroughfare and announced that we v in Battersea.

"Alight here," he announced facetion "for 'Ome for Lost Dawgs!"

Guiltily realizing that there is man true word spoken in jest, we obeyed b and the tram went rocking and whizzing of sight. We had eschewed a cab.

"When you are only going to pay shillings for a dog," my wife had poin out, with convincing logic, "it is sally to

and pay perhaps another five shillings for a cab. It doubles the price of the dog at once. If we had been buying an expensive dog we might have taken a cab; but not for a five-shilling one."

"Now," I inquired briskly, "how are we going to find this place?"

"Haven't you any idea where it is?"

"No. I have a sort of vague notion that it is on an island in the middle of the river, called the Isle of Dogs, or Barkng Reach, or something like that. However, I have no loubt

"Hadn't we better ask some one?" suggested Stella.

I demurred.

"If there is one thing I dislike," I said, "it is accosting otal strangers and badgering them for information they ion't possess—not that that will prevent them from giving t. If we start asking the way we shall find ourselves

Putney or Woolwich in no time!"
"Yes, dear," said Stella soothingly.
"Now I suggest —" My hand went to my pocket. "No, darling," interposed my wife hastily; "not a map,

lease!" It is a curious psychological act that women have a constitutional version to maps and railroad time-They would rather consult a alf-witted errand boy or a deaf raiload porter. "Donotletusmake aspecacle of ourselves in the public streets gain! I have not yet forgotten the ay when you tried to find the Crystal alace. Besides, it will only blow away. sk that dear little boy there. He is oking at us so wistfully."

Yes; I admit it was criminal folly. A an who asks a London street boy to e so kind as to direct him to a Home or Lost Dogs has only himself to thank

if the consequence.

The wistful little boy smiled up at us. e had a pinched face and large eyes.
"Lost Dogs' 'Ome, sir?" he said surteously. "It's a good long way. o you want to get there quick?"
"Yes."

"Then if I was you, sir," replied the fant, edging to the mouth of an alley-ay, "I should bite a policeman!" nd, with an ear-splitting yell, he mished.

We walked on, hot-faced.

"Little wretch!" said Stella.

"We simply asked for it," I rejoined. What are we going to do next?"

My question was answered in a most credible fashion, for at this moment man emerged from a shop on our tht and set off down the street before He wore a species of uniform; and ablazoned on the front of his hat was e information that he was an official the Battersea Home for Lost and arving Dogs.

"Wait a minute and I will ask him,"

mid, starting forward.

But my wife would not hear of it. "Certainly not," she replied. "If we k him he will simply offer to show us e way. Then we shall have to talk him-about hydrophobia, and lethal ambers, and distemper-and it may for miles. I simply couldn't bear

We shall have to tip him too. Let follow him quietly."

To those who have never attempted track a fellow creature surreptitiously rough the streets of London on a hot y, the feat may appear simple. It is reality a most exhausting, dilatory d humiliating exercise. Our difficulty not so much in keeping our friend sight as in avoiding frequent and

expected collisions with him. The general idea, as they on field days, was to keep about twenty yards behind him; t under certain circumstances distance has an uncanny bit of annihilating itself. The man himself was no hustler. ce or twice he stopped to light his pipe or converse with riend.

During these interludes Stella and I loafed guiltily on the vement, pointing out to one another objects of local erest with the fatuous officiousness of people in the foreand of hotel advertisements. Occasionally he paused to itemplate the contents of a shop window. We gazed ustriously into the window next door. Our first winw. I recollect, was an undertaker's, with ready-printed ressions of grief for sale on white porcelain disks. We I time to read them all. The next was a butcher's. re we stayed, perforce, so long that the proprietor, who s of the tribe that disposes of its wares almost entirely by personal canvass, came out into the street and endeavored to sell us a bullock's heart.

Our quarry's next proceeding was to dive into a public house. We turned and surveyed one another.

"What are we to do now?" inquired my wife.
"Go inside too," I replied with more enthusiasm than I had hitherto displayed. "At least, I think I ought to. You can please yourself."

"I will not be left in the street," said Stella firmly. "We

must just wait here together until he comes out."
"There may be another exit," I objected. "We had better go in. I shall take something, just to keep up appearances; and you must sit down in the ladies' bar, or the snug, or whatever they call it."

"Certainly not!" said Stella.

We had arrived at this impasse when the man suddenly reappeared, wiping his mouth. Instantly and silently we fell in behind him.

For the first time the man appeared to notice our presence. He regarded us curiously, with a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes, and then set off down the street

Out of the Gray Dawn Loomed an Ecrie Monster, Badly Singed, Wagging Its Tail

a good pace. We followed, panting. Once or he looked back over his shoulder a little apprehensively, I thought. But we plowed on.

"We ought to get there soon at this pace," I gasped. "Hello! He's gone again!"

"He turned down to the right," said Stella excitedly.

The lust of the chase was fairly on us now. We swung eagerly round the corner into a quiet by-street. Our man was nowhere to be seen and the street was almost empty. "Come on!" said Stella. "He may have turned in

somewhere."

We hurried down the street. Suddenly, warned by a newly awakened and primitive instinct, I looked back. We had overrun our quarry. He had just emerged from some hiding place and was heading back toward the main street, looking fearfully over his shoulder. Once more we were in

For the next five minutes we practically ran-all three of us. The man was obviously frightened out of his wits, and kept making frenzied and spasmodic spurts, from which we surmised that he was getting to the end of his powers of endurance.

"If only we could overtake him," I said, hauling my exhausted spouse along by the arm, "we could explain

"He's gone again!" exclaimed Stella.

She was right. The man had turned another corner. We followed him round hotfoot, and found ourselves in a prim little cul-de-sac, with villas on each side. Across the end of the street ran a high wall, obviously screening a railroad track.

"We've got him!" I exclaimed.

I felt as Moltke must have felt when he closed the circle at Sedan

"But where is the Dogs' Home, dear?" inquired Stella. The question was never answered, for at this moment the man ran up the steps of the fourth villa on the left and slipped a latchkey into the lock. The door closed behind

him with a venomous snap and we were left alone in the street, guideless and dogless.

A minute later the man appeared at the ground-floor window, accompanied by a female of commanding appearance. He pointed us out to her. Behind them we could dimly descry a white tablecloth, a tea cozy and covered dishes.

The commanding female, after a prolonged and withering glare, plucked a hairpin from her head and ostentatiously proceeded to skewer together the starchy white curtains that framed the window. Privacy secured and the sanctity of the English home thus pointedly vindicated, she and her husband disappeared into the murky background, where they doubtless sat down to an excellent high tea. Exhausted

and discomfited, we drifted away.
"I am going home," said Stella in a
hollow voice. "And I think," she added bitterly, "that it might have occurred to you to suggest that the creature might possibly be going from the Dogs' Home and not to it."

I apologized. It is the simplest plan, really.

IT WAS almost dark when the train arrived at our little country station. We set out to walk home by the short cut across the golf course.

"Anyhow, we have saved five shil-lings," remarked Stella.

"We paid half a crown for that taxi which took us back to Victoria Station," I reminded her. "Do not argue to-night, darling," responded my wife. "I simply cannot

endure anything more." Plainly she was a little unstrung. Very considerately, I selected another

"I think our best plan," I said cheerfully, "would be to advertise for a dog."

"I never wish to see a dog again,"

replied Stella.

I surveyed her with some concern and said gently:

"I am afraid you are tired, dear."

"No; I'm not."

"A little shaken, perhaps?"

"Nothing of the kind. Joe, what is Stella's fingers bit deep into my biceps

muscle, causing me considerable pain. We were passing a small sheet of water which guards the thirteenth green on the golf course. It is a stagnant and unclean pool, but we make rather a fuss of it. We call it the pond; and if you play a ball into it you send a blasphemous caddie in after it and count one stroke.

A young moon was struggling up over the trees, dismally illuminating the scene. On the slimy shores of the pond we beheld a small moving object.

A yard behind it was another object, a little smaller, moving at exactly the same pace. One of the objects was emitting sounds of distress.

Abandoning my quaking consort I advanced to the edge of the pond and leaned down to investigate the mystery.

The leading object proved to be a small, wet, shivering, whimpering puppy. The satellite was a brick. The two were connected by a string. The puppy had just emerged from the depths of the pond, towing the brick behind it.

Digitized by Google

"What is it, dear?" repeated Stella fearfully.

"Your dog!" I replied, and cut the string.

#### 111

WE SPENT three days deciding on a name for him. Stella suggested Tiny, on account of his size. I pointed out that time might stultify this selection of a title.

stultify this selection of a title.
"I don't think so," said
Eileen, supporting her sister.
"That kind of dog does not
grow very big."

"What kind of dog is he?"
I inquired swiftly.

Eileen said no more. There are problems that even girl: of twenty cannot solve.

A warm bath had revealed to us the fact that the puppy was of a dingy yellow hue. I suggested that we should call him Mustard. Our son John, on being consulted—against my advice—by his mother, addressed the animal as Pussy. Stella continued to favor Tiny. Finally Eileen, who was at the romantic age, produced a copy of Tennyson and suggested Excalibur, alleging in support of her preposterous proposition that

It rose from out the bosom of the lake.

"The darling rose from out the bosom of the lake, too, just like the sword Excalibur," she said; "so I think it would make a lovely name for him."

"The little brute waded out of a muddy pond towing a brick," I replied. "I see no parallel. He was not the product of the pond. Some one must have thrown him in, and he came out."

"That is just what some one must have done with the sword," retorted Eileen. "So we'll call you Excalibur, won't we, darling little Scally?"

She embraced the puppy warmly and the unsuspecting animal replied by frantically licking her face.

However, the name stuck, with variations. When the puppy was big enough he was presented with a collar, engraved with the name Excalibur, together with my name and address. Among ourselves we usually addressed him as Scally. The children in the village called him the Scalawag

His time during his first year in our household was fully occupied in growing up. Stella declared that if one could have persuaded him to stand still for five minutes it would have been actually possible to see him grow. He grew at the rate of about an inch a week for the best part of a year. When he had finished he looked like nothing on earth. At one time we cherished a brief but illusory hope that he was going to turn into some sort of an imitation of a St. Bernard; but the symptoms rapidly passed off, and his final and permanent aspect was that of a rather badly stuffed lion.

Like most overgrown creatures he was top-heavy and lethargic and very humble-minded. Still, there was a kind of respectful pertinacity about him. It requires some strength of character, for instance, to wade along the bottom of a pond to dry land, accompanied by a brick as big as yourself. It was quite impossible, too, short of locking him up, to prevent him from accompanying us when we took our walks abroad, if he had made up his mind to do so.

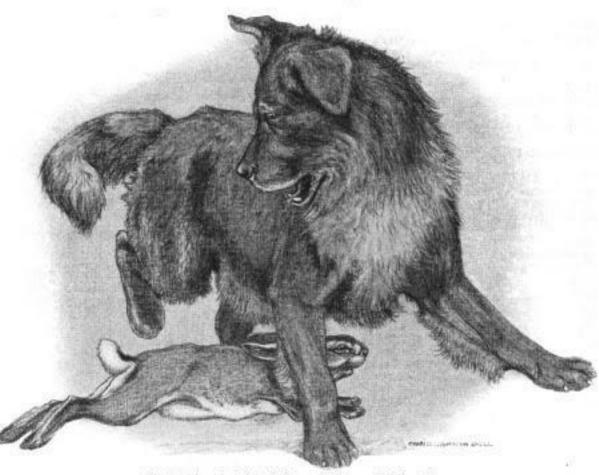
The first time this happened I was going to shoot with my neighbors, the Hoods. It was only a mile to the first covert and I set off after breakfast to walk. I was hardly out on the road when Excalibur was beside me, ambling uncertainty on his weedy legs and smiling up into my face with an air of imbecile affection.

"You have many qualities, old friend," I said, "but I don't think you are a sporting dog. Go home!"

Excalibur sat down on the road with a dejected air. Then, having given me fifty yards start, he rose and crawled sheepishly after me. I stopped, called him up, pointed him with some difficulty in the required direction, gave him a resounding spank and bade him begone. He responded by collapsing like a camp bedstead, and I left him.

Two minutes later I looked round. Excalibur was ten yards behind me, propelling himself along on his stomach. This time I thrashed him severely. After he began to how! I let him go, and he lumbered away homeward, the picture of misery.

In due course I reached the crossroads where I had arranged to meet the rest of the party. They had not arrived, but Excalibur had. He had made a détour and headed me off. Not certain which route I would take after



The Fugitive Ran Right Underneath Him on Its Way to Cover

reaching the crossroads, he was sitting very sensibly under the signpost, awaiting my arrival. On seeing me he immediately came forward, wagging his tail, and placed himself at my feet in the position most convenient to me for inflicting chastisement.

I wonder how many of our human friends would be willing to pay such a price for the pleasure of our company!

As time went on Excalibur filled out into one of the most terrifying spectacles I have ever beheld. In one respect, though, he lived up to his knightly name. His manners were of the most courtly description and he had an affectionate greeting for all, beggars included. He was particularly fond of children. If he saw children in the distance he would canter up and offer to play with them. If the children had not met him before they would run shrieking to their nurses. If they had they would fall on Excalibur in a body and roll him over and pull him about.

On wet afternoons, in the nursery, my own family used to play at dentist with him, assigning to Excalibur the rôle of patient. Gas was administered with a bicycle pump, and a shoehorn and buttonhook were employed in place of the ordinary instruments of torture; but Excalibur did not mind. He lay on his back on the hearth rug, with the principal dentist sitting astride his ribs, as happy as a king.

He was particularly attracted by babies; and being able by reason of his stature to look right down into perambulators, he was accustomed whenever he met one of those vehicles to amble alongside and peer inquiringly into the face of its occupant. Most of the babies in the district got to know him in time, but until they did we had a good deal of correspondence to attend to on the subject.

Excellibur's intellect may have been lofty, but his memory was treacherous. Our household will never forget the day on which he was given the shoulder of mutton.

One morning after breakfast Eileen, accompanied by Excalibur, intercepted the kitchen maid hastening in the direction of the potting shed, carrying the joint in question at arm's length. The damsel explained that its premature maturity was due to the recent warm weather and that she was even now in search of the gardener's boy, who would be commissioned to perform the duties of sexton.

"It seems a waste, miss," observed the kitchen maid; "but cook says it can't be ate nohow now."

Loud but respectful snuffings from Excalibur moved a direct negative to this statement. Eileen and the kitchen maid, who were both criminally weak where Excalibur was concerned, saw a way to gratify their economical instincts and their natural affection simultaneously. The next moment Excalibur was lurching contentedly down the gravel path with a presentation shoulder of mutton in his mouth.

Then Joy Day began. Excalibur took his prize into the middle of the tennis lawn. It was a very large shoulder of mutton, but Excalibur finished it in ten minutes. After that, distended to his utmost limits, he went to sleep in the sun, with the bone between his paws. Occasionally he woke up and, raising his head, stared solemnly into space, in the attitude of a Trafalgar Square lion.

y now lay white and gleaming on the grass beside fell asleep again. About four o'clock be roused himself and began to look for a suitable place of interment for the bone. By four-thirty the deed was done and he went to sleep once more. At five he woke up and pandemonium began. He could not remember where he had buried the bone!

He started systematically with the rose beds, but met with no success. After that he tried two or three shrubberies without avail, and then embarked on a frantic but thorough excavation of the tennis lawn. We were taking tea on the lawn at the time. and our attention was first drawn to Excalibur's bereavement by a temporary but unshakable conviction on his part that the bone was buried immediately underneath the tea table.

As the tennis lawn was fast beginning to resemble a golf course we locked Excalibur up in the washhouse, where his hyenalike howls rent the air for the rest of the evening, penetrating even to the dining room. This was particularly unfortunate, because we were having a dinner party in honor of a neighbor who had recently come to the district, no less a personage, in fact, than the

new lord-lieutenant of the county and his lady. Stella was naturally anxious that there should be no embarrassments on such an occasion, and it distressed her to think that these people should imagine that we kept a private torture chamber on the premises.

However, dinner passed off quite successfully and wadjourned to the drawing room. It was a chilly September evening and Lady Wickham was accommodated with a seat by the fire in a large armchair, with a cushion at he back. When the gentlemen came in Eileen sang to use Fortunately the drawing room is out of range of the wash house.

During Eileen's first song I sat by Lady Wickham. He expression was one of patrician calm and well-bred repose but it seemed to me she was not looking quite comfortable I was not feeling quite comfortable myself. The atmospher seemed a trifle oppressive: perhaps we had done wrong i having a fire after all. Lady Wickham appeared to notic it too. She sat very upright, fanning herself mechanically and seemed disinclined to lean back in her chair.

After the song was finished I said:

"I am afraid you are not quite comfortable, Lad Wickham. Let me get you a larger cushion."

"Thank you," said Lady Wickham, "the cushion I have is delightfully comfortable; but I think there is something hard behind it."

Apologetically I plucked away the cushion. Lad Wickham was right; there was something behind it. It was Excalibur's bone!

#### IV

AWALK along the village street was always a gre event for Excalibur. Still, it must have contain many humiliating moments for one of his sensitive disp sition; for he was always pathetically anxious to mal friends with other dogs, but was rarely successful. Litt dogs merely bit his legs and big dogs cut him dead.

I think this was why he usually commenced his mornic round by calling on a rabbit. The rabbit lived in a hut in a yard at the end of a passage between two cottage the first turning on the right after you entered the villag and Excalibur always dived down this at the earliest oppt tunity. It was no use for Eileen, who usually took him on these occasions, to endeavor to hold him back. Eith Excalibur called on the rabbit by himself or Eileen we with him; there was no other alternative.

Arrived at the hutch, Excalibur wagged his tail and contemplated the rabbit with his usual air of vacuous beneficience. The rabbit made not the faintest response, by continued to munch green feed, twitching its nose in a suprior manner. Finally, when it could endure Excalibed admiring inspection and hard breathing no longer, turned its back and retired into its bedroom.

Excalibur's next call was usually at the butcher's six where he was presented with a specially selected and qui unsalable fragment of meat. He then crossed the road the baker's, where he purchased a halfpenny bun, for whi his escort was expected to pay. After that he walked in shop to shop, wherever he was taken, with great deals and enjoyment; for he was a gregarious animal and has send behind or underneath almost every counter in the flage. Men, women, babies, kittens, even ducks-they

ere all one to him.

At one time Eileen had endeavored to teach him a few mple accomplishments, such as begging for food, dying this country, and carrying parcels. She was unsuccessin all three instances. Excalibur on his hind legs stood yout five feet six, and when he fell from that eminence, as invariably did when he tried to beg, he usually broke mething. He was hampered, too, by inability to disiguish one order from another. More than once he growly escaped with his life through mistaking an urgent peal to come to heel out of the way of an approaching tomobile for a command to die for his country in the iddle of the road.

As for educating him to carry parcels, a single attempt is sufficient. The parcel in question contained a mislaneous assortment of articles from the grocer's, includlard, soap and safety matches. It was securely tied up, d the grocer kindly attached it by a short length of string a wooden clothespin, in order to make it easier for

calibur to carry. They set off home.

Excalibur was most apologetic about it afterward, ides being extremely unwell; but he had no idea, he plained to Eileen, that anything put into his mouth was meant to be eaten. He then tendered the clothespin i some mangled brown paper, with an air of profound asement. After that no further attempts at compulsory acation were undertaken.

It was his daily walk with Eileen, however, which introced Excalibur to life-life in its broadest and most nantic sense. As I was not privileged to be present at opening incident of this episode, or at most of its subseant developments, the direct conduct of this narrative e passes out of my hands.

Ine sunny morning in July a young man in clerical ire sat breakfasting in his rooms at Mrs. Tice's. Mrs. e's establishment was situated on the village street and s. Tice was in the habit of letting her ground floor to gers of impeccable respectability.

t was half past eleven, which is a late hour for the clergy weakfast; but this young man appeared to be suffering n no qualms of conscience on the subject. He was king an excellent breakfast and reading the Henley ilts with a mixture of rapture and longing.

Ie had just removed the Sportsman from the convenient tress of the teapot and substituted Punch when he ame aware that day had turned to night. Looking up perceived that his open window, which was rather small of the casement variety, was completely blocked by a \*, shapeless and opaque mass. Next moment the mass aved itself into an animal of enormous size and suring appearance, which fell heavily into the room, and

Like a stream that, spouting from a cliff, Fails in mid-air, but, gathering at the base, Remakes itself.

to its feet and, advancing to the table, laid a heavy i on the white cloth and lovingly passed its tonguech resembled that of the great anteater—round a cold ken conveniently adjacent.

ive minutes later the window framed another picturetime a girl of twenty, white-clad and wearing a der-blue felt hat,

tht up on one side silver buckle which ikled in the hot ning sun. The custarted to his feet. dibur, who was now gon the hearthrug nembering the ken, thumped his miltily on the floor, made no attempt

am very sorry," Eileen, "but I am d my dog is tresing. May I call him

Certainly!" said urate, "But"-he ed his brains to e some means of ring the departure sradiant, fragrant n-"he is not the in the way. I am glad of his com-; I think it was neighborly of him 1. After all, I suphe is one of my hioners. And--he blushed-"I you are too."

Eileen gave him her most entrancing smile and from that hour the curate ceased to be his own master.

"I suppose you are Mr. Gilmore," said Eileen.

"Yes. I have been here only three weeks and I have not met every one yet."

"I have been away for two months," Eileen mentioned. "I thought you must have been," said the curate, rather subtly for him.

"I think my brother-in-law called on you a few days " continued Eileen, on whom the curate's last remark had made a most favorable impression. She mentioned my name.

"I was going to return the call this very afternoon," said the curate. And he firmly believed that he was speaking the truth. "Won't you come in? We have an excellent chaperon," indicating Excalibur. "I will come and open the door.

"Well, he certainly won't come out unless I come and fetch him," admitted Eileen thoughtfully.

A moment later the curate was at the front door and led his visitor across the little hall into the sitting room. He had not been absent more than thirty seconds, but during that time a plateful of sausages had mysteriously disappeared; and, as they entered, Excalibur was apologetically settling down on the hearthrug with a cottage loaf between his paws.

Eileen uttered cries of dismay and apology, but the

curate would have none of them.

"My fault entirely!" he insisted. "I have no right to be breakfasting at this hour; but this is my day off. You see I take early Service every morning at seven; but on Wednesdays we cut it out—omit it and have full Matins at ten. So I get up at half past nine, take Service at ten, and come back to my rooms at eleven and have breakfast. It is my weekly treat."

"You deserve it," said Eileen feelingly. Her religious exercises were limited to going to church on Sunday morning and coming out, if possible, after the Litany. "And how do you like Much Moreham?"

"I did not like it at all when I came," said the curate, "but recently I have begun to enjoy myself immensely." He did not say how recently.

"Were you in London before?"

"Yes-in the East End. It was pretty hard work, but a useful experience. I feel rather lost here during my spare time. I get so little exercise. In London I used to slip away for an occasional outing in a Leander scratch eight, and that kept me fit. I am inclined," he added ruefully, "to put on flesh."

"Leander? Are you a Blue?"

The curate nodded.

"You know about rowing, I see," he said appreciatively. "The worst of rowing," he continued, "is that it takes up so much of a man's time that he has no opportunity of practicing anything else-cricket, for instance. All curates ought to be able to play cricket. I do my best; but there isn't a single boy in the Sunday-school who can't bowl me. It's humiliating!"

"Do you play tennis at all?" asked Eileen.

"Yes, in a way."

"I am sure my sister will be pleased if you come and have a game with us some afternoon."

The enraptured curate had already opened his mouth to accept this demure invitation when Excalibur, rising from

the hearthrug, stretched himself luxuriously and wagged his tail, thereby removing three pipes, an inkstand, a tobacco jar, and a half-completed sermon from the writing table.

EXCALIBUR was heavily overworked in his new rôle of chaperon during the next three or four weeks, and any dog less ready to oblige than himself might have felt a little aggrieved at the treatment to which he was subjected.

There was the case of the tennis lawn, for instance. He had always regarded this as his own particular sanctuary, dedicated to reflection and repose; but now the net was stretched across it and Eileen and the curate performed antics all over the court with rackets and small white balls which, though they did not hurt Excalibur, kept him awake. It did not occur to him to convey himself elsewhere, for his mind moved slowly; and the united blandishments of the players failed to bring the desirability of such a course home to him. He continued to lie in his favorite spot on the sunny side of the court, looking injured but forgiving, or slumbering perseveringly amid the storm that raged round him.

It was quite impossible to move Excalibur once he had decided to remain where he was; so Eileen and the curate agreed to regard him as a sort of artificial excrescence, like the buttress in a fives court. If the ball hit him, as it frequently did, the player waiting for it was at liberty either to play it or claim a let. This arrangement added a piquant and pleasing variety to what is too often-especially when indulged in by mediocre players-a very dull game.

Worse was to follow, however. One day Eileen and the curate conducted Excalibur to a neighboring mountain range-at least, so it appeared to Excalibur-and played another ball game. This time they employed long sticks with iron heads, and two balls, which, though they were much smaller than tennis balls, were incredibly hard and painful. Excalibur, though willing to help and anxious to please, could not supervise both the balls at once. As sure as he ran to retrieve one the other came after him and took him unfairly in the rear. Excalibur was the gentlest of creatures, but the most perfect gentleman has his dignity to consider.

After having been struck for the third time by one of these balls he whipped round, picked it up in his mouth and gave it a tiny pinch, just as a warning. At least, he thought it was a tiny pinch. The ball retaliated with unexpected ferocity. It twisted and turned. It emitted long, snaky spirals of some clastic substance, which clogged his teeth and tickled his throat and wound themselves round his tongue and nearly choked him. Panic-stricken, he ran to his mistress, who, with weeping and with laughter, removed the writhing horror from his jaws and comforted him with fair words.

After that Excalibur realized that it is wiser to walk behind golfers than in front of them. It was a boring business, though, and very exhausting, for he loathed exercise of every kind; and his only periods of repose were the occasions on which the expedition came to a halt on certain small, flat lawns, each of which contained a hole with a flag in it.

Here Excalibur would lie down, with the contented sigh of a tired child, and go to sleep. As he almost invariably lay down between the hole and the ball, the players agreed

to regard him as a bunker. Eileen putted round him; but the curate-who had little regard for the humbler works of creation, Excalibur thought-used to take his mashie and attempt a lofting shot, an enterprise in which he almost invariably failed, to Excalibur's great inconvenience.

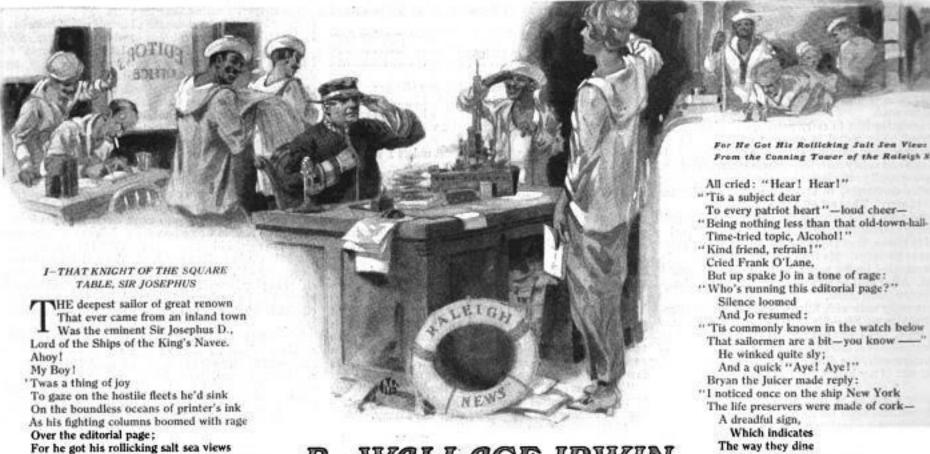
Country walks were more tolerable, for Eileen's supervision of his movements, which was usually marked by an officious severity, was sensibly relaxed on these days and Excalibur found himself at liberty to range abroad amid the heath and through the coppices, engaged in a pastime that he imagined was hunting.

One hot afternoon, wandering into a clearing, he encountered a hare. The hare, which was suffering from (Continued on Page 69)



Men, Women, Bables, Kittens, Even Ducks-They Were All One to Him

### IDOLS OF THE KING



By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

> And I says to me mate: 'Oh, dash me blue, He's so darned good that he can't be true!

II-SIR JOSEPHUS INDORSETH A DRY OCEAN

'Twas all in the reign of the good Wood-row-Set the type, Butter the pipe! The kingly trumpets began to blow With a toot and a blare and a Ho-men-ho! "Knights of the Square Table, come ye all For a Cabinet meeting in White House hall! And we must decide this very day In our justly famous impartial way How to settle up, ere the next cockcrow, The banks and the trusts, and Mexico."

Then up to the Cabinet Table Square Many a chosen knight came there: Sir Bryan the Juicer in pilgrim's mail, Back from his Quest of the Holy Kale; Sir Frank O'Lane of the manner hale; Sir Burleson; Sir Garrison; Crown Prince Expectant Lord McAdoo; Sir Agricultural Houston too; Sir Redfield, wearing his whiskers done In the manner of 1881; And, last but not least, the Lord High Chiefus, Boss of the Admirals, Sir Josephus.

King Wood-row's face, it was fair to see; King Wood-row's eye, it was keen to look As he turned to the page marked 73 In the office file of the Domesday Book. "Come," he repeated; "it's time, you know, To settle the trusts and Mexico."

Then quick As the kick Of the very Old Nick Up jumps Jo; Cries: "Whoa!" Or, rather, "Yo-ho!"-Which is, I believe, the regular way For a nautical man to begin his say. "Mexico and the trusts, my eye! We've settled so oft that they've gone plumb dry; But strike me hot If I haven't got Under my vest A topic drier than all the rest."

That sailormen are a bit-you know -

And a quick "Aye! Aye!" Bryan the Juicer made reply: "I noticed once on the ship New York

For He Got His Rollicking Salt Sea Views From the Conning Tower of the Raleigh News

The life preservers were made of cork-A dreadful sign, Which indicates

He winked quite sly;

All cried: "Hear! Hear!"

Time-tried topic, Alcohol!"

But up spake Jo in a tone of rage:

Cried Frank O'Lane,

Silence loomed

And Jo resumed:

The way they dine With their wild messmates; For where there are corks there are bottles-set? And where there are bottles-oh, mercy me!

"Right, my hearty!" Josephus cried. " And it has not frequently been denied That the sign D. T. to the average crew Means more than the W. C. T. U.

Then spake the King: "Though I shun the cap. And I know that sailors too oft cut up In a way we should certainly not abide At a White House tea by our ain fireside, Yet isn't it true, What authorities write,

That our boys in blue In the heat of a fight Oft win the day when they ought to lose By the use of the drug that the low call Boose

"Nay!" Sir Bryan made his moan.

"Never!" cried Jo in a thunder tone. "That theory of yours exploded back In the day when they sank the Merrimac-

(Continued on Page 57)



"For Sailors," Said He, "Should Live Like King"

Music with meals; Ferris wheels;

From the conning tower of the Raleigh News.

Though a printer's stone in youth he'd wiped,

"For sailors," said he, "should live like kings-

Josephus' mind was not stereotyped-

Not meaning offense to our very own

King Wood-row on his royal throne-

Shouldn't live at home on the ocean blue

As a first-class traveling man should do-

Three-quarters bedsteads; plenty of light;

But I see no sense why a sailorman,

Being bred free-born, an American,

Valet service day and night;

Nay, he dealt, bejings,

With original things.

Till Pa Neptune, Rising Upward, Quaffed the Jea and Yelled: "Hooray!"

Banquets; movies-Just to prove he's Equal quite to the captain bright And better, by heck, than the midshipmite." So Sir Josephus, down he sat In his neat department, and straightway gat Clerks, stenographers, notary pubs, Second assistants and office dubs: And they quickly drew In a type tattoo

"Orders 6,000,022: For every sailor who pulls a rope Silk pajamas and scented soap; Food like a toff; Wednesdays off; And to show respect, let the cannons roar-Twenty-one guns when he goes ashore -

Thus ad lib. ran the orders plain; So the common sailor who plowed the main Stopped plowing a while And said with a smile:

"Blest be ye, Josephus D.! Though ye don't know much o' the salt, salt sea, Ye're awful good to the poor A. B.

#### THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

THE reporter from the Chronicle came round that night, and Hicks gave him an interview also, and secured a line t stating that he was to open law offices lextown. This reporter was Peter Farley, told Hicks his paper had Democratic rings inasmuch as it was largely financed Rollins.

Who is Rollins?" Hicks asked Farley. Why," said Farley, "he is a nice old p who made a world of money in the ber business. He has retired and now s crazy for free lumber. He's a low-I man, almost a freetrader, a statets man, and he believes in some Swiss key-business they call the initiative the referendum and in universal priies and all that sort of guff. He takes ics like he takes his religion, thinks the ocratic party is called upon to restore nation to the principles of the fathers, s Grover Cleveland, adores Bryan, and up his money to keep up a sort of a pocratic organization. He meets the it on my paper, too, and gets his money's h by printing long screeds abusing the ublicans and saying kind words for iam Jennings Bryan and Thomas rson. He's the greatest letter-writer of a correspondence school, and is ys drafting platforms and circulating

about his new political fads."
sort of a crank?" asked Hicks.
so, sir, not a crank. He's a decent old whose passion is Democratic politics. one of the biggest stockholders in the l Metropolis. He's always fighting the t-car company and our gang of grafting

men, and is a fine, upstanding, publiced citizen. Better look him up if you're mocrat."

shall," said Hicks. "I'll call on him

frow." at morning Hicks made some inquiries about Rollins liscovered that Rollins was supposed to be worth half lion dollars, that he had no political ambitions himut was resolved there should be a Democratic party extown if he was the only member. He was state

sitteeman for that party and generally headed the

ess local tickets. ks found Rollins in his office in one of the local sky-ers. He was hunched up in a chair, writing a long to the editor of a New York paper in which he was ing out the utter lack of patriotism and the criminal ard of the rights of the people in a certain Republican proposal. He was a small man, bald, with a smoothn, leathery face and deep-set eyes that burned with rvor of his partisanship. His desk was covered with piles of pamphlets which he had written and had had d at his own expense, and on his office walls there pictures of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and m Jennings Bryan, and a facsimile of the Declaration ependence.

wdy," saluted Rollins as Hicks entered.

w do you do, Mr. Rollins-I assume you are Mr.

ar assumption is correct. Have a chair. What can

you?"
s handed him his letter of introduction. "I am cks," he said, "and I take great pleasure in presents letter from an old friend of yours, Representative

ins read the letter, drumming with the fingers of one m his desk as he did so.

m're the young man who had the interviews in the

I suppose?"

s, sir. I was interviewed when I arrived yesterday." ad to meet you. Hope McAllister is well. Democrat, estood you to say, or did I read it in the paper?" m a Democrat, and as I understand it you are the

of the party in this city." ere than that, son, more than that. I'm almost all

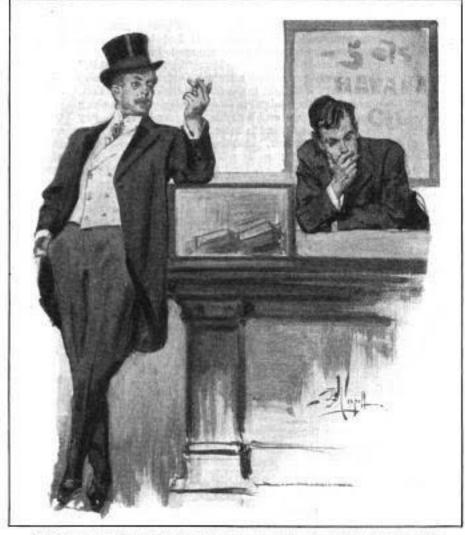
to the Democratic party in Rextown."

all, I desire to join hands with you, to enlist under inner, to aid you in your fight against the entrenched rupt forces of Republicanism.

ns looked at Hicks shrewdly. "You do, do you?"

what reason?"

· the reasons I just gave you. I hope I may be



"Do You Mean to Jay You Have the Nerve to Take That Claim Into Court?"

Rollins whistled. He got up, walked to the window, glanced out on the street, came back and drew his chair over to Hicks.

"Young man," he said kindly, putting his hand on Hicks' knee, "excuse me if I appear to be surprised. This rather takes the breath out of me. The idea of a lawyeryou are a lawyer, ain't you?"

Hicks nodded.

"Well, the idea of a lawyer coming to a Republican hotbed like this and joining the Democratic party-a lawyer, you know, one of those persons who always look before they leap into politics—the idea of that rather flabbergasts me. You know-" and he smiled a curious little smile at Hicks-"you know, my boy, there hasn't been a real, live recruit to the Democratic party in Rextown or Corliss County for five years, and we lost a lot of our fellows on the free-silver issue."

"All the more reason you should want me, then," suggested Hicks.

Sure, but it sort of paralyzes me, just the same. How long have you been a Democrat?"

Hicks knew this question would be put to him and he had prepared his answer.

"Long enough," he said rather oratorically, "to feel certain that this country is going to ruin under the maladministration of the Republican party, influenced as it is by special interests and controlled by corporate greed. Long enough to have faith that, through the medium of the enlightenment of the people, a return may be made to the principles and practices of the fathers, and our country saved from the rape of the plutocrats and the sack of the unscrupulous stock-jobbers of Wall Street."

Rollins' look of curiosity changed to one of admiration, "Good boy!" he said. "Good boy! Go on."

"I am a newcomer, as you know," continued Hicks, most encouraged, "and I have a deep, patriotic interest in politics. I believe in Democratic principles. I am for the plain people, unalterably for the masses as against the corrupt classes. I know of your unselfish devotion to this high cause. I desire to join with you, to aid you, to fight with you, and eventually to assist you in redeeming this city and this state from these Republican abuses. Am I welcome?"

"Hooray!" shouted Rollins, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands. "That's the real McCoy! In a month I'll have you out making speeches. Are you welcome? Why, my boy, you are as welcome as an August rain after a dry spell in the Corn Belt. Welcome! Why you are positively providential. Let's talk things over.'

They had a long conversation. Hicks soon discovered that Rollins was fanatical in his belief in Democratic principles, that he considered himself a sort of crusader against what he called "the mammoncontrolled party of special interests," meaning the Republicans, and that he was willing to spend his money freely, asking nothing but the fun of the fight. He went over the situation in detail with Hicks, told of his work and of the organization he endeavored to maintain, and explained how he was handicapped by the general apathy. Then he read Hicks extracts from several of his pamphlets. These proved to Hicks that, even though a fanatic, Rollins had a clear mind, good reasoning powers and an excellent command of simple and forceful language. He told Hicks of the local situation, dominated by the Republicans for years, working through a local boss named Paddy Ross, and explained how the public utilities-the street cars and the electriclight plant and the water works and the gas works-could get anything they wanted because they kept Ross on their payroll and Ross was the Republican organization leader. Hicks' knowledge of general polities stood him in good stead. He was most polite and deferential to Rollins, and soon was on terms of friendship and implied association with him. His letter of introduction had established him primarily, and he completed the good impression himself.

As he rose to go Rollins asked Hicks

whether he had any cases yet. "Why, no," Hicks replied; "I arrived

only yesterday, you know."
"Well, how'd you like to take a case for me? An old rapscallion named Jim Barkiss is trying to beat me out of a claim I've got

on his property. Know anything about contracts?

"I've studied contracts," evaded Hicks.
"All right, here's the case;" and Rollins went off into a long recital of his difficulties with Jim Barkiss, telling an involved story of deals and mortgages and liens and payments and rebuttals to which Hicks listened in a daze.
"Got it?" asked Rollins. "Got it clear in your mind?"

"Perfectly," fibbed Hicks, who had no idea of what it was all about.

"Good," said Rollins, "here are the papers," and he thrust a mass of legal documents into the hands of Hicks. 'See what you can do."

Hicks took the papers and rose to go. "Good-by, Mr. Rollins," he said. "I shall see you soon and often and we'll reorganize and rejuvenate this Democratic party out here. Good day."

He put out his hand and Rollins took it. "Son," he said, "I don't know whether I'm playing fair with you or not in giving you that case. It's been in litigation here for a long time, and I got so mad about it that I just took it from the hands of my regular lawyer who was jockeying along on it. The lawyer on the other side is Jim Chittlings, a hard customer in a case like this, and you are young in the law, very young in the law."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Rollins. I'll do the best I can with it and maybe my youth will help me."

"Yes," repeated Rollins, "you are young in the law. Haven't you forgotten something?"

"No," Hicks replied, looking about, "I think not." Rollins laughed. "In that case," he said, "you are the oddest lawyer I ever came in contact with. You haven't asked me for a retainer."

Hicks in his confusion could think of nothing to say. He had forgotten the most important detail of the practice of his profession.

"Never mind," soothed Rollins, "I'll write you a check. It may come in handy," and he gave Hicks a check for a hundred dollars. That young man bowed himself out with his heart thumping, his brain reproaching him for his lack of business acumen and the check clasped tightly in his

MARMADUKE HICKS was walking on air when he 1. went down the street. He arrived at the Hotel Metropolis, went to his room and looked lovingly at his check. It was his first legal fee. He examined the papers Rollins had given him, but could make nothing of them, so he put them in his trunk and went down into the lobby. He met Bignall again, and talked to him for an hour discussing the best location for an office and various matters of that kind. He inquired about boarding houses and secured several addresses. Next morning he took his money and his letter to the First National Bank, opened an account, and called on Mrs. Hungerford, who kept a boarding house not far from the business portion of the city. The food and rooms at Mrs. Hungerford's had been praised by the banker to whom Hicks had the letter of introduction.

Mrs. Hungerford's boarding house proved clean and comfortable. She told Hicks that most of her boarders were of the better class of clerks and business women, with a professional man or two, and she offered him a room, in the rear on the third floor, for fifty dollars a month with meals. He engaged the room and moved in that afternoon and on the following day set about renting an office.

He hesitated between two rooms. One was in a threestory brick building near the post office, a former residence that had been built over into offices, and the other was in the Blanding Block, the biggest structure in Rextown. The rent of the first room was twenty-five dollars a month and the rent of the Blanding Block office was twice that. Tommie walked through the halls of both buildings. There were a dentist or two, an architect, a couple of insurance agents and five lawyers in the old building. In the Blanding Block there were rows of glass doors carrying in gilt letters the names of lawyers and business agencies of various kinds. It did not take him long to decide on the office in the Blanding Block, and he bought some furniture for it on the installment plan. That night he stood in the hall and looked admiringly at the gilt sign on the door of his office. It read:

#### T. MARMADUKE HICKS ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

In a day or two his furniture was installed and his father's law books had arrived, accompanied by a letter from his mother expressing the hope that they might be used for the promotion of justice and truth and the welfare of the people. Hicks put them on his shelves, where they made a good showing, although most of them were reports of New York State and not of much consequence for local use. There were a few books of universal character. He gazed at these speculatively, wondered what was in them and what he might be able to do with them. He hung his certificate and diploma on the walls, took steps to have himself admitted on motion to the local bar, and after that had been accomplished, with the aid of Senator Paxton's letter and the influence of an old friend of his at the Rextown bar, he began the consideration of the Rollins-Barkiss case.

It was a complicated case. There were claims and counterclaims and records of previous actions begun and dropped. Hicks studied the papers long, but could make little of them. His only conclusion was that Rollins claimed one thing and Barkiss another; the legal phases of the case were entirely beyond him.

He spent some days puzzling over the papers, evolving schemes that had no legal foundations. It was all he had to do, except make three or four appearances each day in the lobby of the Hotel Metropolis, and drop in at the city hall and courthouse, with occasional visits to the probate court and the county clerk's office, where he simulated intense occupation and consulted records assiduously.

He knew so little law he could get no grasp of the questions involved. He ardently desired to make a showing, and felt he could get business from Rollins if he could win this case. On the same floor of the Blanding Block the offices of Johnson, Jacobs and Jones, the leading lawyers of Rextown, occupied half a dozen rooms. Hicks had called on these lawyers and they had received him with grave politeness and welcomed him to the city. He had noticed, at a desk in the corner, a man who had a big bulging forehead, wore glasses and was shabbily dressed, and who had a general air of being grateful he was permitted to sit down in an out-of-the-way place and read calfbound books.

Hicks inquired about this man and learned he was Gudger, a great student and a fine lawyer, but a periodical drunkard. He remained sober for two or three months and then drank beavily until he had to be taken to the hospital. He had no control over his appetite for liquor, and for that reason had no practice and no standing at the bar. But he knew the law, knew more of it than Johnson, Jacobs and Jones combined. So they used him when he was sober to help in the preparation of their cases and took him back after a spree, paying him a small salary and giving him the impression that they were his benefactors for allowing him to draw a few dollars a week and do most of the real work round the place.

Hicks went into this office and spoke to Gudger. "By the way, Mr. Gudger," he said, "could you make it convenient to come into my office this afternoon some time? I have a little matter I desire to discuss with you."

"I'll go now," Gudger replied.

They walked to Hicks' single room. "Sit down, Mr. Gudger," said Hicks. "This is what I want to lay before you: I have been here but a short time, as you know, but many pressing matters engage my attention. Mr. Perkins G. Rollins has given me a small case that really I have not the time to handle. I was wondering if you would look

over the papers, prepare a plan of action for me and elaborate the points of law involved. Of course I shall compensate you, and it really will be a great service to me, for I am so busy I cannot attend to the preparation of the case myself."

Gudger looked round the room, with its array of useless law books, and at Hicks, who was endeavoring to give the impression of a man rushed with his work. He smiled a little wan smile. He had just returned from a prolonged spree, was weak and trembly and had been severely reprimanded by his employers. He needed money. "Let me see the papers," said he; "I guess I can do it."

Hicks gave him the papers, which Gudger noticed were the only papers in sight in the office. Hicks realized that, too, and instantly resolved to fix up bundles of legal-looking documents for place on his desk. Also he resolved to buy a file case and put it in the room.

"I'll look them over," said Gudger, "and let you know later."

Hicks visited Rollins several times, talked politics with him and reported progress. He wrote several letters to Senator Paxton and spent a good deal of his time in the Hotel Metropolis, getting acquainted with the business and professional men of the city, who used the lobby and barroom and café of the Metropolis as a sort of downtown club. He found that the men who frequented the hotel-and they were most of the important men of the city-drank a good deal of whisky, especially between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Hicks was not an abstainer nor was he a steady drinker. He kept a little whisky in his room for such use as was needful, and though he smoked cigarettes he never smoked on the streets or in public places. He refused invitations to drink rather impressively but was enough of a mixer to keep in the good graces of the crowd, and he made many acquaintances who liked to hear him discuss affairs at Washington, and wondered at his easy familiarity with the great men of whom they read in the papers. Hicks knew all the famous statesmen and gossiped about them intimately, never failing to bring himself into the foreground of whatever picture he was painting. Between times he considered the question of a church connection.

After a week's study Gudger came in with a package of papers in his hand. "I have examined that Rollins-Barkiss matter, Mr. Hicks," he said.

Hicks was writing a letter. He looked up and replied pompously: "Excuse me a moment, if you please, Mr. Gudger. I have a matter here I must close up.'

Gudger, who had himself in hand again, smiled a flickering sort of a smile and sat down. Tommie wrote vigorously for a minute or two. He signed his name with a flourish, held the letter up before him and read it with evident admiration, and turned to Gudger. "My stenographer," he said, "is ill this morning and I am compelled to write a few of my most pressing letters by hand. I am sorry I detained you, but this is a most important matter."

Gudger observed that Tommie laid the letter aside without putting it in an envelope. "Take your time, Mr. Hicks,"

he said, "I am in no hurry."
"Ah," continued Tommie, turning in his chair, "did I understand you to say you have examined into that Rollins

claim, Mr. Gudger?"

"I have."

"Sorry to have imposed so trifling a matter on you, but I am exceedingly busy. What do you find?"

'I find Rollins has a fair case. Barkiss owes him some money, but it isn't clear just how much. I have set forth the law on the point, have briefed the cases that apply and made a statement of the facts for you. I trust it will be satisfactory."

Gudger was pathetically eager. He needed the money Hicks promised him.

"Excellent, Gudger," patronized Hicks. "I shall look over the papers and reimburse you for your time and trouble."

"Thank you, Mr. Hicks, thank you." And Gudger went out.

Tommie shut and locked his door and read the papers carefully. Gudger, good lawyer that he was and skilled in the preparation of cases, had handled this one in a most competent manner. He had made his statement of facts, his statement of the contentions of the other side, and he cited the law to uphold his own conclusions, cited it voluminously. It was an orderly, complete and illuminating presentation of the Rollins side of the controversy, Tommie spent all that day in studying Gudger's work. He had a retentive memory, and he learned what Gudger had written so he could recite it. Thus fortified he sat back to consider what he should do. He didn't dare to go into court, nor did he want to have Gudger appear for him. Beyond the words Gudger had written, Hicks had no knowledge of the law or the procedure necessary.

After thinking a time be went down the street to see his friend Charley Bignall, the reporter on the Globe.

"Bignall," he asked, "do you know James K. Chittlings the lawyer?"

"Sure."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He's a big, beefy bluffer and gets away with it. He sh sters along pretty successfully. He pretends to be a lawy and he doesn't know any too much law. When he tries case he depends on noise to pull him through. He does go into court much though. That would show him up. H the grandest compromiser we have. And he is always the money. Why?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He's the attorney on t other side of a case I am interested in, and I wanted know about him. That's all."

XII

AS HICKS walked back to his office that word "co promiser" constantly recurred to him. Why not co promise this? Evidently, from what Bignall told hi Chittlings was much the same sort of lawyer he was, w more experience, perhaps, but with as little law. knew Chittlings spent a good deal of time in the lob of the Hotel Metropolis, and he went there and look round. Chittlings was leaning against the cigar-case a loudly telling the bored cigar clerk of a recent exploit of h when he defeated a lawyer from the adjoining county is will case.

Hicks approached the cigar-case by easy stages, sta ping at the desk to look at the register, at the newsta to glance at the display of periodicals, and at the telepho desk to say a word or two to the operator. He stood a listened to the last part of the recital of Chittlings, laugh when laughing time came, and as Chittlings finish exclaimed: "That's a good one!" with evident apprec tion. Chittlings was pleased. He said a word or two abs the weather and asked: "Stranger here?"
"Oh, no," answered Hicks, "I am T. Marmaduke Hic

lawyer, with offices in the Blanding Block."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Hicks. I'm James K. Chittli and I'm a lawyer too."

"Chittlings?" repeated Hicks in pleased astonishme "James K. Chittlings? Why, I certainly am glad to m you. I have a case, I think, in which you are my oppose and I am charmed to know I shall meet so cultured ag tleman and so learned a lawyer in the arena of the court

"What case is that?" asked Chittlings. "I don't re-

your connection with any of my cases."

"Rollins vs. Barkiss." "Oh, that! Is Rollins at that again?" exclaimed Cl tlings contemptuously. "That isn't a case; it's merel cat-hop."

"There are some eleven thousand dollars involve Hicks protested with some warmth. Chittlings looked at Hicks narrowly. Evidently

eleven-thousand-dollar case was important to this you man. "Look here," he warned, "you are on a dead card

that claim, my friend. You can't collect it and you kt "I think it would be well to leave that phase of

matter to the adjudication of the courts." "Do you mean to say you have the nerve to take t

claim into court?" "You will be served with due and formal notice of

intention at the proper time."

"You don't say! Well, so long. By the way," he ad as he turned to go, "where's your office?" "In the Blanding Block."

"I may drop in to see you some day. Good-by, glad have met you.'

Two days later Chittlings came in, glanced round little room, with its sparse furnishings and its array of revised statutes of New York, smiled and said: "How Hicks. How's business?"

"My docket is reasonably well filled."

"Glad to know it. There are so many lawyers in burg it's hard for a new one to get a toehold. The wolves for business, and they've got most of it cinchs "I haven't found it so," Tommie replied, wishing

had a greater number of legal-looking documents on desk and resolving to get some more as soon as Chittli

"Say, Hicks," said Chittlings, scating himself and is ing a cigar, "how strong are you with Perk Rollins? It a smoke?"

"I never smoke."

"Well, forgetting that, how strong are you with P Rollins?"

"What do you mean?"

"How much influence have you with him?"

"He is one of my best clients."

"Well, if that's the case and you can work him, what the use of dragging this thing through the courts? W not compromise?"

Hicks straightened in his chair. "This is a case that of not admit of compromise," he said with much dignity.

'Don't it! Let me tell you, my young and callow from there never was a case that didn't admit of compressi when the lawyers who had it wanted to fix it that way a there was anything in it."

"I do not so understand the theory of the law." He was most important as he said this.

"Well, you will so understand it if you want to make a ring at it. I tell you it's nonsense to drag this thing gough the courts when there are bigger things we might doing. Let's fix it up."

"My client has instructed me to sue it."

"Then get him to uninstruct you. Rollins is a good old up, but visionary, and Barkiss ain't worth a hoot, beyond certain point, for any lawyer to fuss with. Let's fix it."
"What do you propose?"

"Why, there's right on both sides. Barkiss owes Rollins me money, but not as much as Rollins says he does. I'll mit the first part of it. If we take it into court you can't t the eleven thousand to save your soul; but you can get udgment for a certain amount if you are any good at the w at all."

"How much?" asked Hicks eagerly. Chittlings laughed. "That's for you to find out, if you

to law about it," he said.

'Well, what's your proposition?" Hicks gave what he ought was a good imitation of a businesslike question. 'You go down and see Rollins and find out the lowsum he will take. I'll see my man and find out how ich I can get him to give. Then we'll meet and fix it up."

'Fix it up?'' asked Hicks. "I n't understand. I am a lawyer, . Chittlings, and bound by the ics of my profession."

'Also I take it," said Chittlings uply, "you are bound by the essities of making a living. Run ng now and see Rollins and come wn to my office on the third Chittlings went out, leav-Hicks very indignant.

He grew calm as he thought the tter over. He knew in his heart would be at a serious disadvanein court, having had no practice e a little in justices' courts back ne when he was a student. His tism urged him to go ahead with case and told him he could win brilliantly, but he felt inward givings. Occasionally he adted his limitations to himselfoften, but once in a while. He frightened at the prospect of ing a case against this big, noisy, ffing lawyer, and although he Gudger's word for it that he some law and some facts on his , he didn't relish the encounter. wanted to be surer of himself m he made his first public aprance. Besides, there might be it in the contention of Barkiss t he didn't owe Rollins all of en thousand dollars. There was side of it to consider. Also e would be a quicker fee, in ition to the retainer of one huni dollars he already had, in case compromise. And lawyers did promise cases. He knew that. he went to see Rollins, who ted him cordially and asked what he thought of Senator rich's iniquitous tariff policy. Inexcusable," Hicks replied,

knowing what the policy was. ropped in to see you about that ciss matter."

What about it?" asked Rollins, was deep in a platform for the Democracy he intended to pose at the forthcoming con-

Why, I was thinking I might pose that difficulty by a shorter e than recourse to the tedious

esses of the courts." All right," Rollins answered absently. "Do whatever st. Say, do you think the platform should begin with ging denunciation of the Republican party, or with a ment of the attitude of the Democracy toward the ession of the people and then the arraignment of the

ublicans?" Take up the cause of the people first by all means," "Suppose I could get you eighty-five sed Hicks. ired dollars from Barkiss? Would that figure be

factory to you?" Pshaw! They'd never stand for eighty-five hundred is; that's entirely too long. My idea is about five sand words."

Dollars, I meant, not words, Mr. Rollins. I am speakbout the Barkiss matter."

The Barkiss matter? Oh, yes; what about it?" think we can compromise for a substantial sum."

"All right; go ahead. Don't bother me about that now. want to get this pronouncement of political principles written. Listen to this anti-corporation plank.

Hicks listened politely while Rollins read what he had written as establishing the attitude of his party toward the monopolies fostered and owned by the criminal rich.

"That'll make them cringe, I'll bet," said Rollins.

"Undoubtedly," assented Hicks warmly. "It is a great summing-up of the tenets of our party in that regard simply great. If I can get eight thousand dollars, shall I take it?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Don't bother me," protested Rollins. "Let's go over this tariff plank. The curse of this country and the workingmen in it is high protection. Let me read you what I have written."

And he read his tariff plank, which demanded an instant and scientific revision of the tariff along the lines of tariff for revenue only.

As he finished Hicks applauded. "That's fine!" he cheered. "That's the most statesmanlike argument I have ever heard. You certainly are a master of words, Mr. Rollins. I am quite sure I can get seventy-five hundred dollars for you. Shall I take it?"

"If I Can Get Eight Thousand Dollars, Shall I Take It?"

"Eh?" said Rollins, blinking his eyes; "I thought you said eight thousand, a moment ago."

"Oh," Hicks suavely replied, "I said eight thousand tentatively. Seventy-five hundred is a sure thing."

"Well, get what you can. I must finish this platform and have it printed. Get what you can. Good day. Come in to-morrow and I'll read it to you again."

"That will give me great pleasure. Seventy-five hundred it is then.

"Yes, yes," Rollins replied impatiently. "I'm going to give them a great blast on the currency question, a great blast."

HICKS called at the office of Chittlings next day. That exponent of the law had a suite of three rooms a reception room with an office boy at a desk, a second room where there was a clerk and a typewriter and an array of law books, more than Hicks had ever seen outside of a law library, and an inner room where Chittlings sat at a big rolltop desk. This room was well furnished. There were some leather chairs, a polished table piled high with papers bound with tape, a picture or two on the wall and a leather lounge.

"Morning, Hicks," greeted Chittlings after Hicks had gone through the formality of sending in his name by the office boy-Tommie resolved to have two rooms and an office boy, it gave an air of business and prosperity to a place. "Morning. Have a cigar. Oh, I forgot, you don't smoke. How are things?"

"I am very well, thank you," Hicks replied.
"Seen Rollins?"

"Yes. Have you seen Barkiss?"

"Saw him yesterday. What will you accept?"
"What will you give?"

"Oh, let's not haggle about this; it isn't big enough. I'll give eighty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll take nine thousand."

"Come off! I've got to get something for myself. Take it or leave it at eighty-five hundred and I'll get my regular fee from Barkiss and a split from you."

"A split?

"Yes, a split. You know what a split is, I suppose. If you don't, let me tell you that splits are the greatest discouragers of long-fought litigation in court this world has ever known."

"Do you mean that you want me to divide something with you?"

'Certainly, why not? You didn't tell Rollins you could get eighty-five hundred dollars, did you—didn't name a specific sum?"

Chittlings looked narrowly at Hicks, who felt that this big, boisterous man had caught him in a crime. He was chagrined and humiliated, for although he had underestimated to Rollins the sum of money he thought he could get in compromise, he hadn't gone so far with the matter in his own mind as actually to plan to give Rollins less in settlement than he received.

Hicks was horrified. It seemed to him that Chittlings had read his mind, had interpreted his action, had literally detected him stealing something. He was familiar in a way with illegal money transactions, and had heard stories of sums paid in Washington to expedite or retard legislation. The morals of the situation did not bother him so much as his apparent detection.

He looked at Chittlings, who was preparing to write a check. Hicks caught hold of the arms of his chair, steadied himself, licked his dry lips with his tongue and replied huskily: "Of course I mentioned no specific sum, but what difference does that make to you?"

"Just this difference," said Chittlings. "If I compromise this thing with you for eighty-five hundred dollars, which is a fair compromise, I'll give you a check for that amount and you'll give me a check for five hundred. Then you can deposit my check and pay Rollins seventy-five hundred dollars, or what you please, and we'll both make some money, for you can bet Barkiss will pay me my eighty-five hundred back, and another legal difficulty will have been compromised without recourse to the tedious processes of the courts."

Hicks rose. "Look here, Chittlings," he exclaimed, "I may not know much about the law, but I know something about the Eighth Commandment. That's plain larceny and you know it, and I'll not be a party to it."

Chittlings grinned.
"All right," he said, closing the checkbook, "have it your own way. Only let me tell you something-you'll never make five hundred any easier. Go ahead and suc and I'll be right on deck."

"That may be so," Hicks retorted emphatically, for he had regained his self-possession, "but I won't begin my career as a lawyer in this city by stealing five hundred dollars from Rollins or any other man. My price is higher than that, Mr. Chittlings, and when you get ready to talk business to me on a strict business basis, without any larcenous trimmings, I'll see you in my office. Here is my card." (Continued on Page 60)

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

#### GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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#### PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1914

#### Slow Grinding

WE HAVE long believed there should be some Federal control over the issue of railroad securities, and that the body in which that control should logically be vested is the Interstate Commerce Commission; but a reasonable method of exercising the control is very important.

The bill now before the national House of Representatives provides, in effect, that, before issuing any capital obligation, a railroad must apply to the commission; whereupon the commission shall send a copy of the application to the railroad commission—or to the governor and attorney-general if there be no railroad commission—of every state in which the railroad "operates any part of its lines"; virtually inviting such states to participate in the deliberations.

This is all wrong. To be tolerable, public control of railroad issues must be exercised with reasonable dispatch. There is hardly a week in a normal year when some road is not issuing capital obligations. To make every issue the subject of wordy, snail-footed deliberations would create a condition as bad as the disease it seeks to cure. Instead of inviting the states to participate in the proceedings of the Interstate Commerce Commission the law should make the findings of the commission binding on every state commission that has jurisdiction in the matter.

The Interstate Commerce Commission itself is a rather overworked body. Its delay in deciding the application of the Eastern roads for a five-per-cent advance in freight rates shows that it needs accelerating rather than retarding.

In passing on railroad securities it ought to be given a free hand and every opportunity to act with reasonable promptness. The questions concerning any railroad issue are whether its objects are legitimate and whether bonafide value is received. Certainly the Interstate Commerce Commission may be trusted to determine those comparatively simple questions. When they have once been determined by a trustworthy public body, there is no valid reason for collateral or supplemental state proceedings.

#### The Socialistic Tendency

CERTAIN businesses are necessary to modern life. Railroading is an example. Cut off from rail facilities a man might be ruined, a community might perish. So, for years, the law has exerted a constantly increasing control over railroads. A railroad cannot discriminate among its patrons—it must serve all alike; and of late it can charge only such rates as the law permits.

Fire insurance is obviously in a different category. Broadly speaking, anybody who so elects may get along without it, assuming the hazard himself. And a fireinsurance company may discriminate at will among its patrons. Any company may refuse to write a policy on any risk and the law will have nothing to say in the matter.

The other day, however, the United States Supreme Court—by five to three, one justice not participating—affirmed the power of a state to fix the rate at which fire insurance shall be written. Admitting that fire insurance is of a personal rather than a public character, the majority of the court holds that, nevertheless, it is so charged with public in a state of involve the power to regulate it in

behalf of the public. We venture a lay and ignorant opinion that the court would have decided differently fifteen or twenty years ago—when it was holding, for instance, that the Sugar Trust was beyond the reach of the Sherman Law.

Socialization moves steadily forward. Every year the principle that the interests of society are paramount advances a step further.

#### The Wallace Researches

THANKS to the indefatigable industry of two Americans— Dr. and Mrs. Charles William Wallace—which has dug up the records of a venerable lawsuit and certain proceedings of a sixteenth-century Commission of Sewers, we now know quite accurately what sort of concern that Globe Theater was in which one William Shakspere was a stockholder, and within the walls of which the stockholder's celebrated dramatic pieces were presented.

For several years Doctor and Mrs. Wallace have devoted their entire time to the most painstaking search among the public archives for new light on Shakspere and his activities. They have already examined upward of three million official parchments.

It appears that when the Globe Theater site was leased by the theatrical adventurers two hovels stood on it. With the exception of some ponds it was the lowest spot on Bankside, and the Thames overflowed it every spring. For a long time it had been used as a dumping ground for refuse—and a sixteenth-century refuse heap may safely be described as the real thing in the way of garbage. Shakspere's partners are sternly commanded, "on pain to forfeit," to pull certain props and posts out of the sewer.

Imagination dwells fondly on that theater: standing ankle deep in the mire, with one grimy knee showing through the rent in her coarse woolen petticoat, her blouse split up the back, her hair in a snarl, and a muddy smudge on her cheek where she has just swatted a mosquito with a hand as heavy and as soiled as a blacksmith's—but speaking, nevertheless, with the tongues of men and of angels.

Her beautifully carved, gilded and upholstered sister of to-day would faint away at sight of her; and it would not matter much if she never came out of the faint.

#### A Verdict

AMURDERER enlisted the sympathy of a very rich man. His defense was that a dream irresistibly impelled him to assassinate his foe. The rich patron, according to the newspaper report, "practically cornered the available expert testimony in the defendant's behalf, seven of the highest-priced alienists of the city being put on the stand to support the dream theory." Eloquent counsel quoted compassionate poetry to the jury and the latter returned the following verdict:

"We find that the defendant committed the act charged in the indictment, but at the time of the commission of said act was an insane person, and since the commission of said act has permanently and completely recovered from such lunacy."

The defendant may have "permanently and completely recovered from such lunacy," but our criminal jurisprudence has not. Leaving the question of a defendant's mental condition to a lay jury enveloped in a fog of hired expert testimony makes a farce of what ought to be a rather serious matter.

#### The Plum Tree

ILLINOIS has one Democratic United States Senator and in all probability will presently have another. The burning political question in that state at this writing is whether that other shall be Roger Sullivan or some patriot whose Jeffersonian heart beats in truer sympathy with that faction of the party to which the present Senator belongs.

Chicago papers are pointing out—as an important factor in the solution of this question—that all the Federal and state jobs will be filled by nominees of the faction opposed to Sullivan. What makes the Sullivan Democrats mad—we read in a press report—is the fact that all the assistant district attorneys, deputy marshals and deputy revenue collectors will be selected by the foe.

In these circumstances, we suppose, the Sullivan Democrats are the only persons who are entitled to be mad. The public, which pays the salaries of these Federal employees and depends on them for service, is presumed to be quite satisfied so long as its servants are sound on the grand question of opposition to Sullivan. Whether they can read and write is a secondary consideration.

#### Bonds Over the Counter

IN APRIL the city of New York sold sixty-five million dollars' worth of bonds at a small premium to a single bidder, who immediately resold the bonds to investors at a profit of some four hundred thousand dollars. The profit was legitimate enough, and the method of selling bonds

that nearly all cities and states employ is based on a profit to the middleman. This method is to invite competitive bids and award the issue to the highest bidder. Almost invariably big investment banks and bond dealers in intermate touch with the investment market get the bonds an resell them to actual investors at a profit.

To avoid a middleman's profit the city must about competitive bids and offer its bonds over the counter at a upset price. In this New York sale there were two has dred thirty-two separate bids, many of them for sma amounts and many at a higher price than the successful bidder paid; but no combination of other bids would have brought the city as much as the successful bidder paid though that price was less than actual investors readily paid immediately afterward.

Competitive bids almost invariably throw the bonds in the hands of middlemen. A city or state that wishes establish a direct market for its bonds must sell them on the counter at an upset price.

#### The English Telegraph

THE telegraph business of Great Britain, as conducts by the Post Office, results in a heavy annual loss, recent statement by Postmaster-General Hobbouse, quotin the London Times, attributes this loss "mainly to disixpenny telegram, which costs eleven pence to transmand deliver."

A telegram of twelve words, address and signature bein counted as part of the message, transmitted anywhere Great Britain, costs twelve cents of our money. This very cheap. Naturally telegraphing is highly develop in England, the number of messages a head being near twice the number in the United States. That the twelvents did not cover the cost of the message was evide from the large yearly deficit; but it appears from the statement by the postmaster-general that the loss on eatwelve-cent message is decidedly greater than had be supposed. He puts the cost of the message at twenty-transfer.

In short, the sender pays little over half the cost; to ther half—or forty-five per cent—coming out of the pubtill. British citizens who use the telegraph frequently; a sort of subsidy at the expense of those who use it infiquently or not at all.

The bulk of the telegraphing in Great Britain is or short distances, for which the cost of a message here twenty-five or thirty cents against twenty-two cents the but the whole cost here is paid by the sender of the messag which seems to us the logical arrangement.

#### A Significant Difference

INCOMES of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand d lars will pay nine or ten times as heavy a tax under t new British Budget as they pay here. In round numbe fifteen thousand dollars will pay one thousand dollars t twenty thousand dollars will pay fifteen hundred doll tax; twenty-five thousand dollars will pay two thousand dollars.

Yet the most significant difference between the Brit tax and the American appears with respect to what we a moderate incomes. Generally an American income of thousand dollars pays only ten dollars tax. The Brit tax on an income a penny over five thousand dollars to be two hundred ten dollars; on an income of seven five hundred dollars it will be three hundred seventy dollars—instead of twenty-five dollars as here.

Two hundred and eighty million dollars is the estima yield of the new British income tax. When a government comes to lean so heavily on an income tax it must tak stiff toll from incomes in the moderate class.

It is only a question of time when our Federal levyt get down to incomes of a thousand or tifteen hund dollars; and the comfortably-off man—with an income say, of from five to fifteen thousand dollars—will near something more than small change to discharge his due to the Government.

#### How it Works in Practice

AFTER two years' deliberation Massachusetts passel eight-hour law for workers under sixteen years of a Ruin of industry, displacement of young workers, incresyouthful vagrancy and various other ills were predict as usual.

A canvass of the state shows that over ninety per of the children under sixteen who were employed betthe law went into effect are still employed; that a major of the few children who were displaced have gone to schothat family hardships attributable to the displacem or curtailed earnings of youthful workers have been pligible; and that there has been no increase in youth idleness and crime.

Crippled industries, beggared families and ruined of dren have been predicted at every step in the direction protecting youthful workers; but the predictions no come true.

### WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

#### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



come to advert, in what it were not amiss to term well-dissimulated jocundity, to the Honorable James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, as genial and jovial a person as ever harbored a grudge for twenty years.

HE time has now

The Honorable Clarke, who wears an e at the extreme end of his name to distinguish himself, if such be necessary, from the Senator from Wyoming and the Speaker from Missouri, has just, as it appears, been returned to the Senate for the third time by an enthusiastic constituency and an excess of some seven hundred votes or so over the competing candidate in the primary, the same showing that the Arkansas proletarians hold their enthusiasm in reasonably measured check. Of course the face of the returns may be changed, but never the inscrutable face of the senator;

id it all goes to show that when those Arkansans are out it they can mask their enthusiasm to a considerable gree of obfuscation.

Some of the residents of that imperial commonwealth are ant to refer to the senator as Old Cotton Top-some of em. Others do not so refer to him. They refer to him herwise, those others do; but that is a local issue. The int is that even some of his constituents thus nickname e senator—affectionately, no doubt; for, as I have said,

certainly has a mild d forgiving disposition, out the same as the sposition of a bear with sore paw. That, of arse, is not the reason the white-polled term intimacy. The senor's hair furnishes the st. They call him Old stton Top because his p looks like cotton. id, being a joyous and idsome senator, he joysly and gladsomely es the appellationst as he likes many per things-or dislikes em, as it may happen d generally does.

The senator first began exude gladness and e in Washington in 03, when he was the ppy hero of a most felicus occasion. He had m elected to the Senate, ceeding the late James Jones, and went on to ashington to take his it. The other Arkansas nator was the late mes H. Berry, who was nus a leg and plus the eem of all his colgues. Now it had so ppened, as the story es, that Berry and arke had had political ferences, which were what they may have been, but which seemed to be organized a demagogue, a statesman, a politician and a human for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, so far as the genial Clarke was concerned.

Ordinarily when political enemies come to represent the same state in the Senate they forget the enmity for the few minutes devoted to the swearing in of whichever one of them is newly arrived in the arena. They go up to the rostrum together; and, though one may be hoping the other chokes and is willing to help that desired condition along by use of such choking apparatus as Nature may have provided him with, the hoper stands smilingly by and watches the ceremony with a fine congratulatory air. Not so when the kindly Clarke was sworn in. He went up alone. There is a citizen who never forgives and who never, never forgets.

When it comes to expressing himself as to his resentments, or on any other subject, the senator conservatively can be called voluble, not to say fluent. You may have heard in your time orators who have talked rapidly and whose word-per-minute record was high. So have I. But when it comes to the rapid production of language every talker who could or can talk in a precipitate manner seems mute, dumb, silent and otherwise impeded of speech as compared to Clarke. That man's output of language is so terrifyingly great, so paralyzingly fast, that he is always from three to five hundred words ahead of the comprehension of his hearers.

#### The Vocal Machine Gun in Action

HE TALKS so fast that the ordinary mind fails to grasp what he is saying. He sounds like a pneumatic riveter geared up to the highest speed. The words cascade out of him. His language is always in a state of flood. His oratory breaks down every restraining levee. He speaks with celerity and velocity-he does that!

I should suppose it would be worth going miles to hear him telling one of his pet grudgees what he had in mind to say about him. Of course he would talk so speedily that one could not understand what he was saying; but it would be a terrifying spectacle-like Vesuvius in action or the Beehive Geyser blowing its head off-and genially too; with all the geniality of a Bad Lands blizzard!

There was that time in the Democratic caucus, not so long ago, when the senator was interested in a bill concerning cotton futures. He spoke for his bill-that is, I say he spoke for it, because speaking is the generic term for his performance. In reality he erupted for the bill. It was a great speech—the speech of a lawyer, an orator, a planter, machine gun shooting language.

The senator battered his colleagues with argument, entreaty, defiance, praise, cajolery, demand, pleading, flattery and invective. The quicker-witted never were within six sentences of keeping up with him and the duller ones were whole paragraphs behind. The subject of his remarks was that he desired his bill indorsed by the caucus.

A time to vote had been set. He talked until that time, which coincidentally was luncheon time also. As he finished he noticed various senators edging toward the door, thinking to hurry downstairs and revive themselves with apple pie and other well-known revivers.

I want a vote!" he said.

Up rose Senator Vardaman, who has hair and language in equal profusion.

"I want a vote!" roared Clarke, for other senators were leaving.

"But," soothed Vardaman, "I am going to say a few words in support of the senator's contention ——"

"Sit down!" commanded Clarke in his most affable manner and his usual one. "I'd rather have a vote than all the speeches you can make in a year. Sit down!"

He has ideas of his own on many subjects. One is that people write too many letters. That is a fact. People do write too many letters and answer too many also. The senator's ideas on this epistolary subject can be comprehended in the succinct statement that he thinks ninety per cent or thereabout of the letters received by a statesman are not worth answering.

Most senators have clerks and stenographers and secretaries and other scriving appliances in their offices. Clarke has none. Answer letters or write them? Not James P. Clarke!

Every politician has his own system for obtaining and retaining the support and suffrages of his constituents. Most of them are directly opposed to the Clarke method; but that seems to have its merits, for when we come to look his career over we discover that he has been rather continuously successful in getting office. He began the practice of law at Helena, Arkansas, in 1879, but did not get the system into resultful working order until 1886, when he was elected to the lower house of the Arkansas legislature.

After that he went right along. He was sent to the state senate in 1888 and served until 1892, becoming president of that body in 1891 and ex-officio lieutenant-governor. In 1892 he was elected attorney-general for the state; and so well were his genial characteristics appreciated that they offered to renominate him. He declined, but could not stop the popular demand for him, and went into the governor's chair

in 1894. After he finished with the governorship he moved to Little Rock, resumed the practice of the law, and so increased his hold on the people that he was sent to the United States Senate in 1903, and has been there ever since, getting a reelection in 1909, at the close of his first term.

He had opposition in the primary when he ran this year for his third term, but at the time of this writing seems to be ahead about seven hundred votes and sure of another term. However, that is a mere detail.

The moral of this discourse is that if you are benignant and forbearing you cannot fail to get along well in the world. The submoral is that there have been occasions when certain persons, one of whom is mentioned herewith. have done fairly well by adopting another sort of attitude.

There is a lesson inculcated in this simple narrative with its duplex moral; but at the moment just what that lesson is escapes me entirely.



In the Watered Melon Patch

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### TRAVELING DE LUXE



PROTE, BY THE PENNSYS HAVE BEEN BOARD COMPANY

AFTER relieving me of eight dollars and a half, the jauntily mustached young man handed me a ticket, almost exactly the size of this page, which entitled me to one lower berth on the North Express from Paris to Berlin.

The journey is shorter by three hours than that between Chicago and New York when performed by the fastest trains—which, as the American railroads take some pains to inform you, are the fastest trains for that distance in the world. You leave Paris at a quarter-of two in the afternoon and reach Berlin at half past seven the next morning, with a one-hour change of time during the night. The distance, in fact, is less by about three hundred miles than that between New York and Chicago.

Eight dollars and a half for the privilege of occupying a berth during a seventeen-hour journey seemed rather steep; but in addition to the berth I received an interesting piece of literature in the above-mentioned mammoth ticket. It was finely embellished with advertisements of hotels and steamships, and contained the following important official notice:

The fare for berths cannot be refunded if travelers are unable to make use of them. Reimbursement can only be obtained, after deduction of the booking fee, in event of berths being relet to other travelers for the same journey. If the carriage in which berths have been reserved does

If the carriage in which berths have been reserved does not arrive at destination the company will only reimburse that portion of the fare for the journey not effected.

The company does not recognize any responsibility whatever with regard to hand baggage or any other object which travelers are authorized by the railway regulations to keep with them in the cars, and the conductors and other officials of the company have strict instructions not to accept any responsibility whatever under this heading.

Obviously, then, I must travel with manly self-reliance and not weakly depend on the company to take any particular care of me or my belongings. When the porter showed me to my expensive berth this is what I found:

#### The European Idea of Luxury

THE compartment was not over two-thirds the size of our Pullman compartments and rather less than half the size of our Pullman drawing rooms. A single seat ran along one side, occupying all the space on that side. Opposite the farther end of the seat, beside the window, was a shallow cabinet containing a folding lavatory, much like those in our Pullman compartments. It was fitted with a little shelf, which let down and made a reading table in front of the window.

The shelf was down when I entered the compartment. On it were a magazine and a couple of newspapers; also, the elbows of a stout blond gentleman, who was smoking a cigarette and looking over one of the newspapers. His bulky bag occupied half the baggage rack. In addition to the bag he carried a suitcase, which, just by a hair, missed being a steamer trunk. This suitcase stood against the wall opposite my end of the one seat, leaving only a few inches between my knees and its ponderous self.

The porter heaved my bag into the vacant half of the baggage rack and I sat down with one foot on each side of my fellow-passenger's suitcase. Probably I looked a bit dismayed—not because of the suitcase, but because I felt as though I had walked into a perfect stranger's bedroom. The blond gentleman who occupied the window end of the seat must have noticed my pained expression, for he smiled in the most friendly manner and mustered up enough

### By WILL PAYNE

fragmentary English to express a polite fear that the suitcase was somewhat inconvenient for me. Unfortunately, he added, there was no other place for it.

I could see that at once. It was impossible to put it in front of him, for the little cabinet with the folding lavatory was in the way. It was impossible to put it under the seat, for all the space there was occupied by mysterious contrivances appertaining to the car. There was absolutely no place for it except in front of me; and I assured my unchosen bedfellow that nothing gave me greater pleasure than to travel with a stranger's suitcase figuratively clasped to my bosom. My companion, by the way, turned out to be a Swede and a very agreeable person after we had broken the ice and a great deal of language in establishing a more or less rudimentary means of communication.

An occasion soon arose. I wished to smoke, but my smoking materials were in my bag, and there was no way of getting at the bag except by climbing over my companion.

I may mention that this North Express is one of the crack trains of Europe, running from Paris to Berlin, Moscow and St. Petersburg, nearly all the way over governmentowned railroads. Its accommodations throughout were about the same as those furnished me. The car was lighted by gas. At one end was a tiny toilet room, marked for men, with no washbowl in it. At the other end was a room a few inches larger, marked for women, and containing a washbowl; but I soon discovered that neither men nor women paid any attention to the signs designating the respective sexes. Each compartment contained but one seat, and half the seats faced in one direction and half in the other. In other words half the occupants of the carrode backward, whichever way the train was going.

To be sure, half the occupants of all European cars must always ride backward. They maintain that riding backward is quite as pleasant as riding forward, and presumably it is for them; but I suspect that the pallid woman who dashed out of a backward-riding compartment and raced to the end of the car, with a handkerchief to her mouth, was of a different opinion.

This North Express, like other alleged trains de luxe in Europe, is an enterprise of the International Sleeping-Car Company, a Belgian corporation that corresponds to our Pullman Company in that it has a virtual monopoly of the sleeping-car business on the Continent outside of Germany.

Its scale of prices and accommodations in general are well illustrated by the Paris-Berlin instance. The distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles or so than from Chicago to New York and the fastest train makes the run in twenty-six hours. The price of a single berth for that journey is twelve dollars. Across France, from Calais to Marseilles, a berth costs thirteen dollars. From Paris to Lisbon it is seventeen dollars.

This, you understand, entitles you to one berth in a small compartment that contains two. Once in a blue moon the other berth will be unsold and you will have the compartment to yourself; but the Belgian company is by no means addicted to running superfluous cars, and usually you will be boxed in for the night with a perfect stranger.

Europeans generally condemn the indecency of our standard Pullman cars, where a person has to undress with nothing but a thick curtain to shield him from the gaze of his fellow passengers. As to whether, on the score of modesty, that is inferior to being shut up with a stranger for a day and a night in a sort of double-decked dog kenni I do not pretend to say, not being an expert on the subject but personally I prefer the curtain.

And there is no escape from your compartment. The trains de luxe have no buffet or observation car to whit you may stroll for a change of scene. There is no snowing room, for everybody who wishes to smoke is supposed to do so in his own compartment. When your legs become cramped from sitting there is no relief except by studing in the corridor, where your fellow passengers have a squeeze by you in going from one part of the car to another.

At mealtime, to be sure, there is the dining car; and I soon discovered that, unless you have the forethought is forbid it, the porter invariably makes up your berth is soon as you go to dinner. Coming back from dinner there is nothing to do except go to bed, stand in the narrow corridor or jump out of the window. Forbidding the perset to make up the berth would, of course, require a joint agreement with the other occupant of the compartment; so the easiest way is to go to bed. Once you are in it, the bed is comfortable enough for a person whose principal dimensions are longitudinal rather than horizontal. The berth is longer than our Pullman berths and not over two-thirds as wide. How a really fat passenger could sleep it one without hanging over somewhere is a mystery.

#### Big Prices for Small Comfort

To BE sure, this benevolent sleeping-car company has something rather extra in the de-luxe way. During the season—that is, from January to the middle of April—1 runs a train to the Riviera for which it apparently musters its best equipment. The compartments seem rather large and better arranged than in the usual cars. And to rise across France on this special train de luxe you pay twenty dollars and a quarter—not for the train, but for a best from twenty minutes to three in the afternoon until had past ten the next morning. It is a very fast train, but not fast enough to catch up with the bill.

I used to think the Pullman Company pursued a policy that was tainted here and there by selfish motives; but a comparison with the European sleeping-car monopoly in Pullman Company is a sunny-hearted Santa Claus, with no thought on earth but of the good it can do unto other. For a rough-and-ready formula, you may say that in European concern charges about three times our Pulman rates and gives about half our Pullman accommodations.

Going to my twelve-dollar berth at Rome I found a usual, a stranger already in possession, and at the winds end of the seat. His two suitcases and a bundle complete filled the baggage rack. His leather hathox took of the little shelf by the window. His huge bag stood on the far and his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the standard hung on the standard hung of the st

Nearly all Europeans with whom I discussed the passiblect defended the arrangement of these sleeping on the ground that for a man and wife or two intraveling together the compartment is more pleasant our open cars. Unfortunately, however, travelers of always go in pairs; and in the United States a

traveling together can get a compartment or drawing room for far less than it costs to ride in one of these contrivances.

In France and Italy you cannot take a sleeping car unless you have a first-class ticket, and the first-class fare there is about half again what it is here. In Italy only hand baggage—what you can lug into the compartment and pile round on the rack, seat and your fellow traveler—is carried free; and in France you are allowed only sixty pounds of checked baggage.

As a typical instance, the distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles than from Chicago to New York. The first-class fare is thirty-one dollars, the sleeping-car berth is twelve dollars, and the carriage of a trunk weighing a hundred forty-eight pounds is seven dollars—making an even fifty dollars for the journey de luxe, or about double the cost of making an American journey of the same length at the same speed and in considerably greater comfort.

Of course if this monstrous sleeping-car concern were transplanted to the United States it would have the President, the Cabinet, Congress, at least forty state legislatures, a united press and an outraged public down on its head within a fortnight. Neither its prices nor its alleged accommodations would be endured.

As one illustration of its generous attitude, it informs you: "In the event of a passenger's being unable to travel the company will endeavor to relet the berth on due notice being given. Should the berth be unoccupied the holder of the ticket is not entitled to a refund of the fare paid. When a berth has been booked and a postponement of the journey is desired, the date of departure may be changed on forty-eight hours' clear notice being given before the schedule time of departure as originally fixed, and on payment of a second booking fee; always provided, however, that the company shall not have been compelled to refuse accommolation for the same train, this resulting in a loss."

Any one who knows the readiness with which berths may be canceled or changed in the United States will appreciate the difference.

This sleeping-car company operates all over Europe, and only in Germany has any attempt been made to protect assengers from its exactions; in fact, apologists for the ompany say that its unconscionable tolls result partly rom requirements which the various state railroads lay on t—a sort of fraternal Robin Hood arrangement for the ommon purpose of plucking the tourist. They will tell ou in France that only Americans, Englishmen and lunaics travel first class. However that may be, the general heory outside of Germany is that comfort in travel is trictly a luxury and to be taxed as such.

#### Pay and Take Your Chances

TENERALLY speaking, the classification of fares in J Europe is resorted to not as an index of comparative omfort, but as an index of comparative respectability. For example, all the motor busses in Paris charge firstass fare and second-class, the former being three cents ad the latter two cents. Whichever fare you pay, you ride exactly the same bus—but in one case on one side of a artition and in the other on another side. An American in discover absolutely no difference between the firstass ride and the second-class; yet it is a common thing Paris to see a man stand on a street corner and let several process pages that are bound for his destination, such of

Paris to see a man stand on a street corner and let several asses pass that are bound for his destination, each of em having empty seats, but no empty seat of his class. he is first class he will let a bus with empty second-class ats pass and save his dignity. If he is second class he lil let a bus with empty first-class seats pass and save s cent.

So, also, on their railroad trains. Payment of first-class re does not insure you accommodations in any way perior to those you might get with a second-class ticket, site generally the first and second class compartments are in the same car. The first-class French or Italian compartment has seats for six people, three on a side, with an arm between the seats so that each passenger is assured his due space. It is a little wider than the second-class compartment, giving more foot and leg room.

The second-class compartment has one undivided seat along each side and is supposed to hold eight people. Invariably it is upholstered in a color different from that of the first-class compartment, which, after all, is the chief physical distinction between the two classes. True, if both compartments are filled to their capacity you will have somewhat more room in a first-class than in a secondclass; but the difference is hardly worth quarreling about.

Your actual bodily comfort in either compartment depends entirely on how much room you have, and there is no certainty that you will not have more room in a secondclass compartment than in a first-class.

For example, the most comfortable ride I had in France was from Boulogne to Paris. My ticket was first class; but, as it was a train to meet an English boat, nearly everybody else had first-class tickets. The porter dutifully conducted me to a first-class compartment that already contained four passengers and their bags, two of the passengers being women. As there was no sign to the contrary, I should presumably be permitted to smoke; but smoking in the faces of two strange and elderly ladies, whose faces somehow did not seem to go well with smoke, was hardly agreeable.

Farther on in the same car I found a second-class compartment with nobody in it and took possession. The conductor gently remonstrated with me for riding in a second-class compartment when I had a first-class ticket; but as I refused to move he gave it up with a resigned shrug of the shoulders which was eloquent of a long experience in dealing with American insanity. So I had the compartment to myself all the way to Paris and could never ask for a more comfortable journey. How much my social standing may have suffered I did not stop to inquire.

It was the social system and no idea of comfort that led to the adoption of compartment cars in Europe, and it keeps that type in vogue. First-class passengers must be carefully partitioned off from second-class, and second from third. Of course, having adopted that style of car, Europeans fatuously endeavor to defend it on the ground of comfort. They say their first-class carriages quite equal in comfort our parlor cars, but no impartial man from Mars would admit the claim. In freedom of movement and independence of other travelers our parlor cars have a decided superiority. You can sit in a parlor car all day and hardly be aware that anybody else is on the train; but you cannot sit in a tight little compartment with three or four strangers without being almost constantly aware of them. It is impossible for them to speak without your hearing every word, and one of them can hardly move without your knowing it.

Your first-class billet is mostly a lottery ticket as regards comfort. You are not invariably sure even of a seat. While I was in Paris a friend came in from Cologne. He had a first-class ticket, but until some one got out the only place for him was on a little folding seat in the corridor. True, in France you may assure yourself a seat by having one registered in advance for a fee of a franc. The regulation of the government railroad is that if the seat is booked by telephone, telegram or letter it must be paid for and taken thirty minutes before the train starts. If it is booked personally and the fee paid at the time it must be occupied at least three minutes before starting time, but it is generally impracticable to register a seat except at the train's point of departure; in fact, it is not very often done anywhere.

Whether your compartment is first, second or third class, it is quite sure to be filled with as much hand baggage as it will hold, and everything, from a jewel case to a shoe-box, comes under the designation of hand baggage in Europe. Whatever a cab will carry and a porter can shove through the car window or door is entitled to transportation in the car. The reason, of course, is that the railroads everywhere charge for the checking of all but the smallest trunks, and some of them charge for checking any trunk.

A trunk that would be carried free anywhere in this country cost five dollars and forty cents from Paris to Berlin, four dollars and eighty cents from Berlin to Lucerne, seven dollars from Rome to Paris, and so on, which helps one understand why European trains are heaped with luggage. Of course the railroads there derive no profit from their baggage charges, so far as native travel is concerned, for the native traveler with a hundred and fifty pounds of baggage would distribute it among several ponderous bags and cases, and pile those up in the passenger car, where it would be carried free. If only native travel were concerned no doubt European roads would soon adopt our more convenient method of hauling baggage free in a separate car, instead of hauling it free in the passenger cars; but those roads catch a considerable number of Americans, who are addicted to the trunk habit, and from whom quite a profit is derived.

I should mention that a solitary traveler on an international sleeping car can avoid the unpleasantness of sharing his box with a stranger by taking the whole compartment. "As a general rule," says the company's book of information, "a passenger desiring the exclusive use of a two-berth compartment must pay for two railroad tickets and two sleeping-car tickets." There are certain exceptions, applying only to first-class passengers. On the North Express, for example, one may have exclusive use of a compartment by paying one sleeping-car fare and a half; on the Paris-Barcelona Express, by paying two sleeping-car fares—in both cases only one railroad fare being required.

#### The Steep Fares of Southern Europe

THE minimum cost of travel by this de-luxe system, however, is quite high enough for ordinary taste without spending anything extra for mere comfort. Outside of Germany and Austria-Hungary, to ride de luxe you must hold a first-class railroad ticket, and first-class fare is high everywhere in Europe.

Excluding suburban business, first-class fare in the United States probably averages somewhere round two cents and a half a mile—though I do not know of any exact statistics on the subject, as all passenger business is usually lumped together; but over a large part of the most thickly settled portions of the country, which naturally produce the most travel, two cents a mile is the rule.

French railroad fares are based on a sliding scale, according to distance. If you travel five hundred kilometers you pay slightly less for a kilometer than if you travel fifty. For the longer runs it works out a little over three cents and a half a mile for first-class fare and a trifle under two cents and a half for second-class. The Italian schedule is pretty nearly the same. Your first-class fare, then, is about eighty per cent higher than in those regions in the United States where the two-cent rate obtains, and twenty per cent higher than where the three-cent rate prevails. Generally the first-class fare alone comes to decidedly more than our first-class plus Pullman. When you add a sleepingcar tariff two to three times as high as ours you find that de-luxing is a quite expensive luxury; in fact, like some other expensive luxuries over there, it is mainly for foreign consumption.

Of course all this applies to privately owned roads as well as to those owned by the state; in fact, as I mentioned in a former article, the finest train in France is on the state railroad, a new suburban service running twelve miles from Paris to Versailles. The aisle is in the center of

(Continued on Page 65)



TO BY THE PENNETLYAND ANUROUS COMMA

The Grandaddy of Our Modern De-Lune Trains

### DISCARDS By IDA MAY EVANS

BY THEIR signs ye may know them. The signs of a staidly flourishing small town of the Middle West are six. First is the tall red standpipe on the hill, which furnishes water to the town. Second is the prominent confirmed bachelor, more or less young, who sits in the real-estate or the insurance office his more hustling father bequeathed him and gives expectation to the town. Third is the leading druggist, who waxes fat under perennial suspicion of owning the most prosperous blind tiger between Kentucky and South Clark Street, Chicago. Fourth is the smart young wife of the leading merchant—he is not so young-who sends to Kansas City for flowers and a four-piece orchestra for her affairs.

At these affairs—which, calling on Bertha M. Clay's word-palette for aid, can be described only by that verbal ocher, recherche—the brightest ornament is the prominent bachelor. And

there is always an indefatigable rumor that if this gentleman had cared to interfere the leading merchant would not now be host at the recherché affairs. The inner circles of the Ladies' Aid Society expect something to happen yet!

Fifth is the more or less pretty daughter of the leading banker. And sixth is the elderly maiden, who was kept company with for many years by one of the town's promising young men, finally dropped by him like a stale radish, and who since has given the old men and the little children something to talk about until Death—"the great silencer" claims them for his own.

Rudolph Warner sat in the neat real-estate office his father had bequeathed him and, with corpulent legs languidly crossed, looked out at Main Street. Sixteen of his thirty-five years had been spent with languid crossed legs in a more or less interested survey of that thoroughfare. At present the street and the air above were white snow-sheets and hence not excitable to vision. Boredly Mr. Warner reached for a package of chewing gum on his desk.

With care he was selecting the pinkest fragrant stick when the door was flung open, letting in a slap of cold air and an oldish girl. Rudolph looked up, grunted "Howdu-doo?" and went on selecting gum.

And by that slighting reception Cora Kaley's slight social position in Jannsville was defined—for, had it been Louise Brown, the plump blonde daughter of Brown, of the City National, Mr. Warner would have dropped the gum, uncrossed his corpulent legs in a twinkling and sprung up to brush the snow from Louise's brown plush-and-beaver coat—and this in spite of a faint distaste for Miss Brown's frequent incursions to his business quarters.

Bets had been on in Jannsville for several years as to whether Louise would land Rudolph. And Jannsville rather reproached him. Louise was a nice girl and almost pretty. A trifle overweight, perhaps, and more than a trifle egotistic. But do you expect a wife to have no drawbacks at all? Yet, in the moment of reproach, Jannsville felt a pride in harboring so fastidious a male.

And if it had been Mrs. James Todd, the clever young wife of Todd, of the Leading Drygoods and Ladies' Cloaks and Suits, Rudolph Warner would have scrambled up in half a twinkling, pulled off her sealskin coat and hung it on the radiator to dry, and urged the whole package of gum on her. When Mrs. Todd had been Lill Connors at the high school the odds had not been in favor of Louise. It was pretty generally known that James Todd would have had hard sailing had not Lill been piqued by Rudolph's dilatoriness.

The town blamed him severely. Lill was a nice girl and as pretty as pink plum jelly—a bit malicious of tongue and laugh, perhaps; but there are worse faults. And, though James Todd made an excellent husband, being hard hit by the income tax and more than willing that the Weekly Democrat should have frequent occasion to accuse his wife of recherchéness—two virtues not often found in the same husband—Jannsville was sympathetic to Lill.

But Cora Kaley-poor, poor Corry! No one expected Rudy Warner or anybody else to spring gallantly up at



Cora Had Been Stunned Into Inaction by the Fight

her entrance. When Kel Holmsted, four years before, left Jannsville and her, she had forfeited all claim to Jannsville's respect. Six years had Kel kept company with her—taken her to parties and the dances at the armory; eaten supper every Sunday evening with her and her mother. Then, when lengthened time made marriage expected imminently by Cora, her mother and the town, Kel discovered that Jannsville offered only middling prospects to a young man of his caliber. The best held out so far was the sociably pleasant but not lucrative clerkship in Meck's Cigar Store.

Most people did not consider Kel much, in spite of silky yellow hair and a handsome white forehead. His father was an unprosperous blacksmith; his mother was notorious for her ragged dishtowels. With such antecedents Kel was thought lucky to get a nice, steady, capable girl like Cora, who, besides entertaining him in the six years, had worked a steady way from the rural school to Jannsville's first grade; then to its third; then to penmanship instructor of all its grades. At least Jannsville thought him lucky—until he made it plain that he did not want her.

And immediately Jannsville knew that it had known all along that Cora was poor stuff. And my! she looked lots older than twenty-four! Jannsville hastily hunted dates for comparison and counted back. Her father had been dead nine years. Was she only fifteen then? Yes. Her mother had stretched the insurance money until Corry was old enough to teach. Well, anyway, she looked older. Kel lingeringly kissed her when he left and made her promise to write to him real often. Kel was good-natured.

Jannsville waited eagerly. Bets in Meck's Cigar Store and opinions in the church parlors were ten to three that Kel Holmsted would run out of postage stamps, so far as Cora Kaley was concerned, before six months went by.

A week after he left, the white-goateed postmaster reported one postcard. It said that a letter would come later; he was tired traveling on the train—excuse leadpencil. Nine days later came a letter. Cora did not open it while the mailman was at the gate.

Well, Jannsville, whatever its failings, had perspicacity. A few bets were too extravagant, a few opinions too farfetched; but at the end of eight months Uncle Sam's mail service was not burdened by any missives for Miss Cora Kaley. The last that came was a tinseled view of Butte, Montana. It hoped that Corry and all were well. He himself was enjoying good health. So-long!

Jannsville laughed dryly—in cigar store and in church parlor. Jannsville did not know as it blamed Kel. Maybe she had been sort of pretty six years back—for folks who like that white-skinned, sharp-chinned style. Once, in the gushy romanticism of the third year of high school, Kel, in a composition, had described her: "Hair like melting ebony, eyes the soft gray of dusk, and cheeks of winsome apple-blossom pink—too pale for red, too colorful for white." Every one had at the reference and reported it to Cora who had been supple-blossom pink—too pale for red, too colorful for white." Every one had at the reference and reported it to Cora who had been supple-blossom pink—too pale for red, too colorful for white." Every one had at the reference and reported it to Cora who

When F sticed that her nose was as sharp a cek was separated from her

mouth by a temperish furrow—signposts of crankiness and old-maidhood. And her expression was strained—as though only a strong will held back spleenful outbursts. Jannsville parents remembered how often in the past their offspring had complained that Miss Kaley was a cross old thing, always making scholars write their letters over.

Scorn is a freak weed. You never know when a big crop has grown to mature leafage under the surface of daily mentionings, ready to fling forth widespreading verdure whenever that dry surface is raked by an untoward hap pening. Cora held her hear high; but every one saw that she was soured and cranky and getting old.

And young Jannsville de spised her, even though i labored under her instruction; but, though it despises her, it sniveled, rubbed whimpered, erased and madits m's and o's as painstak ingly perfect as grubby, toil ing young fingers could make

them. Miss Kaley did not coax the young idea to shoot She tweaked its ears. Mean old thing!

Young Jannsville was glad "her feller run off an wouldn't marry her! Who blamed him? Gosh! She neve would believe a feller couldn't help gittin' inkstains all ove his copybook!" And young Jannsville often yelled thes sentiments after Miss Kaley on the street—whenever a adjacent alley furnished a chance to duck out of sigh before her gray eyes got the identity of the yeller.

Older Jannsville said resentfully that she need not tak her spite out on poor little innocent children, and suggeste a change in penmanship instructor. The school boartalked it over. Professor Blayne, who had been superin tendent for eighteen years, pulled at his graying mustache scratched his graying head with an impatient green penciand dryly advised that she be retained. She was competent. He and the board had been pestered by severs incompetents before her.

The board was accustomed to take his advice. And of Mrs. Graham, with whom the professor had boarded those eighteen years, chirped broadcast that he said he had never yet heard of a child dying of a tweaked ear. So Jannsvill laughed and good-humoredly decided that, since Corry has to support her mother, it would be a shame to take the position away from her.

Poor Corry!—they laughed it again; for Kel, meetin itinerant fellow townsmen, gave them to understand the he would never be back. Tell Cora she was perfectly fre so far as he was concerned; and Kel grinned while he sai it, and added immediately that Corry was a good girl an a nice girl —

"Nice old girl!" one fellow townsman had insinuate merrily.

Kel admitted that she was getting along in years. Seve or eight years and eighteen do not make twenty. Ke kindly hoped, though, that she would marry some alright chap. As for him, he did not care to settle. And he winked at the fellow townsman, who winked back; an then they had a drink together on the foolishness of olgirls anyway.

So, bearing all this in mind, it would have been foolis to expect Mr. Warner to hop gallantly up and whisk the snow from Miss Kaley's black cloth coat and small black felt hat. He merely looked up for her to state her business which she did with concise brevity. She and her mother wished to sell the cottage that had been their home so long and she had come to list it with him.

"Leaving town?" uninterestedly asked Rudolph as he

noted: "Six rooms; lean-to; cellar; big yard; come Hill Street and Fourth Avenue—nine hundred dollars."

"Maybe!" briefly watching his languid pencil. A snowflake dropped from her hat and melted on the side of her nose. With a black-gloved hand she irritably wiped it away. "Don't waste time!" impatiently. It was the same curt impatience of voice that was so efficacious in winning the lovely curls of capital S from stiff, uncuring young fingers. "This is January; February, March. School lets out the first of June. I'd like it sold by April."

"Well, we'll do our best," lazily. Rudolph was addicted to the royal we. "But not more than a million people a week are looking to buy in Jannsville, you know!

Mr. Warner's pleasant smile stamped this as pleasantry such as the ethics of business courtesy entitled even Corry Kaley to. She did not smile appreciation of the merry quip. She looked Mr. Warner over, from his large, smoothcombed brown head to his large brown-leathered feet. Down in the third grade any eight-year-old wielder of the slippery penholder could have told him that such a look meant: "Don't you dare tell me that's the best you can do!" And the third-grader would have warned Mr. Warner to look out or he would get shaken until his chin jabbed a hole in his shirt.

However, Mr. Warner was not of the grades. He closed his notebook, yawned and unwrapped another stick of gum, meantime tossing off politely:

"We'll miss you from our midst, Miss Cora."
"Will you?" Miss Cora's voice was dry. She added as she turned to go: "Mother heard at last week's meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society that the new barber was looking ound to buy. You might see him first."

"Why, yes; I will," agreeably. "I hadn't heard; but dare say he would be thinking of buying. Got quite a amily, I believe; and rent mounts up." And Mr. Warner houghtfully chewed up another crackling pink stick.

"I'll drop in day after to-morrow to see what you've ione," said Cora, and got briskly out before the startled Rudolph could tell her that real-estate business was not ransacted with such tempestuousness.

"Huh!" he grunted displeasedly. "Does she think I'm whirligig?"

His displeasure was cut short, however. Mrs. James Fodd fluffed in, snowed-on, gay-eyed and breathless. She and passed Cora on the pavement, and the two had achanged the casual nods of women who came up from irst grade together, but for several years have seen each ther only on Main Street and at church.

"Oo-ooh!" she shivered.

Rudolph sprang up so speedfully that his gum slipped rom tongue tip to throat and he had to pause to cough it ip. Then, with his bare hands, he whisked the snow from drs. Todd's sealskin coat.

"Why don't you stay home, where it is warm?" he

olicitously demanded.

"I came down to see you!" declared she; but it was not n affectionate declaration. It smacked of belligerency, and he took a chair with the air of a lady prepared for arguzent. Mr. Warner sank back in his own swivel leather omfort and chewed gum industriously-one might almost hink uneasily. "I want to know!"

Mr. Warner rudely interrupted:

"If you want to know who's going to lead the grand arch of the dance given next week by the Civic Beauty lub for that darned old gladiolus bed in the public quare-why, I can tell you right at the start. It won't

"It will! You've got to! Why won't you?"

As the angry sentences hurtled at him Rudolph Warner isibly cringed; but he defiantly repeated: "I won't!"

"You shall! lease, Rudy!" Mrs. odd entreated. No one looks so rumptious as you t the head, espeally the last few mrs."

Her eyes, beautilly big and brown, vinkled as they eneated.

Rudy stiffened. uring the last few ars he had taken iconsiderable flesh. e was not obtuse nd he did not cribe that twinkle admiration of his anly form. Lill id a mean habit of aking fun of folks their faces, which as one reason, ough nobody but udolph knew it, at she was Lill odd and not Mrs. arner.

"I won't!" flatly. For fifteen years re led every dogned grand march this doggoned wn. And I've uck! It's -"You lazy -

"I'm getting old and fat," imperturbably. "And Carl Lowry is de-lighted to take my place. I've spoken to him and it's all fixed up, my dear girl."

Lill regarded him sulkily. To her and Janusville the chief event of every year was the midwinter dance. Sheand others-began in July to plan a gown for it. James Todd—and others—got pop-eyes every New Year at the mighty price tag one frail gown can carry. For months before and weeks afterward Mrs. Todd, as manageress, moved in a glamorous atmosphere of authority and style. She took a slam at the dance as personal.

"Carl Lowry," coldly, "couldn't lead his grandmother in out of the rain!"

"He took four tango lessons in Kansas City last week," insinuatingly.

She brightened.

"Did he? I must get him to teach me! But," this spitefully, "won't Louise rave when she learns her embroidered gold crêpe -

"She needn't," generously; "Louise goes with the lead."

Mrs. Todd laughed unkindly, considering that she and Miss Brown were dear friends.

"She's a nice girl," reproachfully; "and a sweet girl."
"Too nice for me, I sometimes fear," amiably. "And"— Mr. Warner hesitated; but there were passages in the past that made for confidence between Mrs. Todd and himself—"as sweet as a fat apple dumpling."

"Shame on you!" Lill reproached; but she laughed. "If she'd lift those fat heels when she walks instead of sliding 'em along!" Anxiously: "But you'll be in the march? Please! I want it to be a howling success this year!

Rudolph stretched lazily. He had heard her voice that same want many previous years.

"Oh, I'll tag along somewhere," carelessly.

"With whom?" demurely. "If Carl has Louise at the head

"Oh, I don't know-don't care!"

"Ethel Brake?" Lill's eyes were guileless.

"Good Lord, no! Louise would have a fit. She thinks

Then the most prominent bachelor of Janusville broke off in confusion, having said eight words more than he cared to say to Mrs. James Todd. Lill's laugh rang.

"My dear man," she caroled, "some day you'll fall off that fence you straddle so carefully. And oh, the bump you'll get!"

It was Mr. Warner's turn to sulk.

"Anyway, dances are a doggoned bore," he grumped; "and I wish folks with nothing to think about but clothes and places to show their clothes would give the town a rest for a while."

Lill huffily quit laughing.

"Well," tartly, "whom will you take? I don't know who's left, except"—she laughed, recalling whom she had met on the pavement—"Corry Kaley."
"Maybe I'll take her!" sulkily. "Wouldn't she be sur-

prised-and tickled?" Conceit plastered his sulks.

'She might turn you down!" carelessly.

Mr. Warner laughed.



"No one ever yet refused me," he puffed, and looked straight at Mrs. Todd. She would remind him he was fat, would she?

Lill's under lip drew up contemptuously against its mate. That complacency of conceit was one strong reason, though no one but herself knew it, that she was Mrs. James Todd and not Lill Warner. She looked straight at

"There is something in being careful not to give folks a chance to refuse you," she retorted sweetly. And as she left she reflected: "I must say I prefer James to him!"

"Must say I prefer Louise to her!" reflected Mr. Warner comfortably.

And then he rejoiced in that clever idea of using Corry Kaley to glaze a rasping social predicament. Good! He had not known his own brightness! From now on he would make a point of gallantry to the ineligibles of Janusville femininity. Next time he would take Miss Addicks, the rheumatic, wrinkled dressmaker. Louise could not say a word! Ethel could not say a word! Lill could not say a word!

And so a week afterward, while Jannsville suppressed a smile, Corry Kaley stepped by his side in the grand march

parade. But since she was only Corry Kaley-a pitied bit of discard—there was no prelude of gallant flummeries such as are usual at such times. Had she been Louise, Mr. Warner would have engaged the livery stable's best hack two weeks beforehand, and would have seen that its cushions were dusted clean and its wheels washed spotless for Miss Brown's gold crêpe gown to make the journey of three blocks that lay between the Brown mansion and the armory. Likewise with Ethel-except that he might have passed up the wheel inspection. And had it been Lill, he would have sprinted to speak first for the town livery's treasure of treasures, a second-hand taxicab. Lill was not too backward to scream outright that she wouldn't put a



In Spite of the Overture You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop at That End of the Armory



### The Meeting Place in Summertime

#### Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar-some mix them with their fruit.

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At noontime, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungry boys when at play eat the grains like peanuts.

The millions who do this know the utmost in a cereal-food delight.

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In the hot days coming-when you want to save cooking-when you want cool foods, easy to digest-serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

#### The Quaker Oals Company

Sole Makers

delicate white charmeuse satin train in a dirty seedy hack for any man! But Cora

Rudolph waited until the night of the dance, until the dance was in full swing, unfance, until the dance was in full swing, until couples were already taking their places for the grand march, before he sought Cora in that end of the armory which was roped off for the mere spectators—the hot polloi, as Mrs. James Todd termed them in her high-geared moments.

Hart Lowry, only child of the leading druggist, was more tolerant. He was a tall-hored youth, with ever like role golys of

boned youth, with eyes like pale gobs of faded blue calcimine, whose gaudy neckties and gaudier footgear made up for Jannsville's lack of an art gallery. Janusville knew very well that the profits of less necessary stuff than drugs procured that costly gaudiness; but art is art, whatever its source, and only a few spiteful folks discussed grand jury action.

Hart had once read a volume of Balzac clear through; and he held that the bourgeois had a right to live. "You gotta have different classes," he rebuked Lill, "or there wouldn't be no such thing as society

To which Mrs. Todd sniffed that she s'posed so; but she wouldn't dance on the same floor with any barber on earth!

Cora was sitting with her mother and old Mrs. Graham, who had given her boarders a four-o'clock supper in order that she might have plenty of time to squeeze into her blacketamine. Almost all Jannsville was grouped round. Miss Addicks in cracked, green taffeta; her apprentice scared in white lawn. Farther away the barber was stiff and tongue-tied in brown cheviot and brown piqué gloves; his wife, in light gray pongee, overskirted with shadow lace, tapped longing toes to the music.

The Baptist preacher was not there. He was at home writing a sermon on the seductiveness of modern society; but Professor Blayne was there, in his Sunday shiny black broadcloth, with his graying hair rumpled up because he had just run angry fingers through it when old man Haydy, beside him, got personal over the impersonal sins of the Republican party.

Rudolph made his leisurely way through the groups, nodding pleasantly at wrinkled Miss Addicks, who fluttered at the honor;

apologized for treading on Professor Blayne's wide black toes in an awkward effort to avoid knocking Mrs. Graham's wide blacketamined knees, sat down beside Cora and remarked genially that he thought a deal was in process of making, and by the way, was there a cistern?

Cora broke off in a terse sentence to old Mrs. Graham concerning the absolute unregeneration of Louise Brown's fourteen-

year-old brother.
"Cistern? Oh!—our cottage? Yes—cement-lined."

"That's good," said Rudolph. And then, after a fling at the weather, another smile at Miss Addicks, a good evening to Cora's mother and another to Mrs. Graham, and a friendly nod to Professor Blayne, he carelessly and casually asked whether he might

have the pleasure of Miss Cora's company in the march just forming, unless she were

already engaged.

In spite of the booming overture you could have heard a pin drop at that end of the armory. Cora had half turned back to continue her conversation with Mrs. Graham. She jerked round in open-mouthed amazement. Her mother jumped. Except by a very natural temperishness, Cora had never betrayed that she writhed over Kei's defection; but her mother had never attempted to disguise her maternal shame.

Such defection is hard on a mother in a town where society and marriage call for Roman script. Was it possible that Corry might again be kept company with? You could hear motherly hope in her excited breathing. Professor Blayne quit talking and looked mildly amused. Under his graying mustache there seemed to hover a con-

ing mustache there seemed to hover a congratulatory smile.

Old Man Haydy leaned forward to hear again what he had heard but could not believe he had heard. In his old peaked face was the light of avid curiosity.

Cora murmured "No"; but her mother gave her a push, and so did old Mrs. Graham. She stood up. Perhaps in that curious, eager, hoping atmosphere she judged it easier to accept than to refuse the careless casual invitation. She partly turned, me though in apology to some one of the group, or as though for permission. Her mother or as though for permission. Her mother beamed it; old Haydy beamed; Miss Ad-dicks beamed; Professor Blayne beamed; old Mrs. Graham beamed. A fine, faint pink came over her sharp-featured white face, softening her—making her younge, Rudolph Warner afterward remembered. Or was it the proximity of wrinkled, yellow Miss Addicks that rubbed off some of her years.

And he afterward remembered that she

had had on a very becoming dress.

Through the koi polloi of spectators and down the grand march, which was to Januville as the golden chariot races were to Rome in its prime, twittered amused conments; but the twitter was not hysterical.

Every one—except perhaps Cora's mother—knew that Rudy did not mean anything.

Every one, though, knew it in a different

Cora knew—then and afterward—that a careless casual bit of courtesy had been interpolated in a business chat. Louis knew that Rudy did not care for any parlan but her own sweet self. Cora was noboly Ethel Brake pettishly knew that he ha altogether misconstrued her meaning wies in a thoughtless moment she had wished that grand marches could be left out. She hated them.

Mrs. James Todd knew that he was reminding her of the nasty dig that he had given her the other day, "Conceint thing!" she sniffed; and at home that night she kissed Mr. Todd so tenderly that neurologist might have wondered whether regret, pique or self-reassurance of fidelity prompted the affectionate tribute.

Mr. Warner attached no significance in the event except as an item to be related



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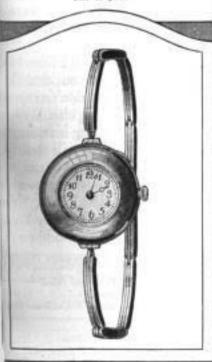


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grinningly over the breakfast table the next morning to his mother. And there would have been no significance attached by any one—except perhaps Cora's mother—had not Lill Todd a week later been hard pressed to fill out the five pages of corre-spondence that friendship with a married schoolmate in Kansas City exacted from her monthly.

Like most talkative people, Lill loathed letter writing. She groaned at the labor of remembering interesting items and jotted them down in hodgepodge connection. And so, merely to start a page, she men-tioned that Rudy had Corry Kaley as partner in the grand march of the midwinter dance.

Jenny, the married schoolmate, remem-bered Cora as a pretty, self-contained girl— not as discard. She knew that Rudy Warner always led the grand march. She interpreted the news as significant, and passed it on with her interpretation. And so in less than two months, through the mouths and pens of five or six more or less inter-pretative people, it finally reached Kel Holmsted, who had wandered far and wide without locating the prospects that Janns-ville had not offered.

Kel was surprised. He had always pictured Corry as patiently teaching school and waiting until he should return—which he had no intention of ever doing. Why, Corry was old! She had been old when he left! Well! Well!

Now it happened that when Kel heard the news he had been homesick for some time—if a lazy, calfish, forlorn feeling is entitled to insult that decent, sad word. And for some time he had rather resented the fact that Cora Kaley, so to speak, kept him from going home. He had wished that she would move away so he might re-turn. He took the news of her engagement

turn. He took the news of her engagement to Rudy as a glad removal of a barrier.

And—by jingo!—Corry had done well for herself! Kel had always trailed along in the pale orbit of conquest that lay outside Rudy's glowing center; and, despite a very fair opinion of his own desirability, he knew that, matrimonially considered, Mr. knew that, matrimonially considered, Mr. Warner outclassed him as Jannsville's one taxicab outwheeled its hack. Corry was a lucky girl, by George! He would congratulate her! He wondered, though, what Rudy saw in her. She had been sort of pretty years ago, before she got thin and oldish; but no style—not a mite! Maybe, though, she had perked up. Well, anyway, he would go back; and he bought a ticket and started. and started.

Helena, Montana, where Kel happened to be when he bought his ticket, is a long journey from Jannsville. So many days on a train gives you time for thought—doubledover, crisscross, labyrinthic thought. Kel's mind traveled the usual backing, circling, winding paths pursued by a certain grade of masculine mind when it learns that the fruit it threw away as specked or vapid has been picked up by a connoisseur and adjudged of rare delicacy

The first day, Kel framed congratula-tions to Corry. The second, he wondered, with mirth, how she had landed Rudy. The third, he wondered—without mirth. The third, he wondered—without mirth. The fourth, his mouth curled cynically. And all this time he had been under a delusion that she cared for himself! He had even felt sorry for her. Huh! Guess no man need waste pity on a woman! What fickle things women are

On the fifth day Kel Holmsted wrapped himself in aggrievement, like an abandoned orphan. And this was the tenor of his thought: Oh, faithfulness! How art thou departed from this earth!

The sixth—why, certainly! He was the injured party—had been all these years! She wrote only two letters in reply to that last postcard, and a girl who thought anything of a man would have feared that those two might have miscarried and she would have written to find out whether he got them. What good coconut-cream pie her mother used to make every Sunday! Kel's mouth watered. Montana—the part he knew—was as shy of good pie as of coconut trees.

On the seventh day, however, Kel nobly and sadly decided not to interfere—unless his feelings overmastered him at sight of the guilty pair. Under the nobility of resolution lay a fear that his feelings would be unmanageable.

Meantime Rudolph had not sold the Kaley cottage. He was out of town a week or so, at home with a cold a week, out of town again for a few days. On his return he found a curt note. What had he done?



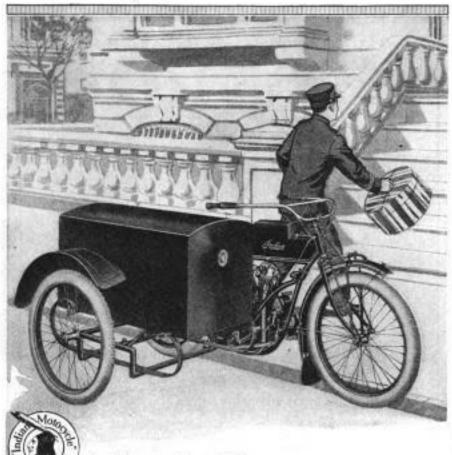
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THE SILENT INDIAN COM

Rather irritated, on his way home to dinner that evening he stopped to tell Cora that the barber did not think cement-lined cisterns were healthful. Back in Ohlo he had been raised with a slime-lined one—and good old-fashioned things were good enough

Cora's mother opened the door. She fluttered obviously at Mr. Warner's appear-ance. Effusively she showed him into the small parlor, where Cora was correcting school papers, and then almost tripped in her obvious haste to get out of the room

and not intrude on her daughter's prospects.

Mr. Warner stared a little at Cora. Somehow she was not the same as the prim, hurrying, black-garbed woman he knew elsewhere. She had on a loose white house dress, and at the moment of his entrance she had lazily stretched her arms up back of her head. The relaxed attitude or the soft dress made her seem younger and softer-featured. And he was positive she was smiling as he came in—a soft, happy, perky smile—with her eyes fixed on the school papers, which surely were nothing to smile at. Then her arms fell down; she rose, and somehow, though he could not remember the exact moment of the transformation, she had all at once become the oldish woman with whom he was familiar.

Her first words were ill-tempered:

"Idiot!" For a second Rudy Warner actually thought she meant him instead of the barber. Then she demanded: "Well, have you any one else in view? It is an excellent little house," with an appraising glance round the room; "and if I weren't leaving town it wouldn't go so cheaply."

He said he had not heard of any one who was thinking of buying. Cora Kaley looked

was thinking of buying. Cors Kaley looked at him. The look snapped:
"Why haven't you?"
Rudolph drew himself up offendedly. Good gracious! The woman evidently thought be ought to run his legs off to sell her diable size hand and her diable size hand and her diable size hand and her diable size hand a life. her dinky nine-hundred-dollar house! He guessed he would tell her he did not care to

"Of course, if it is too much bother," she cut in unpleasantly, "I'll list it with Elliot." Rudolph Warner was not thin-skinned,

at least where such as Cora were concerned; but a pachyderm would have felt the sting of her tone. That tone had been spiraled and pointed on every small bad hoy in Jannsville, and it knew just how to wriggle a hurting way under a fellow's hide.

Mr. Warner blinked. Was she calling him lazy? Mr. Warner said warmly:

"It takes time to sell property, my dear Miss Kaley. Handling real estate is not like—like"—he grabbed at a rebukeful simile—"teaching children their A B C's." That was designed to put her in her place.

Designs gang oft agley. Miss Kaley did not seem to be put any place. She shrugged her thin shoulders—rather, she jerked them. Rudolph had never seen a mere shrug so at least where such as Cora were concerned;

Rudolph had never seen a mere shrug so aquiver with rudeness and skepticism. If he had not been Rudolph Warner he would have reddened. As it was he felt a distinct heat wave travel that line of his neck pressed

heat wave travel that line of his neck pressed by the top of his low collar. He had worn low collars for two years—high ones hurt. "I am doing my best!" he snapped. "Jannsville is not a booming town——" "Far from it!" resignedly. Mr. Warner, being a leading representa-tive of the town, was angered by that. Of course it was not much of a town. He had collivened many dull hours in his office chair enlivened many dull hours in his office chair by calling it unnice names; but Cora Kaley should not cavil! She belonged to that class of earth whose rightful heritage is boomlessness not that his distinction be-tween himself and her lay clearly defined in his mind, but the gist of it swelled his sluggish thought centers.

"Oh, there might be worse!" he retorted.
"There might!" she agreed. Doubt en-

"You may miss the town when you get away," he told her. "It is hard to pull up stakes when you've lived in a place all your life." He spoke as one who had clung to dear old associations at the cost of soulracking ambition.

Cora Kaley looked at him exasperatedly.

When she looked at a youngster that way it cringed and hastened to whimper: "Honest! I didn't — "And Rudolph Warner cringed under the look. He sensed a verbal

tweaking.
"Sometimes stakes rot and fall down of

themselves," she tartly flung at him. "I "Is I won't pine and die away from Janus-!" Somehow all the bitter, aching, temdi resentment of the past years was ng out naked by the two tart sentences.



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Rudolph wriggled. Really it was not de-cent—parading her misery like that. What if she was soured? It was not respectable to tell every one! He edged toward the door. First thing he knew, she would be edging toward him for sympathy. It was a relief to him that Professor Blayne should step in at that moment, with a hasty: "Got those test papers corrected yet?"

"Try to do something next month," she

called crossly after him.
"Won't if I don't feel like it," Mr. Warner childishly muttered to himself out on the sidewalk. "She's more domineering than Which, though Mr. Warner did not realize it, showed that Cora had risen considerably in his estimation. Never before had she been compared so honorably by

him or any one else.

He did not do anything that month—reason: Nothing to do; so he coldly told Miss Kaley some five times, when she waylaid him at his office or on Main Street. Jannsville was no more inclined to buy a cottage than to finance an expedition to the South Pole. Then he spent eight days in

The afternoon of his return Mrs. Todd met him in front of her husband's store. She was giggling. Her pretty eyes were aglow. Her face crinkled impishly. He laid her bubbling gayety to her new spring attire—a brilliant green broadcloth so lownecked that Jannsville had expected for a week to hear she had pneumonia and was ready to say it served her right. He learned that her gayety was not self-inspired. "Have you heard?" she giggled. "Kel got back two days ago!" "Kel Holmsted?" uninterestedly. "Fiz-zled out there?"

zled out there? "Oh, I don't know; guess so," as though that were of no importance. "But what do you think? He's grumpy because you cut him out with Corry Kaley!"

And Lill's laugh rang out in so earsplit-ting a cascade of glee that several chronic Main Streeters looked round and thought to themselves:

"There's those two together again! Jim Todd better watch out! Something'll hap-

Rudy stared uncomprehendingly at her. "What in Sam Hill are you talking

about?' He heard about the grand march and

Again her thrill of mirth sent scandal down Main Street. Rudolph took the news as dumfoundedly as a hungry laborer would take a live chicken from his dinner pail instead of the expected hard-boiled egg.
"What!" And then he laughed so hard

and long that the chronic Main Streeters edged up in a body to hear what it was about. And this is what they heard, as soon as Rudy could control his mirth enough to articulate: "Well, what kick's he got coming anyway? Staying away all these years! Did he expect to find her ready to

be picked up any time he came back?"
Two Main Streeters hurried over to the
drug store to tell old Mr. Lowry, who
chuckled it to Hart, who ran over to snicker it to Meck, who told Kel when he came into the cigar store an hour later. Kel heard it injuredly, but nobly.

"I know I had no right to expect her to be faithful. I didn't expect her to. I know," bitterly, "what women are. I sent back word that she was to consider herself absolutely free." He reached into the case for a stogy. "I had no prospects." His martyr-sad voice gave the impression that only manliness held back the tears. Broken-heartedly he walked out, forgetting

Broken-heartedly he walked out, forgetting in his grief to pay for the stogy.

After Lill gigglingly left him Rudolph had gone smilingly on his way, to be buttonholed a few yards farther on by Cora herself, who had seen him and had run across the street to intercept him. He looked at her with amused interest. Was she elated over Kel's return?

And then Mr. Warner got a distinct shock. Either he had never looked closely at her before or Kel's return had transfig-

at her before or Kei's return had transfig ured her. The sharpness had left her face. She was actually pretty! Like Lill, she was gay in new spring attire-a bright blue mandarin effect unlike her usual oldish modest garb; but it was not her dress, or the color the March wind had whipped into her face, or the snap in her eyes, that changed her. She had an air of vibrancy, an animation—a pleasant animation that underlay her physical aspect. She seemed on tiptoe with life. She looked happy! Rudolph Warner was disgusted. All for that dub!

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"I heard the barber is still looking," she began, without preamble. "Don't you think you can do something with him?" Entreaty softened her usual tartness of tone. "I told old Mr. Elliot; but it seems the bester out his chie one day and now the barber cut his chin one day and now

they don't speak."
"I don't like that," Rudolph objected—
"listing the house with everybody else!
Anybody would think you didn't rely on

Kel's return might have charmed Cora

into a certain youth and grace; but her into a certain youth and grace; but her temper was only laid away, not discarded. "Maybe anybody'd think about right!" she snapped. "It seems to me that Janus-ville offers a splendid opening for a bright, live man!" And she flounced off. "I suppose," choked Mr. Warner, "she thinks that addled Kel Holmsted is brighter and more alive than me!"

and more alive than me!

He stamped to the barber shop. The barber was busy and told him to come back

in the evening.

At the supper table that evening Kel's mother asked him rather uneasily whether he had seen Corry yet. She had not heard all that was being bandied about, but she had always felt that Kel was a trifle to blame in his treatment of Cora.

Kel said nonchalantly that he had not. Maybe he would drop round that evening. After all, he argued to himself, Rudy could not object to an ordinary call for old times' sake. He retired to his room and shaved. And if Rudy did object he would tell him a few home truths about treacherous friends. He hoped the fellow would be there.

Supper in the Holmsted home and dinner in the Warner home were served about the same time. Kel finished shaving as Rudy put on his overcoat to go down to the barber shop. The Kaley cottage was between the Warner home and the shop. Rudy came down the street as Kel went up the Kaley steps; and the imp of perversity or spite impelled Rudy to step up those steps right at Kel's heels. He argued that Cora would like to hear that the barber was amenable

to reason in the matter of cisterns.

Mrs. Graham was there. She had dropped in to ask Mrs. Kaley for some tomato seed; but she, as well as Mrs. Kaley, knew what was what and they both clat-tered to the kitchen to be out of the way. And Professor Blayne, who had dropped in to discuss a school matter, beat a quick retreat, his eyes twinkling, a decided smile hovering under his graying mustache; though Cora, her face pink, pressed him

to stay.

Evidently she had been expecting one or the other. Rudy assumed that it was Kel. She had on a new low-cut blue silk dress. Kel assumed it was Rudy. She had fluffed her hair high and prettily. "For that duf-fer!" each mentally exclaimed.

Then from seven-thirty until eleven Kel Then from seven-tairty until eleven Kein related the past, present and future of Montana, boring Rudolph, who unsuccess-fully tried to interject a synopsis of Janns-ville's doings, which bored Kel. At eleven o'clock Cora herself yawned. Each took that yawn to himself and sullenly went home; and each, as he went, sullenly despised her taste. That dub!

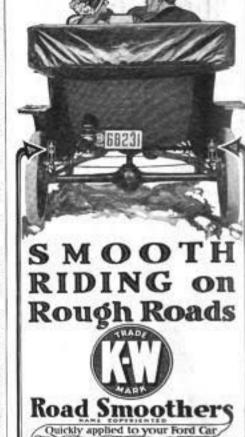
Either Professor Blayne or Mrs. Graham spread the news of the double call and its length. Between breakfast and dinner the next day Janusville buzzed with bets and opinions; and during the ensuing weeks not only Rudy Warner but all the town sat up and took notice that Corry Kaley was no longer the same woman. Somehow, sometime, she had gone back to the selfcontained prettiness, the softer features, the kissable pinkiness of her girlhood. Jannsville rubbed its eyes.

Of course it was Kel's return—so most

people declared—which had transconnented her and caused her to buy gay new clothes that almost outsplashed Lill Todd. It was others protested. Rudy no such thing, others protested. Rudy Warner was the man. Ever since he asked her to be his partner in that grand march, they now remembered, she had blossomed out like a primrose in the sun.

"I thought she looked terrible sweet that night before he asked her," Miss Addicks said. "I was watching her and thinking it was a shame ——" was a shame -

Old Mrs. Graham cut in with grim glee: "Well, the shame's biting Kel Holmsted now. They say him and Rudy pretty near came to blows in Meck's Cigar Store the other night. Kel was flinging round hints about two-faced, double-dealing fat scoundrels; and Rudy up and told him the town had worried along without him for a spell and would like to try it again."



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Cora's mother grew proud, and she was much sought after. In response to pressure she told Miss Addicks and old Mrs. Graham—under the seal of secrecy—that she had heard Kel say one night as she passed the parlor door: "But I had no prospects!" And Cora had laughed: "And have you any now?" And Mrs. Kaley puffed with pride as she repeated what Rudy said the very next night as she was again said the very next night as she was again passing the parlor door: "I don't want to run the chump down behind his back, Corry; but that trifling, sappy, clod-pated booby isn't the man for you! Here for years other men haven't dared to pay you any attention because they supposed you belonged to him!" Lill did not believe that last. She went

to Rudy. "That old girl -

"I believe you and Cora went to school together," Mr. Warner coldly remarked; and then excused himself because the barber

and then excused himself because the barber was waiting to sign some important papers. "Well, I'll be ——" Lill was too much of a lady to finish it.

Thoughtfully she made her way to a luncheon given by Ethel Brake, where Cora was the guest of honor. Ethel was surrendering gracefully. Louise had declined to come, however. She was indisposed. After the luncheon Mrs. Todd dropped in to call on Mrs. Holmsted. Kel was at home. Lill laughed at him. laughed at him.

"I don't believe it!" she declared.
"What?" he mumbled, red-faced.
"That you refused to fight Rudy and won't meet him face to face!"

on't meet him face to face!"
Mrs. Holmsted sputtered:
"Who said so?"
Lill laughed. Kel grabbed his hat.
"He won't say it again!"
Mrs. Holmsted began to cry:
"He'll kill him! Oh, that wicked Cora

Kaley!"

Rudy was not in his office. The man next door told Kel that he guessed he had gone down the street. Kel traced him from Meck's Cigar Store to the drugstore, back to the cigar store, to the bank, to the barber shop, up the street that led to the Kaley cottage. And from office, cigar store, bank, drug store, barber shop and street, Janns-

villers trailed after him excitedly. Some-thing was going to happen!

And it happened right in front of the Kaley gate, which Rudy had reached on his glad, proud trip to deliver the barber's check to Cora. It was Saturday afternoon; so young Janusville was out enjoying the

warm spring air.

After luncheon Cora had gone on to a teachers' meeting, and she was returning from it just as Rudy reached the gate and Kel came tearing down the street. By her side, chatting pleasantly about young Jannsville's brains and lack, walked Pro-fessor Blayne. His expression was benefi-cent until he glimpsed Kel hurrying. It changed then to apprehension.

Rudy turned to see what had caused the change; and what he saw in Kel's face caused him to throw up his fists to meet it. The check fluttered to the pavement, where

Professor Blayne later rescued it.

And then Rudy and Kel went to it. It was unfortunate that a hitching post and a hydrant, both of iron, should have been so near. The back of Rudy's head hit the hydrant; but in compensation Kel's spine later was bent round the hitching post.
Rudy's fists landed in Kel's eyes. Kel's
fists at the time were welting Rudy's abdomen. Rudy kicked Kel's right calf until it
was never the same again. Kel put a blow
on Rudy's chest that almost mixed his two lungs into one. And two new spring suits were bloody, torn affairs when Professor Blayne, furious and spluttering with his fury, jumped at the two fighters and yanked them apart.
"What are you fighting about?" he de-

manded, with a display of feeling that seemed to make their troubles more his

business than their own.

Bloody and breathing hard, they invol-untarily looked at Cora Kaley, who had been stunned into inaction by the fight. Professor Blayne clutched them, regarding them quizzically while he said:

"I really do not see why you should bat-ter each other up—on account of the young lady who is to be my wife!" His clutch re-laxed. He turned to Cora. "My dear," reproachfully, "you may remember that I begged you as long ago as last January to make it public——" make it public -

"I wasn't going to have Jannsville gab-bing over my affairs again," resentfully



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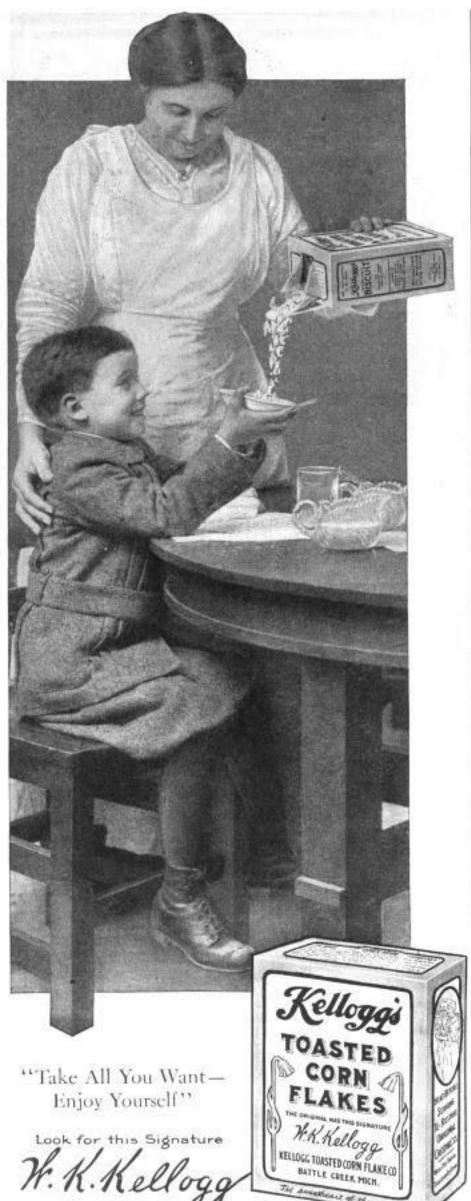
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"Him! Him!" Kel Holmsted wabbled a bloody hand at the professor and turned unbelieving, bleeding eyes on Corry. "Why be's old ——"

unbelieving, bleeding eyes on Corry. "Why he's old ——"

"N-not—not old Blayne!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Warner.

"How dare you talk that way!" Cora Kaley stamped a foot at them. "You!" she shot scornfully at Kel. "Or—you!" she flung disparagingly at Rudolph. "I'll have you know he is only forty-five! And neither of you two no-accounts is an infant—except in wits!"

Jannsville avers that Professor Blayne chuckled softly as be tenderly led his excited ladylove into the house. And Jannsville heard her say:

"I don't care! They needed it!"

In the Weekly Democrat's column of personal mentionings the following week were the following items:

the following items:

"Professor and Mrs. Blayne left imme-Professor and Mrs. Binyne left immediately after the ceremony for Joplin, where Professor Blayne has been offered the superintendency of the schools. The bride's mother accompanied them and will make her home with them. We fear that Jannaville's schools will feel their double loss."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of the City National Bank, announce the engagement of their beautiful and charming daughter Louise to Mr. Rudolph Warner, Jannsville's most popular and prominent bachelor."

And:

"Mr. Kel Holmsted has again departed from our midst after a brief but enjoyable visit with his parents. He avers that the West offers better prospects to young men than our staider vicinity. We wish him luck!"

#### THE LAME DUCK

#### Viewe of an Innocent Rystander

Washington, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Every man who is eligible, and who has made any sort of start in national politics—and some who have made no start at all—carries in the back of his head the idea that some day something may happen which will help to make him President of the United States.

It is a great thing to be President of the United States; for, aside from the momentary power, the office carries with it historical immortality—that is, for time without end every President's name will be carried in history as that of a man who was once chief executive of this nation, whether any other glory is accorded him or not. The name will survive.

Circumstances and conditions always

Circumstances and conditions always dictate who shall be President; and, more often than not, the man who is made President because of any certain set of circumstances and conditions has little or nothing to do personally with the creation of either.

Occasionally, however, there comes a time
when an opportunity arises that—if properly handled—will assist the man who so
deals with it to attain that highly desirable
position. This does not happen frequently,
but once in a while it does happen.

There is an opportunity of that kind in

There is an opportunity of that kind in Washington right now, as I write this letter to you. It does not seem to me that it will be accepted; but it may. However, if the exactly right man had this opportunity there is no doubt he could do much toward making so great a name for himself with the people that the presidency would not be be-yond his legitimate ambitions and far easier

of attainment than it otherwise would be,
I refer to the investigation of the affairs
of the New York, New Haven & Hartford
Railroad, now in progress before the Interstate Commerce Commission. That may be completed or adjourned before you read this; but it is in progress as this is written. And not since Mr. Justice Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, investigated the life-insurance scandals in New York has there existed so great a chance for the making of a permanent impression of personal worth on the minds of the people as exists in this investigation, and what may follow it or arise out of it.

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#### Send for Booklet

of Vudor Shades and Hammocks and name of nearest Vudor dealer.

#### HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION un ot., Jane

Makers of the Linnous Reinforced Hammocks—the only hammocks with reinforced centers and double-strength and cording.

"I Want to Know"

125 MOVE SHADE JAMES AND SHADE Those Hammocks rith two lives"

that road but also to exalt the man who secures that justice for them. It is the culmination of a long series of similar dis-closures that have made the people fighting mad over the methods used by the captains of high finance to enrich themselves without regard to the rights of others or to the laws of the land.

Ten years ago there was but slight protest over these conditions, and that encouraged the men who engineered them at that time to a feeling of security. Their successes were great. They were able to do about anything they wanted, and they began to think they could buy anything they wanted and buy anybody who might be of service to them.

Of course it is obvious that no bribing or buying could have been done had not the men who were useful consented to be bribed; and no buying could have been done if there had not been men willing to sell. But that is not the point. The men who sold their votes and the men who took bribes were but a small portion of the public; and the men who bought them and bribed them, and wrecked properties for their own gain, and watered stock, and sat in boards of grafting directors, and were utterly remorseless as to whom they hurt if they helped themselves, were chiefly at fault, because they had the means for bribery and corruption, and used them; whereas all the bribed and corrupted had were weak morals and that greed for money which made the transactions possible both ways.

In this particular instance, ten years ago the New Haven road was a dividend-paying, honorable and respected institution. It was the field for investment for those who wanted to not the search. and no buying could have been done if

was the field for investment for those who wanted to put their small moneys into some-

thing that would insure safety, permanence and a fair return. Then the wrecking began. Now the New Haven was not the only corporation in which this was done. For many years similar railroad processes had been carried on by men as greedy for money and the shutting off of competition as the New Haven crowd; and some knowledge of what had been going on began to get out among the people.

#### The Man on the Job

After a time protest began to become vigorous. There were signs of revolt. That revolt presently became a revolution; and now, at this moment, there is an almost universal demand that the men who so

betrayed the people shall be punished.

Vengeance is what is wanted. The people of the United States desire to see all this corruption in high places and in high finance disclosed and the men who are responsible. for it punished. There is no thought on the for it punished. There is no thought on the part of the people that these things could not have happened if the people had not allowed them to happen. That is beside the mark. The people are always self-righteous. What they want now is punishment for those who wrecked the New Haven and for those who are responsible for other similar disasters; and they are looking for principals—not for subordinates. They want generals—not lieutenants.

generals—not lieutenants.

The man who gets them, who punishes these men—puts them in jail!—will build for himself a popular esteem and recognition that will not be hard to mold into a formidable movement for a presidential nomina-tion. The people will consider him their friend and will help him get anything he

may want.

As the investigation is now conducted, the investigating lawyer is Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, who is chief lawyer for the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a smaller way Mr. Folk once realized handsomely in a similar situation. When he was prosecuting attorney of St. Louis he uncovered local graft conditions in such a way that he was elected governor of Missouri on the strength of his work and the reputation he gained thereby.

Of course it remains to be seen whether

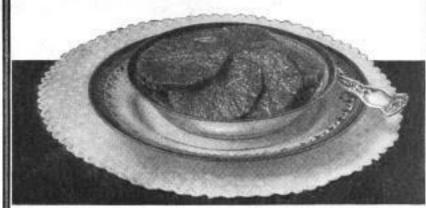
Of course it remains to be seen whether Mr. Folk is large enough for his present big task. It may not come his way to be more than the pioneer. There is a chance that the criminal prosecutions—if any arise—may go to some man now in the Department of Justice, or to some man in the city of New York, where indictments may be found. In any event some man has a chance, and a great chance, to establish himself in line for high promotion.

It was great while it lasted, Jim—this business of predacious plutocrating; but it is about over now.

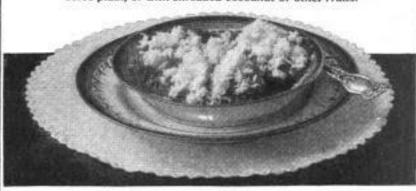
Yours, watching events complaisantly,

# For a Cool Luscious Dessert

Sunkist Valencia Oranges—Sliced



Serve plain, or with shredded cocoanut or other fruits.



Serve them often this way. But be sure to serve Sunkist, for those are the perfect oranges. No other oranges slice so well, for no others are equally tender-meated.

Sunkist are practically seedless. They look best on the table because the slicing is clean-cut.

Note how delicious these oranges are at this season. A deep rich red inside, regardless of exterior color-full flavored, sweet, juicy and with a delicate orange-

lt's a connoisseur's dish-a dish

to delight the whole family, and a dish that needs no added flavor.

But serve with other fruit if you wish, or with shredded cocoanut. There are endless ways to make attractive desserts with oranges.

We have written a book showing 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Write for it. See how to prepare these zestful desserts, the most healthful desserts anyone can eat. Sunkist are glove-handled, tissue wrapped and shipped right from the tree, so you get them fresh.

Sunkist Oranges Sunkist Lemons

Sunkist Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, are the best slicing lemons and look best on the table served with fish or meats. Use the rich juice in place of vinegar in salads and other dishes. Use it for lemonade this summer. There were never better oranges or better lemons, so see that





Silverware Premium Coupon California Fruit Growers Exchange Dept. F. 139 North Clark Street, Chicago

Mail this coupen and we will send you our complimentary 40-near recipions, showing over 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You book, showing over 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our Wustrated pressurem book which tells you how to trail will also receive our Wustrated pressurem book which tells you how to trail will also receive our Wustrated pressurem book which tells you how to trail a surely surely the survey of 
Name

(624)

# Pavlowa dances to the music of played on her Co





PAYLONA DREET

New York, April 20th, 1914

Columbia Graphophone Company, Woolworth Building, New York City,

Gentlemen:-

Since I have been in your country I have been amazed to see the popularity of the talking machine record when used with the dance. This so excited my curiosity that I have made it a great study and think it is due you to say that Columbia instruments and Columbia dance records over all others have my unqualified endorsement.

I use your Grafonola and dance records in my rehearsals with complete satisfaction and find your dance records truly represent the very SPIRIT of the dance. Their tempo, rhythm, clarity and musical qualities simply charm me.

I am convinced that all who dance can get great satisfaction from the use of your Grafonolas and records.

Sincerely yours,

Am Forther

Vernon Castle writes: "I want to congratulate you on the excellent dance records you have recently issued; they are the best I have heard. I am using a Columbia Grand Grafonola and Columbia Records at Castle House where they are attracting extraordinary attention. The records are played in perfect dance time and are frequently encored by our patrons."

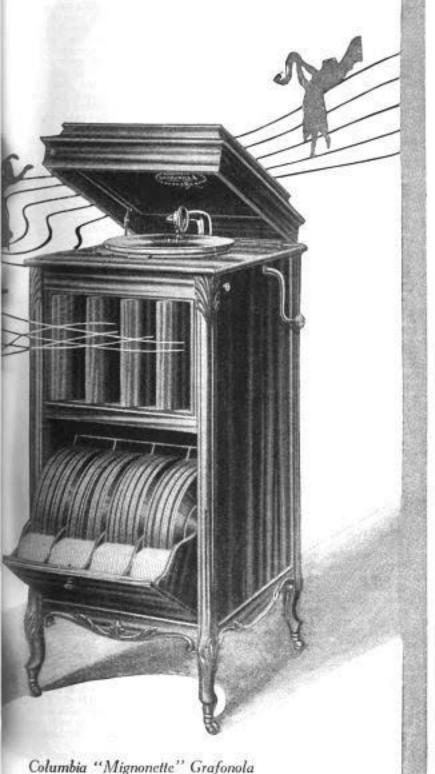


People who make comparisons are buying Co People who make comparisons buy Columbia

to the music of her Columbia Grafonola

# olumbia Dance Records

mbia Grafonola 🗷



Price \$100—Easy Terms

# Learn to Dance— in your own home

Will you pay 75 cents to learn the Hesitation from the most successful teacher in the country? Or the One-Step, or the Maxixe, or the Tango?

#### 1—One-Step

(Instruction)
On reverse side a full dance selection "Goodbye Broadway" (One-step). Ask for Record No. A1542 . . . 75c

#### 2—Hesitation

(Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection "Columbia Hesitation." Ask for Record No. A1543 ......75c

#### 3—Maxixe

(Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection "Florence Maxixe." Ask for Record No. A1540 . . . . . . . 75c

#### 4-Tango

(Instruction)

On reverse side a full dance selection "The Aëroplane" (Tango). Ask for Record No. A1541 . . . . . . . 75c We have just issued Four Columbia Double-Disc Dance Instruction Records, each prepared by G. Hepburn Wilson, and each with a complete dance selection on the reverse side—and with any one of them your Columbia dealer will present to you G. Hepburn Wilson's book—"How to Dance the Modern Dances." If you don't locate a Columbia dealer, write to us and we will see that you are supplied. The lessons in the book seem to us the first practical instructions ever written.

The pictures that illustrate them were all posed by Mr. Wilson.

But with the book and the records you have the most successful teacher in New York right there with you. The instructions in the book are crystallized in the spoken directions that you hear on the record: the music is played for you with emphatic and faultless rhythm, and the tempo is counted for you before the music and with the music:—you have to dance.



Do you realize how very easy it is to find out if a Grafonola will give you pleasure enough to pay for itself? How willing every Columbia dealer is to send a complete outfit to your home, subject to approval; and how little it will cost if you are satisfied? This Columbia Grafonola "Jewel," for instance: \$35—and on small monthly payments at that, if you prefer.

## Columbia Graphophone Company

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Dealers Wasted where we are not actively represented. Write for special proposition.

bia Records because they are better records afonolas because they are better instruments

\$100 \$100 \$100 B1 \$1

# Che Quest of Gold Light

#### Talks about MAZDA No.5

Not the name

of a thing

but the mark

of a Service"

WITCH on the current that causes an electric incandescent lamp to glow. What happens? You get light, but also heat. Since your eye is a special instrument particularly sensitive to light, since you read a book with light and not with heat, the more light that you get from your lamp the more satisfactory should be the result in every

way. A light which is brilliant but cold would represent the ideal of efficiency.

Like astronomers who can tell you what metals are glowing in a star so distant that its light reaches the earth only after the lapse of centuries, scientists who specialize in illumination can tell you much about this ideal light. Each decade they approach their cold ideal a little nearer. Will the ideal ever be reached?

Whether it is reached or not, the incan-descent electric lamp will grow steadily colder, steadily more efficient, thanks to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

In these laboratories a corps of picked men, each an expert in some phase of illumination, men who are in communication with the foremost European investigators of light, are constantly at work. After many months of patient experimenting the art of drawing tungsten into a delicate wire was discovered in these laboratories. Thus it became possible to make the new filament which glows in the MAZDA lamp of today and which has sup-planted the old carbon filament because three times as much light can be obtained for a given amount of current.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company represent almost every branch of technical knowledge—chemistry, metallurgy, physiology, psychology, physics, microscopy, engineering, optics.

In these laboratories, scientists conduct many researches along advanced theoretical What is the secret of the phosphorescent glow that emanates from certain marine animals and decaying organic matter? May not the cold light be similarly produced? Why can the glow-worm shine in your hand and never burn your skin? What is the exact color of daylight? Is the best artificial light a miniature sun or a body with a brilliancy not so white? Scores of such problems must be attacked in the quest of the ideal light.

But even more important commercially is research that gives promise of immediate

by MAZDA Service - a lamp in which the best scientific thought of the time is You can hold a glow-worm in your hand—the light is cold. It is one object of MAZDA Service to discover the secret of cold light. GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY MAZDA Service means constant experi-MAZDA Service means constant experi-menting, constant testing, constant selecting of new developments in pro-ducing light. Specialists in every branch of science are engaged in this endless task, all with the aim of making MAZDA always the mark of the furthest advance in the science of illumination. Here a microscopist is shown at work.

Suppose that the chemists, for example, ceaselessly experiment-ing in the laboratories, discover a way of preparing an element so that it is able to yield much light without breaking down readily under the electric current. Their discovery may mean the birth of a new lamp, or it may come to naught. It must be subjected to

critical study by other scientists. The physicist steps in with all his spectroscopes, his photometers, his analytical in-struments. He determines how much of the glow that comes from the new material is light and how much is heat, in other words, how much more efficient is the new material than anything thus far discovered; he estimates to a nicety what is the candle power of the new material for a measured amount of current; he devises better physical conditions for the material to perform its function. Next, the microscopist, perhaps, studies it with the aid of powerful lenses in order to learn how it withstands the pitting and the scoring action of the current.

Thus the new material is passed through successive laboratories, from scientist to scientist, from engineer to engineer. If the discovery proves to be of commercial importance the General Electric Company transmits it to its own lamp manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison and to other companies entitled to learn of it.

This constant research, this ceaseless effort to improve the incandescent lamp, this transmission of an important discovery from the General Electric Company constitute MAZDA Service. When you see MAZDA on a bulb, think not of the shining lamp itself, but of the Service received by its particular authorized manufacturer, of the thousands of experiments that had to be performed in his interest and your interest, of the hundreds of light producers that were developed and tested before one was finally selected and included in the MAZDA that you screw into

Because the work of the Research Laboratories is never ended, MAZDA Service is continuous. As new discoveries are made that bring us a little nearer the ideal cold light they will be applied in making new lamps, which like their predecessors will be marked MAZDA. Hence MAZDA will always be found on the latest lamps evolved

#### FREDDY ET CIE

(Continued from Page 9)

Her voice faltered, and Freddy, with a gesture, dismissed his lady assistants. Then he removed his mask. Their eyes met and Cornelia uttered a faint exclamation:

"Oh, my! You're just like him!"
"Who is he?" asked Freddy.
"I can't quite say, because I don't
now," returned Cornelia; "but all girls know. have their ideals from the time they wear Swiss pinafores to the time they wear forty-eight-inch corsets. And I won't deny"— her voice trembled—"that you fill the bill. My! What are you doing?"

For Freddy had grasped his materials and was making a hat. It was of palest blush talls with a group of pink recess and

blush tulle with a crown of pink roses, and an aigret of flamingo plumes was fastened

with a Cupid's bow in pink topaz.

"Love's first confession," the young man
murmured as he bit off the last thread, should be whispered beneath a hat like And he gracefully placed it on

Cornelia's raven hair.

Mrs. Vivianson, her ear at the keyhole of a side door, quivered from head to foot with rage and jealousy. Time was when he, a penniless, high-bred boy, had implored her to marry him. Now—her blood boiled at the remembrance of the half hint, the veiled suggestion she had made, that they should unite in a more intimate partnership than that already consolidated. With her jealousy was mingled despair! So long as reddy and his hats remained the fashion, the shop would pay, and pay royally. There had as yet occurred no abatement in the onflow of aristocratic patronage. To avow his identity—never really doubted—to become an engaged man, meant ruin to the business. The blood hummed in her head. She clung to the door handle and entered as Freddy, with real grace and eloquence, pleaded his suit. "And you are really a Marquis' second

son, though you make hats for money?" she heard Cornelia say. "I always guessed you had old English blood in you, from the tone of your voice and the shape of your fingernails, even when you wore a mask. And it seemed as though I couldn't do anything but buy hats. I surmised it was vanity at the time, but now I suppose it

was—love!"
"My dearest!" said Freddy, bending his blond head over her jeweled hands. Cornelia! I will make you a hat every day when we are married. Ah! I have it! You shall wear one of mine to go away in on the day we are wed—the inspiration of a bridegroom, thought out and achieved between the church door and the chancel. What an idea for a lover! What an advertisement for the shop!"

His blue eyes beamed at the thought; but Cornelia's face fell.

I don't know how to say it, dear, but we shall never be married. Papa is per-fectly rocky on one point, and that is that the man I marry shall never have dabbled so much as his little finger in trade. 'You have dollars enough to buy one of the real high-toned sort,' he keeps saying; 'and if blood royal is to be got for money Silas P. Vanderdecken is the man to get it. So run along and play, little girl, till the right man comes along.' And I know he'll say you're the wrong one."

Freddy's complexion, grown transparent from excess of emotion and lack of exercise, paled to an ivory hue. His sedentary life had softened his condition and unstrung his nerves. He adored Cornelia, and had looked forward to a lifetime spent in adorning her beauty with bonnets of the most becoming shapes and designs. Now that a coarse transatlantic millionaire, with soft shirtfronts and broad-brimmed felt hats, might step in and shatter forever his beautiful dream of union, bitter revulsion seized him. He feared his fate. What was he? The second son of a poor Marquis, with a particularly healthy elder brother! He looked on the chiffons, the flowers and the leathers that surrounded him, and feit that the hopes of a heart reared on so frail a basis were insecure indeed. Then his old blood rallied to his heart; and he rose from the divan and clasped the now tearful

Cornelia to his breast.
"Go, my dearest!" he said. "Tell all to your father—plead for me! Do not write or wire—bring me his verdict to-morrow. Meantime I will compose two hats. Each shall be a masterpiece—a swan song of my art. One is to be worn if"—his voice broke—"if I am to be happy; the other if I am fated to despair. Go now; for I must

be alone to carry out my inspiration."

And Cornelia went. Then Freddy, sternly refusing to receive any more customers that day, set himself to the completion of his task. Before very long both hats were actualities. Hat Number One was an Empire shape of dead-leaf beaver, the crown draped with dove-colored silk, a spray of sere oak leaves and rue in front; a fine scari of black lace, partly to veil the face of the wearer, thrown back over one side of the brim and caught with a clasp of black pearl set in oxidized silver. It breathed of chastened woe and temperate sadness, and was to be worn if Papa Vanderdecken persisted

in refusing to accept Freddy as a suitor.

But Hat Number Two! It was of the palest blue guipure straw, draped with coral silk and Cluny lace. In front was a spray of moss rosebuds and forget-me-nots: 's wings of burnished hues were set at each side. It was the very hat to be worn by a bringer of joyful news, the ideal hat under which might be appropriately ex-changed the first kiss of plighted passion. On it Freddy pinned a fairylike card, white

and gold-edged.
"If I am to be happy wear this," was written on it; and on a buff card attached to the hat of rejection he inscribed: "Wear this if I am to be unhappy." Then he closed the large double bandbox in which he had packed the hats, breathed a kiss into the folds of the silver paper and, ringing the bell, bade a messenger carry the box to the hotel at which Cornelia Vanderdecken was staying, and where, millionairess though she was, she was still content to dress with the help of a deft maid and the adoration of a devoted companion. Then the ex-hausted artist fell back on the divan. Cornelia was to come at twelve on the

morrow. "Then I shall learn my fate!" said Freddy.

He drove home in his brougham and passed a sleepless night. The fateful hour found him again on his divan, surrounded by the materials of his craft, waiting feverishly for Cornelia.

The curtains parted. He started up at the rustling of her gown and the jingling of her bangles. Horror! She wore the somber hat of sorrow, though under its shadow her face was curiously bright.

She advanced toward Freddy. He reeled and staggered backward, raised his white hand to his delicate throat, and fell fainting among his cushions. Cornelia screamed. Mrs. Vivianson and her young ladies came hurrying in. As the stylish widow noted Cornelia's headgear her eyes flashed and joy was in her face. Then it clouded over, for she knew that Papa Vanderdecken had been coaxed over and Freddy was an accepted man. My reader, being exceptionally acute, will realize that the jealous woman had

changed the tickets on the hats.
"Not that it was much use!" she avowed to herself as she entered with smelling salts and burned feathers to restore Freddy's con-sciousness. "When he revives she will tell him the truth."

Freddy regained consciousness only to lose it in the ravings of delirium, however. He had an attack of brain fever in which he wandered through groves of bonnet shops looking unavailingly for Cornelia. Then came the crisis; and he woke up with an ice bandage on, to find himself in his bedroom at Glantyre House, with the Marchioness leaning over him.

"Mother, my heart is broken!" said the boy—he was really little more. "The world exists no more for me. Let me make my last hat—and leave it." "Oh, Freddy, don't you know me!" gasped Cornelia in the background; but the

repentant woman who had brought about

all this trouble drew the girl away. "Even good news broken suddenly to him in his weak state," said Mrs. Vivianson in a

rapid whisper, "may prove fatal. I have a plan that may gradually enlighten him." "I trust you," said Cornelia. "You have saved his life with your nursing. Now give

him back to me."
"Hush!" said Mrs. Vivianson.

She had quickly dispatched a messenge to Condover Street, and now, as Freddy again opened his eyes and repeated his pitcous request, the messenger returned. Then all present gathered about the bed, the inmate of which had been raised on supporting

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Ask your dealer to show you the Loose 1-P Leaf line—see how we make at inexpensive for any size firm to possess a geffect Loose Leaf System. If no dealer is near you, write us your problems for solution. No solution. No charge or ob-ligation. Ad-dress Kansas City Office.

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It was a queer scene as the shaded electric light above the bed played on Freddy's pal-

lid features, showing the ravages of sickness.
"Now!" said Mrs. Vivianson. She
placed the milliner's box on the bed, and Freddy's feeble fingers, diving into it, drew

forth a spray of orange blossoms and a diaphanous cloud of filmy lace.

"Black—not white!" Freddy gasped brokenly. "It is a mourning toque that I must make. Let Cornelia wear it at my funored."

"Cornelia will not wear it at your funeral, Freddy," said Mrs. Vivianson, bending over him; "for she is going to marry you—not to bury you."

Drawing the tourful sid to Freddy's side.

Drawing the tearful girl to Freddy's side, she flung over her beautiful head the bridal veil and crowned her with a wreath of orange blossoms.

And as, with a feeble cry, Freddy opened his wasted arms and Cornelia fell into them, Mrs. Vivianson, her work of atonement completed, pressed the offered hand of Freddy's mother and hurried out of the room and out of the story, which ends, as stories ought, happily for the lovers, who are now honeymooning in the Riviera.

#### Cooked or Raw

IS COOKING an error? Will the next diet theory call for eating raw food— though warmed if you wish it? The Lon-don Lancet has raised the question, and other medical journals have asked as well as answered it, because of the recent discovery that cooking destroys some of a certain tiny but very valuable substance in food, and that a lack of this substance is the cause of a number of diseases.

Apparently the answer is that people may eat cooked food if they wish to do so, but that they should eat a larger proportion of clean raw food than they now do. Cooking does not make food more digestible, but it makes it look, taste and smell better, and so increases the stomach's enthusiasm for tackling the job of digesting a dinner. In the tropics thorough cooking is advised to kill any germs that may have strayed into the food and, to some extent, this is a purpose of cooking in temperate countries.

This necessary substance in food appears in a number of chemical forms in exceedingly small proportions, and in most foods; and the various forms are called vitamines. Some of them can stand thorough boiling and others cannot; but cooking at higher temperatures than the boiling point kills most of them. It has been made clear very recently that an animal deprived of them will die; but it is not so clear how much is needed for health. Scurvey, rickets and beriber are among the discover attriband beriberi are among the diseases attrib-uted to the lack of vitamines in food.

Potatoes are rich in vitamines, which explains the value of potatoes in treating scurvy, a fact long known. The investigators who are now studying vitamines may be expected to catalogue more diseases caused by vitamine deficiency before long. The theory has been suggested that a dis-ease like beriberi, which has been noticed occasionally among prisoners in American jails, may be due to a diet of food that has

been cooked too well. Vitamines exist in wheat bran in a proportion much greater than in the wheat itself, but this discovery adds nothing new to the old controversy as to the compar-ative merits of whole-wheat bread and white bread; for any vitamines in either, according to the latest study, are destroyed by the baking.

Polished rice is now the accepted cause of beriberi; and this fits in perfectly with the vitamine theory, for the vitamines are eliminated in the preparation of such rice, though boiled unpolished rice still contains some of the vitamines. Fresh milk and eggs are rich in vitamines, which may be one of the reasons for the high value of those articles as a diet for people suffering from lung trouble.





## A Barrett Specification Roof was put on this building because-

the architect knew all about the different types of roofing and further knew that the National Biscuit Company were mighty particular people.

They had a big plant and they wanted it covered with a roofing that would give longest service at lowest cost.



chitect knew there was only one choice, namely: a Barrett Specification Roof, because it gives longer service at a lower unit cost (the cost per square foot per year of service) than any other roofing he could specify.

twenty years or more with statements.

Under such conditions the ar- no maintenance cost. Many such roofs have lasted thirty years. Every permanent building, whether large or small, should carry a Barrett Specification Roof because that means the most economical roof, and one that will be free from leaks and maintenance.

This building is now covered Ask any first-class architect with a Barrett Specification about this proposition, and he Roof and it will probably last will verify all of the foregoing

#### Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING-Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

A Copy of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams mailed free on request.

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#### CUTTING DOWN SOME STAPLE UNNECESSARIES

(Continued from Page 10)

will have ten or fifteen tons daily. Chemically these washings are good fuel, for they

contain more than eighty per cent carbon—
are really fine coke dust.

Mechanically, however, it is not easy to
utilize them, because the fine, fluffy residue
fed to boiler fires would simply fly up the

chimney again.
As it contains lampblack and iron oxide, some experts think it might be used for paintmaking; but in the end probably it will be pressed into briquettes by some economical process and used for fuel.

Smokewashing for the sake of cleanliness grew out of modern methods of utilizing gas from coke ovens and blast furnaces in the iron business. Once this gas was allowed to go up the chimney as smoke; but now, by elaborate devices for cleansing it from dust and other substances, fuel for power production in gas engines is obtained, as well as gas for burning in furnaces, under boilers, for illumination and for household use, and such chemical products as tar and ammonia. Even the iron dust in the blast-furnace gas is gathered, briquetted and

In one great American steel plant the saving amounts to a quarter million horse-power, of which forty-five per cent is used to generate all the electrical power needed for the works, thirty per cent is used for heating the blast, and the rest for other pur-poses. There is a twenty-five per cent surplus, however, which will eventually be turned into current for electrical furnaces. In France some fifty towns are now lighted

by surplus gas from coke ovens. Even more thorough is the utilization of smoke from copper smelters—a peculiarly offensive nuisance where it is allowed to pollute the air, for the fumes of copper ore,

rich in sulphur, kill trees and crops.

In Tennessee there are two smelting plants that turn this obnoxious smoke into sulphuric acid which, in turn, is used to make fertilizer—superphosphate—from the raw phosphate rock abundant in that locality; but the intricacies of the smoke problem will be seen when it is known that such treatment is possible only in a locality where the fortunate combination of raw materials is found. These plants are said to produce the cheapest indirect copper in the world; but for other smelters situated far from supplies of rock phosphate such a process is

at present economically impossible.

With the best intentions in the world, however, and after all the big plants in a factory center have washed their smoke or turned it into gas-engine power or sold it as a by-product, there must still be hun-dreds of smaller smokemakers to whom these methods are not possible.

#### Teamwork in Smoke Fighting

For the small smokemakers—little powerplants, railroad locomotives, steamboats, notels, apartment houses and homes in a section where soft coal is used—there are now two general courses that can be followed: First, organization to spread better knowledge of combustion, better devices for power and heat production, and better firing, so that the black smokecloud may be reduced, at least. Second, the use of some smokeless form of power or heat. The situation to-day is one where the majority of small smokemakers are follow-

ring the first course, making conditions tolerable until the second course is possible.

Teamwork has abolished far more smoke than all the inspectors, laws, fines and smoke-prevention devices. Automatic contraptions for eliminating smoke greatly outnumber the perpetual-motion machines, and without teamwork are of about as much

When there is a strong public sentiment for less smoke in a community everybody takes a little time to understand the complexities of the problem, instead of merely letting the smoke inspector classify the worst clouds through his umbrascope or interferometer.

Public sentiment leads smokemakers to take pride in good firing. Fuel is selected with technical knowledge; boilers and furnaces are improved and kept clean; firemen are paid better wages, trained in good firing and paid bonuses for results in power or heat that mean reduction of the smoke evil.

Every smokemaker becomes his own inspector, installing some device that showsdown in the engine room or office-the density of the smoke issuing from the top of a chimney at any moment.

Carelessness and ignorance are said to be responsible for ninety per cent of the worst smoke, and at the same time the technical knowledge necessary in reducing the evil is available to any community that has sufficient public spirit to get busy on broad, constructive lines. In some places the smoke-inspection bureau is now backed up by a smoke-prevention society of citizens on the lines of the famous one in Hamburg.

Germany.

In this latter society the members are chiefly owners of power plants, and they pay five dollars a year for membership. with five dollars more for each boiler. That entitles them to technical advice from the society's engineering experts, who help in the purchase of fuel, try out smokeprevention devices, inspect members' power plants and suggest improvements, and send round instructors who coach firemen in good stoking methods.

Of course the ultimate remedy for smoke is the use of smokeless power and heat, and these modern blessings are coming much faster than is generally realized and in a number of most interesting forms.

There are the smokeless fuels, for in-stance. Crude oil is one of them and is now stance. Crude oil is one of them and is now widely available for power plants, locomotives and ships, in the form for burning directly under boilers. New oilfields and cheaper transportation by pipelines and tankships have made it economically posible in sections where it was unknown a few years ago; and even where the first cost appears to be higher it may be quite as cheap.

#### New Smokeless Fuels

Petroleum residue contains not much more than half as many heat units as steam coal; but what it does contain can be burned with less waste than coal, and smoke damage is absent. Even where it is too costly for power, it is now the regular fuel for anneal-ing furnaces and lesser devices that formerly contributed their share of smoke.

Then come the coal-gas tars which have had an interesting history. Some years ag-the engineers seized on them as a promising fuel for smokeless steam raising because they were then abundant at two or three cents a gallon; but the automobile came along and these tars were found to be ideal for making dustless roads—and their value quickly doubled and trebled. The experts. however, have developed improved types of burners for utilizing tar under boilers, and are putting at the disposal of powerplant owners a series of cruder tars produced

in making water gas.

When the oils cannot be burned economically under a boiler they still have vest power-generating possibilities in oil engines which work on the explosion principle; and the explosion engine is being developed in so many ways that it is now an immense factor in smokeless power production. This type of engine will run on almost

anything that can be vaporized into an explosive mixture. Where an automobile must have highly volatile fuel, like gasoline or alcohol, this engine by its peculiar principle will volatilize heavy fuels like crude petroleum tar oils petroleum tar oils petroleum. petroleum, tar oils, petroleum residue and creosote oils. It has been successfully oper-ated on coal tars and train oil, peanut oil, castor oil, animal oils; in fact it is widely adapted to operate with whatever fuel happens to be cheapest in the locality. Europe has utilized it as a source of power for years, but in the United States its development is just beginning, chiefly because coal has been cheap and could be burned wastefully.

is also generated by the producer engine, a type requiring more volatile fuel but run on gas made from com burned smokelessly in a special product plant. Low-grade coals have been utilized and the gas-producer idea is being applied to sawdust, woodwaste, spent tanbark coconut shells, shavings, coffee and coost husks, olive refuse, cottonseed cake, in fact almost anything burnable that happens to be lying round the neighborhood. It is largely a question of how handy that miscellaneous sornething happens to be and



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	2000 lbs.	1300
	3000 lbs.	1450
min marreny,	4000 lbs.	1560
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	10000 lbs.	2350
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whether the fellow who wants cheap smoke-

less power knows enough to utilize it or to find somebody who will tell him. Then there is the smokeless burning of finely powdered fuel. At a smelter there was a crude-oil burner in use consuming ninety gallons of oil an hour. That was equivalent to nearly half a ton of coal and was cheaper—and, of course, smokeless. A new burner consuming powdered coal was installed and did the same work with only forty pounds of coal an hour and a reduction of cost. By burning coal in powdered form smoke was done away with, and forty pounds did the work of half a ton. In Sweden a railroad locomotive has been

successfully fired with powdered peat on the same plan—a ton and a half of the peat giving results equal to a ton of coal burned

in the ordinary way.

Powdered-coal firing is now used in this country for cement works and smelting plants; and, with certain refinements, it will probably have a wider application. The chief drawback is rather a singular one, for the fine coaldust is blown out of a nozzle under pressure and looks just like a gas flame

in burning.

Practically nothing goes up the chimney, for the whole burnable substance of the coal is converted into heat almost instantly and the ashes are merely slag. Directed into rock or ore this fierce heat is ideal; but it is a welding flame, and when used under a boiler quickly breaks down metal, firebrick and the most refractory materials. However, it will surely be tamed and set to smokeless steam production in time, and will do its part in bringing about the smokeless era.

In about the same state of development is the mechanical stoker for railroad locomotives-for years the quest of engineers and inventors—certain to cut operating costs, increase the power of locomotives, relieve human muscles of some of the hardest manual labor left in the modern industrial world, and do away with most of the locomotive smoke. Within the past year successful locomotive stokers seem to have been attained. Tests conducted on Eastern roads lead railroad men to believe that the problem has been solved.

#### Smokeless Citles of the Future

Our smokeless cities of the future will be run by devices of this sort; in fact, they are run now with smokeless apparatus to such an extent that if to-morrow-suddenly-all the power necessary in operation had to be generated by the crude boilers and hand-firing of twenty years ago, the clouds of smoke rising into the heavens would be more than a nuisance: they would be a calamity.

Practically all the research and invention in power production to-day is in the di-rection of smokelessness. Waterpower is harnessed to turbines, electric current generated and transmitted over systems of conductors that reach farther and farther from the source of power every year. The railroads of the very near future will be operated by electric current and their coal traffic must vanish—for coal is to be made to give up its power before it leaves the mines. It will be distilled in coke ovens of the regenerative type. Its gases and tars will be utilized to run explosion engines, and these will run dynamos-producing current for transmission to the cities.

The coke will go to the cities for heating purposes, and heating will probably be on the central-station system, whereby all the work is done at a single plant and the steam piped to houses, hotels, apartments, stores,

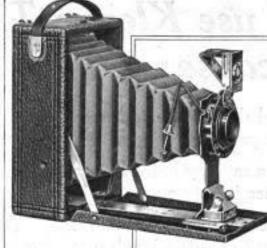
Tactories—or wherever it is needed.

While the electrical men have been busy the gas men have not been idle. Once on a time it was predicted that electric lighting must bring about the extinction of the gas industry; but the gas man has steadily refused to regard himself as a dead one, and in the development of gas cooking in homes and gas appliances for industrial purposes

Together they are running a neck-and-neck race toward the goal of smokeless--and that is the general goal toward which every other modern tendency in work and living is headed.

Editor's Note-This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early number.





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#### CUTTING WITH A BLUNT KNIFE

not thought it worth while to put in it the interest I had put in dramatics and football. I was in a fair way to loaf through life as I had through college—soldiering along until the day when my job should get disgusted with me and throw me. It almost looked as though that day had come already. I had, indeed, been cutting with a blunt knife.

The next morning I went to Mr. Burton and asked him whether I could keep my job.

He said he would give me one more chance, for my father's sake.

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Then, if I still hold the job, may I give it up temporarily and go into the shops? I've been all kinds of a fool and I want to begin over."

I don't know that getting your hands and face dirty is going to help you any more than sitting in the office and adding

figures."
"I want to do it for the discipline," I said. "There are some fellows in that shop making stems who never see the complete object they are working toward. I am as stupid as they are. I want to get down and

"All right," he said. For six weeks I lived in the shops. I got to work at seven and left at five-thirty, with half an hour for lunch. I made stems at one machine; I finished scupping nuts at another. I worked in the foundry, helping to mold by air-pressure or using the hand-rammers for old-style work.

I was in the milling room and the finish-ing shop, where I got a splinter of steel in my eye and had it taken out by my neighboring worker. I was in the assembling and testing room, where I had my forehead cut open by a valve that flew off. I worked in the plating and buffing room, and even

in the wrapping room.

I thought and ate and slept valves. I gloried in the fact that the previous year the firm had produced two million and a quarter valves, which meant ten or fifteen million finished pieces—which again meant thirty or forty million operations. How I pestered the foreman with questions! I was

greedy for information.

When I got back to the office I had some practical experience, calloused hands, a chastened spirit and a greater greed than ever for information. I studied every detail of the business I could lay my hands on, from the organization of the different departments to the methods of checking the rates on the piecework tickets. No bit of knowledge was too great or too petty for me to go after, and no trouble it cost me counted. I no longer had time for evening frivolities; I was reading all I could get in books and technical magazines that bore on my business.

At the end of twelve months I was made

a promise clerk, at eleven hundred a year. The promise clerk's work is this: When an order comes in that cannot at once be filled completely the promise clerk goes round to the foremen in the shops and finds out how the work for the various parts is

going on and when it will be done, so that he can inform the customer.

#### What College Did Not Teach

He may have to go to several different shops before he can get the necessary promise for complete shipment. He may have to go to the foundry first for the casting promise; then to the milling room, where the castings are cleaned and milled; then to the finishing shop; then to the assembling room, where the valves are put together, and so on. The promise clerk has to have judgment; he must distinguish the relative importance of various orders.

After two years of that I was made stock-keeper—a really important position. I had to see that there was enough stock in the shop to keep it running and to keep the orders filled, and be careful not to have an overstock. My salary was fifteen hundred dollars and I was worth it. By this time I had begun to see that in order to get on I must apply to business the biggest asset in my personality, whatever that was. I decided that it was my power of getting on

with people. Now, though I had got on with people, I had not thought very much about judging them. I began after this to try and size them up—to see the man behind his words and looks. The next step was to see how I could use this asset. I might have gone out on the road, selling goods; but that

was work which did not attract me. I went on studying and thinking, never losing a chance either of making myself useful to the firm or of developing myself in the business.

At last matters settled themselves. First was made assistant manager; and here my chances to size up people and to de-velop my judgment and executive ability were greater than ever. Finally—when I was thirty-five—I got my great reward. I was made the manager of the employment department, with a salary of four thousand dollars, which has since gone up a bit.

I, who used to give the glad hand to my

college friends, now use my gifts in another fashion with hundreds of foreigners. The adaptability I used to employ in imitating the cat-and-dog fight of the German and Irishman I now use in meeting the thou-

sand daily problems of my department.

I have succeeded; but nothing I learned in college helped me to success, though I must say that a good deal I learned there has helped me in my leisure time. I do not regret having gone to college, but I do regret not having taught myself to work there. If I had I should have got on faster; should have come out a sharp blade, so far as the business world was concerned. As it was I came out a dull one; and it took unnecessarily hard knocks and hard work to sharpen me.

If, when I was in college, I had put my mind on what my future was to be, or had left before graduation to meet that future, I should now be ahead of where I am. I had good stuff in me and college ought to have brought it out before the business world

brought it out. I am going to send my boy to college, but I am not going to keep him there unless he has sense enough to do what my old man-

ager, Mr. Burton, advised—take his busi-ness, whatever it is, seriously.

In this competitive world a young man has to put himself to work—with his playtime spirit squelched and his faculties sharpened—to make the most of the job.

#### Too Much Honor

WILLIAM COLLIER, the actor, has a twelve-year-old son and a country home at St. James, on Long Island. One day in the spring the youngster came to him and said that he had just been elected captain-manager of his ball club, and in view of the honor conferred upon him he desired to show his appreciation in a substantial manner. He thought it would be rather a graceful thing if he presented his teammates with a tent under which they might hold their business sessions and map out campaigns against the rival nines of the neighborhood.

So Collier, Sr., donated the tent and a table and a dozen camp chairs for furnishings, and provided a site for it on his lawn. After the canvas had been pitched and the boys had assembled therein the donor slipped down to the back of the tent and hid there with his eye at a crack in order to hear and see how the boys conducted their meeting. He arrived just in time to hear his son say:

"My father gave us this tent, so I move we elect him an honorary member."

This motion was carried unanimously amid applause.

The first baseman stood up,
"Mr. Manager," he said, "we need some
uniforms—regular uniforms. How are we

going to get them?"
"I move," said the chairman, "that the honorary member be permitted to buy the uniforms.

By acclamation this motion also was adopted.

We need some new bats and a dozen balls and a catcher's mask and chest protector and a lot of gloves too,"

another voice.
"I move," said Master Collier, "that the honorary member be allowed to furnish those things."

There was not a dissenting voice among those present.

"I think we ought to hire a big coach to take us to the game," came a suggestion

from the shortstop. "That's right too," said the manager. "I move that

It was at this juncture that the honorary member stepped round to the front and tendered his resignation.



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But even that is not all. See the corrugations and the six heavy ribs. These make Goodyear Lawn Hose easy to handle and impossible to twist or kink.

As you yank Goodyear Lawn Hose around trees, brick walls and over gravel paths, these ribs protect it-add to the "glide."

#### Live Rubber

The seamless tube that carries the water is of live, active rubber that will not become hard and brittle. It stands the water, sun and strain without rotting. Sections cannot come apart-the scien-tific Goodyear construction makes it

And Goodyear Lawn Hose contains more rubber. It won't crack, chip, or quickly deteriorate. It is the hose that will give you years of service, even when exposed "on tap" from spring to fall.



#### LAWN HOSE

#### Buy Hose Wisely

Say "Goodyear." That means years of service—and better service. The trade-mark on every foot guarantees both quality and quantity

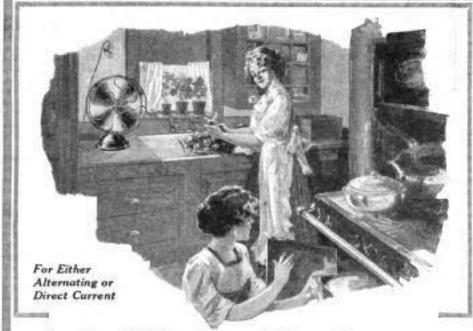
If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immediately, by express, prepaid. Price in 50-foot lengths: 34-inch, 20c a foot; 36-inch, 19c a foot; 34-inch, 18c a foot. We recommend the 36-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use.

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Use the fan in the kitchen, then shift it to the dining-room while dinner is being served; move it to the living-room and thence to the bed-room for a restful, refreshing night's steep. You can get "STANDARD" Fans in any style—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust; in a variety of sizes and prices from \$9.00 up. Write for 1914 Fan Booklet and name of our nearest fan dealer.

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Light Weight
The Full Floating Rear Axle
Full Timken Bearing Equipment
24 Body Finishing Operations
Electrically Lighted and Started
Completely Equipped

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Studebaker engineers never lose sight of quality, quantity and price.

Their life work is to give the Studebaker owner the highest quality at a price as low as quantity production can bring it.

Studebaker engineers are also production experts; their work only begins with designing.

No man or set of men understands better than they do, the manufacturing economies of big production; or how to turn those savings into higher quality at lower prices.

They direct and oversee the scientific chemical and physical tests of raw metals and materials that result in rejection or acceptance.

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Their watchword is quantity production of quality cars—protect and perpetuate the good name of Studebaker.

That explains why we consider Studebaker cars the quality-equals of the costliest, though selling for hundreds less.

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Were we to buy crankshafts from a parts manufacturer, each would cost us twice as much as it does produced in our own forge. So, although the equipment cost \$20,000, it saves each of 40,000 Studebaker owners half the production cost of this part—and gives him a better crankshaft, because we specify the chemical analysis of the raw steel and, after forging, put the metal through our own heat treatments.

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FOUR Touring Car SIX Touring Car						\$1175

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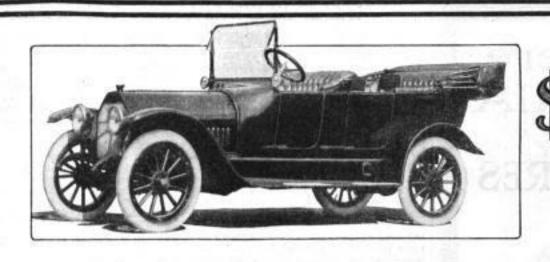
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The full floating rear axle — its housing a light, tremendously strong Studebaker steel stamping.

Axle shafts so strong that one would support an 80-ton locomotive like a pendulum.

Each shaft so tough that to break it would require twisting through seven revolutions by a force equal to the weight of four tons at the end of a three-foot lever.

Camshaft, transmission and differential gears so hardened and toughened by heat-treatments that the sharpest file will not scratch, nor heavy hammer blows chip them.

Timken bearings throughout—which means even to the wheel hubs.

Springs that will stand 200,000 complete oscillations in a testing machine built to wear out springs as against 30,000 to 50,000, ordinarily accepted as good.

Two hundred forty-seven drop forgings—lighter and stronger than malleable iron castings.

A motor built complete in Studebaker foundry and machine shops — perfect in balance and alignment; a magnificent six-cylinder block casting.

We invite comparison with cars at any price to prove that the additional price buys no additional value.

Send for the Studebaker Proof Book, picturing and describing Studebaker processes.

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The beautiful Studebaker crowned fenders are made possible only by this ponderous machine—one of the largest and costliest used in motor car manufacture.

It saves us 65 per cent in fender manufacturing cost, and the difference goes into some other part or comes off the price.

So it is with every individual part and piece of chassis and body—higher quality or lower cost.

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SKIDDING on slippery pavements—the greatest single cause of automobile accidents—would be unknown.

V. C. tires have been guaranteed for many years not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at purchase price. Never a claim from a uset.

Tire trouble and expense-the greatest drawbacks to the use of automobiles-would be so normal and nominal as to constitute the least of all motoring complaints.

V. C. tires are guaranteed for a low minimum of 4,500 actual miles and maintain an average nearer twice that distance.

The oiled road would be a complete comfort-not to be avoided, but enjoyed.

V. C. tires are guaranteed absolutely immune to the rubber destroying effects of oil.

Every year adds enormously to the number of those who know Vacuum Cup Tires as the ONLY tires for utmost safety and service. 1914 has already broken previous yearly records. SOLD EVERYWHERE

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If the end of your thirst is a mile away, Hires will overtake it.

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Send home a case of cool waves to the folks.

When in Atlantic City see Hires Boardwalk store



#### THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

(Continued from Page 5)

But the boats which put off from her to fasten to the whale are in a different cate-gory of shipbuilding. It was necessary for them to be swift, stanch and very buoyant. them to be swift, stanch and very buoyant. When racing yachts were still square-rigged for the most part, the whale boat had already been developed along these lines to a point beyond which it does not seem possible to go. Thirty feet long, two men can lift her. Paper thin, the seas can no more crush her than they can crush a cork. Rowed by four men, there is many a power bost that could not catch her. And down the wind, under sail, in any sort of weather, there is no boat of her size so swift or so sweet. As if all this was not enough, she is beautiful to the eye, as the Indian's canoe is beautiful, as is the newest cup defender. And she has shared in more daring deeds than all the great conquerors of history put together. put together.

No matter what part of the seven seas you happen to be in, Cape Horn, if you have to round it, is always too near for comfort. Taking an occasional whale, zigzag-ging here and there, "smelling" for whales, the Mary Blount drew at last into those dreaded and dreadful seas. Of the ship's company, those who were not forthwith seasick and sick of the sea could have been counted on the firegest of one hand—Capseasick and sick of the sea could have been counted on the fingers of one hand—Captain Haithway, because there is no prevention like responsibility, Shattuck, Crandle and, oddly enough, the boy Bowers.

Crandle had taken the education of the last named in hand and at the same time his own. For years the owner of a Bow-

ditch's Navigator, taken over for a bad debt, he had never so much as dipped into it. One day he thundered at Bowers: "Have you read that Bowditch yet?"

This was upon a calm and sunny day of

idling.
"I can't make head nor tail of it. And I don't see no use in it."
"Fetch the book."

Bowers fetched it.

"Now, then," said Crandle, "do you know where we be?"

"Aboard the Mary Blount."

"Whereaboutsaboard the Mary Blount?"

"Why is to forward of the transless."

"Why—jest forward o' the try-works."
Crandle rolled his agate eyes heavenward, asking, and receiving, patience.
"In what part of the ocean?"
"I dunno."
Crandle south his poice.

"I dunno."
Crandle sank his voice.
"Now I wouldn't know if the captain hadn't told me. Now this here book tells a seaman how to tell where he is, how to locate where he wants to get, how to point for it and how to get there."
"But the captain knows all that."
"So he does," said Crandle, again imploring heaven for some quality which was not his by nature. "So he does; so does Mr. Tuttle—and who else? Not a living soul on this ship, none o' the mates, none o' the boatheaders, boatsteerer or foremast hands, boatheaders, boatsteerer or foremast hands, and unless you and I study this here Bowditch and get help on the knotty parts nobody else ever will know. This book tells everything that's known about the sea and about shins." about ships.

"Does it tell why a ship is always spoken of as 'she'?"
"It does," said Crandle; "a ship is a woman because her rigging costs more than her hull. But that don't help us to find out where we are."

"It looks just about the same as where we was yesterday." "But the charts might tell us that where we are now isn't two miles from a hungry reef lookin' for a growin' boy. Suppose something happened to Captain Haithway? Suppose he got bit in two by a whale? Sup-pose then Mr. Tuttle dies o' that pain in the side he's always complainin' of? Who'd I tell you, when I thinks of the short lease a seaman takes on life from the Almighty it scares me. Do you want to be a cabin boy all your life? Do I want to die a boatsteerer that has risen from before the mast? No, sir, I don't. Now, then, we'll read this here book together. Two minds is better than one. And you just put this in your heart. You say to yourself: 'If there's anything that can be understood I can understand it.'"

Mr. Tuttle, walking as if walking hurt, his face pale and harassed, drew near and looked over the shoulders of the studious pair.

"Learning navigation? That's right. If I can help any I'll be glad to—glad to! There are never enough navigators on a ship by half. You never can tell what might happen. And when your chance comes you want to be ready for it. Look at Captain Haithway, rising in one voyage, by merit, by application, and by a series of unforeseeable accidents and sicknesses from cabin boy to first mate—on his first from cabin boy to first mate-on his first

voyage!"
"With all doo respects, Mr. Tuttle,"
said Crandle, "how is it that you never
came to be master, stopped at the top o'

came to be master, stopped at the top o'
the ladder, you may say, and never climbed
on into the house?"

"Why, it's well known," said Mr. Tuttle;
"but if you don't happen to know I'll tell
you—for the good of that boy's soul. I was
first mate at twenty-three years of age.
One night when you would least have expected it to come, the captain being ashore
and we safe in a calm harbor, a hurricane
came, blown in from the heaven knows
where. The work of savin' the ship fell to
the second mate—"

the second mate ——"
"But you was aboard, Mr. Tuttle?" "But you was aboard, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, my man, to be sure I was. I was blind drunk in my stateroom. Since that time," he went on solemnly, "I have never so much as wet my lips with liquor. But for all that no shipowner has ever cared to trust me with a ship. And quite right too!"

Mr. Tuttle turned away with an abruptness which brought his hand to his injured side, bit his lips and walked aft.

SHE was a picture in the great blue sea-cloak which the men had made for her. And she could never quite look her fill at the exquisitely scrimshawed buttons or the droll effective embroideries. And the cloak was voluminous, and kept her very warm and dry. She looked like a child masquer-

and dry. She looked like a child masquer-ading as a woman, and indeed she was. Crandle, who in his reform, when sea duties permitted, was much occupied with thinking, used to watch her by the hour from his sheltered place against the try-works. But it was from under bent brows that he wotched so that to a grand oh that he watched, so that to a casual ob-server it must have appeared that he was intent upon his knitting.

intent upon his knitting.

It was pleasant to see the great, savagebearded seaman with the twisted and
flattened nose engaged in so prosaic and
innocent a diversion. He used, with a steady,
swift clicking like that of a clock, a long and
thick pair of ivory needles, headed by buttons of blackest ebony, into the top of each
of which had been set a little sperm whale
filed from mother-of-pearl. The yarns, blue
and white, steadily came out of a sewing
bar, a miraculous matting work of lines bag, a miraculous matting work of linen fishline, while the finished product was ever partially hidden by the cavernous palms of his hands.

These hands, rough, thick, hairy, cracked, tarred and able, looked to be very dirty in-deed, but the knitted yarns that came from their swift and sure handling were as clean as the day they were spun.

as the day they were spun.

If the men asked him what he was making he gave them elusive replies. "It's a curtain to hang over the sun." They had not seen the sun for a week. "It's gags to put in the mouths of them as asks too many questions." "A nest for flyin' fishes." "A net to catch suckers."

But for all his watching of Mrs. Haithway, his persistent knitting and the thou-

way, his persistent knitting and the thou-sand and one calls of his profession, he did not neglect Bowers and the Bowditch. Bowers was with him so much that he must have known what the long ivory needles were making. Indeed, perhaps in emula-tion of his idol, he had begun a slow and

cumbersome work of knitting of his own.
The book might lie between them, kept open by weights. And with constant reference thereto they spoke in voices containing already glimmerings of understanding of sines and cosines, of fixed stars and false horizons. The whole ship's company took horizons. The whole ship's company toos an interest in their progress. Mr. Tuttle, who grew paler and graver day by day, took a kind of feverish pleasure in answering questions and explaining difficulties. Captain Halthway loaned them his spare sextant, and worked over it with them until it was in perfect adjustment. The cook til it was in perfect adjustment. The cook of all people, presented them with a ledge.

all blank except for the fly leaf upon which some friend had written his name for him, and with a patent pencil which in his hands, as he naively put it, would do almost any-

thing except write.

Those doubts and mysteries of adolescence which had so troubled Bowers, under the earlier spells of Crandle's teaching, had by the same teacher in his reformed mood been dissipated and laughed to scorn. Without directly taking back anything that he had ever said to the boy, the strong man was able to throw over those same sayings a new light.

The God of the Bible and of the preachers

still met with his contempt, for he denied stoutly that God was God. "It's as if a man who didn't know how to add or substract was to write a trigonomity," he said, "and pass it off on men more ignorant as hisself for genuine." But he affirmed Christ. "Maybe He was God," he said, "and maybe He weren't. But you said, "and maybe He weren't. But you never heard a strong man sneer at him and you never will. As for me, I don't sneer at God, I only sneer at the men who are so bumptious they think they can explain Him and boss Him. Here, let me show you." He took the boy's rude knitting, picked up the lost stitches with wonderful deftness and expedition and returned it to him. "Try to get the feel of it in your fingers, same as a girl plays love music on the personne."

same as a girl plays love music on the per-anna without havin' to take her eyes off her beau."

"Speakin' o' love," began Bowers,
"Well?" said Crandle, his agate eyes roving toward Mrs. Haithway, who had just emerged from the cabin on her husband's arm.

"Was you ever in love, Crandle—hard and fast, I mean?" "Yes," said Crandle curtly.

There was a long silence.
"I often wonder," said Bowers at length,
"what bein' in love is really like. One man

says one thing; one man says another."

"It's like nothing," said Crandle, "that any man has ever said or ever will say, so what's the use o' talkin'? Some day you'll think you're in love, you'll think all the things you ever heard men, aye, and women say—well, you laugh and go about your business, even if it hurts. But another day you'll know you're in love."

you'll know you're in love."
"And then, I suppose," said Bowers, "you have to go about your business just the

"No," said Crandle, "then you have to do your duty, even if it kills you—and there's the captain's lady callin' me." He stuffed needles and knitting into his sewing bag, and rolled swiftly aft on his strong short legs. He stood looking down into the bright eyes that peered up at him from the deep hood of the great sea cloak.
"Crandle," she said, "I'm just dying to

know what you're all the time knitting, so I just had to ask."

"Oh, sometimes one thing," he said, "sometimes another."

"But right now, what are you on now?"

He covered the lower part of his face with one hand and stood for a moment, reflecting. Then withdrawing the hand and disclosing a smile of almost bewildering gentleness:
"Why," said he, "I'm knitting a blueand-white jacket for a baby."

It is a shock to any woman to learn that her first and greatest secret is common knowledge; but Mrs. Haithway's brave eyes never fell before the boatsteerer's.

"How good you are at heart, Crandle," she said, "and how kind and thoughtful. Is it for my baby?"

Is it for my baby?"
"For yours," he said.
"Crandle?"

"Ma'am?"

"I love to think that you are knitting things for my baby. I'd love to think that sometimes you are praying for me. A

woman—at sea—no other woman—only men—she—she has her little fears, her silly little panies, Crandle."

"When it's my watch below," said Crandle, "and sleep gets me, so as I don't know what's going on in the world, then

and only then I stop praying to God that all will be well with you."

After a moment more, with no word spoken, be turned upon his heel and went back to his place against the try-works.

ACROSS the top of the ledger in which he was keeping the log of the voyage, Mr. Tuttle wrote at this time in large red

Outward bound and still off Cape Horn.

Then, in black ink, the date and the following entry:

Begins with gale still blowing from the south-west, mized with flurries of sleet and snow. Edmonton, a boatsteerer, died of gangrene.

Then Mr. Tuttle drew in the margin a black coffin like this: and then he went on deck

to help them commit the body of Edmonton to the

deep.
Two weeks later the Mary Blount staggered out of the mists and gales and began to nose about for whale in the pleasant pastures of the South Pacific. Here she met presently with the B. D. Morgan, out of New Bedford, and now homeward bound with all her casks full and a fine lump of

ambergris under lock and key.

The two ships gammed for half a day, the officers and men exchanging visits for talk, news, play and trade. Captain Haithway wrote some letters for the Morgan to carry home; and received in exchange a letter from the captain of the Morgan to a Miss Smith in Honolulu. United States newspapers, months stale, were exchanged for equally stale copies of the Seaman's Friend, a highly moral sheet published in the Sandwich Islands. Crandle, who was made much of aboard the Morgan because of his dark and interesting record, returned from his visit the proud possessor of an oblong basket, woven in many colors from island grasses

This curiosity cost the wicked man several pounds of excellent chewing tobacco and a gauntlet of laughter. "He wants it to pick flowers in," they said. "He's going to give it to Pharaoh's daughter to find in the bullrushes." This shot in the dark was so close to the mark that Crandle scowled and the laughter stopped.

If the gamming of the ships was more profitable for some than for others, it was most profitable of all to Bowers. He went aboard the Morgan, a blushing, overgrown

hobbledehoy, and returned a young man inspired with hope and ambition, with a jaw for once tightly closed.

"Why," he told Crandle, "the Morgan's second mate, Mr. Coffin, went out as cabin boy. He took to Bowditch same as you and me, and when his chance come, there he was. And I told him how far we'd got, and he said he hadn't got near as far after studyin' the same length o' time. And he said it would come to us all at once like it done to him. He said he was like a man lookin' for a button on the floor of a big dark room—all his gropings was at hazard and no account, till all of a sudden his hand closed on the button. And now——" Bowers stammered in his effort to find an overwhelming proof of his new friend's at-tainments. "And now he don't think no tainments. "And now he don't think no more of a false horizon than you and me thinks of bean soup. What's the basket

for?"
"Why," said Crandle, "I got some nice
bits of wood put away—nara and ebony
and such like—and I'm a-going to make a
stand for this here basket, so's it'll hang fore and aft and amidships, like the binnacle lamps, and always keep an even keel no matter how the seas run. Then I'm going to take up contribuotions of hair from the men; soon as any one gets his hair cut I get the clippin's. When I gets enough I boils 'em in a kettle and skims off anything that comes to the top, anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and then I takes the hair and dries it, and sprinkles it with orris-root and powder o' cedar, and then I makes it into a little mattress to fit snug into the bottom of the basket. Then I makes up a little set of bedclothes and a piller to match. And a bedspread outer that silk handkerchief I showed you one

day; and ——"
"Couldn't I do nothing to help?"
"With them butter-fingers of yours?
But, yes! When I boils the hair you can stand by to do the skimmin' -

At this moment the speaker was interrupted by a great, loud, clear musical shout

from aloft. Blowo-ows-Ah-Blo-o-ows.

True to her reputation, the Mary Blount true to her reputation, the mary Blount had smelt out a sperm whale, and far off to leeward in the dancing, dazzling sunshine her lookout could see it, loafing, spouting and inviting its soul, an island of black watered-silk upon the blue.

"Boy," said Crandle, "stow that basket in my chest. And fetch me some pitch to the country of t

rub on my hands. Something tells me that the first chance to put an iron in that there fish will be mine."

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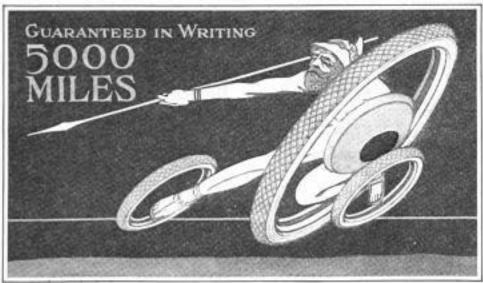
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BOX 527, EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

He turned and faced the captain. The latter's face was bright with ill-concealed excitement

"Big bull," he said; "ninety barrels if he's

Crandle was rubbing his great rough palms together and a kind of shiver went through him.

"Not nervous, Crandle, I hope."
"No, sir. But it's the first chance I've had to show anything since you and her gave me a lift in the world, and it seems as if I couldn't wait to get at him, sir."
Captain Haithway laughed like a boy.

"You've whaled enough to know how much hurry there is! But we'll lower the boats presently—presently." And meanwhile, without a thought, they

were parting company with the Morgan. Every pair of eyes aboard the Mary Blount was peeled for a sight of the whale, and even Crandle's heart was stirring with those savage instincts of the chase that are more potent in man than friendship or greed or even love.

"Flukes!" he bellowed. "There goes

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

#### THE DANCING CARNIVAL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Haven't any—I'm nonunion," said Lionel, "Move, will you? I got a lot to do incide."

"Well, we ain't workin' with no scab— see? So if you can't flash your T. M. A. card, this show's out o' luck, kid. Come on boys! Let the scab set the stage!

A transfer company's wagon blocked the A transfer company's wagon blocked the alley as the striking stage crew left it, and Lionel, deliberating on the steps, heard the word scab repeated loudly. Then:

"Drop the baggage off right there, Andy, an' come on! You'll be in trouble with the Teamsters' Union if you don't."

The hump of a trupk on the payed side.

The bump of a trunk on the paved side-walk followed this threat.

"Here, you deliver that baggage at the door or we'll sue your comp'ny!" yelled Lionel, boldly dashing forth; but the trunks came hurtling down, for Walden was

strongly union.

The stage crew walked off and the two transfer men stolidly unloaded, with Lionel violently impugning their ancestry. When the wagon was emptied they drove away, still silent under his taunts. The last trunk was Goldie's and the sight of it soothed Lionel. He dragged it through the stage door, then groped for the switchboard as there was no light. He located dressing rooms by the musty odors of grease-paint, and a trail of fresh cigarette smoke led to the switchboard. He pulled out plugs by the light of a match and succeeded in illuminat-

ing the auditorium.

When he had the dressing rooms lighted he returned to the trunks in the alley and, for Goldie's sake, brought in her partner's trunk. Bologna's he left; but as Daisy was always kind he lugged hers to room number three. There seemed to be only himself in the theater—until he went to the front, discovering a youth yawning in the box office.

The youth said he could use the phone if he wanted to; so Lionel called the hotel selected for the company by the advance man. Manager Josephs had registered and

man. Manager Josephs had registered and gone out. Every one but Fanny Willetts was out, and Fanny said:
"We're up in Charlie Benjamin's room an' Gene's puttin' hot towels on him while I'm fixin' the medicine! Sick—my dear, he et a canned crab in Newtown an' he like to 'a' died before we got him to bed! Oh, he can't direct that orchestra tonight, Lionel, he's all in: an' we'll have to use the house he's all in; an' we'll have to use the house leader for this once. I dunno where any one is! Goo'-by!"

Lionel carried in set pieces and trunks, and investigated the resources of the property room. It was seven-thirty. A non-union crew must be hired and the house leader informed that he must direct in place of the ailing Benjamin. The box-office youth declared that all he knew was that his father, the house manager, was in Fall River and had told him to see that companies got no more than their just percentage, and to take his clicker to the gallery door when the tickets were all sold. He did not know any sceneshifters or electricians did not know why every one was late. As Lionel fumed Vera Kelly entered the stage door, asking what was the matter. "They never had anything over seventy-

five-cent vod'ville over this circuit before, an' we blow in an' ask 'em two a throwan' the stagehands have struck 'cause I ain't union—an' Benjamin's poisoned— ain't that enough?" he groaned. "Not a soul to help an' this stage to be set—huh?"

"I say, gimme a hammer an' tell me what to do," said Vera. "Nobody's killed yet." Lionel was tacking scenery to battens and he accepted Vera's help apathetically. He reflected that, unless the performance could be given as usual, his enemies would have such cause to reproach him that Goldie might turn against him too. When Vera,

snatching a square of sylvan dell, tacked it

"Now here; things can't be hashed up like that! Are you blind?" She untacked, meticulously matching a painted tree to the half he had just put up. Weak tootles from the musicians' room

under the stage sent Lionel flying there. Then the tootles ceased, a faint cry of Scab! sounded from the alley, feet tramped out of the stage door, and Lionel roared:

"You better beat it or I'll punch him harder!"

"Oh, Lionel! What'd they do? What'd you do? Are you hurt?" screamed Vera; and Lionel, breathing like a winded dog. replied:
"I hit their cursed leader in the eye!

Sympathy strike now on. We got no music, no crew, no nothin'—an' I got to watch the trunks so they don't wreck 'em! That'll be

the next thing."

With a stagebrace he was menacing three burly strikers when the Happy Harmonists came running to his aid. Gene and Fanny Willetts, Inez Kelly and little George Graff. scurried across the street, and the six Different Dancers tempestuously detrained from a passing trolley car. All were willing to make up for having dallied by fighting to the death if necessary, and the strikers had retreated when Vera came out, bearing a

fire-ax.

"I'm comin', Lionel! I got an ax!" she shouted; but her sister Inez caught her arm, exclaiming:

"Vera, you're makin' a fool of yourself about him! He's a nut over Goldie and you would be realize it—and yet you don't. ought to realize it—and yet you don't.
You'll never get him. Here she is now and
you'll see where you get off at!"
Goldie was demanding the manager—
house manager, then; or Johnny, or the
electrician. Something must be done in-

electrician. Something must be done in-stantly! Andshetartly asked Gene Willetts,

stantly! And she tartly asked Gene Willetts, the stage manager, why he was not doing it.

"Here's Mr. Lamotte doin' ten men's work an' fightin' strikers as well, an' others merely stall round an' look wise!" she said excitedly. "Mr. Willetts, you get a gait on—d'you hear me?"

"Gene don't have to take no orders from you, Goldie Dailey," said Fanny Willetts. "Don'tan'won't—orwe'll close right here!"

"Lionel, I'm dependin' on you, as people behave like perfect rummies!" said Goldie hysterically. "I own a piece of this show, an' the house is half full; an' we don't knock our tour by givin' the money back!"

"I can set the stage an' work the lights—

knock our tour by givin' the money back!"

"I can set the stage an' work the lights—
we can go without the spot for once," said
Lionel, his heart leaping as his lady voiced
her dependence on him; but Goldie cried:

"We gotta have a spot! I can't work
without one! And the orchestra — Oh,
heavens, what's to be done?"

"I'll chase a boy over for Benjamin's
address book. He must know some musicians here that ain't in a union," said
Willetts. "Buck up, Goldie!"

"Her insultin' you an' you stand for it!"

"Her insultin' you an' you stand for it!" said Fanny Willetts; whereat her husband

said briefly:
"Shut up! Goldie's all right."

"I can quiet 'em with a piano overture," proffered Lionel; and Goldie said:

Lionel dear, I can't thank you here-it ain't the place; but when we're alone

She looked severely at Vera, who slunk away to dress. If Lionel could look at Goldie as he had, Vera thought that Goldie must respond by gladly giving him het heart. Who could resist him?

The poor girl left raw splashes of red where the color should have been softly blended and tears made her rouge paw use less. Lionel's black eyes were in her glass instead of her own, which were as black. If she owned mink coats and jewels, bright

(Continued on Page 52)

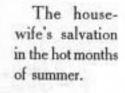


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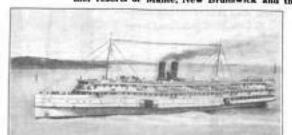


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(Continued from Page 50)

yellow hair and fine gowns, would he like her then? It was not fair for Goldie to lure him with her pansy eyes. For the first time Vera wished herself a blonde. "You keep on an' you'll be sick," warned Inez, putting the small Graff to bed in the tray of her trunk; but Vera said she did not care if she was—no one else cared either

tray of her trunk; but Vera said she did not care if she was—no one else cared, either.
"I'd catch myself moonin' over that kid!" said Inez angrily.
"He's older'n I am," said Vera; and she wondered why he had told her of the play he meant to write, and the great part in it that her personality would fit, and the dinners they would have, and then forgotten her!

She had stopped exchanging letters with a rising young hoop roller, and in her mind she began to mother Lionel—to fret if his delicate throat was uncovered, and to plan for another season, when they would travel as a team, domestic and professional. She would take her Persian rug, a velours table-cover, some dishes and all her photographs

out of storage—even her encyclopedia.

One could make the dreariest one-nightstand room homelike in a few minutes. She stand from homelike in a few minutes. She would cook a hot little supper for him after the show and stitch silk shirts for him that should be as fine as Johnny Trippit's. Did he not know how headliners were — how they forgot as easily as he had? She clenched the hands, so ready to minister to Lionel, and tried to wish that Goldie would not flout him and cause him suffering.

tried to wish that Goldie would not flout him and cause him suffering.

Because Johnny and the manager had come and urged her to dress while they settled and improved the situation, Goldie was in her room. She was thinking of Lionel. How versatile he was! Johnny had actually admitted that the stage was properly set, and that the dozen labors performed by Lionel were excellently completed. A male friend of a Different Dancer had viewed Lionel daring the strikers to

pleted. A male friend of a Different Dancer had viewed Lionel daring the strikers to combat. He was a hero—and all for her!

"Say, dearie, I had 'em fry a couple of those chickens, so's we can have 'em cold after," said Daisy, popping in. She wore a frizzy brown wig and a green-and-white chiffon dancing costume.

"Oh, goody!" said Goldie, powdering her shoulders. "It's so seldom they're really nice—an' you could actually eat the legs of the one I had for dinner."

"Charlie didn't know of any pianists here. We might have to cut this date," said Daisy; and then she cried; "Hold on—she's not ready! Who is it?"

"Lemme in—I got to see her!" said the voice of Bologna.

voice of Bologna.

Goldie whisked a robe about herself as he entered. He was pale and his small eyes blinked, which with him was a sign of inward turmoil. "It's private," he said, blinking faster.

"It's private," he said, blinking faster.
"Daisy an' me got no secrets—for mercy's sake, speak!" said Goldie. "Oh, Fred, what is it? My grief, that woman pirate ain't put our act on? My, I'm shakin'!"
"Goldie," said the juggler hoarsely, "prepare to git a wallop; an' if you hadn't nussed me when I had the pneumony I—but can that! I'm Johnny's pal, but I won't weaken on you—well, will you kin'ly smell these here? John found the woman, but she won't tell where her partner is. They're Bolton an' Bolton. Smell these here."

They're Bolton an' Bolton. Smell these here."

"My letter!" gasped Goldie. Then she snatched at the mauve sheets in his fingers and Bologna allowed her to take them. Daisy smelled curiously. "Both the same, so far as I can tell," said she.

"Yup! They are," said Bologna heavily. "Here's the notes on the snowshoe dance, picked up in the other theater. Here's a note wrote to Goldie by Mr. L. Lamotte on a double sheet turned inside out—an' he didn't notice that the inside's a letter."

The back of Lionel's message was covered

The back of Lionel's message was covered with writing in a slanting, feminine hand. With growing horror, Goldie read it aloud:

"Dear Mr. Smith: We have a swell new dancing act for the Australian-Oriental time, and think we ought to get two hundred, as my husband has an original dance on snowshoes that is a big feature. We open with full stage-a winter set-and carry our own drop, and close in one with him doing a buck on his hands, while I ——"

"She's fainting! Water-but don't spoil her make-up!" cried Daisy; but Goldie eluded Bologna's arm, declaring: "No, I'm not! Listen! Do you figger that Lionel joined merely to study our methods an' that the party in this is his wife?"

Bologna nodded.



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THE MEDART HOME GYMNASIUM is designed particularly

Fred Medart Mig. Co. St. Louis, Mo. "I told you his head was the wrong shape, dear," said Daisy. "The scoundre!" "I ain't let John in on it yet," said Bologna. "He ain't fit for it—what with

no music an' Josephs goin' to give back the coin. It's heartbreakin'! An' our carryin' that non-union pup along's responsible."

Goldie jumped up. She reached into a

suitcase, withdrawing a revolver of useful caliber.

"Quick—there's Lionel outside! Get him in here!" she hissed. "No shootin'—I'll deal with him," said

Bologna, holding the door; but Goldie was smiling as she said she did not intend to

Bologna hoped she would never turn that revengeful smile on him! He summoned Lionel softly and the latter unsuspectingly walked in. Goldie had put the weapon

under a towel.

"We've tried every place and they're going to return the admissions," said Lionel sadly. "Can't give a show without some music." music

"We're goin' to have music, Lionel Lamotte," said Goldie, and her tone was whiplike. To Bologna she continued: "Run an' tell Mr. Josephs that Mr. Lamotte says he'll play the whole show on the piano, an'

not to give back a single bone!"

"Why, Goldie, I can't! I don't know the music well enough," faltered Lionel.

Daisy had slipped out. She reappeared and with much resolution displayed a revolver like Goldie's. Bologna was gone. Goldierevealed her revolver, and she pointed it attaight at Lionel as she said still smiling. it straight at Lionel as she said, still smiling:

"Study for drama in the 'lonely spaces,' will I? Australia an' the Orient, maybe? I admit I was fooled—any one is if they be-lieve in parties an' ain't expectin' 'em to turn out a perfect wretch! An' you was goin' to end by bustin' my show!" "Goldie, hear me! Goldie!" cried Lionel; but Daisy and Goldie shouted in unison: "Keen still!"

"Keep still!" Lionel shook, and it was scarcely a proof of cowardice, with two carelessly handled automatics aimed at him.

You'll play an overture, an' then you'll

Tou it play an overture, an' then you'n play the acts an' the revue; an' you got Trippit an' Dailey to reckon with when you're done!" he was promised.

And, as if hurt, amazed and rendered abject by events, Lionel was led out by Bologna, who reported that Josephsthanked Mr. Lamotte. Then the juggler borrowed Dailey's revolute and commanded.

Daisy's revolver and commanded:
"Hike! An' if you play any of my music
wrong I'll bounce a weight on your bean!"
Fifteen minutes after the advertised hour an impatient audience observed a thin, dark youth in evening clothes come out of the slide by the piano. He commenced a brilliant medley, in which Mozart and the countless Von Tilzers, Wagner and Berlin,

Chopin, and Lionel's own works were recklessly ragged. The audience liked it, but their approbation did not make the artist

The Sisters Kelly opened the bill, and Vera wondered why Goldie and Daisy were in opposite entrances, looking so strangely at Lionel. Inex became enraged when Lionel did not repeat the vamp of their second song. but Vera yearned to jump down and help him puzzle out the lead sheets. How could they expect him to play a hard show like this at a minute's notice? She was doing the Kelly Walk when she heard him say: "Find out whether those guns are loaded!"

loaded!

Vera could not answer until she was again in the center of the stage. Then she queried as he glanced up because the dance had changed time:

"Yes, guns! Find out!" he said, almost in a whisper.

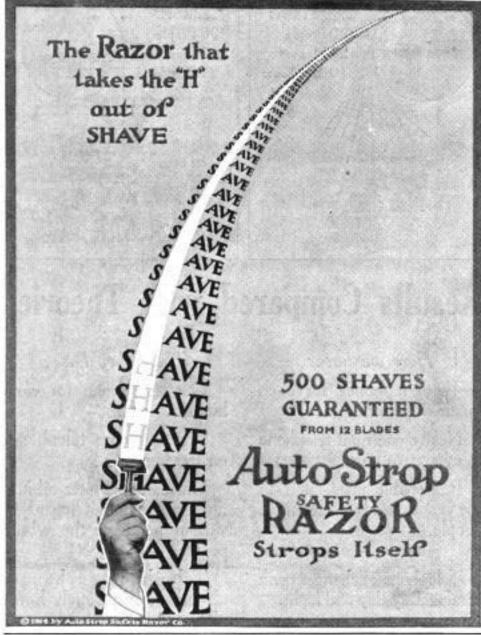
Inez did not hear him. She sent a hasty look at Daisy, whereat Daisy instantly and deceitfully smiled. And Goldie smiled when Vera danced toward the other entrance.

Was it Johnny who had a gun? "Oh, who'd you mean?" she she quavered; and under cover of the music Lionel said: "Look in the upper box an' see is that

Sam Devine—last season's d'rector for Smoke's Minstrels."

The act was finished before she could be certain. Then she nocded; and Lionel nodded back so significantly that Vera was sure Sam Devine had the guns and was seeking Lionel's blood! And why—why should Sam Devine want it?

"Your bit's got to be cut, with him play-in'," said Johnny, finding Goldie still on guard. The revolver was concealed under her white satin coat.





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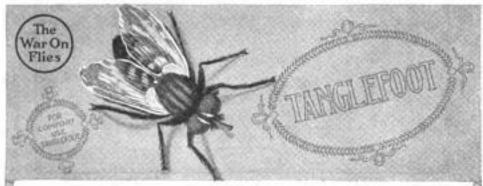


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"I'm glad it has," said Goldie through her little white teeth; and he was so gratified

that he remarked:

"I'll give a feed after we're done—an'
ast Lamotte. He's doin' swell!"

The Happy Harmonists had four minutes without music—sufficient rest to allow
Lionel one cigarette. He signaled Daisy,
who motioned assent. Bologna met him as

who motioned assent. Bologna met him as he emerged from the slide.

"Say! I miss three balls to work up ex-citement, an' I got to be ketched with a crash for each of 'em. An' if I ain't—be-ware!" growled the juggler.

"So you knocked me with her, did you?" exclaimed Lionel desperately. "You're a fine—"

fine ——"
"Fred—time!" came Daisy's shrill voice,
and Bologna herded Lionel back to the slide.

"Fred—time!" came Daisy's shrill voice, and Bologna herded Lionel back to the slide. The pianist had to lay half of his body on the keys to make a satisfactory crash when the Terpsichorean Juggler, in his fleshings and gilt boots, missed a few burnished cannonballs, then caught the rest on the back of a hairy neck, rolling them up and down powerful arms. Lionel's wrists ached from the unusual strain of continual playing; but when Goldie was on for the snowshoe dance he livened. She did a startling split on the big shoes, and while she faced him he pleaded, playing meanwhile:

"Goldie, what you accusin' me of?"

"Traitor!" hissed Goldie, smilling for the front rows as she rose expertly. "I'd rather be dead than dance that pantomime with you again! I was only connin' you along about the drama—never meant one word!"

Lionel, stricken, missed a cue. While Trippit and Dailey took their bows an usher—a non-union man discovered by Manager Losephs, who was a persting the special property of the special prop

usher-a non-union man discovered by Manusher—a non-union man discovered by Man-ager Josephs, who was operating the spot-light in the gallery—informed Lionel that a Miss Kelly had seen the gentleman in the box, and he had no guns.

"She got it mixed," said Lionel. "Tell her—no, tell him to take this front-row seat that's empty, behind me."

The revue was going on when a stout young fellow quietly occupied an end seat and, leaning over the rail toward the piano, said:

and, leaning over the rail toward the plano, said:

"Hello, Li! What's comin' off, any way?"
Lionel missed another cue, then played two beats ahead for Johnny's buck with the comedy policeman. Goldie felt for the weapon hidden in her gown and Daisy determined to support her friend to any extent.

"That fat man's playin' for Lionel!" said Inez Kelly at the table in Goldie's rear.
Lionel was gone!

Lionel was gone!

Lionel was gone!

Goldie sat at a table placed so that the whole house could see her. It was her inalienable privilege as a headliner to be there. And Daisy, as the show's added attraction, was nearly as prominent. Neither of them could leave the stage; and if they did not apprehend Lionel he could escape. And what would Johnny say to Goldie for keeping the secret that Lionel was that loathsome thing—a chooser, with a wife of the same acquisitive nature? They might get away to Australia with Trippit and Dailey's act before they could be caught!

Bologna was doing comedy with Johnny and Billy Graff, and the comedy was to be prolonged because the violin number was out; so he was helpless too. The substitute began the pantomime's music—he did not understand that it had been cut! Willetts, the stage manager, was wigwagging to him,

the stage manager, was wigwagging to him, and yet the man, with a little smile, calmly

and yet the man, with a little smile, calmly repeated the introduction.

"Get out on that stage an' dance or I'll crab this show so you'll cancel the rest of the territory," said Lionel in the entrance back of Goldie. "We'll dance now if we never do again!"

"Not with you—I'll shoot! See if I don't!" said Goldie, athrill. Even a manager would have feared to order a headliner. The music was insistent.

"Shoot nothin'! Get out there or I'll stop the piano an' put the whole works on the fritz!" said the ferocious Lionel in her pink ear.

Goldie plucked weakly at her dress, but she dared not attack a man who was so plainly ready to smirch the record of the first two-dollar vaudeville company in New England. She tried to call to Johnny and found him motioning her to hurry, apparently pleased that he did not have to im-

provise comedy for another fifteen minutes.
"I can't—I won't! My work'd just be rotten an' metallic!" she protested.
Lionel's big eyes glared and with a savage

push he sent her from her chair. Then Goldie danced, revolted at herself, at him, at everything, but still conscious that when one owned a percentage of a show, and was

a headliner, too, sacrifices must be made When the audience recognized their zealous when the audience recognized their zeasons
planist in the dancing violinist who so
energetically wooed the lovely blonde lady
they gave him noisy applause.

"Lemme go! Lemme go!" panted Goldie
as Lionel clutched her for their exit.

"Connin" me, were you?" he said hotly.

"An' then ready to shoot me besides!"

"Peccele like you's your mife oughts he

"People like you'n your wife oughts be shot!" choked Goldie as they waltzed up and down later, to which Lionel said.

and down inter, to which Lioner sain, astonished:

"Wife! What wife?"

The dance was too strenuous for further conversation. When they waltzed off locked in each other's arms Vera gave a moan. She understood that something was wrong between them, of course, but it looked to between them of course, but it looked to be at though a recognition had been effected. as though a reconciliation had been effected. This was a mistake.

This was a mistake.

The clasped ones unclasped and rushed out to take their earned plaudits, Sam Devine gayly played the balance of the show, Lionel sat moodily at a table as one of the stage guests and the drop fell while they all danced Good-Night Rag.

"Goldie, you got to explain that crack about a wife!" said Lionel, facing the company as the curtain thudded down.

"Chooser!" screamed Goldie, queenly despite perspiration. "I depise you for one—also with a choosin' wife—an' for lyin' about your old play!"

"I ain't married an' never was, an' I never chose nothin'. An'I can write a play, but it won't be for you!" cried Lionel.

"Pro'bly you never lamped this here before!" interposed Bologna.

"I won't send her any more," said Lionel.

'I won't send her any more," said Lionel.

"I won't send her any more," said Lionel. spurning his mauve note.

"But what's this all about?" demanded Johnny. "Me an' Fred found the woman who was stealin' our stuff, Goldie. Lamotte ain't guilty."

"That there woman's this guy's wife—Bolton an' Bolton," said Bologna. "He's Bolton!"

Bolton!"

The company drew away from Lionel. Daisy warned her dancers from him as from a pestilence. Inez Kelly declared that it did not surprise her a bit, but Vera stepped briskly forward.

"Him Harry Bolton?" she said contemptuously. "I saw Harry sittin' in the window of the Noble Hotel here tonight. He's no more like Lionel than I am. An' if Goldie Dailey's been after Lionel with gurs. an' callin' him a chooser when he ain't, he Goldie Dailey's been after Lionel with guns, an' callin' him a chooser when he ain't, he ought to have the law on her; an' I say so, if she gets me canceled tomorrow—or tonight!"

"I—I truly beg his pardon," stammered Goldie. She looked appealingly at Johnny, who winked at her as he suggested:

"Let's all have that feed I was talkin' about—an' nix on the hard feelin's."

"Please! Please come, Lionel!" said Goldie. Her pansy eyes were very sweet, but Lionel would not see them.

but Lionel would not see them.
"I got a date with Miss Kelly," said he.
"We're goin' to talk over my play!"

#### Music en Route

NAT GOODWIN was sitting in the Lambs' Club one evening not long ago, when a friend who was in trade approached

and offered him a cigar.

"Nat," he explained, "this is a new cigar
we're just putting on the market. I wish. as a personal favor to me, you'd try it and give me your opinion of its merits. To in-troduce it generally we are making special premium offers. If you smoke five hundred of those cigars you get a silver-mounted safety razor. If you smoke a thousand you get a hand-sewed traveling kit. If you smoke ten thousand of them you get a baby grand piano."

baby grand piano."
Goodwin lit the gift cigar and puffed at it gingerly. Then he laid it aside.
"If I smoked ten thousand of those things," he said, "I wouldn't need a piano: I'd need a harp."

The crowd laughed. Only one man, an English actor, sat silent and unmoved. Presently he got up and moved away to a quiet corner, where he remained alone for

some time deep in thought. The next day "I say, Mr. Goodwin," he began with a chuckle, "that was a deuced clever thing you said last night—about those cigars mean—frightfully clever! I've been muling it over in my mind and I get your mesing. Of course, traveling about as you of a piano would be terribly in your way



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#### idols of the King

(Continued from Page 20)

Or was she sunk? Oh, never mind!-A sailor drunk Is the useless kind; For Science has found that a gunner bright Who has quaffed three jigs of Missouri Light, When he stands prepared, his eye to the gun, Will see three foes when he should see one.

The consequence, Sire, Is extremely dire; Not only is the difficul-tee Of taking aim increased by three, But the man behind the gun, y'see, By viewing a triplicate ene-mee, Is three times as scared as he ought to be."

Cried King Wood-row,
"Sure, there's meat in the things you say."
"More meat than drink," quoth Jo straight-

way. But we should grieve! Just give me leave To write an Order to the Navy
And quick as Goliath struck by Davy—
Ere Friday next, the Thirteenth day—
I'll make the ocean so dry that—say!
'Twill make the Ancient Mariner croak
In the bridal train that ancient joke:

(Thirties the blink Time's on the blink.

And I don't think That water looks wet when you want a drink!""

Petition granted; So Sir Jo D. At once got busy to dry the sea And the wireless flashed from fleet to fleet-Gunboat, battleship, little mosqueet-The waves aginst, Abaft, forninst:

On Friday next, the Thirteenth inst., Every cocktail, every beer, Every wine with a label dear, Every rum with a cider chaser, Every patent-medicine bracer, Every brandy of apricots, Jersey lightning, vatted Scots, By the hour of noon must immejut be Poured, dumped, jettisoned into the sea."

#### III-FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

The Fleet, it lay a-rocking on the border of the ocean,

The Fleet, it lay a-rocking on the edge of Mexico,

When a wireless telegraphic came and interrupted traffic

With the message: "Chuck the lickerthem's me orders. Do it!-Jo."

Now the officers at trencher were a-drinking vintage French or

Something equally expensive—seven dol-lars to the quart—
Which the Navy always furnished to the men in buttons burnished,

Or equivalent in money to the men who "Don't care for't."

And the officers of warrant were a-quaffing many a torrent Of Château Yquem, or bumpers of heady

gold Chablis; And the sailors in their mess, sir, were quite

jovial, I confess, sir, From great swimming tubs of grog, sir, full of absinthe, rum and tea.

"Twas, in fact, the average scene, sir, in our gallant life marine, sir— As investigators tell us; and, of course,

they ought to know. And all patrons of the stage, sir, know that

sailors earn their wage, sir, By absorbing local color and avoiding H<sub>2</sub>O.

It was noon. Jo's message frantic fairly scorched the wide Atlantic. There was dread among the Dreadnoughts,

quaking knees in naval jeans; There was fright among the jolliers on destroyers, cruisers, colliers,

And a sort of sinking feeling went among

But the Admiral at his luncheon laid aside his husky truncheon, Sighed, saluted: "Grim is duty-yet I'll

do it if I die! Set the signal flags affutter on the smokestack

turret gutter! Fly the barometric signal—'Sudden change to extra dry'!"

And no sooner were these pennants seen by Uncle Samuel's tenants

Than that rabid sense of duty which the sailor cannot lose

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Do not confuse with just "cubber heels." As depent from others as rubber from jarring

The subber is the very best. The cups act as a vacuum when walking. Dirt can't find lodg-nent—the "play" of the subber keeps it out. You never experienced such "Wing-loosed" pleasure. Walking was rever such a delight.

All Sizes

For men, women, boys and girls. In red or

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black—for city and outing shoes. Your dealer can supply and apply Wingfoots. Price, put on, 50 cents a pair. If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heef and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heef can take the place of "Wingfoots,"

#### Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles-light, durable soles that make for added case and com-fort at every step.

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio Mexico City, Mexico London, England Toronto, Canada



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B. V. D. Cost Cut Underships and Kner-Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1,00 and \$1,50 the Garment.

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monthly magazine presenting a Philosophy Life that really explains. Thousands of sid-terescopiants will welcome this magazine which reprising mentily writings of ill. P. Blavanky, of Wm. Q. Judye long whose out of print, and See for three sample numbers.

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We are now awarding local selling rights for the SaWE-ALL Automotic Fire Exage. These rights will be given not sold, to men who can prove that they will put them to good use. If you are the kind of a man who ought to be at the head of a big business, and would be if chances to do big things on a small capital were not rare, this is your gooden oppositunity. All you will need is enough capital to live on while you are getting started. And if you measure up, to the oppositunity, we won't care in how small a way you start. One thing sure as that if you've only got the brains, the sand and the push, here beyond all doubt is your chance to establish yourself for life—to make your whole business future secure—to place yourself eventually among the leading business future secure—to place yourself eventually among the leading business men in your city.

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place yourself eventually among the leading busi-ness men in your city, county, or State.

The SAVE-ALL Automatic Fire Escape is most simply described as a panicproof lowerring machine. It will automatically lower people to the ground 
without their having to lift a finger. It 
will, without manipulation, lower even 
a dead weight. It's a practical automatic reversible fire escape. At firemen's exhibitions it has seen first prize 
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We'll Demonstrate It In Your Town

fully equipped with 50 feet of cable, is \$10

UNITED SAFETY APPLIANCE CO., Inc., General Offices, Syracuse, New York

Started every Jacky of 'em-Heaven help 'em! Heaven love 'em-To the turrets and the portholes, bearing

booze and booze and booze.

Fell a splash of liquid thicker than Niagara flowing liquor-All along that line of battle such a gurgle,

such a spray!

Spurted lofty founts of sperrits from the conning towers and turrets Till Pa Neptune, rising upward, quaffed the sea and yelled: "Hooray!"

And they say, from so much calloused waste of stimulating ballast,

That the ships rose many feet, sir, up above

the water-line;
While the ships' hands made endeavor to
play up: "Farewell Forever!"
But the fishes warbled: "Welcome!" as they hiccuped through the brine.

Whales and dolphins, sharks and sculpins started in a greedy gulpin' And they acted most peculiar for a week

or even more; And near Newport's naval station was a temperance delegation

Who went swimming, tasted somethingand refused to come ashore!

But, in Washington, Josephus to the King smiled blandly: "Reef us! Now's the time to start a war, Sire, and our

tars'll do it right. That's my rule, Sire: Irritate 'em and you'll

quickly elevate 'em To the maximum efficiency—they're mad enough to fight."

IV-LAST-CHANCE CHANTEY, CHANTED BEFORE THE KING BY SIR HAM LEWIS, SOMETIME LAUREATE

Thus said the Lord of the Battleships and Admirals,

Speaking to the officers, all quaking in their shoes:

"Lo! the rules have passed away In the drought of Temperance Day. That our Party may be strengthened, shall I gather up the booze?"

Then up spake the tars of the battleship Connecticut:

"Plague upon the hurricane that blows us nought but dry! Now that war's begun between us,

Kill old Bacchus, murder Venus; And there's nothing but a hymn book now to make us fight and die."

Then said the stokers on the good old collier

Jupiter, Balancing their scuttles, which were former full of beer:

"We who warmed the engine thuds Dipped our beaks amid the suds— And the proper place for water's in the bathtub once a year."

Then up sang the ghosts of the heroes of antiquity: "We fought with Drake and Farragut; we

followed Nelson's log; Bullets broke our gallant bones As we stood by John Paul Jones Was it up to these commanders to deprive

us of our grog?" Loud roared the souls of the Spanish-Yankee

veterans: "Have a heart, Josephus! Kindly harken to our views:

When we thrashed 'em at Manila There was little sarsaparilla Drunk that night in celebration as a sub-stitute for booze."

Bright smiled the Lord of the Ships and

Admiralty, Sitting in the office of the fearless Raleigh "Though the logic's rather faint,

I am filing your complaint-And the next Administration may be kinder to the booze."

#### The Natural Inquiry

AS JOHN TENNANT, managing editor York Evening W the story, a battered and weary-looking prisoner faced a London magistrate.
"You are charged," said the magistrate,

"with being in a beastly state of intoxica-tion. What is your name?"
"My name is Angus Alan Fergus Mac-

answered the culprit with a thickened burr, "Who bought you your liquor?" de-

manded the magistrate.

Property The refinements of modern dress demand silk hose for all occasions. People who appreciate good style find a double appeal in the luxurious quality and wonderful durability of  $\mathsf{PHOENIX}$ SILKHOSE Woven of pure-dye thread silk of the finest grade. Men's, 50c to \$1.50 per pair Women's, 75c to \$2 per pair Made in America PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS 224 Benndway





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# A dismal holiday or a bright one?

Are you planning to while away all of the golden hours this vacation? Thousands of bright, active young people, away from school or college, will idle away the summer simply because they have 'nothing particular' to do with it. The Saturday Evening Post has something very particular to suggest to you and something even more particular to offer you for doing it.

All of you can turn these weeks or months of idleness into shining dollars by accepting our invitation.

To any young person or, for that matter, to any older one, we will pay a liberal salary for looking after our renewals and for introducing our publications to new readers this summer, besides a commission on each order sent. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your spare hours. Last summer hundreds of young men and young girls had a happy summer and full pocketbooks as a result of accepting a similar invitation made then. They will do it again this year and you can join them if you wish to do so. A letter of inquiry will bring full details and everything necessary. Address

Box 526, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### The fakers

(Continued from Page 23)

Chittlings laughed. "I admire your principles," he said, "but don't think much of your judgment. Good day."

Hicks went unsteadily down to his office. He sat for an hour wondering why he had juggled the amounts with Rollins as he did, and could give himself no reasonable or rational explanation. It seemed to him that Chittlings had gone into the very inner recesses of his mind and dragged out the knowledge of some subconscious impulse

recesses of his mind and dragged out the knowledge of some subconscious impulse he had. He couldn't understand it, and he was abashed and ashamed.

He saw Rollins several times during the next fortnight and talked politics. That fervid Democrat, immersed in his writings and his organization work, did not refer to the Barkiss claim, nor did Hicks. He devoted himself to discussion of the principles of Democracy and to inquiry into the of Democracy and to inquiry into the chances of a new member of the party for getting a nomination. He didn't put it exactly that way, for he did not want Rollins to think he had an ulterior motive for his inquiries. He approached the subject from various angles, asking about former campaigns and the men who had been named for the offices. Nominations, he found. for the offices. Nominations, he found, went begging. It was hard work to fill the

"I'll put you on for something next elec-tion, if you like," promised Rollins. "Oh," protested Hicks, "that would be too presumptuous on my part. I couldn't

think of it."
"It'll be all right," assured Rollins. "I can guarantee that. I had a run for every office in this part of the state, from dog catcher to state senator and member of Congress, just to make the ticket whole. I'll fix it all right. It won't be any trouble. We'll be glad to have new blood. Of course," he added, "you won't be elected to anything, so it won't interfere with your work."

Hicks didn't like that, but he remembered what Senator Paxton told him and decided to play the waiting game. It had become known he was a Democrat. The banker, Pendleton, spoke to him about it one day. "I hear you're a Democrat," he said.

"I am, a Jeffersonian-Jacksonian Demo-

"I am, a Jeffersonian-Jacksonian Demo-crat," Hicks replied with much fervor.
"What's the object?" asked Pendleton.
"The object? I don't understand you."
"I mean what's the joker in it? How comes it that a young man lights in this Republican community and begins the practice of law and affiliates with the Democratic party, when there is no slimmer, more hopeless political outfit in this Union? Why not be a Republican?"

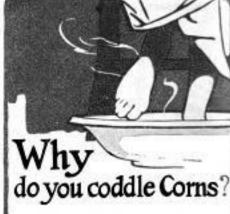
more hopeless political outfit in this Union? Why not be a Republican?"

"Mr. Pendleton," Hicks replied with a pained note in his voice, "I have faith in Democratic principles. How could I bring myself to abandon those principles for a mere temporary advantage to myself? Principles are higher than men, Mr. Pendleton, higher than anything else, to my thinking. I am a Democrat because I believe in the tenets of Democracy, and for no other purpose and with no other motive."

no other purpose and with no other motive."
"Excuse me," begged Pendleton gravely;
"I didn't know but you might have political ambitions. Most young lawyers have, you know."
"My only ambition," spouted Hicks, "is to serve my country and my party, humbly fighting in the ranks to correct the great abuses, the present maladministration of abuses the present maladministration of government affairs has fastened upon us." "I think," said Hicks to himself as Pendleton left him, "that will hold him for

Hicks sensed difficulties, nevertheless. He knew the big business interests of the city and county, the interests that provided the bulk of the law work, were solidly Republican. So too were the banks, with he exception of one, a state bank in which Rollins was interested. He had thought he detected antagonism to his Democracy once or twice when talking to business men, and he soon discovered that in communities like Rextown men take their politics seriously and are partisan even to the distribution of their business favors, although exceedingly nonpartisan when there is any-thing in it for themselves. He considered this end of it carefully and wrote to Senator Paxton about it, who sent word back to him to hang on and not be discouraged.

Hicks secured some minor cases of one kind and another, and established a considerable collection business. He had an insistent way of approaching delinquents



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The chemist who invented Bluejay solved the corn problem.

Apply it, and the corn is forgotten. It will never pain again. Gently the Blue-jay then loosens the corn, and in two days the corn comes out.

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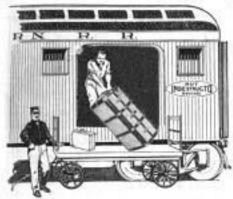


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If it is an Indestructo, you are sure that it will last for at least five years of the hardest kind of service you can give it.

That's our guarantee; five years trunk service, regardless of what happens or how far you travel.

But if you are going to buy a new trunk, what style have you in mind? Have you thought of a wardrobe trunk? A trunk that will enable you to keep your clothes hung up throughout the entire trip as smooth and wrinkleless as they are in your closet at home.

The choice of the right sort of a wardrobe trunk is most important when you consider the tremendous strain to which a wardrobe trunk is subjected.

Indestructo wardrobes embody the famous Indestructo construction and are the strongest wardrobe trunks made.

The box is made of six-ply hardwood veneer, strong as a safe. The interior is built to wear. The clothes hangers will not break.

For your own protection avoid wardrobes built to sell at a price.

Remember! You get what you pay for.

Every Indestructo wardrobe is made to wear indefinitely, and we guarantee five years of service.

If your trunk is lost or damaged of any cause whatsoever, we will replace or repair it free of charge.

If you want trunk service you will buy Indestructo.

If you are after low price and the short life that goes with it, let Indestructo alone.

We believe we are morally responsible to our customers for every trunk we sell. Each article is exactly as we represent it.

Why not write today for the Indestructs entalique? National Veneer Products Co. Mishawaka, Ind. 1 Beiger Street



and a still more insistent manner of letterwriting, and he had some success with the deadbeats of Rextown and the surrounding country. He bought a second-hand type-writer and wrote his letters on that, and invariably put at the bottom HML-H, to convey the impression he had dictated the letter to a stenographer whose initials were "H. M. L." Sometimes when he wanted to simulate a great press of business he wrote at the bottom of his letters:
"Dictated but not read by T. Marmaduke
Hicks," and signed the useful initials
"H. M. L." to these announcements. He had seen that on a letter he received and it made a great impression on him. So he used it whenever he thought it would have

effect coming from him.

He went to church regularly, and was impeccable in his conduct and unremitting in his efforts to make the acquaintance of

men he thought might be of use to him.

He joined the good government association, the municipal league, the civic purity society, and one or two general literary and culture clubs. Twice he read papers at general meetings of the associated charities, papers he had carefully paraphrased from chapters in a book he had found containing a report of a national convention of these organizations, and these papers had been quoted, briefly, in the local papers. He had cribbed from his material skillfully and was hailed as a young man who had high ideals. He debated joining various fraternal organizations, but decided to hold that in abeyance until he saw what effect such affiliations might have on his political ambitions. He wasn't sure about this and gave the matter

considerable study.

Meantime he had toned down his attire to some extent. He never by any chance allowed the barber to cut off much of his hair. He thought seriously of raising whiskers, but finally decided he wouldn't, as he was rather proud of his facial lines and considered himself to have a serious and studious look that whiskers possibly might destroy. However, he realized fully the decorative effects that might be attained with a carefully nurtured beard

He saw Rollins frequently. That amiable patriot was deep in a controversy with Colonel Cicero Carstairs, a former representa-tive in Congress who had nothing to do but try to make people remember he had once been a statesman in Washington. Material matters did not bother Rollins much, although there were periods when he regularly visited the bank in which he was interested and dipped into its affairs. Rol-lins and Hicks talked of the fundamental lins and Hicks talked of the lundamental principles of Democracy. Hicks had ac-quired a vocabulary of Democratic expres-sions that helped him amazingly, and he kept Rollins in a perpetual state of exalta-tion by skillful flattery. He had become acquainted with and had cultivated half a dozen other Democrats who were of consequence in the city, and he was soon taken into the inner councils of that flimsy organization and consulted about contemplated action and policies. Most of the men with whom he talked, aside from these Demo-crats, couldn't understand why a young lawyer, interested in politics, should ally himself with the Democracy in a city like Rextown; but Hicks held his pose steadily. He asserted his adherence to the Democratic faith, putting forward on every suitable occasion his utter lack of personal political ambition and his intense desire to do some-

thing for the common people.

He read the reports of the debates in Congress after that body went into session, having asked the local representative to send him a copy of the Congressional Record. He had a quick and retentive mind and it wasn't long until he could make mind and it wasn't long until he could make a fair Democratic speech. It was his custom to harangue his Democratic friends at their gatherings in the office of Rollins as long as they would listen. Rollins, who dearly loved that sort of thing, encouraged him, while the others heard him because Rollins urged them to. In this manner Hicks gained practice in political speaking. He took the Democratic contention in a debate at one of his literary societies one night, and by using the patter of the party and a variety of high-sounding phrases about the "rule of the people" and other desirable reforms talked his opponent down and beforemed the judges to such an extent and befogged the judges to such an extent that he was given the verdict. Bignall printed something about this for him and gave him credit for "a masterly summingup of the principles of the Democracy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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#### THE WAR REPORTER

(Continued from Page 16)

but that is about all he will receive in the way of reward. There are no excuses for not getting the wire, and not much thanks for getting it. It is expected. If there is a wire anywhere round it is the business of the man in the field to grab it. If there isn't a wire he should string one. If it takes a day's heartbreaking ride to get to a place where he can send in a story, that is fine. Good boy, but hurry right back and do it again. There is no business in the world that is conducted so much on the proposition: What you did to-day is very good, but the important thing is, What are you going to do to-morrow?

When they were fighting at Santiago very little copy came out of Cuba by wire. Most of the stories of the events in that campaign were cabled from various ports miles and miles away. The army and the navy needed what wires there were from Cuba, and kept them almost exclusively. Dispatch boats were used by the correspondents, and the game was heartbreaking. Imagine the situation in a possible advance on the city of Mexico. There are not many wires at best, and the struggle to get out stuff will put gray into the hair of many a man, as the failure to get it cut will make grayer many an editor who is howling for news back home.

The Japanese and the Russians took along numbers of correspondents with their various divisions, and left numbers of them away behind. They treated the correspondents with the utmost consideration, but they saw to it that they remained at safe distances from the actual warfare and the actual news. As a field for the operations of the war correspondent the war between Japan and Russia was distinctly a frost. So, too, it was in the war in the Balkans. Not many Americans went to that war, but there were shoals of English, German, Russian and French correspondents, and most of these never were nearer than thirty miles to anything of importance. The defeat of Cervera's fleet at Santiago was accomplished with not one-tenth of one per cent of the correspondents in Cuba anywhere near it, and if any special commissioner sent out anything about the land battles that was worth more than passing notice I do not recall it.

#### Rules for Correspondents

So far as the war correspondent is concerned, his job is constantly getting more difficult. Our own War Department has provided a set of regulations that are in consonance with the present-day notions of military people regarding what reporters should and should not be allowed to do, largely the outcome of the rule-of-thumb methods that prevailed in the Spanish War, and in reality based on the modern military idea of warfare and its newspaper treatment.

"It is a fact," says the Secretary of War,

"It is a fact," says the Secretary of War, 
"that the press occupies a dual and delicate 
position, being under the necessity of truthfully disclosing to the people the facts concerning the operations of the army, and at 
the same time refraining from disclosing 
those things which, though true, would be 
disastrous to us if known to the enemy. It 
is perfectly apparent that these important 
functions cannot be trusted to irresponsible 
people, and can be performed only under 
reasonable rules and regulations with respect 
thereto."

That is the official army view. Of course it isn't so hard in the Navy to hold an impetuous correspondent in check. He is on a ship, and he can't get off unless the commanding officer wants him to; nor can he get any dispatches off without permission from that official. A man with an army operating on land can roam about, if he wants to take the chance, and cannot be held in check unless he is put under guard, which might cause a howl about the liberty of the press. That is, a correspondent could so roam about in the old days, but not now. As it will stand if we get into a fight with Mexico, he will do little roaming and less romancing.

There are various stipulations about credentials in the new regulations, and each correspondent is compelled to deposit one thousand dollars in cash with the adjutantgeneral of the army, to be drawn against for equipment and maintenance in the field. In addition to this his employers must give bond for two thousand dollars more for good conduct in the field, which, in case his



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Is the big time of the year to him. Some of the days can be turned into a lot of spending money by selling *The Saturday Evening Post.* We'd like to tell you how thousands of other boys are doing it and how you can do it.

But 3.70, Sale Distant THE SATURDAY EFENING POST, PHILADELPHIA



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If you could sheathe your house in a vacuum it would last for thousands of years. Weather causes ninety-nine per cent. of house decay.

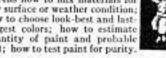
Rain seeps through defective paint, creeps under cracks and scales. Then your wood rots, your house value is lowered, the tone of the neighborhood, too. Finally, the repair bills come.

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and Dutch Boy linseed oil will save you from paint disaster. They do not vacuum your house but they weatherproof every spot, fill up every crack, sink in every exposed wood pore and rivet on your house a protective film that defies all weather. Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil make a reliable paint—any tint—and they last. Watch your painter mix it.

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conduct is not good will be forfeited and donated to some charity by the Secretary

There will be an official photographer with each field army. His films and plates will be sent to Washington, developed there, and prints will be sold to all comers at nominal cost. No professional photographer or moving-picture man will be received, nor can any photographers go in the guise of correspondents. Small hand cam-eras will be allowed, but the films must be sent to the field censor, who will send them to the censor in Washington. These films will be developed in Washington and the uncensored pictures will be forwarded to any address.

There will be a chief censor in Washing-ton and one censor with the headquarters of each field army. All news or private dispatches, mail letters for publication, private letters, drawings, plans or photographs must be submitted to this censor before being sent, and cannot be sent unless ap-proved by him. No code words can be used in private or public correspondence, and any portion of a dispatch the censor thinks has a double meaning must be rewritten if the censor demands this. Information concerning names of regiments or commanders, disposition of troops, state of the army's transports, the numbers of the sick, the extent of losses in any engagement or any other similar matter cannot be sent if the censor forbids.

No news dispatches concerning any occupation or relinquishment of a position, any victory or defeat, and, in fact, any change in the army's disposition may be sent until after the official wire dispatches announcing the event have gone to Washington.

#### The Much-Censored Press

There it is, you see-"until after the official wire dispatches announcing the event have gone to Washington." That is why the bulk of the first news reporting of any war we may have with Mexico will be done in Washington, by men who are not at the front at all; and although these regulations were not in force at the time, that is why the bulk of the first news reporting in similar circumstances always has been done in Washington, for there official dispatches always take precedence over all others.

The censor controls the telegraph lines within the army, and these official wires are to be open to correspondents when not in use officially. The censor can limit the number of words that can be sent out by each correspondent and equitably adjust crowded conditions. A uniform is prescribed, and no correspondents can leave the army unless the War Department al-lows them to go. They must take the oath of loyalty, and must generally behave them-selves and not try to put anything over on the censors, or in extreme cases they may be put under arrest.
Thus does the War Department put an

additional crimp in the business of war cor-respondence as pursued by many eminent persons who are most interested in seeing that the "By William J. Boogin," or "By" whomsoever it happens to be "By," is at the top of the column than in any other fea-

ture of the business.

To be sure this will give the special commissioners ample time to compose polished pieces giving their opinions, and allow those opinions to be printed subsequently some time, if they pass the censor; but the news of this war will come from the reporters, and in these days of extras and extra-extras and double extra-extras there doesn't seem to be much hope for the development of another MacGahan or of another Archibald

There will be plenty of them there, no doubt, but they will be ornamental rather than useful, and the reporters will do the work both in the field and in Washington. At that, owing to those Spanish War expeand expenses, still painful to the recollections of the men who run the newspapers, it is quite probable that the number of distinguished literary artists who will be sent to be censored by some unfeeling army officer will be much smaller than in 1898, and for that reason the public may expect more news and less of that sort of thing so aptly illustrated by the opening line in a dispatch by one of our grandest little war correspondents, who started thus: "I always sing when I go into battle."





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And then a Moore makes writing so much easier, because you don't have to coux it to write. Nobody likes to fuss with a pen on a hot day to start it or keep it going. But temperature doesn't bother a Moore, Starts at the first stroke and flows smoothly and evenly until you finish your letter. For when a Moore's closed up, the pen is down 1N the iak-moist and free from gumming, and ready to write at a touch.

Moore's is just the kind of pen everybody likesespecially in summer. It's so handy—so depend able. Comes in all sizes from the Midget (just 4 inches long) up to the big Banker's Pen, And among the 127 styles and sizes, there's one that just fits your way of writing.

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AGENTS WANTED Motometer sales are growing by lears and bounds. Write at once forterritory proposition.

dealer almost anywhere you go, and he'll be delighted to show you just why a Moore is the pen you ought to take wish you this summer. But if there's no drafer handy, we'll be pleased to mail you a hand-some catalogue showing all the 127 styles and sizes of Moore's Pens and giving the prices. Write to You can find a Moore

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# As Never Before

# Men Are This Year Flocking to No-Rim-Cut Tires

#### Users Increase 55 Per Cent

There are more tire users—perhaps by 20 per cent—than one year ago. But Goodyear tire sales show an increase of 55 per cent. The difference shows that tens of thousands are discarding other tires for Goodyears.

It has been so for years. The better men knew Goodyears the faster our sales have grown. Now—after millions of mileage tests—Goodyears outsell any other tire in the world. Our one-day output often exceeds a whole month's production in 1909. And we are gaining new users faster than ever before.

#### The Court of Last Resort

This verdict comes from users—the court of last resort. It comes from men who have made their comparisons—hundreds of thousands of them. It comes from men who know tire mileage, for most cars have odometers.

Never will all men agree on one tire. Good and bad fortune, abuse and accidents have too much to do with tire service.

But Goodyear has won more, and is winning men faster, than any other tire. And no other evidence compares with that in denoting superlative worth.

#### The Four Winning Features

These four great features—found only in No-Rim-Cut tires—are the reasons for Goodyear supremacy.

We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. That method has never been approached. It wiped out for our users the chief source of tire ruin.

We saved blow-outs—the countless blowouts due to wrinkled fabric. We did this by our "On-Air" cure—an extra process which adds to our tire cost \$1,500 daily.

We fought loose treads—reduced this danger by 60 per cent. We did this by creating, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets.

We made an anti-skid as smooth running as a plain tread. Made it double-thick and tough equipped with hundreds of deep, sharp, resistless grips. It is called the All-Weather tread.



No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

These features have saved tire users millions. No rival offers anything like them. So men have bought No-Rim-Cut tires to get them.

#### Yet 16 Makes Cost More

These tires for years—because of these features—cost more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency cut down our factory cost,

Now 16 makers ask a higher price—up to one-half more. And for tires which embody none of our exclusive features,

It's a curious situation. Once you had to decide if No-Rim-Cut tires were worth our higher cost. Now the question is—Are some other tires worth \$5 to \$15 more?

The facts are these. We are giving you the utmost in a tire. We give you four important things no other tire can offer. But we build up to 10,000 motor tires daily. And we sold last year at an average profit of 6½ per cent. Those are the reasons for present Goodyear prices.

If you want these prices and these tires your dealer will get them for you.

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Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

Dealers Everywhere

#### TRAVELING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 27)

the car after the American fashion, and the top of the car above the backs of the seats is mainly open, giving a circulation of light and air, and an effect of spaciousness which no car that is divided into compartments can have. They even go to the length of separating first and second class passengers by nothing but a glass partition—perhaps a dangerous social innovation; and the never third-class cars have center aisles and a more open arrangement overhead.

Undoubtedly a compartment to oneself, or to oneself and wife—when self and wife are on good terms—or to oneself and friend, is the most comfortable way to travel; but a compartment to oneself and three or four strangers is quite a different matter. And oneself and wife can have a com-partment or a drawing room in the United States for less than the first-class European compartment costs.

There is nothing in particular about gov-ernment ownership in this; for in France, where five-sixths of the railroad mileage is privately owned-under strict government regulation—and one-sixth is state-owned, conditions of travel are much the same on all lines. True, the best long-distance trains are not on the state road, but on the privately owned lines north and south of Paris. There is little significance in that, however, for the privately owned lines north and south have a much better passenger terri-tory. To compare the North Express or the Riviera Express with service on the state road would be almost as unfair as to compare the best trains between Chicago and New York with local trains in the Southwest.

As soon as you cross into Germany you strike something that is decidedly significant with regard to government ownership. Practically all the railroads there are state-owned—not owned by the Imperial Government, but by the several German states. The state lines of Prussia and Hesse are managed as one system. They give de-cidedly the best service in Europe, and at the lowest fares when service is taken into account.

To begin with, the German states are the only railroad owners in Europe that have made any attempt to rescue travelers from the international sleeping-car monopoly. That fact in itself would count very heavily in favor of state ownership if it were not for the other fact that state-owned lines else-where in Europe rather sick the sleepingcar concern on than attempt to muzzle it.

#### Your Money's Worth in Germany

So, to begin over again, you must start with the fact that what sort of results you get from state operation of railroads depends on what sort of state is doing the operating. That Prussia does it with considerable success no open-minded observer will deny.

Though international trains running over Prussian lines carry the sleeping cars of the Belgian corporation, the Prussian road has its own sleeping cars for travel everywhere in Germany. They are good cars, too, bet-ter than those of the International concern, with compartments somewhat larger and more conveniently arranged. And the fares are decidedly lower.

For example, the journey from Berlin to Basel is only two hours shorter than that from Paris to Berlin. The price of a berth for the latter journey—International Com-pany—is eight dollars and a half. The price of a berth for the former journey—Prussian sleeper—is three dollars and thirty cents.

That is not all the difference, however. The first-class sleeping-car fare of three dollars and thirty cents and a first-class railroad ticket-such as you are obliged to have when using a sleeping car in France or Italy-entitle you to the compartment all to yourself. To get a compartment to your-self from Paris to Berlin you must pay one sleeping-car fare and a half, or twelve dol-lars and seventy-five cents. Thus, the Prussian sleeping-car fare is roughly one-third of that charged by the International Company for equal accommodations; though even then the accommodations are not equal, for the Prussian cars, on the whole, are more comfortable.

Of course there is only one long seat in each compartment, so that half the passengers ride backward; but that is inevitable in European trains. On the Continent trains have a great habit of changing ends every now and then. You go into a station with the engine at one end and go out with it at the other end. This may be for en-gineering reasons, but I assume it is prima-rily for the purpose of giving all passengers a chance to ride forward part of the time.

The Prussian sleeping cars are cheaper than our Pullman cars, accommodations considered, because the first-class ticket gives you the compartment to yourself. You can also have a sleeping car on a second-class ticket. It is exactly the same car and the same compartment that you would have with a first-class ticket—only with a second-class ticket you must share the compartment with another traveler if there is an applicant for the second berth.

Take the journey from Berlin to Basel as a typical illustration: First-class railroad fare is seventeen dollars and fifty-five cents; first-class sleeper, three dollars and thirty cents—making twenty dollars and eighty-five cents for a fifteen-hour journey, with the compartment to yourself. Second-class railroad fare is ten dollars and ninety cents; second-class sleeper, two dollars and eightyfive cents—making thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents for the same journey with another person in the compartment.

Of course you cannot get a compartment to yourself in the United States, for a journey of equal length, at the Prussian price; but you can get a berth for about their price.

#### Soap and Towels Absent

You will notice that the difference between the cost of a first-class sleeping-car ticket and a second-class is slight. The real difference is in the railroad fare. Their first-class railroad fare is rather higher than ours, but usually when they take your firstclass money they give you a good equivalent

The German first and second class coaches are generally larger, roomier and heavier than equipment in the same category elsewhere in Europe. Their dimen-sions approximate those of American cars and almost invariably they have a modern look—as though they had been built within

historic times.

The first-class compartments are quite as large as those in France and Italy, and carry only four passengers at most, instead of Thus, even though the compartment has its full quota, you are never crowded; and you can see a tangible reason for charging a premium to ride in one, though in most other European passenger cars the reason for charging a premium to go first class is not visible to American eyes.

There is, of course, the old question as to the comparative comfort of a compartment shared with strangers as against an open car. I said a while ago that in the compartment you can hear everything your fellow occupants say. I should have made an exception in case they whisper, as did a young couple that I took to be bride and groom, with whom I shared a German compartment for half a day. He whispered in her ear; then she whispered in his ear— with innumerable little demonstrations of tender regard, for Europeans generally are so much franker than we are in giving rein to their feelings before strangers. No doubt I should have regarded the little idyl with patriarchal approval; but, as they were not minding me in the least, and as I was over by the window and they kept the door into the corridor shut, and were, in a manner, be-tween me and it, I was never more nervous in my life.

Another time, taking a train at half past seven in the morning, the only vacant place where smoking was permitted was in a compartment occupied by a family party of three—apparently husband, wife and a brother. The lady was stretched out on one seat fast asleep. When she got up to make room for me I rather expected the to extract a doo Welcome! on it from their extensive luggage and spread it out for me; but, after all, we got on very comfortably.

There are some small incidental things an American might criticize. Of course one never expects soap in Europe, but the ex-pectation of a clean towel, which seems so reasonable to us, is often not realizable on trains. The folding lavatory in my first German sleeper was provided with one hand towel. I had occasion to use it soon after boarding the train; and, having used it, threw it on the floor, with an extrava-gant American idea that the porter would carry it away. What the porter did was to





are dressy looking, feel soft to the skin; they are cool, fit snugly and are extremely comfortable. They cost no more than ordinary guaranteed hose, but the difference in quality is very noticeable.

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SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight goarssteed gears socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1,00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the some time phing as the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future words.

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fold it neatly and restore it to its original place. No doubt he judged that it was not sufficiently soiled, and very likely his judgment was better than mine. Certainly it

I found the toilet rooms in the first and second class German cars always provided with little boxes labeled Towels, but I was never lucky enough to find a towel in the box. What I did find was one of those venerable endless-chain affairs hung on a roller, which you pull round and round in the vain hope of discovering a clean spot. I will say for the International Sleeping-car Company that it sometimes recklessly puts three or four hand towels in the general lavatory at one time; but my experience was that when the dinner hour came round was that when the dinner hour came round
they had all seen service, and the porters
have a mysterious way of disappearing that
I never could account for. To be sure,
wiping one's hands and face on a handkerchief is no great hardship, but we do not
regard it as convenient.

Like everything else in Germany, the
cars are well plastered with signs conveying instructions, warnings and prohibitions.
Tacked up by the door of each sleeping-car
compartment is a sort of constitution and

compartment is a sort of constitution and by-laws for passengers. Beneath is a sign in large letters to the effect that passengers must take care of their own sleeper tickets, as the conductor is not permitted under any circumstances to take charge of them. Every window sill bears a conspicuous sign pararing you not to lear out the window. warning you not to lean out the window.

There are printed directions about opening
and shutting the doors and turning the
lights on and off.

#### Sixty Cents' Worth of Fodder

Your dining-car menu begins with a page of instructive literature informing you what you may and may not expect, and in a general way setting forth your relations as a diner to the German state. It winds up with a caution not to spill your wine on

the tablecloth, as wine soils table linen.

This sign business, however, is an inveterate German habit. Every taxicab in Berlin contains the sign: "Do not put your feet on the seat cushions. Do not spit on the floor." The sign is no mere idiosyncrasy of the taxicab company, either, but an official matter on the same plate that an official matter on the same plate that bears the cab number. In every elevator there is a long official placard describing the duties of the elevator operator and the proper conduct for those who ride in ele-vators. Sometimes the letter boxes bear an official warning not to forget to stamp and address your letters before mailing them.

As a matter of fact, this amazing indul-gence in signs is merely a harmless literary passion. You cannot heave a brick at the Kaiser or trespass on anybody's else rights; but, broadly speaking, nowhere in the world are you more free to go where you like and do what you please than in Germany. And in relation to travel I consider the signs an appreciable contribution to the passenger's

amusement.

The dining-car service I may add, while on this branch of the subject, is as good as that in the United States and rather cheaper, that in the United States and rather cheaper, but that is not saying a great deal for it on the score of goodness. On about one train out of ten in our own country can you get a really good dinner. The others serve food. Just food is what the German and other European dining cars serve—plenty of it, to be sure, and no doubt nourishing, but with no demoralizing appeal to the palate. Except breakfast, the meals are served at a fixed hour and on the table-d'hôte rather fixed hour and on the table-d'hôte rather than our à-la-carte plan. You take your seat in the diner at the prescribed hour and the prescribed courses are brought you in

the prescribed order.

Here is a typical bill of fare for the mid-day meal on a German diner: Soup, boiled beef, boiled potatoes, boiled cauliflower, chicken, salad, apple sauce, butter, cheese. The price is sixty cents, which is less than the same quantity of fodder would cost on an American diner. That is all there is to

Iron & Clad

The German passenger service is un-doubtedly the best in Europe and the cheapest when accommodations are considered. Their first-class fare works out two and nine-tenths cents a mile, which is some what higher than the average rate in our country and nearly fifty per cent higher than the first-class rate that prevails in a considerable part of the United States; but their first-class accommodations, on the whole, are better than ours, with the Pullman left out of account.

It is true they are not perfect. Price Collier, a warm admirer of Germany, re-cords: "Not once but many times in Germany my first-class ticket found me no accommodation, and often, in changing from the main line to a branch line, not even a first-class compartment." In the United States, however, I have had the pleasure of paying first-class fare and standing in the aisle. Normally, in the matter of space allotted to a ticket holder, German first-class services heats ourse.

service beats ours.

Their second-class fare averages a cent and a half a mile, which is under our first-class rate. Of course there is always a charge for a trunk if you are reckless enough to carry one. On the whole, they best us in the matter of punctuality. Almost inva-riably the Prussian trains start on the min-ute and arrive on the minute; in fact, people who have traveled a great deal on them tell who have traveled a great deal on them tell me a late Prussian train is so exceptional as to cause comment.

The Government operates the suburban system at Berlin and does it very well. A friend who lives six miles out pays a dollar and thirty-five cents for a monthly second-class ticket which permits him to ride as often as he pleases during the thirty days. Riding twice a day, that comes to about two and a half cents a ride. For eighty cents he can get a third-class ticket and ride as often and as fast; but he must ride on a wooden bench. They are electrifying the whole suburban system now and will make decidedly better time when the electrification is completed.

In fine, when you compare Prussian rail-road management with that of other state-owned roads outside of Germany the success is dazzling. First and second class passenger service is decidedly better and cheaper. As to first and second class pas-senger service, indeed, the Prussian roads have nothing to fear from a comparison with

those of the United States. A good many students of the subject award them the palm and I shall by no means quarrel with that award; but first and second class passenger service is only a part of any railroad's business, and as to the Prussian roads it is a very insignificant part, as I expect to show in another article.

#### Fire in Water

FURE in the middle of a tank of water instead of under a boiler is a new scheme in making steam for an engine. The idea is to save heat ordinarily wasted; for, with the fire in the middle of the water, every bit of the heat must work to heat the water, as there are no side paths by which it can

escape.

Keeping a fire blazing when practically surrounded by water is a problem that has been successfully solved. Gas or oil properly mixed with air feeds the fire. To start the flame, the tank is first emptied and the vapor fuel forced in through a pipe that ends in a nozzle pointed downward. The vapor is lighted, making a roaring torch flame shooting downward in the middle of the tank. Then the tank is partly filled the tank. Then the tank is partly filled with water until the surface of the water is well above the nozzle, entirely covering the

The vapor fuel, of course, must be forced in at some pressure in order to prevent the water from putting the fire out. The water is soon boiling violently, making steam for running the engine. The steam, mixed with gas from the burning fuel, is led into a separate tank, which is a sort of storage bin for the steam.



#### SCALLY

(Continued from Page 19)

extreme panic, owing to a terrifying noise behind it—the blast of the newest and most vulgar motor horn, to be precise—was bolt-ing right across the clearing. After the manner of hares where objects directly in front of them are concerned, the fugitive entirely failed to perceive Excalibur and, indeed, ran right underneath him on its way to cover. Excalibur was so unstrung by this adventure that he ran back to where he had

left Eileen and the curate.

They were sitting side by side on the grass and the curate was holding Eileen's

Excalibur advanced on them thankfully and indicated by an ingratiating smile that a friendly remark or other recognition of his presence would be gratefully received; but neither took the slightest notice of him. They continued to gaze straight before them in a mournful and abstracted fashion. They looked not so much at Excalibur as through him. First the hare, then Eileen and the curate! Excalibur began to fear that he had become invisible, or at least transparent. Greatly agitated he drifted away into a neighboring plantation full of young pheasants. Here he encountered a keeper, who was able to dissipate his gloomy suspicions for him without any difficulty whatsoever. But Eileen and the

curate sat on.

"A hundred pounds a year!" repeated the curate. "A pass degree and no influence! I can't preach and I have no money of my own. Dearest, I ought never to have told you."

"Told me what?" inquired Eileen softly. She knew quite well; but she was a woman, and a woman can never let well enough.

and a woman can never let well enough

The curate, turning to Eileen, delivered himself of a statement of three words. Eileen's reply was a softly whispered Tu

quoque!
"It had to happen, dear," she added cheerfully, for she did not share the curate's burden of responsibility in the matter. you had not told me we should have been miserable separately. Now that you have told me, we can be miserable together. And when two people who-who hesitated

The curate supplied the relative sen-tence. Eileen nodded her head in acknowl-

edgment. Yes; who are-like you and me-are

miserable together, they are happy! See?"
"I see," said the curate gravely. "Yes,
you are right there; but we can't go on living on a diet of joint misery. We shall have to face the future. What are we going to do about it?"

Then Eileen spoke up boldly for the first

"Gerald," she said, "we shall simply have to manage on a hundred a year."

But the curate shook his head.
"Dearest, I should be an utter cad if I allowed you to do such a thing," he said.
"A hundred a year is less than two pounds

a week!"

"A lot of people live on less than two
pounds a week," Eileen pointed out long-

Yes; I know. If we could rent a threeshilling cottage and I could go about with a spotted handkerchief round my neck, and you could scrub the doorsteps, coram populo we might be very comfortable; but the clergy belong to the black-coated class, and people in the lower ranks of the blackcoated class are the poorest people in the whole wide world. They have to spend money on luxuries—collars and char-women, and so on—which a workingman can spend entirely on necessities. It wouldn't merely mean no pretty dresses and a lot of hard work for you, Eileen. It would mean starvation! Believe me—I know! Some of my friends have tried it-

"What happened to them?" asked

Eileen fearfully

"They all had to come down in the endsome soon, some late, but all in time—to taking parish relief."
"Parish relief?"

Parish relief?"

"Yes; not official, regulation, rate-aided charity, but the infinitely more humiliating charity of their well-to-do neighbors—quiet checks, second-hand dresses, and things like that. No, little girl; you and I are too proud—too proud of the cloth—for that. We will never give a handle to the people who are always waiting to have a fling at the improvident clergy-not if it breaks

our hearts, we won't!"
"You are quite right, dear," said Eileen quietly. "We must wait."
Then the curate said the most difficult

thing he had said yet:
"I shall have to go away from here."

Eileen's hand turned cold in his.
"Why?" she whispered; but she knew.

"Because if we wait here we shall wait forever. The last curate in Much More-ham—what happened to him?"
"He died."

"Yes-at fifty-five; and he had been here for thirty years. Preferment does not come in sleepy villages. I must go back to London."

"The East End?"

"East or south or north-it doesn't signify. Anywhere but west. In the east and south and north there is always work to be done—hard work. And if a parson has no money and no brains and no influence, and can only work-run clothing clubs and soup kitchens, and reclaim drunkards-London is the place for him. So off I go to London, my beloved, to lay the foundations of Paradise for you and me— for you and me!"
There was a long silence. Then the pair

rose to their feet and smiled on each other extremely cheerfully, because each sus-pected the other—rightly—of low spirits. "Shall we tell people?" asked the curate.

Eileen thought, and shook her head.
"No," she said; "nicer not. It will make a splendid secret."
"Just between us two, eh?" said the

curate, kindling at the thought.

"Just between us two," agreed Eileen. And the curate kissed her very solemnly. A secret is a comfortable thing to lovers, especially when they are young and about to be lonely.

At this moment a leonine head, sup-ported on a lumbering and ill-balanced body, was thrust in between them. It was Excalibur, taking sanctuary with the Church from the vengeance of the Law.

"We might tell Scally, I think," said

"Rather!" assented the curate. "He introduced us."

So Eileen communicated the great news to Excalibur.

You do approve, dear-don't you?" she said.

Excalibur, instinctively realizing that this was an occasion when liberties might be taken, stood up on his hind legs and placed his forepaws on his mistress' shoul-

ders. The curate supported them both.
"And you will use your influence to get us a living wage from somewhere—won't you, old man?" added the curate.

Excalibur tried to lick both their faces at once-and succeeded.

SO THE curate went away, but not to London. He was sent instead to a great manufacturing town in the north, where the work was equally hard, and where Angli-can and Roman and Salvationist fought grimly side by side against the powers of drink and disease and crime. During these days, which ultimately rolled into years, the curate lost his boyish freshness and his unfortunate tendency to put on flesh. He grew thin and lathy; and, though his smile was as ready and as magnetic as ever, he seldom laughed.

He never failed, however, to write a cheerful letter to Eileen every Monday morning. He was getting a hundred and twenty pounds a year now; so his chances of becoming a millionaire had increased by twenty per cent.

Meantime his two confederates, Excaliand Eileen, continued to reside at Much Moreham. Eileen was still the recognized beauty of the district, but she spread her net less promiscuously than of ore. Girl friends she always had in plenty, but it was noticed that she avoided intimacy with all eligible males of over twenty and under forty-five years of age. No one knew the reason for this except Excalibur. Eileen used to read Gerald's letters aloud to him every Tuesday morning; sometimes the letter contained a friendly message to Excalibur himself.

In acknowledgment of this courtesy Excalibur always sent his love to the curate—Eileen wrote every Friday—and he and Eileen walked together, rain or shine,

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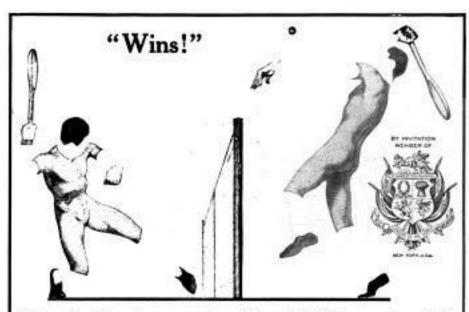
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such a regular correspondence. The curate was seen no more in his old parish. Railroad journeys are costly things and curates' holidays rare. Besides, he had no overt excuse for coming. And so life went on for five years. The curate and

on Friday afternoons to post the letter in the next village. Much Moreham's post office was too small to remain oblivious to

Eileen may have met during that period, for Eileen sometimes went away visiting. As Excalibur was not privileged to accom-pany her on these occasions he had no means of checking her movements; but the chances are that she never saw the curate, or I think she would have told Excalibur

about it. We simply have to tell some one. Then, quite suddenly, came a tremen-dous change in Excalibur's life. Elleen's brother-in-law—he was Excalibur's master no longer, for Excalibur had been trans-ferred to Eileen by deed of gift, at her own request, on her first birthday after the curate's departure—fell ill. There was an operation and a crisis, and a deal of unhap-piness at Much Moreham; then came convalescence, followed by directions for a sea voyage of six months. It was arranged that the house should be shut up and the children sent to their grandmother at Bath.

"That settles everything and every-body," said the gaunt man on the sofa, "except you, Eileen. What about you?" "What about Scally?" inquired Eileen.

Her brother-in-law apologetically admitted that he had forgotten Scally.
"Not quite myself at present," he men-

tioned in extenuation. "I am going to Aunt Phœbe," announced

Eileen.
"You are never going to introduce Scally into Aunt Phobe's establishment!" cried

Eileen's sister.

"No," said Eileen; "I am not." She rubbed Excalibur's matted head affection-

rubbed Excalibur's matted head affection-ately. "But I have arranged for the dear man's future. He is going to visit friends in the north. Aren't you, darling?" Excalibur, to whom this arrangement had been privately communicated some days before, wagged his tail and endeav-ored to look as intelligent and knowing as possible. He was not going to put his be-loved mistress to shame by admitting to her relatives that he had not the faintest idea what she was talking about. what she was talking about.

However, he was soon to understand. The next day Eileen took him up to Lon-don by train. This in itself was a tremendous adventure, though alarming at first.
He traveled in the guard's van, it having been found quite impossible to get him into an ordinary compartment-or, rather, to

an ordinary compartment—or, rather, to get any one else into the compartment after he lay down on the floor. So he traveled with the guard, chained to the vacuum brake, and shared that kindly official's dinner.

When they reached the terminus there was much bustle and confusion. The door of the van was thrown open and porters dragged out the luggage and submitted samples thereof to overheated passengers, who invariably failed to recognize their own who invariably failed to recognize their own

property and claimed some one else's.

Finally, when the luggage was all cleared out, the guard took off Excalibur's chain and facetiously invited him to slight for London Town. Excalibur, lumbering del-icately across the ribbed floor of the van, arrived at the open doorway. Outside on the platform he espied Eileen. Beside her stood a tall figure in black.

With one tremendous roar of rapturous recognition, Excalibur leaped straight out of the van and launched himself fairly and squarely at the curate's chest. Luckily the

curate saw him coming.
"He knows you, all right," said Eileen

with satisfaction.

"He appears to," replied the curate.

"Afraid I don't dance the tango, Scally, old man; but thanks for the invitation, all the

Excalibur spent the rest of the day in London, where it must be admitted he caused a genuine sensation-no mean feat in such a blasé place.

In Bond Street the traffic had to be held up both ways by benevolent policemen, because Excalibur, feeling pleasantly tired, lay down to rest. When evening came they all dined

together in a cheap little restaurant in Soho and were very gay, with the gayety of peo-ple who are whistling to keep their courage up. After dinner Eileen said good-by, first to Excalibur and then to the curate. She was much more demonstrative toward the former than toward the latter, which is the way of women.

Then the curate put Eileen into a taxi and, having with the aid of the commission-aire extracted Excalibur from underneath he had gone there under some confused impression that it was the guard's van again—said good-by for the last time; and Eileen, smiling bravely, was whirled away out of sight.

As the taxi turned a distant corner and

As the taxi turned a distant corner and disappeared from view, it suddenly oc-curred to Excalibur that he had been left behind. Accordingly he set off in pursuit. The curate finally ran him to earth in Buckingham Palace Road, which is a long chase from Soho, where he was sitting on the pavement, to the grave inconvenience of the inhabitants of Pimlico, and refusing to be comforted. It took his new master the best part of an hour to get him to Euston Road, where it was discovered they had missed the night mail to the north. Accordingly they walked to a rival station and took

another train.
In all this Excalibur was the instrument of Destiny, as you shall hear.

#### VII

THE coroner's jury was inclined at the Board of Trade inquiry established the fact that the accident was due to the enginedriver's neglect to keep a proper lookout. However, as the driver was dead and his freman with him, the law very leniently took no further action in the matter.

About three o'clock in the morning, as the train was crossing a bleak Yorkshire moor seven miles from Tetley Junction, the curate suddenly left the seat on which he lay stretched dreaming of Eileen and flew across the compartment on to the recumbent form of a stout commercial traveler. Then he rebounded to the floor and woke

up—unhurt.

"Tis an accident, lad!" gasped the commercial traveler as he got his wind.

"So it seems," said the curate. "Hold tight! She's rocking!"

The commercial traveler, who was mechanically groping under the seat for his boots—commercial travelers always re-move their boots in third-class railroad compartments when on night journeysfollowed the curate's advice and braced himself with his feet against the opposite seat for the coming bouleversement.

After the first shock the train had gathered way again—the light engine into which it had charged had been thrown clear off the track—but only for a moment. Suddenly the reeling engine of the express left the rails and staggered drunkenly along the ballast. A moment later it turned over, taking the guard's van and the first four coaches with it, and the whole train came to a standstill.

It was a corridor train, and unfortunately for Gerald Gilmore and the commercial traveler their coach fell over corridor side downward. There was no door on the other side of the compartment—only three windows, crossed by a stout brass bar. These windows had suddenly become skylights.

They fought their way out at last. Once

They fought their way out at last. Once They lought their way out at last. Once he got the window open, the curate experienced little difficulty in getting through; but the commercial traveler was corpulent and tenacious of his boots, which he held persistently in one hand while Gerald tugged at the other. Still, he was hauled up at last, and the two slid down the perpendicular roof of the coach to the permanent dicular roof of the coach to the permanent

way.

"That's done, anyway!" panted the drummer; and sitting down he began to put on his boots.

"There's plenty more to do," said the consate grimly, pulling off his coat. "The

"There's plenty more to do," said the curate grimly, pulling off his coat. "The front of the train is on fire. Come!"

He turned and ran. Almost at his first step he cannoned into a heavy body in rapid motion. It was Excalibur.

"That you, old friend?" observed the curate. "I was on my way to see about you. Now that you are out, you may as well come and bear a hand."

The pair sprinted along the line toward the blazing coaches.

the blazing coaches.

It was dawn—gray, weeping and cheer-less—on Tetley Moor. Another engine had come up from behind to take what was left of the train back to the Junction. Seven coaches, including the lordly sleeping saloon, stood intact; four, with the engine and tender, lay where they had fallen, a mass of charred wood and twisted metal.

A motor car belonging to a doctor stood in the roadway a hundred yards off, and its (Continued on Page 73)

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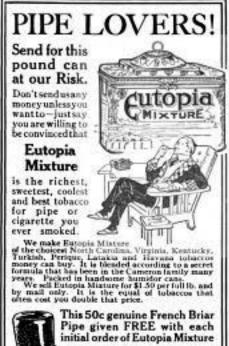
which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a woven fabric much strongeran-1 The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers

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owner, with a brother of the craft who had been a passenger on the train, was attending to the injured. There were fourteen of these

to the injured. There were fourteen of these altogether, mostly suffering from burns. These were made as comfortable as possible in sleeping berths their owners had vacated. "Take your seats, please!" said the surviving guard in a subdued voice. He spoke at the direction of a big man in a heavy overcoat, who appeared to have taken charge of the salvage operations. The passengers clambered up into the train.

Only one hesitated. He was a long, lean young man, black from head to foot with soot and oil. His left arm was badly burned; and seeing a doctor disengaged at last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the heavy overcoat

last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the heavy overcoat approached him.

"My name is Caversham," he said. "I happen to be a director of the company. If you will give me your name and address I will see to it that your services to-night are suitably recognized. The way you got those two children out of the first coach was splendid, if I may be allowed to say so. We did not even know they were there."

The young man's teeth suddenly flashed out into a white smile against the blackness.

out into a white smile against the blackness

of his face.
"Neither did I, sir," he said. "Let me

introduce you to the responsible party."

He whistled. Out of the gray dawn loomed an eerie monster, badly singed,

loomed an eerie monster, badly singed, wagging its tail.

"Scally, old man," said the curate, "this gentleman wants to present you with an illuminated address. Thank him prettily!"

Then, to the doctor: "I'm ever so much obliged to you; it's quite comfortable now."

He began stiffly to pull on his coat and waistcoat. Lord Caversham, lending a hand, noted the waistcoat and said quickly:
"Will you travel in my compartment? I should like to have a word with you if I may."

"I think I had better go and have a look at those poor folks in the sleeper first," replied the curate. "They may require my services professionally."

"At the Junction, then, perhaps?" suggested Lord Caversham.

At the Junction, however, the curate found a special waiting to proceed north by a loop line; and, being in no mind to re-ceive compliments or waste his substance on a hotel, he departed forthwith, taking his charred confederate, Excalibur, with him.

FORTUNE, once she takes a fancy to you, is not readily shaken off, however, as most successful men are always trying to forget. A fortnight later Lord Caversham, leaving his hotel in a great northern town accountered an accountered she had town, encountered an acquaintance he had

no difficulty whatever in recognizing.

It was Excalibur, jammed fast between two stationary tramcars—he had not yet shaken down to town life—submitting to a painful but effective process of extraction at the hands of a posse of policemen and tram conductors, shrilly directed by a small but commanding girl of the lodging-house

drudge variety.

When this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion and the congested traffic moved on by the overheated policemen, Lord Caversham crossed the street and tapped the damsel on the shoulder. "Can you kindly inform me where the owner of that dog may be found?" he

inquired politely.

"Yas. Se'nty-one, Pilgrim Street. But 'e won't sell him."
"Should I be likely to find him at home if I called now?"
"Yas. Bin in heat since the continuous."

"Yas. Bin in bed since the accident.
Got a nasty arm."

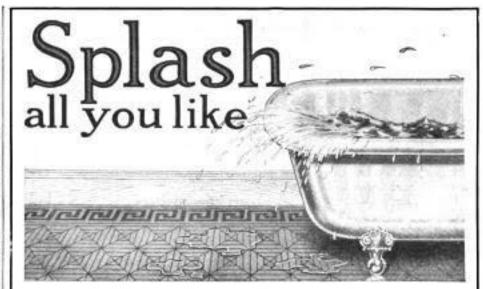
"Perhaps you would not mind accompanying me back to Pilgrim Street in my

After that Mary Ellen's mind became an incoherent blur. A stately limousine glided up; Mary Ellen was handed in by a footman and Excalibur was stuffed in after her in installments. The grand gentleman entered by the opposite door and sat down beside her; but Mary Ellen was much too dazed to converse with him.

The arrival of the equipage in Pilgrim Street was the greatest moment of Mary Ellen's life.

Meantime upstairs in the first-floor front the curate, lying in his uncomfortable flock bed, was saying:

"If you really mean it, sir-"I do mean it. If those two children had been burned to death unnoticed I should



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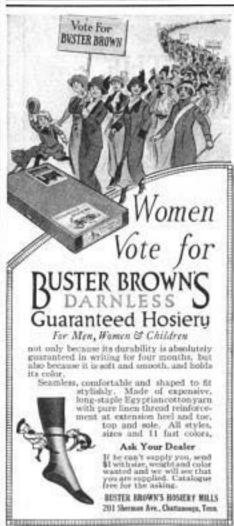
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never have forgiven myself, and the public would never have forgiven the company.

"Well, sir, since you say that, you—
well, you could do me a service. Could you
possibly use your influence to get me a
billet—I'm not asking for an incumbency;
any old curacy would do—a billet I could
marry on?" He flushed scarlet. "I—we
have been waiting a long silence, and the curate

There was a long silence, and the curate wondered whether he had been too merce-nary in his request. Then Lord Caversham

asked:
"What are you getting at present?"
"A hundred and twenty a year."
This was about two-thirds of the salary

Lord Caversham paid his chauffeur. He asked another question in his curious, abrupt staccato manner:

"How much do you want?"
"We could make both ends meet on two hundred; but another fifty would enable me to make her a lot more comfortable," said the curate wistfully.

The great man surveyed him silently— wonderingly, too, if the curate had known.

Presently he asked:
"Afraid of hard work?"
"No work is hard to a man with a wife and a home of his own," replied the curate

with simple fervor.

Lord Caversham smiled grimly. He had more homes of his own than he could conveniently live in, and he had been married three times; but even he found work hard now and then. "I wonder!" he said. "Well, good after-

noon. I should like to be introduced to your fiancée some day."

A TRAMP opened the rectory gate and shambled up the neat gravel walk toward the house. Taking a short cut through the shrubbery he emerged suddenly on a little lawn.

On the lawn a lady was sitting in a basket chair beside a perambulator, the occupant of which was slumbering peacefully. A small but intensely capable nursemaid, prone on the grass in a curvilineal attitude, was acting as tunnel to a young centleman of these who

the grass in a curvinness acturage, was acturage as tunnel to a young gentleman of three who was impersonating a locomotive.

The tramp approached the group and asked huskily for alms. He was a burly and unpleasant specimen of his class—a class all too numerous on the outskirts of the great too numerous on the outskirts of the great. industrial parish of Smeltingborough. The

lady in the basket chair looked up.
"The rector is out," she said. "If you go into the town you will find him at the Church Hall and he will investigate your

"Oh, the rector is out, is he?" repeated the tramp in tones of distinct satisfaction. "Yes," said Eileen.

The tramp advanced another pace.
"Give us half a crown!" he said. "I haven't had a bite of food since yesterday, lady—nor a drink neither," he added humorously.

"Please go away!" said the lady. "You know where to find the rector."

The tramp smiled unpleasantly, but made no attempt to move.

"You refuse to go away?" the lady said.
"I'll go for half a crown," replied the tramp with the gracious air of one anxious to oblige a lady.
"Watch baby for a moment, Mary Ellen," said Eileen.

She rose and disappeared into the house, followed by the gratified smile of the tramp.

followed by the gratified smile of the tramp. He was a reasonable man and knew that ladies did not wear pockets.

"Thirsty weather," he remarked affably, Mary Ellen, keeping one hand on the shoulder of Master Gerald Caversham Gilmore and the other on the edge of the baby's perambulator, merely chuckled sardonically.

The next moment there were footsteps round the corner of the house and Eileen reappeared. She was clinging with both hands to the collar of an enormous dog. Its tongue lolled from its great jaws; its tail waved menacingly from side to side; its great limbs were bent as though for a spring. Its eyes were half closed as though

to focus the exact distance.
"Run!" cried Eileen to the tramp. "I can't hold him in much longer!

This was true enough, except that when Eileen said "in" she meant "up." But the tramp did not linger to discuss grammar. There was a scurry of feet, the gate banged and he was gone.

With a sigh of relief Eileen let go of Ex-calibur's collar. Excalibur promptly col-lapsed on the grass and went to sleep again.



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# Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours Scrubs Cleans Polishes

# THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



Will Payne—Gouverneur Morris—Melville Davisson Post—Elmore Elliott Peake George A. Birmingham—Fannie Hurst—Mary Stewart Cutting—Samuel G. Blythe



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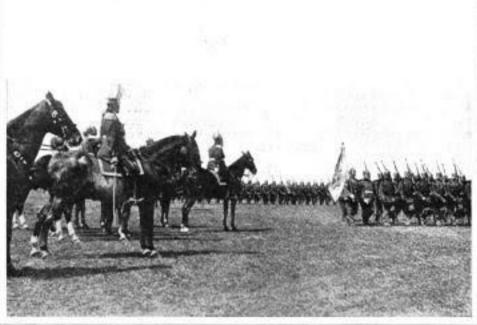
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Number 51

## BARRACKS AND BEGGARS





Women Unloading Coal in Berlin

By WILL PAYNE

T WAS Gambetta, I believe, who described the goal of militarism as "a beggar sitting beside a barrack door"; and in Gambetta's time militarism was merely

in its infancy. Italy has progressed considerably further toward that goal than any her European power. The little shop in Genoa was closed. It fronts upon a tortuous reet—one of many such streets—so narrow that no horse-drawn vehicle can get rough it. With outstretched arms and a walking stick in one hand you can almost uch the houses on both sides. They are six and seven stories high and the outswung utters in the top stories seem fairly to meet. The tiny shops on the ground floor piled with all sorts of goods, from cabbages to lace, and the street swarms with sy-looking people.

The wooden shutter of this particular little shop was down. A piece of paper the e of a playing card was tacked in the center of the shutter, bearing a scrawled notice the effect that the shop was closed owing to the death of the proprietor, and on the tice was a duly canceled government stamp.

There is a government stamp on everything. Communications to the government d lawyers' pleadings must be on duly stamped paper. The government's eager eyes

are ever watching for any place where a tax will stick, and as soon as the spot appears a tax is promptly stuck on. Thus if you hire another servant or another clerk your

taxes go up. If you pay a little more house rent the government argues that you must have a little more wealth or income, and so moves your taxes up a notch. There is a tax on windows, doors, signs, a hearth tax and, of course, the octroi tax.

German Infantry on Parade

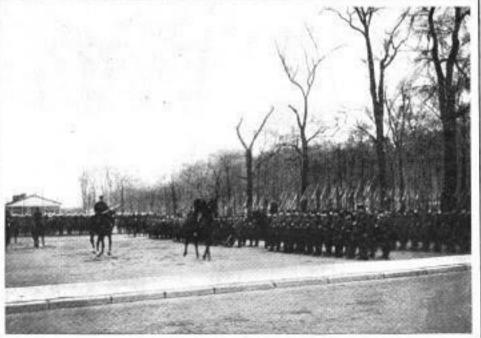
Excepting Japan, Italy is probably the most heavily taxed country in the world; and it is by no means a rich country. It lives by close economy. You see the pinch everywhere—in the country you see it in the painfully intensive cultivation, carried up stony hillsides on carefully constructed terraces; in town you see it in other ways.

One might say, for example, that the whole United States is anxious to get a better job, while all Italy is anxious simply to keep the job it has. Often that attitude cropped out in my talks with Italians. Several of them repeated substantially this axiom:

"If a man loses a good job here he's done for; he can never get another one."

Hence a prevailing ambition to cement oneself to the job one has, which finds expression in various ways. The government, operating the railroads, telegraph, telephones and post, is a large employer of salaried labor and, in spite of amazingly low





Ragpickers in the Streets of Paris

Review of French Troops Near the Invalides





Where the Poor Live in an Italian City

Italian Troops Parading in Rome

pay, salaried government positions are much sought because, as is the case with governments almost everywhere, a man once in the employ of the state is practically never discharged and never promoted.

Discharging any salaried man in Italy is a serious and more or less difficult operation. After a journalist has been employed by a paper three months, for example, he acquires a sort of vested right in his job. The management cannot discharge him except by paying him from three to twelve months' full salary, according to length of service and the position he holds.

All this, of course, reflects a poor country, living close to the margin, with limited opportunity. But with a third of our population, four per cent of our area and a fraction of our wealth, Italy spends more than half as much yearly as we do—regard being had to the central government in both cases.

The first tax is on land. As usual there are some gross inequalities; but including levies by the central government and by the province and communes, Italian land owners generally pay from a fifth to a quarter of the income from the land in taxes. Then there is a tax on buildings, which is based on two-thirds the actual income from factories and three-fourths the actual income from houses. On those proportions of the actual income the tax amounts to about sixteen per cent. Next there is a tax on incomes, except those derived from land. This income tax amounts to about twenty per cent, but is levied on only three-eighths of the income derived from government salaries and pensions and only three-fourths of the income derived from professions or from manufactures. Even at that it is high enough to induce heart disease in all objectors to our income tax.

#### How Bankruptcy Follows the Tax Gatherer

THEN there are the stamp and octroi taxes, which touch all sorts of business transactions and virtually all articles of general consumption, the octroi taxes going mainly, of course, to the cities where they are collected. There are heavy import duties, especially on wheat. Finally, salt and

tobaccoare government monopolies from which the state derives an important revenue.

"The way in which taxes press on the poor may be shown by the number of small proprietors sold up, owing to inability to pay land and other taxes. Between 1884 and 1902 no fewer than two hundred and twenty thousand sales were effected for failure to pay taxes," says one writer.

In round numbers one hundred and twenty-five million dollars of this painfully extracted money goes to support the army and navy, while over a hundred millions more goes to pay interest on an enormous debt that was mostly created by past wars. Naturally the government finds it difficult to lay hold of

enough money to build a new telephone exchange, when one is needed, and to improve its railroads.

Military service, of course, is universal and compulsory. Every able-bodied male aged twenty must serve two years in the active army, then eight years in the active reserve with one month's training a year, then four years in the militia with a month's active training yearly, then five years in the territorial army with a month's training a year. The active army comprises about three hundred thousand persons, the active reserve about seven hundred thousand.



The Market of the Poor, Whitechapet

The navy also is recruited by a compulsory service and comprises about thirty thousand men. Italy has fourteen battleships and twenty-seven cruisers affoat or building.

Nowhere, outside of Japan, are taxes heavier. Nowhere, so far as I can discover, are they more cheerfully paid.

"Your army and navy are a tremendous burden," I suggested fatuously to an Italian.

He was not connected with the army or navy or any other branch of the government, nor with an armament factory or a gunpowder trust. He was neither a plutocrat nor a chauvinist, but a modest, highly intelligent, welleducated professional man in middle circumstances with a growing family. Up to then the conversation had been progressing in the pleasantest possible way. But at that fatuous observation he shut his jaw hard, contracted his eyebrows, and shot a forbidding look at me while he declared with genuine passion:

"It isn't heavy enough! Many Italians now living can remember the rule of Austria and of the states of the Church. They know from experience what sort of government there was in Naples and at Venice and at Rome—with France always sticking a finger into our affairs according to her selfish policies—until Italians risked their last man and last cent to govern their own country."

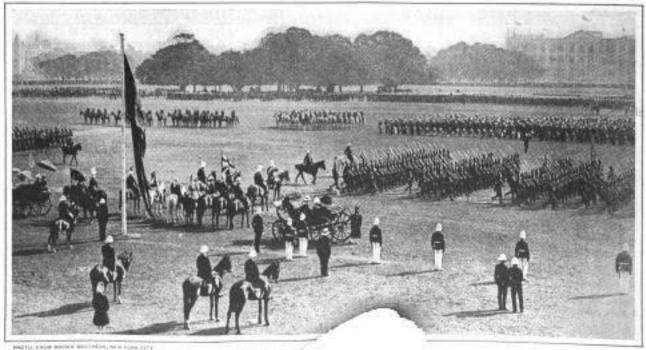
#### Vivid Memories of Austrian Misrule

FIGURATIVELY shriveling up, I tried to make myself realize that the shocking misrule of Austria and of the Papal States—the latter supported by Austrian bayonets—had actually been within the memory of men still living; that when the nineteenth century was well along, men were flung into prison by the score on a mere whim in Rome, that spies swarmed and assassination was the most conspicuous—and safest—form of political activity. Gladstone does not seem far away from us. It was he who described the Bourbon rule at Naples as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." But you need to have the printed page at hand to make yourself realize that the Italian conditions which he wrote about were affairs of the nineteenth century and not of the twelfth. It

was only forty-two years ago that Victor Emmanuel, as the representative of the Italian people, entered Rome to make it the capital of a nation.

Remembering these things naturally heats the blood, and I was almost ready to assure my Italian friend that if I were his countryman I, too, should be passionately in favor of more regiments and dreadnoughts, even if we had to sell up four hundred thousand peasants for nonpayment of taxes instead of only a beggarly two hundred thousand.

And that was my invariable experience when discussing miltarism in Europe. In Italy you catch their point of view. The very air is saturated with it. (Continued on Page 6)



English Troops

#### FANNIE HURST SUPERMAN

insidious paradox—where men meet nose to nose in THE canker of the city is loneliness. It flourishes—an subway rushes and live layer on layer in thousandenant tenement houses. It thrives in three-dollar-a-week ourth-floor back rooms, so thinly partitioned that the rumple of the rejection slip and the sobs of the class oetess from Molino, Missouri, percolate to the four-dollar--week fourth-floor front and fuddle the piano salesman's vening game of solitaire. It is a malignant parasite, which ats through the thin walls of hall bedrooms and the hick walls of gold bedrooms, and eats out the hearts it nds there, leaving them black and empty like untenanted

Sometimes Love sees the To Let sign, hangs white Swiss artains at the window, paints the shutters green, plants a ed of red geraniums in the front yard and moves in. gain, no tenant applies; the house mildews with the damp its own emptiness; children run when they pass it after ark; and the threshold decays. The heart must be manted or it falls out of repair and rots. Doctors, called

the watches of the night to suscitate such hearts, climb out bed reluctantly. It is a malady eyond the ken of the stethoscope. One such heart beat in a woman's reast so rapidly that it crowded it her breath; and she pushed ie cotton coverlet back from her som, rose to her elbow and aned out beyond her bed into the irkness of the room.

"Jimmie? Essie? That you, mmie?"

The thumping of her heart anered her and the loud ticking a clock that was inaudible durg the day suddenly filled the ird-floor rear room of the thirdor rear apartment. The con-ual din of the street slumped to e intermittent din of late eveng; the last graphophone in the ilding observed the nine o'clock ence clause of the lease at someing after ten and scratched its it syncopated dance theme into e tired recording disk of the last ed brain. An upholstered chair, nk in the room's pool of darkss, trembled on its own tautened rings, and the woman trembled that same tautness and leaned ther out.

"Who's there? That you?" She huddled the coverlet up under her chin and lay back her pillow, but with her body so rigid that only half her ight relaxed to the mattress; and behind her tightsed eyes flaming wheels revolved against the lids. Tears i backward toward her ears like spectacle frames and ked into the pillow; a mouse with a thousand feet

rried between the walls.

'Essie? Jimmie, that you?" l'ick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

More tears leaked out from her closed eyes and found ir way to her mouth so that she could taste their salt. en for a slight moment she dozed, with her body at full etch and hardly raising the coverlet, and her thin cheek ped in the palm of her thin hand. The mouse scurried light rain of falling plaster and she woke with her pulse

inding in her ears. Jimmie? Jimmie? Who's there?"

Fick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

jobs trembled through her and set the bedsprings vibrat-, and she buried her head under her flat pillow and fell counting the immemorial procession of phantom sheep t graze the black grasses of the Land of Wakeful Hours l lead their sleepless shepherds through the long pastures he night.

'Three hundred'n five; three hundred'n six; three idred'n seven; three hundred'n-Jimmie?'

key scratched at the outer lock and she sprang twods from the bed, dragging the coverlet from its moorings. Jimmie, that you?

Sure, maw! 'Smatter?"

he relaxed as though her muscles had suddenly snapped, tense toes and fingers uncurled, and the blood flowed

I \_\_\_\_ Nothin', Jimmie; I was just wondering if that you."

No, maw; it ain't me-it's my valet coming home n a dance at his Pressing Club. You ain't sick, are you,

"Jimmie, my boy!" "Hello, maw!"

"Jay, Listen to That Trot They're Playin'! Come On, Sie; be a Sport!"

"No. What time is it, Jimmie? It's so dark."

"You been havin' one of your spells again, maw?"

"No, no, Jimmie."

"Didn't you promise to keep a light going?"

"I'm all right."

"Ouch! Gee-whillikens, maw, if you'd burn half a dime's worth of gas till me and Essie get home from work nights we'd save it in wear and tear on our shins. I ain't got no more hips left than a snake."

"It's a waste, Jimmie-boy; gas comes so high."
"You should worry, maw! Watch me light 'er up!"

"Be careful in there, Jimmie! Stand on a chair. I got a little supper spread out on the table for Essie and her friend. You take a sandwich yourself -

"Forty cents in tips today, maw."

"Forty cents!"

"Yeh; and a dame in Seventieth Street gimme a quarter and hugged the daylights out of me till my brass buttons made holes in me, and cried brineys all over the telegram, and made me read it out loud twice, once for each ear: 'Unhurt, Sweetheart, and homeward bound-Bill.' Can you beat it? Five cents a word!"

"Jimmie, wasn't you glad to carry her a message like that?"

"It's a paying business, maw, if you're lucky enough to

deal only in good news."

A chair squealed on its castors, a patch of light sprang through the transom, and the chocolate-ocher bedroom and its chocolate-ocher furniture emerged into a chocolateocher half-light.

"Jimmie?

"Huh?"

"I'm-I wish -- Oh, nothin'!" "Ain't you feelin' right in there, maw?"

"Yes, Jimmie; but-but come in and talk to your old mother a while, my boy." "Surest thing you know! Say, these are some sand-

wiches! You must 'a' struck pay dirt in your sardine mine!"

"They're for her gen'l'man friend, Jimmie."

The door flung open and threw an island of light pat on the bed. In the gauzy stream the face on the pillow, with the skin drawn over the cheeks tight as a vellum on a snare drum, was yague as a head by an artist who paints through the sad film of a growing blindness.

"Ain't your cheeks cold, though, Jimmie? It's right sharp out, ain't it? And Essie with a cold, and in her thin coat! You-you're a little late to-night, ain't you,

He drew his loose-jointed figure up from over the bedside, and his features, half-formed as a sculptor's head just emerging from the marble, took on the easy petulance of youth, and he wiped the moist lips' print off his downy cheek with the back of his hand.

"Ah, there you go again! You been layin' here frettin' and countin' the minutes again, ain't you? Gee, it makes a fellow sore when he just can't get home no sooner!'

"No, no, Jimmie; I been layin' here sleepin' sound ever since I went to bed. I woke up for the first time just now. I'm all right, Jimmie, only-only -

"Honest, maw, you ought to ask the company to put me in short-pants uniform again, day duty, carrying telegrams of the day's catechism to Sunday-school Classes!"

Don't fuss at me, Jimmie! I-I guess I must 'a' had one of them smothering spells, and I didn't wait up for Essie and Joe to-night. I'm all right now, Jimmie—all right."

He placed his heavy hand on her brow in half-understanding

sympathy.

"Gee-whillikens, why don't you tell a fellow? You want some of that black medicine, maw. You gee!—you ain't lookin' kinda bluelike round the gills, are you? Old man Gibbs said we should send for him right away if -

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right

"Look! I brought you a carnation one of the operators gimmeone swell little queen too. You want some of that black medicine, maw?"

"I'm all right now, Jimmie. It was just earlier in the evening I kinda had a spell. Ain't that pink pretty though! Here, put it in the glass; and gimme a French kiss. Always ashamed like a big baby when it comes to kissin', ain't you! Ashamed to even kiss your old maw!"

"Aw!" He shuffled his feet and bent over her, with the red mounting above the gold collar of his uniform.

"And such a mamma-boy you used to be before you had to get out and hustle-such a mamma-boy-and now ashamed to give your old maw a kiss!"

"Ashamed nothin'! Here, maw, I'll smooth your hair for you the wrong way like Essie used to do when you came home from the store dead after the semiannual clearings."

"No, no, Jimmie; these days I ain't got no more hair left to smooth."

"You look good to me!"

"Aw, Jimmie, quit stringing your old maw. How can a stack o' bones look good to anybody?"

"You do!"

"Your papa used to say so too, Jimmie; but in them days my hair was natural curly—little cute, springy curls like Essie's. The first day he seen me he fell for 'em; and the night before he died, Jimmie, with you and Essie asleep in; your folding cribs and me little thinkin' that the next week I'd be back in the department clerking again, he took me in his arms and

"Yes, yes; I know, maw-but didn't the old Gibbs say not to get excited? Lay back and don't talk, maw. I can feel your heart beatin' 'way down in your hands."

"You're all tired out, ain't you, Jimmie?-too tired to listen to my talk; but you're going to wait up for your sister's young man to-night, ain't you, my boy? Go wet your hair and smooth it down. You'll wanna see him, Jimmie.

"Fine chance."

"Sure he's coming to-night, Jimmie. I got their supper all waitin'; and see, there's my flowered wrapper at the foot of the bed, so I can get up and go in when ——"

"Aw, cut out the comedy, maw! She ain't comin' straight home after the show any more'n a crooked road; and if she does he ain't coming with her."

"Jimmie, she promised sure to-night."

"Didn't she promise last night and the night before, and the night before that?"

"But this afternoon when she left for the matinée, Jimmie, I wasn't feelin' so well; and she promised so

"Them girl ushers down there is too lively a bunch for her, maw. Ushin' in a theayter is next to bein' in the chorus-only -

"Jimmie!"

"Sure it is-only it ain't so good one way and it ain't so bad another. This newfangled girl ushin' gets

my goat anyways. It ain't doin' her any good."
"Oh, Jimmie, don't I know it? I hated to see her take it-her so little and cute and pretty and all! Night work ain't nothin' for our Essie.'

Sure it ain't!"

"But what could we do, Jimmie? After I gave out, her six a week in the notions wasn't a drop in the bucket. What else could we do, Jimmie?"

"Just you wait, maw! This time next year life'll be one long ice-cream soda for you and her. Wait till my dynamo gets to running like I want her to-I'll

be runnin' this whole shebang with a bang!"
"You're a good boy, Jimmie; but a kid of seventeen ain't expected to have shoulders for three."

"Just the samey, I showed a draft of my dynamo to the head operator, maw, and he's comin' up Sunday to have a look. Leave it here on the table just like it is, maw. You'll be ridin' in your Birdsong selfcharging electric automobile yet!"

She let her fingers wander up and down his cheek and across his shoulders, and into his uneven nappy hair.

Poor Jimmie! If only you had the trainin'! Miss Maisie was up from the store today in her noon hour and seen it standing here next to my bed; and she thought it was such a pretty-lookin' dynamo, with its copper wires and all."

"You didn't let her

"No-honest, Jimmie! See-it ain't been touched; I didn't even let her go near the table's edge. She wanted to know when I was comin' back to the storeshe says the corsets have run down since they got the new head saleslady, Jimmie."

"If I'd 'a' been here I'd 'a' told her you ain't going back."

"Sometimes I-I think I ain't, neither, Jimmie."

"What?"

"Nothin'."

"When you get well, maw, then I ----"

"Then I'm going back on my job, Jimmie. Eighteen years-not countin' the three years your papa lived—at doing one thing sort of makes you married to it. I got my heart as set as always, Jimmie, on gettin' you in at the Electric Training School next door. If I hadn't broke down

"Nix for mine, maw!"

"Every day I sit by the window, Jimmie, and see the young engineers and electricians who board there goin' to work; and it breaks my heart to think of you, with your mind for inventions, runnin' the streets—a messenger boy just when I was beginnin' to get where I could do for you."

"Aw, cut that, maw! Don't I work round on my dynamo every morning till I go on duty? Wouldn't I look swell with an electricity book under my arm! I'd feel like Battling John drinking tea out of an eggshell."

"The trainin' school's the place for you, Jimmie. If you'd only take the dynamo over to the superintendent and show him where you're stuck, he'd help you, Jimmie. I been beggin' you so long, and if only you wasn't so stubborn!"

"I ain't got the nerve, buttin' in over there; it's for

fellows who got swell jobs already."

"There's classes for boys too, Jimmie; the janitor told me. Just go to-morrow and show your dynamo. It won't hurt nothin' and maybe they'll know just what the trouble is-it's only a little thing, Jimmie-three times in succession it worked last night, didn't it? It won't hurt to go, Jimmie-just to go and show it."

"Nix; I ain't got the nerve. You just wait! I ain't got the trainin'; but didn't I sell my double lens the day after I got the patent? Didn't I make that twenty-five just like

"The janitor says you was robbed in it, Jimmie."

"We should worry! Didn't we get a rockin'-chair and a string of beads and a tool chest out of it?"

"It ain't you worries me so much, Jimmie. Here, put your head here on the pillow next to me, Jimmie. My heart's actin' up to-night. It ain't you worries me-you're a man like your papa was and can hit back; but Essie-if

You don't handle her right, maw; you're too easygoing with her. Since she went on her new job she's gettin' too gay-too gay!"

"Jimmie!"



"Just Tell Her Everything's All Right - Everything's Comin' All Right for All of Us"

"Sure she is. Like I told her last night when she came in all hours from dancing-if she didn't take that war paint off her face I'd get her in a corner and rub it off

"I've begged her and begged her, Jimmie, just as hard as I ever begged you about the dynamo, to wash her face of it. It's eatin' me, Jimmie-eatin' me! There wasn't a girl in the store that didn't envy that girl her complexion. Oh, Jimmie, it ain't the paint alone-it's where it can lead to."

"She needs an old-time spankin'."

"Them girls down at the theayter where she works put them ideas in her head. It's only of late with her, Jimmie. Wasn't she like a little baby when I had her across from me in the notions?"

"She's gotta keep her face clean or I'll -

"She needs somebody strong like her papa was to handle her, Jimmie. She's stubborn in ways, like you, and needs somebody older, my boy-somebody strong that can handle her and love her all at once."

"She's gotta quit sneakin' home at all hours. She don't pay no attention to me; but she's gotta quit or I-I'll go down and smash up that whole theayter crowd of 'em!'

"If she'd 'a' had a father to grow up under it would 'a' been different. He was one of the strongest men in the power house, Jimmie. Mechanics make strong men, my boy, and that's why my heart's set on you, Jimmie, takin' up where he left off.

"It's that job of hers, maw; it ain't no hang-out for her down there round the lights. She's gettin' too gay. I'll smash that ticket speculator to gelatin if he don't show up or leave her alone!"

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie! He's her young man; she says he's a upright and honorable young man, with intentions."

"Where she hidin' him then?" "He-he's bashful about comin', Jimmie. Last night on her knees right here by this bed she told me, Jimmie, with her eyes like saucers, that he's said everything but come right out and ask her."

"What's the matter? Is he tongue-tied?"

"A fine fellow, she says, Jimmie—up to date as a new dime, makin' from thirty to forty a week. Get that, Jimmie?

Forty a week! On forty a week, Jimmie, what they could do for themselves and for you!'

"I wanna look him over first. I knew a fellow in that game got forty a week and ninety days once, too."

"Jimmie!"

"There's a bunch of speculators used to hang round the Forty-second Street telegraph office, with one eye always on the cop and the other always open for rubes. They was all hunchbacks from dodging the law."

"He ain't one of them kind, Jimmie."

"Then why don't he have a roof over his head instead of doing sidewalk business?"

"Ticket speculatin' is like any other business, Essie says. Profit is profit, whether you make it on a sheet of music, a washboard or a theayter ticket."

"Then why don't he show his face round here, instead of runnin' her round night after night when she ought to be home sleepin'?"

"I don't know, Jimmie, except what she says. I just feel like I couldn't stand her not bringing him to-nightlike-like I couldn't stand it, Jimmie.'

Lay easy there, maw.'

"They're young, I guess, and gotta have life; but I hy here with it in front of me all night, long after she gen home and is sleepin' here next to me as light as a daisy. She's so little and pretty, Jimmie."

"I wanna get my glims on him –

"What, Jimmie?"

"I wanna see him."

"Me, too, Jimmie. I wouldn't care much about anything else if I could see him once; and if he is big and strong like your father was

"That gang don't come big and strong. They

got big heads and little necks."

"The kind of fellow that would know how to trust you when you got stubborn, and would put his hard on your shoulder and not try to drive you. If he was a man like that, Jimmie, the kind you and Esse need, I—I'd stop fightin'; I'd fold my hands and say to God: 'Ready! Ready right this minute!'"

"Ready for what, maw?"

"Ready, Jimmie, my boy. Just hands folded and ready—that's all.'

"Aw, cut it, can't you, maw? I-maw, quit scarin' a fellow. Quit battin' your eyes like thattryin' to flirt with me, ain't you, maw? Quit it, now Lemme get you some of that black medicine—you're gettin' one of your spells. Just lemme run downstairs and send Lizzie Marks out to get old man Gibbs."

"No, no, Jimmie—don't leave me! Hold me, my boy, so I can feel your face. Don't cry, Jimmis: there ain't nothin' to cry about."

"Cut the comedy, maw! I ain't cryir': I'm sweatin'."

"Jimmie, are-you-there? I feel so-so heavy." "Sure I am, maw-right here, holding you in my arma-Feel! There's the scar where old Gibbs sewed my face the time I got hit with a bat-feel, maw-see, it's me."

"What's that, Jimmie, on the foot of the bed-movin" "See, maw-that's your flowered glad-rag. You're go-goin' to put it on when Essie and her gen'I'man fried come in. It ain't movin'; I shoved it."

"Don't muss it, Jimmie."

"No; see, I smoothed out its tail-it's a sash for you maw." "Jimmie, you won't leave me? It gets so dark, and-the

"You couldn't pry me away with a crowbar, maw! I.

hold you till you yell 'Leggo!' Lemme go for old Gibbs maw; you're breathing heavy as a pump. "No, no, Jimmie; don't leave me."

"Sure I won't; but you're all twitchin' and jumpin maw. Just leave me run down and send Lizzie Marks in him."

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right."

"Sure, maw? You-you're actin' up so funny."

"It ain't nothin'-only Um an old woman, Jimmie. A of a sudden I got old and broke. It ain't the same in the department, Jimmie, with Essie gone from the notice across the aisle. Always when we were overstocked in corsets she-she-Essie -

"Aw, maw, you ain't talkin' straight. Lemme have man Gibbs.'

"I'm talking straight, Jimmie. Ain't I layin' right he in your arms, and ain't my hair caught round one of ye brass buttons?-quit pullin', Jimmie! Essie's hair # = bright, Jimmie. I can see it shinin' in the dark when the

sleepin'."
"Some hair the kid's got! Remember the night #took me and her to -

"Sh-h-h-h! Ain't that them coming? Ain't it, Jinn I ain't equal to gettin' up, Jimmie. Bring 'em in heres

"Like fun it's them! Whatta you bet right now ther" holding down a table for two at the Palais du Dam Swell joint!"

"Oh, Jimmie!"

"I was kiddin', maw-only kiddin'. Open your eyes, maw. Gwan! Be a sport and open up! Remember, maw, when I was a kid, how I used to make you laff and laff, makin' a noise like a banjo-plunka-plunk-plunk-plunkplunka-plunk?"

"Yes, Jimmie,"

"I knew I'd get a laff out of you-plunka-plunk-plunkaplunk!"

"Yes, Jimmie, my boy! Go on! I like to lay here and remember back. Essie was always grabbin' your spoon-I used to slap her little hands and -

'Maw, open your eyes! Don't go off in one of 'em again." See, they're open, Jimmie! I can see your gold buttons shinin' and shinin'-I ain't sleepin'; I'm only waitin'.'

"She ain't had time to get home yet, maw. They gotta pick up programs and turn in lost articles and all." Put your arms round me, Jimmie. I keep slippin'."

"Lemme run for old man Gibbs, maw. Please! "No, no, Jimmie! Sing like you used to when you was a

little kid, Jimmie; I used to laff and laff." "Plunka-plunk-plunk-plunk!"

Sh-h-h! There's the chimes-you won't never tell me the right time nights, when I ask you, Jimmie."

"It ain't late, maw."

"Sh-h-h! What time is that? Listen!"

"It's early. Don't you count chimes, maw-it's a sign of snow to count 'em, and Essie's got her thin jacket on. Listen! This is a swell one I know: Plunk! Plunk! Plunk! Plunk! -

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie! One-two-three-four-five-sixseven-eight-nine-ten-

See, it ain't late."

"Leven! You can't cheat me, I heard the last one."

"Leven already? Well, whatta you know about that! Them chimes is always ahead of themselves.

"Jimmie, my boy, quit playin' with your old maw."
"They'll be comin' soon now."

"Don't leave me, Jimmie."

"Sure I won't-see!"

"Jimmie! Jim-mie-

"Maw! Maw, open your eyes! Maw darlin'-please-

"Sing, Jimmie, like-a banjo."

"Plunka-plunk-plunka-plunk!"

On that last boom of eleven the Stuyvesant Theater wing its doors outward as the portals of a cuckoo clock by open on the hour, and women in fur-collared, brocaded mats, which wrapped them to the ankles, and carefully curved smiles that Watteau knew so well and Thackeray knew too well, streamed out into the white flare of Broadway, their delicate fingers resting lightly on the tired arms of tired business men, whose faces were like wood carving and whose wide white shirtfronts covered their hearts Ike slabs.

Almost before the last limousine door had slammed and the last tired business man had felt the light, compelling pressure of the delicate finger tips on his arm, and turned his tired eyes from the white lights to the whiter lights of cafés and gold-leaf hotels, the interior of the Stuyvesant Theater, warm and perfumed as the interior of a jewel box, blinked into soft darkness. Small figures, stealthy espions of the night, padded down thickcarpeted aisles, flashing their pocket searchlights now here, now there; folding rows of velvet seats against

velvet backs; reaching for discarded programs and seat checks; gathering up the dainty débris of petals fallen from too-blown roses, an occasional webby handkerchief, an odd

glove, a ribbon.

Then the dull red eyes above the fire exits blinked out, the sea of twilight deepened, and the small searchlights flashed brighter and whiter, glowworms in a pit of night.
"For Pete's sakes! Tell Ed to give back

them lights; my lamp's burnt out.

"Oh, hurry up, Essie! You girls up there in the balcony would kick if you was walkin' a tight rope stretched between the top stories of two Flatiron Buildings."

"It's easy enough for you to talk down there in the orchestra, Lulu Pope. Carriage shoes don't muss up the place like subway shoes."

"Gimme the balcony over the orchestra every time.

"What about us girls 'way up here in the chutes? Whatta you say about us, Lulu Pope-

playin' handmaids to the gallery gods? "Chutes the same, I used to be in the chutes over at the Olympic, and six nights out of the week I carried water up the aisles without a stop. Lookin' each row in the eye too!"

Like fun!"

"Sure's my name's Lulu Pope! Me an' a girl named Della Bradenwald used to play Ani-

mal or Vegetable Kingdom every entracte with the fireman." "Oh-h-h! Say, Loo, you oughtta see what I found up

"Leave it to Essie Birdsong for a find! What is it this time-the diamond star the queen in E was wearin'?

"A right-hand, number five and a half-white stitchin"." "Can you beat it? And you ain't never had a claim yet at the box office."

"I knew my luck would break, Lulu. My little brother Jimmie says if you break a comb your luck breaks with it. I broke one this morning. Whatta you bet now I begin to match every one of my five left-hand gloves, without a claim from the office?'

"Lucky kid!"

Conversation curved from gallery to loge box and from loge to balcony.

'Gee! Look at this amber butterfly! I seen it in her hair when I steered her down the aisle. She must be stuck on



"If You Don't Like Our Company Me and Harry Can Manage to Worry Along Jomehow!"

something about this show-third time this week, and not on paper neither."

Amber, is it, Sadie? I'll trade you for the tortoiseshell one I found in G 4; amber'll go swell with my hair." "Whatta you bet she claims it?

"Nix."

"Say, did you hear Wheelan fumble her big scene to-night? I was dozin' in the foyer and she tripped over her cue so hard she woke me up.

"I should say so! I was standing next to the old man, and he let out a line of talk that was some fireworks; he said a super in the mob scene could take her place and beat her at pickin' up cues."

"Ready, Sadie?"

"Yes; wait till I turn in one gent's muffler and a red curl."

"Are you done up there too, Essie?"

"Yes; but you needn't wait for me, Loo. If you're in a hurry I'll see you down in the locker room."

Seats slammed; laughter drifted; searchlights danced and flashed out as though suddenly doused with water; and the gold, crystal, velvet, and marble interior of the Stuyvesant Theater suddenly vanished into its imminent wimple of blackness.

In the bare-walled locker room Miss Essie Birdsong leaned to her reflection in the wavy mirror and ran a fine pencil line along the curves of her eyebrows.

'Is this right, Loo?'

"Swell! Your eyes look two shades darker,"

"Gee!"

Miss Birdsong smiled and leaned closer.

"The girls all out, Loo?"

"Yeh; hurry up and lemme have that mirror, Ess-Harry gets as glum as glue if I keep him waiting.

Miss Pope adjusted a too-small hat, with a too-long pheasant's wing cocked at a too-rakish angle on her brass-colored hair, and powdered her already powdered cheek bones.

"Here-you can have the mirror first, Loo. I-I ain't in a hurry to-night. You and Harry better go on and not wait round for me."

Miss Pope placed her long, birdlike hands on her slim hips and slumped inward at the waistline; her eyes had the peculiar lambency of the blue flame that plays on the surface of cognac and leaves it cold.

What's hurtin' you, Ess? The whole week you been makin' this play to dodge me and Harry! If you don't like our company, Essie, me and Harry can manage to worry along somehow!"

"Oh, Lulu, it-it ain't that, and you know it."

"You're all alike. Didn't my last chum, Della Bradenwald, do the same thing? I interdooced her to a gen'l'man friend of mine, a slick little doorman for a two-a-day show, and what did she do? Scat! After the second day it was Good-by, Loo-Loo! They went kitin' it off together and dropped me and Harry like parachutes."

'Loo darlin', honest, me and Joe just love goin' roudancin' with you and Harry; but-but-"Then what's hurtin' you?"



"You Know All Righty, Missy, Why She Wants You to Wash It - You Know

"It's maw again, Loo. She looked like she was ready for one of her spells when I left; she's been worse again these two days and the doctor says we mustn't get her excitedher heart's bum, Loo."

"Say, I used to have heart failure myself, and I know a swell cure—Hartley's Heart's Ease. Honest, when I was over at the Olympic I used to go dead like a tire. Lend me your eyestick, Ess."

"You'll laff, Loo; but she's daffy for me and Joe to come home after the show; she's never seen him at all,

"Oh, I gotta flashlight of Joe goin' to call on your old

lady!"
"When maw and I was clerkin' the girls and fellows
"When maw and I was clerkin' the girls and fellows Maw was as lively as any of us in those days; and we'd have sardine sandwiches, and my kid brother used to imitate all kinds of music and actors; and we used to laff and laff until they'd knock on the ceiling from upstairs and maw'd pack the whole lot of 'em home. Why don't you and Harry come up to-night too, Loo? And we'll have a little

"Nothin' doin', Beauty. There's a Free-for-All Tango Contest round at the Poppy Garden to-night; and believe me, I wouldn't mind winning that pink ivory manicure set. All I gotta ask is one thing, Ess! Bring me a snapshot of Joe doing the fireside act!"

The glaze of unshed tears sprang over Miss Birdsong's eyes like gauzy clouds across a summer sky.

"I-that's just it, Loo. I can't get him to come. Sometimes I think maybe it's just because he's stringing me along; and I-he-he was your friend first, Loo. Ain't he ever said anything to you about me-about-aw, you know what I mean, Loo."

"He's stuck on you, girl. I know Joe Ullman like I know the floor plan of this theater."

"Honest, Loo, do you think so?"

"Sure! I knew Joe when I was making sateen daisies in a artificial flower loft on Twenty-second Street, and him and my brother was clerkin' in a cigar store on Twenty-third, and running a neat little book on the side."
"A book?"

"Yes, dearie-a pretty picture book."

"Joe never told me."

"He ain't always been the thirty-dollar-a-week kid he is now-take it from me. Just the samey, you can thank me for interdoocing you to the sharpest little fellow that's selling tickets on the sidewalks of this great and wicked city!"

"I always tell him he ought to save more—taxis and all he has to have, that spendy he is!"

"Sidewalk speculatin' is a good pastime if you're sharp enough; and I always tell Joe he's got a edge on him like a

"Like a razor! Aw, Loo, you talk like he was a barber." "Sure, he's that sharp! Take Harry now: he's as slick as a watermelon seed when it comes to pickin' a sheet of music with a whistle in it; but put him in a game like Joe's, with the law cross-eyed from winkin' and frownin' at

the same time, and he'd lose his nerve!"
"It ain't a game, Loo. Joe says there ain't a reason why a fellow can't sell a theater ticket at a profit, just like Harry

sells a sheet of music. Sidewalks are free for all." "Leave it to Joe to stretch the language like a rubber

band. His middle name is Gutta-Percha. "He was your friend first."

"He is yet, Beauty-even if you have grabbed him. I like him—he's one good sport; but with Joe's gift for tongue work he could make a jury believe a Bowery jewelry store ought to have a habeas corpus for every body it snatches; he could rob a cradle and get a hero medal for it."

"I-sometimes I-I don't know how to take him, Loo. We've been goin' together steady now; and sometimes I think he—he likes me, and sometimes I think he don't."

"Take it from me, you got him goin'. I never knew him to take a five-evenings-a-week lease on anybody's time." "Six."

"Six! For all I know, you—you're keepin' things from me. Lemme see your left hand—whatta you blushing for, Beauty? Whatta you blushing for?"

"Aw, Loo!"

"Say, how does this jacket look, Ess? Half them judges over there at the Poppy watch your clothes more'n your face."

"Swell!"

"Well, is this where me and Harry exit, Beauty?"

"Yeh; you go shead, Loo. I-I'll tell Joe you and Harry went on ahead to-night."

"I gotta half bottle of Hartley's Heart's Ease at home, Ess. Tell your old lady to have it on me. Don't you worry, kiddo. I used to have heart trouble so bad I'd breathe like a fish at a shore dinner—and look at me now! I'll bring it to-morrow-a tablespoonful before meals."

Good night, Loo. I'll see you Monday."

"Put on a little more color there, Ess, or you'll never get nothin' out of him. You look as scared as an oyster. Lordy, you can handle him easy! Lemme know what happens. S'long! S'long!"

"Good night, Loo!" Miss Birdsong brushed at her soft cheeks with the pink tip of a rabbit's foot and the color sprang out to match the rose-colored sateen facing of her hat. Her lips opened in a faint smile; and after a careful interval she scrambled into her jacket, flung a good night to the doorman and burried through the gloomy foyer.

No sham like the sham of the theater! Its marble facade is classic as a temple, and its dirty gray-brick rear opens out on a cat-infested alley. The perfumes of the audi-torium are the fumes of the wings. Thespis wears a custommade coat of many colors, but his undershirt is sackcloth.

(Continued on Page 26)

### Business at Judicial Discretion

F ONE could imagine human society suddenly confronted with the necessity of enact-

ing a criminal code and undertaking to do it in a single statute, he would be able to realize in a way what those who formulated the Sherman Antitrust Law attempted.

Mr. Justice Harlan tells us that at the time this law was enacted there was everywhere, among the people generally, a deep feeling of unrest. "The nation had been rid of human slavery-fortunately, as all now feel-but the conviction was universal that the country was in real danger from another kind of slavery sought to be fastened on the American people-namely, the slavery that would result from aggregations of capital in the hands of a few individuals and corporations controlling, for their own profit and advantage exclusively, the entire business of the country, including the production and sale of the necessaries of life. Such a danger was thought to be then imminent, and all felt that it must be met firmly and by such statutory regulations as would adequately protect the people against oppression and wrong."

In order to meet this condition it was necessary to formulate a law that would prohibit new wrongs not before this time defined in any statute. This was a tremendous undertaking—as difficult as though in the imaginary state the lawmakers were suddenly called on to formulate a statute covering all the varieties of crime.

No state could have a general statute prohibiting all crimes. That would leave the courts in every case to say what a crime is. No man would know how to conduct himself, and every man would be at the mercy of a prosecutor and might be haled into court for any sort of imaginary wrong. The absurdity of the thing when applied to our criminal procedure is at once apparent. Nevertheless, it was by a single general statute that Congress undertook to prohibit the new wrongs and to punish the new crimes against our commercial civilization.

Senator Edmunds, who drafted the statute, took the position that restraint of trade, like fraud, ought not to be defined, and that a general prohibition of it was sufficient. The first and second sections of the Sherman Law were formulated to meet this new condition.

The first section provided that every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, was to be declared illegal. And the second section provided that eson who should ombine, or monopolize or attempt to me monopolize conspire with any other perany part of the trade or the several states, and so on, should ! anor. And both sections provided and prisonment.

It was a sweeping enactment against every restraint of trade and every attempt to monopolize-as sweeping as though a state had undertaken to prevent all wrongdoing by the enactment of a single statute prohibiting the commission of crimes. This law remained for a long time practically ineffective.

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

One of the early attorney-generals considered it unconstitutional. It is said that he had been attorney for a great trust, and he advised the president under whom he served that it was unwise to endeavor to enforce the statute. Some attorney-generals were disinclined to act, and the ability of others recalls Doctor Johnson's remark on a nobleman of his time who had been elevated to a high office: "His parts, sir, are pretty well for a lord, but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts."

During the last year of McKinley's Administration it was a complete dead letter, and it has been only under recent administrations that any effort has been made to enforce it. From 1897, however, the law had had a curious history. On March twenty-second of that year, in the Trans-Missouri Freight Case, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that this law applied to all restraints of trade, and that the term "contract in restraint of trade" used in it meant every contract in restraint of trade and was not limited to the kind of contracts that were in unreasonable restraint of trade.

The great corporations of the country undertook to induce the Supreme Court to say that this law meant only unreasonable restraints of trade, but in plain terms the court refused to do so.

Having failed to persuade the court to change this law by judicial amendment, the great business interests went to Congress and endeavored to have the law amended so as to apply only to unreasonable restraint of trade or commerce. The Senate Judiciary Committee reported against this amendment. They said that so to change it would be entirely to emasculate the law and for all practical purposes render it nugatory as a remedial statute.

And so the law remained until the Standard Oil Case and the Tobacco Trust Case came into the Supreme Court of the United States in 1910. The following year, in the decisions in those cases, the Supreme Court amended the law by inserting the word "undue"-an amendment that Congress had refused to make and one for which the great business interests had all along contended.

By judicial amendment the court, in the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, interpreted the law to mean not that every restraint of trade was prohibited,

as the act said, but "only undue restraints of interstate or for-

eign trade or commerce are pro-hibited by the provisions of the act of July 2, 1890." And so by the decision in that case the rule of reason became the measure for the purpose of determining whether in a given case a particular act had or had not brought about the wrong against which the statute provided.

One of the ablest members of the court dissented forcibly from this decision:

"By every conceivable form of expression," he said, "the majority, in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic Cases, adjudged that the act of Congress did not allow restraint of interstate trade to any extent or in any form; and three times it expressly rejected the theory, which had been persistently advanced, that the act should be construed as though it had in it the word unreasonable or undue. But now the court, in accordance with what it denominates the rule of reason, in effect inserts in the act the word undue, which means the same as unreasonable, and thereby makes Congress say what it did not say—what, as I think, it plainly did not intend to say, and what, since

the passage of the act, it had explicitly refused to say.

"It has steadily refused to amend the act so as to tolerate a restraint of interstate commerce even where such restraint could be said to be reasonable or due. In short, the court now, by judicial legislation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which the legislative department of the Government exclusively has cognizance.

Almost the dissenting justice persuades us to believe him right against the majority of the court. Even in the day when Lord Mansfield drank champagne with the wits it was considered questionable taste to ask a court to reverse itself. "Does it not lessen the confidence of the public?" wrote the author of The Rambler. "Will not be who knows himself wrong to-day hope that the courts of justice will think him right to-morrow?"

After this decision the law, which had been in the mo general terms, became wholly uncertain. The courts could have said what restraint of trade was, as a matter of fact. perhaps; but whether or not there was undue restraint of trade was a great, vague question, to be decided in every case. Moreover, the law would now seem to admit that certain kinds of restraint of trade were permissible. It was as though a general statute prohibiting all crimes was now amended to prohibit only undue crimes.

By this decision the Supreme Court not only assumed the prerogative of the national legislature and amenda the law in a way that the national legislature had refused to do, but by this decision the courts were granted the great latitude of deciding cases according to the economic

theories of the presiding judge—that is to say, the law was now so large and vague that every court could decide it practically as it pleased. Whether or not an act was prohibited under this law became a question of the opinion of the court trying the case.

The courts now sat under it as boards of control to determine how the business of the country ought to be conducted, and with no restraint on them except their opinion. They were no longer bound to enforce the penalties of the statute because a restraint of trade was proved. They must be convinced that it was an undue restraint of trade. They could apply the rule of reason and, having no precedent before them, the rule of reason could be any sort of measure they liked. It is said that the Duc d'Uzès, chevalier d'honneur to Louis the Fourteenth, being asked by the queen what o'clock it was, replied:

"What your Majesty pleases!"

Mr. Justice Harlan was not misled about the sweeping ffect of this decision:

"I have a strong conviction," he said, "that it will hrow the business of the country into confusion and invite videly extended and harassing litigation, the injurious ffect of which will be felt for many years to come. When Congress prohibited every contract, combination or nonopoly in restraint of commerce it prescribed a simple, lefinite rule that all could understand, and which could be asily applied by every one wishing to obey the law and ot to conduct their business in violation of law. But now t is to be feared we are to have in cases without number he constantly recurring inquiry, difficult to solve by proof, thether the particular contract, combination or trust avolved in each case is or is not an unreasonable or undue estraint of trade.

"Congress, in effect, said that there should be no restraint f trade in any form, and this court solemnly adjudged nany years ago that Congress meant what it thus said in lear and explicit words, and that it could not add to the ords of the act: but those who condemn the action of ongress are now, in effect, informed that the courts will llow such restraints of interstate commerce as are shown ot to be unreasonable or undue."

#### The Peril of Vague Statutes

MICHARD II made the crime of treason so vague that in the first year of his successor an act was passed reciting: That no man knew how he ought to behave himself, to do, eak or say, for doubt of any such pains of treason."

Under the Sherman Law as it is now judicially amended se perplexities of the business interests of the country are ecisely expressed by the opening paragraph of this atute of Henry IV. The people do not know what straints of trade are to be prohibited. The business terests do not know how far they may go with such straints. They may go to a certain length—but what is it? Every business engaged in interstate trade is conducted the peril of the opinion of the attorney-general. It is nducted at the peril of the opinion of the Federal judges. is the prerogative of the courts to say how the business the country is to be conducted, and what is proper and nat is not proper in restraints and monopolies.

The extraordinary situation has had no equal except the early history of the English-speaking people, when

the crime of high treason was thus indeterminate. Sir William Blackstone tells us that by the ancient common law there was "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what was treason or not so-precisely as there is to-day "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what is undue restraint of

Sir William Blackstone was not of the opinion that such a condition was one to be desired. The result of this great latitude does not inspire us with confidence when we read his comment on it.

"Whereby," he continues, "the creatures of tyrannical princes had opportunity to create abundance of constructive treasons—that is, to raise by forced and arbitrary constructions offenses into the crime and punishment of treason which never were suspected to be such."

Our history does not encourage us to believe that civilization will be advanced by setting up the judges as governors of public conduct and with latitude to say what is or is not an offense against the public welfare.

Montesquieu said that to leave the crime of high treason indeterminate was alone sufficient to make any government degenerate into arbitrary power. Restraint of trade and the effecting of monopolies are the highest crimes against commerce; and yet this decision leaves them indeterminate, with a great latitude in the breast of the judges to determine what they are.

The old law writers said that as treason was the highest crime which—considered as a member of the communityany man can possibly commit, it ought therefore to be the most precisely ascertained. In order to rescue the country from a condition of industrial slavery, as Mr. Justice Harlan indicated, restraint of trade was made a great statutory crime. Therefore, if it is the highest crime against our commercial civilization, ought it not to be the most precisely ascertained?

We have not been without abundant illustration of the evils of leaving Federal statutes uncertain-their meaning at the discretion of the Federal judges. The litigation against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a conspicuous example. This company was indicted under the Elkins Law on nineteen hundred and three counts charging that its product was hauled by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company at less rates than those named in the tariff schedules published and filed by that company with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The company was tried on fourteen hundred and sixtytwo counts and found guilty. District Judge Landis imposed the maximum fine on every count, making in the aggregate a fine of \$29,240,000.

The so-called Elkins Law, under which this indictment was brought, was so indefinite that nobody could say what it meant. No one knew from the language of the act what constituted an offense. Did it mean that the thirty-six payments for shipments constituted one offense or thirtysix offenses? Did it mean that every time a consignment of cars was moved that constituted one offense or that the moving of every car was an offense, or the moving of every barrel or gallon or pound of oil?

The case was taken to the Circuit Court of Appeals and was reversed, this court holding that the gist of the offense was the acceptance of the concession, irrespective of whether the property involved was carloads, trainloads or pounds;

and finally the case, after being remanded, was heard by Judge Anderson and dismissed.

The question of whether there had been a definite rate published and filed before the Interstate Commerce Commission had also perplexed the judges. Judge Landis was of the opinion there was no such rate. The Circuit Court of Appeals said: "The most we can say is that the question is one on which judges, after full discussion, might very reasonably disagree.

Judge Anderson said: "Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, if it is a matter about which reasonable men may differ or trained judges may disagree; the Court of Appeals says, after reviewing these papers, after looking them over and after consulting together, that they cannot tell what the rate is, that reasonable men might differ on that question, then, of course, the evidence is not sufficient to warrant you in finding that these papers establish that rate beyond a reasonable doubt."

If judicial discretion on indefinite statutes may extend from not guilty to a fine of twenty-nine million dollars, can we imagine any circumference to inclose it? Decision at the pleasure or at the whim or caprice of the court would have no more extended limitations. Surely such examples do not encourage us to leave the intent of a law to the mere opinion of the judiciary.

#### When Judges Become Legislators

THE Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, created "The committee has full confidence in the integrity, intelligence and patriotism of the Supreme Court of the United States; but it is unwilling to repose in that court or any other court the vast and undefined power it must exercise in the administration of the statute under the rule it has promulgated. It substitutes the court in the place of Congress, for whenever the rule is invoked the court

"It is inconceivable that in a country governed by a written Constitution and statute law the courts can be permitted to test each restraint of trade by the economic standards which the individual members of the court may happen to approve. . . . It may be that the Supreme Court will be so enlightened and so alert that its opinion respecting what is due and what is undue restraint of trade will be in harmony with an awakened public conscience and a disinterested public judgment; but to fashion our conduct on that hypothesis is to repudiate the fundamental principles of representative government."

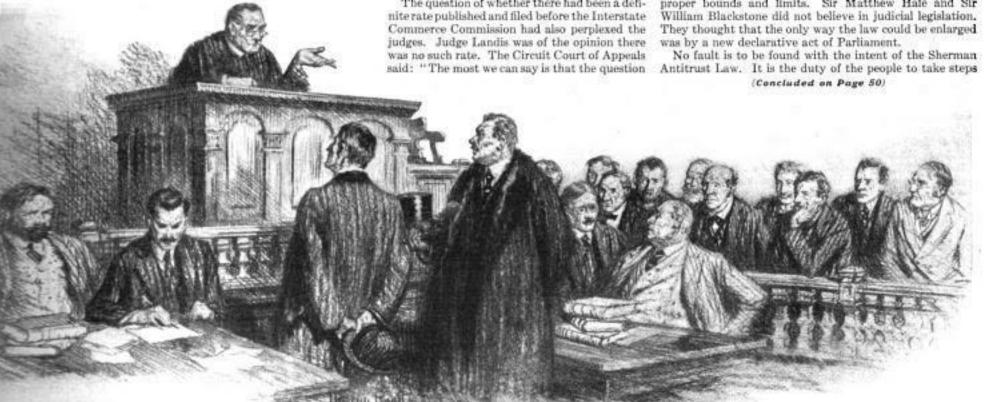
does not administer the law but makes the law.

It is no reflection on our courts to insist that they restrict their functions to an administration of the law. The electorate will never be content to permit the courts to legislate for it-to make laws for it. It will never permit the judges to sit as censors, to say how the business of the country shall be conducted, what are good and what are bad trusts, who shall be permitted to indulge in restraints of trade and monopolies, and who shall be refused those desirable privileges.

One may object to this and yet believe that the judges are our most conscientious public servants. He may object to it and yet believe that there is virtue in the bench to make a man more upright than his fellows. We know that a great trust has sometimes made even a doubtful person honorable. A cutpurse once made a very good Chief Justice of England. True, he one day got a rather startling idea of rewards. Hearing that one of his old companions was in jail, he called on him and asked what had become of the rest of the gang; to which the prisoner answered:

"Alas! They were all hanged except myself and your lordship!"

Sir Matthew Hale considered that Parliament had acted with the greatest wisdom in keeping the judges within proper bounds and limits. Sir Matthew Hale and Sir was by a new declarative act of Parliament.



## BANTRY By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

T WAS finally decided, in solemn family conclave, to let Foster hastily out of bed, and he hobbled over to the him go to see the circus come in.
"Thank you, father!" said the boy tremulously.

"Thank you, mother! I'll bring in two big armloads of wood so there'll be plenty to get breakfast with." And he vanished.

"He'll probably oversleep anyhow," remarked the Reverend Mr. Pettigrew.

"Would it be just the square thing, Homer, to let him oversleep?" asked Alicia Pettigrew. There was an edge to her voice which made her husband's bushy black eyebrows con-tract in displeasure.

"I can't see that our permission to let him go obligates us to make sure that he does go," he answered in his sonorous, didactic, pulpit tone. "However, do as you please. The incident has already occupied too much of my time." Whereupon he again opened the Homiletic Review to an essay on the Copartnership of Man with God, written by himself and now under perusal for the third time.

A couple of minutes later Foster, having finished his chores with

sleight-of-hand dispatch, scrambled over the board fence in the back yard, crossed the alley, and cautiously approached the rear of a shanty which exhaled the odor of ancient soapsuds. He approached cautiously, because it was the home of a drunkard and he was afraid of drunkards.

"Come on. Dad ain't home," called Stub Hatch, pausing in the ignominious task of filling a couple of tubs from a minbarrel at the corner of the house.

"I can go, Stub!" cried Foster exultantly. "And I got a fishin' line, too, to tie round my big toe and hang out of the window, like you said."

"I guess you better not count on me," remarked Stub gloomily. "I gotta fill these two tubs and then go clean up to Tallman's fer a wash, and I'll probably be so tired I'll

oversleep in the morning."
"Why, I'll fill the tubs," volunteered the innocent Foster. Stub affected hesitancy, and spat dark-brownishly.

'All right; but don't waste none or maw'll bawl me out for it. She's down to Carmichaels' for soap. Old Hobbs won't tick her no more. Try and git through before she gits back. If you do I wisht you'd bring in a scuttle of coal. I wouldn't ast you, but I spraint my wrist to-day."

Again he spat. Foster tried to ignore the dark-brown, for Stub had joined his Sunday-school class two weeks before and signed the pledge, which included tobacco. It was better to think of Stub's good points, for here was a boy who was not afraid of his drunken father, who knew the best catfish holes in Haymeadow Creek, could outskate and outwrestle any boy in the neighborhood, went barefoot from April to October, slept away from home whenever he chose—often with tramps, so he said—and owned collections of birds' eggs, stamps, marbles and tobacco tags that even boys whose fathers were rich had to envy.

Indeed, in Stub's presence Foster always felt his own limitations keenly. In the first place his father was a preacher. Secondly, he had been named for a bishop. There seemed small chance for a boy named after a bishop. Nobody ever thought of calling him Chick or Skinny or Red or Shorty in the spirit that Stub was called Stub. Preachers who came to the parsonage for dinner, when had to stop over between trains, always said with a hand on his head: "Ah, Foster! After our beloved bishop! I hope you may tread in the footsteps of that great man."

For a glorious period, it is true, he had expanded under the diminutive of "Foss" among the boys. But, alas, two Sundays later he learned at church that Foss was the name of still another bishop. He locked the secret in his breast, but all the romance, all the dayhad forever been squeezed out of "Foss," at languished and died. As for "Fossie," it like Flossie.

The objects in his visibility when a v

ng into ghostly ashline brought



The Other Boys, Tasting the Bitter Aloes of Envy, Tramped in the Dusty Weeds

backstairs, paused briefly at the cooky jar in the pantry and joined Stub outside.

A robin was already caroling in the big sugar maple by the well, but the boys, visioning lions and tigers and elephants, heard it not, and pattered off in their bare feet for the railroad yard. At the first corner they happened upon a third boy; at the next, upon a fourth and a fifth; and before they reached the yards there was a dozen in the squad.

"We'll give 'em the slip as soon as we kin," whispered Stub cunningly. "Them circus fellers won't let a bunch like this come close enough to see nothin'."

The circus, they found, had already pulled in; but their disappointment was mitigated by the fact that no activity was yet afoot. The big yellow cars splashed with red loomed like a dream city. The roustabouts, rolled in tarpaulins under the wagons on the flats, still slept. The curtains of the sleepers were still tightly drawn.

But soon all was changed. A man in shirtsleeves and battered derby hat stiffly descended the steps of the foremost sleeper and sounded a watchman's rattle. The roustabouts, yawning and stretching, came to a sitting posture; and in an amazingly short time horses and ponies were pouring out of the cars; wagons, cages, chariots and the steam calliope were shunted down inclines; and half the elephants were on the ground before Foster and Stub had discovered their whereabouts.

Elephants were a passion with Foster. His schoolteacher, the day before, had given a little talk on them, explaining the difference between the Asiatic and the African species. Foster remembered that the Africans had much larger ears, rougher trunks, three toes on the hindfeet instead of four and a bulging instead of a concave forehead. He even remembered their Latin names-Elephas asiaticus and Elephas africanus. But he spoke nothing of this to his companions. Though a remarkably innocent boy, with the delicacy of a girl and the imagination of a poet, he had gathered some worldly lore. He had learned, for one thing, that all boys despise a superior boy.

He discovered, to his surprise, that all the elephants in the herd were Asiatics and their mahouts dark-skinned Orientals, with tiny, silky mustaches, glean fluffy turbans and baggy trousers. Even Maharajah, the big bull that had risked his life to save his baby from a locomotive—according to the billboards—was an Asiatic. Foster studied him with awe. He did not look like a fond parent. His little eyes twinkled wickedly; he swung his great trunk restlessly to and fro as if seeking that which he might destroy; and his mahout, bawling a strange lingo,

incessantly pulled and prodded him with a goad.
"What do you keep punchin' him for?" Foster finally mustered courage to ask.

"Because he is an old devil," answered the Bengalese, "Do not come too near or God Himself cannot save you. He has already kill one thousand boys, and he will kill a thousand more before

Foster, the credulous, was skeptical for once. Still he fell back a yard. At the same time he said: "No clephunt will hurt me."

He spoke so quietly, with such dignity and assurance, that the mahout looked at him curiously. "Why, little sahib?"

Foster did not know why. He had spoken, as was his habit, like one in a dream. Indeed, at that moment he was dreaming that he was the greatest mahout in the world, just as he had often dreamed, with wide open eyes, that he was the greatest seacaptain, the greatest locomotive engineer. the greatest aëroplanist in the world.

"Come nearer then, little sahib, if you are not afraid," continued the man, smiling. "Lay your hand upon him."

Even Homer Pettigrew's steady heart would have throbbed

with pride could he have envisaged his son's soul at that instant; for Foster, impelled by a mysterious impulse that took no account of fear—for he was afraid—did step forward.

"Steady, Maharajah, steady!" said he, though his voice was not quite steady.

The great beast extended his trunk and lifted the boy to the top of his head. Makunda Das, mumbling some kind of an incantation, weaved his long, slim brown hands to and fro with a snaky motion; and it was in this fashion that Foster rode to the circus grounds a mile away, looking straight ahead, like the picture of Pompey entering Rome, while the other boys, tasting the bitter aloes of envy, tramped along in the dusty roadside weeds.

At the grounds a few of the pachyderms were impressed to butt wagons into position and help raise the "big top"; but most of them, including Maharajah, were staked off to one side, where they were served a breakfast of baled hay by their dusky attendants. The other boys were soon attracted elsewhere, but Foster remained with his beloved elephants.

Presently a white man appeared, smoking a cigarette. His hands and shirt were very dirty, he wore no suspenders, and his trousers sagged so low over his hips that Foster momentarily feared a disastrous slide. But the way that man handled elephants, kicking them about like bales of excelsior, without a goad, was a marvel. And the way he cursed the Bengalese about, though there seemed no occasion for cursing, was fairly hair-raising.

Suddenly he turned his attention to Foster. "See that bar'l, kiddo? Take them two buckets and go over to Aust Molly's yonder for water. When the bar'l's full you get a free ticket to the show this afternoon. Savvy?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. A free ticket was of no use to him. He never had attended a circus and never expected to. He had never even asked to, for his father believed that circuses were the devil's own device, and had said so from the pulpit only the Sunday before. Hence when he picked up the dinar canvas buckets, it was not a free ticket but Service that he was thinking of. Service, always with a capital S, was thing of which he heard a great deal, both at home and st church. And it was now indeed a privilege to him to carry water to the great beasts which he had such a curious affection for; which so inflamed his imagination, transporting him in spirit to that strange land where the misionaries went; that land of terrible jungles, in which the tiger and the cobra made their lairs; where women cast their babes into the Ganges, or flung themselves upon their husbands' funeral piles.

Yet as he trudged back and forth, back and forth between Aunt Molly's and the herd; as the dew dried from the grass and dust began to fly; as the sun grew hot, his area tired, his hands blistered, the hope was presently born that If he earned a ticket his father might let him use it. At and it was a very tiny thing; yet it waxed rapidly in greegth and size, and ere long it had become a Belief.

But that barrel! It was not a particularly large barrel to look at. The first two bucketfuls made quite a showing in the bottom. When it was a third full he was still fresh. At the half, though weary, his determination was still strong. But after that the waterline crept up at a snail's pace, until it seemed as if the barrel must have some subterranean

Then Aunt Molly-he didn't believe that to be her real name-came out and told him sharply that she couldn't pure any more water. She added more gently-perhaps after a second glance at his drooping figure and flaming face, all streaked with sweat and dust: "Besides, you're too little for such work. Why don't some of those lazy rires men carry the water?"

"Oh, they aren't lazy, ma'am," said be loyally. "They're looking after the animals and tents and getting ready for the parade."

Houses here in the outskirts were scattering. The next well was almost a block farther off, or two blocks to the sound trip. They told heavily on him, and after six round trips the barrel loomed as big as a hogshead, and swallowed his last load like the contents of a pint cup.

Then a tragic thing happened.

He was resting in the shade of a ticket wagon when a here-legged, lean-shanked mahout approached the barrel, dipped out two candy-bucketfuls of water and carried them to an elephant.

Foster was no crybaby. He had been taught that all the vicissitudes of life are sent by God for a good purpose, and are, therefore, blessings in disguise, to rebel against which is ingratitude. But he was deathly tired, his temples throbbed and his palms burned like fire. So he burst into

"What's the matter now, huh?" presently demanded the man with the precariously clinging trousers, as he lit a resh cigarette and emitted two white jets of smoke from his nose. "Quit the job, huh?"

"I can't ever fill the barrel, sir, if they keep dippin' out," asswered the lad.

"You're seein' things, kiddo. Nobody's dippin' out." "Yes, they are, sir. A Hindu man dipped out two big

nckets and watered one of the elephunts." The man grinned. "Well, well! I'll see he don't do it

again," he promised, with a wink at a spectator. hastle up! And remember: the bar'l full or no ticket. If you don't want the job -

He broke off abruptly at sight of a second spectator, a little man with sharp, black eyes, dressed in a neat gray mit and a broad-brimmed gray hat.

"Did this man promise you a ticket for filling that barrel?" he asked of Foster. "Yes, sir."

"Up to your old tricks again, eh!" exclaimed the little man, and the cursing he then gave the cigarette man made the latter's cursing of the Bengalese seem a very tame affair bised. Foster shivered for the little man's safety, but oldly enough the cigarette man shuffled off without a

word. Then the little man drew something like a check book from his pocket, signed his name, tore out a leaf and handed it to Foster.

"Here's your pass, my boy-good for this afternoon only. Now go over to that barrel and souse your head and keep in the shade awhile. You look hot. I've got a boy about your age back home, and I know what's good for boys that are hot."

Foster, thanking him eagerly, obeyed instructions, though the period spent in the shade was the very shortest reconcilable with his conscience. Then, without waiting for the parade to form, he made a beeline for home, the precious pass in his hand, his hand in his pocket, and his pocket pressed against his thigh.

His mother was in the kitchen, paring potatoes for dinner. He told his story. If she perceived its pathos it was through maternal divination, not any art of his; and when he finished and asked falteringly if she thought he might go to the circus, she arose and dried her hands and said in a peculiarly quiet tone: "Wait here. I'll go up to your father's study and talk to him."

This was unusual, for the first rule of the household was that Homer Pettigrew should not be interrupted during the morning hours except for urgent matters.

His mother was gone a long time, and when she came back she entered the kitchen softly and said in the same strangely quiet tone, with a stiffness about the lips that made him wonder: "Your father will tell you himself at dinnertime."

When the family was seated at the table Pettigrew returned thanks for the food, unfolded his napkin, stuck it in his collar, carved the pot roast and served the plates. Foster had an empty feeling inside, but it was not the emptiness of hunger, in spite of no breakfast. However, at the parsonage you either ate or you left the table-if you were little; and as leaving the table was not to be thought of until his momentous question had been answered, Foster picked up his knife and fork without daring to glance at his father.

"Foster," said the latter at last, "your mother has related your experience to me. In giving you permission to see the circus come in I did not contemplate your going to the grounds. But doubtless you misunderstood me or you would not have gone. Now I have only this to say: believe circuses are wrong. I preach against them; I advise my parishioners to keep their children away from them. Naturally I have kept you from them, and should under ordinary circumstances, as a matter of course, forbid your going to this one."

He paused and drank a glass of water. He drank a great deal of water-the only beverage, he was fond of saying, when asking for a third or fourth glass out at dinners, which God had made for man. Meanwhile, Foster's heart

began to race.
"The present circumstances," continued his father, "are not ordinary. You have earned a ticket. I hope I understand something of what that means to you, so I am going to let you do as you please. I am going to put the matter up to your conscience. You know my views. You know that I am older and wiser than you. You are old



All That Drowsy Jane Afternoon Foster Jat on a Josp. Box, Jober Faced But Tearless

enough to understand, in part, at least, the embarrassment which your going would put upon me and your mother. And that is all I have to say."

Foster, with his eyes upon his plate, swallowed a bite of bread that all but choked him. There seemed to be not room enough for it and the lump in his throat at the same time. He thought of the Ledbetters, who had subscribed more money for the new Methodist church than any other family. He thought of Eddie Preston, the Presbyterian minister's son. He thought of lots of other people who always went to circuses. But he did not speak his thoughts; he had been taught not to argue with his father. What he did do was to rise with a white face, quite suddenly, run toward the kitchen, and from the door call back:

"I want to go, father, but I won't go. And I don't want you to say you're glad, or praise me, or ever speak of it again." With which he fled.

Homer Pettigrew leaped from his chair with a black brow. "No!" said Alicia, with flashing eyes, placing herself between him and the door. "You took your fling at him first about having no more to say."

All that drowsy June afternoon Foster sat on a soap-box under the maple, sober-faced but tearless. The street was very quiet; not a boy passed. Bumblebees droned in the hollyhocks. A brood of young orioles overhead incessantly voiced their querulous, monotonous cries. Ever and anon there floated to his ears, at the caprice of the shifting

zephyrs, a strain of band music from the circus tent, softened and etherealized by distance till one could almost imagine it the strumming of angels upon their golden harps. And at the bay window sat his mother, sewing-when the needle-point was not blurred through tears.

About six o'clock Stub Hatch hopped over the back fence, crunching an apple. "Got' the show?" he asked briskly.

"Father wouldn't let me," answered Foster truthfully.

"Gee, it was fine! I'm goin' agin to-night, Then I'm goin' to see 'em load up. They've got some new cars for the elephunts, and I heard one of the circus fellers say mebbe the elephunts wouldn't go into 'em, 'count of the smell of paint, and would have to be drug in with a rope. Mebbe your dad would let you go to that."

No, he wouldn't," said Foster bitterly; and he did not even resent Stub's contemptuous "Geeminy crickets, what a piker!"

On account of his early rising Foster was sent to bed at eight o'clock. But he could not sleep. The circus band music was even plainer than in the afternoon, and his restless mind, aided by the billboards, pictured the dazzling spectacle, scene by scene.

Then suddenly, for the first time in his life, he resolved to deceive his parents; to see the loading of the circus.

He counted the clock strokes, and almost before the last, deliberate, mellow tones of ten had died away he was into his clothes and out on the porch roof. Sliding down the corner post was but the repetition of a familiar feat, and five minutes later he reached 11 (Concluded on Page

He Turned the Corner, Thinking His Unwieldy Pursuers Might Skid

## THE ARGONAUTS

### Sonny-By George A. Birmingham

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

T WAS late in November and it had been raining without cessation for more than three weeks—not vigorously, as I have seen it rain in New York and Philadelphia, but with a dull persistence, as it rains nowhere else except in the west of Ireland. Rain there seems—at certain, indeed at most seasons of the year-to be the normal thing, as if the genius that presides over the weather had turned on rain and then gone to sleep. The country was saturated and I, though well inured to the climate of Connaught, felt that the pervading damp was getting on my nerves. I was dry in bed at night-I did not seem to be dry anywhere else. I confess that my temper was bad.

John Cassidy met me on the road a mile from my house at four o'clock one afternoon. He was standing at the bottom of a muddy lane that leads up to the wretchedly poor cabin in which he lives. I realized at once that he was

waiting for me. I sighed. John Cassidy is an excellent fellow-what we call a decent poor man—and I would do a good deal for him; but I did not want to do anything for him just then. I wanted to get home and change my sodden clothes. I had been tramping through the rain all day. I wanted hot tea. I wanted tobacco. I wanted a deep chair in front of a fire.

John Cassidy also wanted something—something from

me. Therefore I sighed.
"I'd be glad," he said, "if your reverence would step up and take a look at herself-and maybe say a word to her that would do her good."

Herself was, of course, Mrs. Cassidy. It is in this way that we speak of our wives in the west of Ireland. It is, I think, a beautiful and respectful way of speaking of them. The use of the pronoun in this absolute fashion suggests that for each of us there is no other woman in the world, but only the one; and that is as it should be.

"There's a kind of weakness on her," said John Cassidy; "and it's worse she's getting instead of better."

I grasped at a ray of hope. I am, after all, a clergymannot a doctor. A weakness is a physical rather than a spiritual malady. I could scarcely be expected to cure her. "Why don't you get the doctor if she's ill?" I asked.

I was standing in a pool of water, but that made very little difference to me. My boots had been soaked through

for hours.
"I had the doctor," said Cassidy. "I had him four times and I paid him twice, and it's very little good he

Doctors are not of much use if you take them off the beaten track. In the face of a recognized disease measles, pneumonia or appendicitis, something they can look up in a book-they make some kind of fight. When they come up against anything as vague and formless as a weakness they can very rarely

do anything.

"He gave her a bottle, I suppose," I said bitterly,
In Ireland we describe every

medicine as a bottle-and we are beginning to lose faith in

"For all the good it did her," said Cassidy, "it might as well have been water that was in it: though I will say for that bottle it smelt powerful bad when you took the cork out

"I don't see," I said, "that I'm likely to be of much use."
"It could be," said Cassidy,

"that if your reverence was to speak a word to her it might comfort her."

This was, of course, possible. I followed John Cassidy up the lane.

On the way to the cabin he explained more fully the nature of the weakness.

"It's been coming on her," he said, "ever since the young lad went from us. Two years a 30 he took the notion into his hend that he'd go to Americaand he went."

I knew that. We had all discussed the departure of the Cassidys' son; but he had been gone two years and I had



"My Mather Jays Will Your Reverence Step Up to the House for a Minute?"

seen Mrs. Cassidy many times since. She seemed none the worse. Cassidy read my thoughts with that uncanny intuition which you often find among west-of-Ireland peasants.

"At the first go off," he said, "you wouldn't have thought she minded-no more than another would anyway; but the weakness was within, in the inside of her, and it's lately that it has begun to come out."

I listened to a list of symptoms. It seemed that Mrs. Cassidy had lost heart and no longer took any pleasure in life. She baked bread; she washed clothes; she fed the

pig—but she did these things without zest.

"It's seldom ever I can get her to go as far as the town on a market day," said Cassidy; "and she doesn't care if she never saw a neighbor woman or heard a word of what's

"You couldn't get her to put a shawl over her head and go as far as the road—not if you was to offer her a fistful of gold for doing it."

This was plainly an evil case; but it seemed scarcely likely that my words would charm away so lethal an apathy.
"You'd think now," said Cassidy, "that she was so

more than able just to put the one foot in front of the

He whispered these words in my ear, for we had reached the door of the cottage and it stood open. I went in and Cassidy followed me.

Mrs. Cassidy was sitting on a stool in the chimney corner, crouching over a fire that had burned low. There was a great round pot at her feet, with glowing cinders underneath it and gray, ash-covered coals piled on its lid. In such pots the west-of-Ireland people bake their bread, and Mrs. Cassidy, no doubt, had a loaf in hers; but she was not watching her pot.

I got accustomed to the gloom of the house and I could see that her eyes were fixed on something beyond the pot, beyond the chimney corner and beyond the house itself. They had a long, sorrowful look in them. For a while she seemed unconscious that we were in the room with her. Her husband roused her.

"Do you not see," he said, "that his reverence is here? Will you not give him a chair the way he'll be able to take an air of the fire? He's wet through, so he is."

Mrs. Cassidy's courtesy overcame the weakness that was on her. She stood up and bowed to me with that air of quiet, unassertive dignity which the west-of-Ireland peasant possesses in common with the best-bred members of the English aristocracy. Neither squalor, on the one hand, nor the surroundings of the smart set, on the other, can rob a woman of this great-lady manner if it is born

Having bowed, Mrs. Cassidy drew forward a chair and wiped the seat of it with her apron.

'It's pleased I am to see your reverence," she said, either now or at any other time."

I sat down. John Cassidy gave me a meaning glance, and then said he was going out to see whether the young heifer had broken down the wall which separated her field from the potato patch. It is, I know, the habit of young heifers to break walls. The young of all species do it. I have heard of young girls—but their doings are no concern

of mine. They may break all the walls of all the conventions

without interference from me. Nor do I think that John Cassidy cared much whether his heifer had broken her wall or not. The potatoes had long since been dug. The ground it which they grew would suffe no harm by the incursions of a young heifer. He was making an excuse to escape, so that I should be left alone to speak to Mrs. Cassidy the word which might do her good and help to remove the weakness that we on her.

For some time Mrs. Cassity and I sat in silence, one on each side of the fire. I looked at he and noted a slovenliness in her attire that was new tome. She used to be a neat, trim woman. even when she was going about the business of cleaning ber house and feeding her pig-

I noticed that the hers wandered unchecked about the floor of the room. They pecked and scratched among the asia on the hearth. They sprang up on the dresser, where place and jugs stood in rows. They were free with all that was it the house. This was not Mr. Cassidy's way with hers. In the old days an intruding issi,



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unless it were a chicken in delicate health, was ruthlessly driven from the door. Now Mrs. Cassidy was apathetic.

It is only very good friends who can sit opposite each other without speaking. Silence is usually embarrassing to civilized people. I confess that our long silence began to embarrass me and it came as a relief when Mrs. Cassidy began to speak. Her words fell from her slowly and scarcely seemed to be addressed to me. It was rather as if she spoke a monologue, telling to the brooding spirit of her home the tale of her sorrow.

"It was three years ago that the fancy first took him. Before that he was always contented enough."

I knew she was speaking about her boy-her son,

who had gone to America. "His name," she added, "was Michael Antony; but it was Sonny we called him."

I waited, for I had nothing to say. There are scores of these sonnies, whose names are really something else. The mother love that cleaves to the pet name is the same for all of them; so is the heartbreak for the mother.

"I don't rightly know," she vent on, "how the notion of America came to him first. You'd think he was contented enough. It wasn't that his father was hard on him. The lad had no more to do than what he seemed willing for. He had a decent suit of clothes to wear of a Sunday or a fair day, and nobody denied him his share of any pleasuring there might be in it—the like of a football kicking, or maybe a dance at an odd time; but the notion took him and nothing would do him only to go to America. I was against it and so was his father."

Mrs. Cassidy relapsed into silence again. She seemed to have forgotten my presence altogether. Then suddenly she looked at me and added a word of explanation-a pathetically unnecessary word.

"His name was Michael Antony, but it was Sonny we did be calling him. Well," she went on, "nothing would do him but to write to his Aunt Matilda, who's out in Pittsburgh and married to a man that went from this parish. I never seen her myself, but she was his father's sister. Sonny was always a good scholar and

he was well fit to write a letter to his aunt or to any other one. We kept him to his schooling regular, only when there might be a press of work at the hay or the like of that, so as he'd be wanted at home. It was always his father's wish and my own that he'd get good learning while he couldand he got it. There wasn't a better speller than Sonny; and the way he'd write, a blind man could have read it!

The half door of the cottage was opened and two girls came in. I looked round and recognized the Cassidys' little daughters, children of twelve and fourteen years of age, with school satchels over their arms.

"Norah Kate," said Mrs. Cassidy, "your dinner's waiting for you and Susan's along with it. Will you sit

down now and eat it? And, before you do, let Susy hoosh the hens out of the house. It's too bold those same hens is getting."

The children did as they were bidden, without speaking. Doubtless they shouted and laughed elsewhere, in the school playground or on the roadside. Here at home they were silent. It may have been my presence that awed them; but I think that even the merriest child would have found it hard to laugh in the house where Mrs. Cassidy ceaselessly mourned for Sonny, whose real name was Michael Antony.

When Mrs. Cassidy spoke again the hens had been driven forth and the two girls were sitting at the table,

with a bowl of boiled potatoes between them.

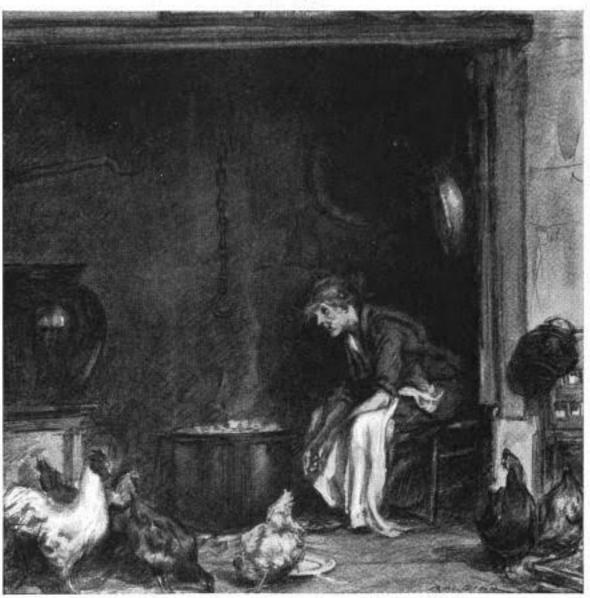
"It was a month, or maybe a little more, before the answer came back from his aunt; but when it did come I was glad to see it. What she said was that it would be no use for Michael Antony-his name was Michael Antony, though it was Sonny we always called him-that it would be no use for him to go to America. The times was bad out there, she said, and little likelihood of their getting better. Let the boy stay where he is, she said, where he has a living to get without working the flesh off his bones. Let him not go there, she said, or else he'd be sorry for it after. Well, you'd think that would have contented him and put the notion of America out of his headand so it did seemingly."

The hens, grown bold by long impunity, had made their way into the house again; but Mrs. Cassidy was roused now.

"Norah Kate," she said, "will you and Susy put them hens out and yourselves along with the hens! Don't you see I'm talking to his reverence?"

Mrs. Cassidy, like most good women, had small respect for her daughters. Sonny, I imagine-had Sonny remained at home-might have sat out the visit of a bishop. His mother would have considered his presence an honor to the highest ecclesiastic; but daughters, even though their fathers spoil them, never stand so high as sons in the opinion of a good mother. Norah Kate

(Continued on Page 53)



I Could Jee That Her Eyes Were Fixed on Jomething Beyond the Pot .

## WITH THE DANCE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

OU must get your husband to join the class! The Watkinses are going to give a ball next month when they come back from the Coast; so we'll have to learn to dance before that. If you don't dance nowadays

you're out of everything!" Mrs. Roberts spoke winningly. She shared the usual anxiety of the promoter of any suburban scheme; the more subscribers you got the less was the individual toll.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Chandor doubtfully. Her graceful head, with its ripply brown hair, drooped a little on one side; her clear blue eyes fastened themselves on the large marblelike orbs of the fashionably attired visitor. "I'd love to join, myself; but I've been trying for the last six months to get Preston to learn and he just simply refuses to. He says he's too old to begin again, with s boy nearly fourteen! But he never cared much for dancing anyway, and after what he saw over at Wickham ast summer ——" Mrs. Chandor paused expressively.

Mrs. Roberts' face flushed.
"Too old! Why, Mr. Brentwood is more enthusiastic han anybody, and he's a grandfather! But I don't thinkto you?-that people-that is, really nice people-talk nuch about age any more. And these dances are so differmt from the waltz and two-step, which were so tiring."

She caught herself up deftly, and then continued: "I lon't mean by this that they're at all like the kind of thing

they have at Wickham; we all know what that set is! No; when the new dances are taught properly they're a very different thing. - Little Emma Prankly, whom we have

engaged to teach us, is the dearest creature; so inspiring! You were saying a moment ago that Mr. Chandor was too tired when he came home at night-that's the very reason he should join the class. Emma Prankly says she teaches more tired-out business men than any others; the tonic effects are wonderful. Doctor Sayres himself told me the other day that if he could run in for an hour of dancing after a day of operations, and work off the strain, it would make a new man of him. I have insisted that my husband should join just on account of his liver; he's so pessimistic lately-business is so bad-that I can hardly stay in the same house with him!"

She paused, and then went on again:

"It's strange how husbands and wives differ on the subject! Now at the Iversons' it's Leslie who's crazy over dancing. Winifred says he tangoes even while he's dressing. She feels that she can't take on another thing, what with little Matilda and the house, and changing servants, and the consumers' league, and all that interminable suffrage telephoning every evening. As she says, Leslie has only his business and his golf to think about. Life seems so simple for a man, doesn't it, in comparison with what it is for a woman? I said to her: 'Winifred, you

need relaxation!' Now do think of the ball and get Mr. Chandor to join! You know you can if you want to." 'Oh, I'll try!" said Elinor.

It was the received cult among the married that you could always get a husband to do anything if you set your mind to it, with the suppression of that other fact that such success, when it did occur, was often more lamentable in its effects than failure. There is no sadder thing than a man forced unwillingly to his amusement.

If she could only get Preston to think that he wanted to

He was such a dear usually about doing what she wished, but when he became inert he had a sort of masculine ponderosity that made it almost impossible to move him. Yet, if he did not give in to the new order of things it was sadly true that they would be out of everything.

The town was steadily growing to be dancing-mad, not only as regarded the younger set, who were by right votaries of the art, but among the middle-aged, the heavyweights, people who had long been relegated to the seats along the wall, and who were now happily taking advantage of the door that opportunity, even at this late day, held open for them. The Bannards and a small party, penetrating with a sense of reckless gayety into a dancing restaurant in town one evening to watch the show, had been quite taken aback by the number of solid elderly husbands and wives disporting themselves earnestly on the floor.

"Well, of course, when you think of it, I suppose they're never invited anywhere to dance," Lucia Bannard had stated; "so this is the only chance they get!"

There was, indeed, one young man and woman who seemed to be performing rather extraordinarily, with immense acrobatic muscle; but even they had soon stopped at a quiet signal from the proprietor. It was felt disappointedly that the gayety of the scene had been overrated; with, however, the saving thought that it was probably quite different at a later hour.

At home there were the elder Iversons, equally grandparents with Mr. Brentwood, though none of them was at all venerable. Mr. Iverson, a semi-invalid for years, had become an ardent devotee of the cult;

while his wife, delicately dignified, performed with delightful grace. When eighteen-year-old Tommy Atmore came home from college for the holidays, and it was whispered that he could dance the Bird Boomerang, or some such matter, all his mother's friends vied for his presence at their afternoon teas,

coaxing him to give them lessons.

Even old Mrs. Crandall, who every one thought would be shocked, though she did not dance, benignly sought with her wrinkled fingers to fit the strains of Money Musk, the Blue Bells of Scotland and the limp and ancient Shells of Ocean Waltz to the exigencies of the new steps, until in self-defense her daughter-in-law procured a phonograph. It had come to that pass, indeed, that every gathering, whether it began as luncheon, tea, dinner or bridge party, turned into dance practice before it was ended, though no two people danced the same way.

The very lilt of the music, the bizarre ragtime and its gay kin that wouldn't let your feet keep still, had something inspiring that swept one out of the realm of orders to the butcher, and bills, and defective plumbing, and the long, sordid business day, and the monotonous round of suburban living; it gave a lift to the morrow. It was time, indeed, for Emma Prankly's competent instruction and for Preston

Chandor to take lessons.

Elinor made up her mind to have it out with him that evening. She was one of those rare women who can differ from a man without being antagonistic; she seemed rather to wish to be convinced by him. She dressed herself with unusual care in a blue gown that he always liked, with a neckpiece of lacy white at her slender bare throat; she had always a characteristic daintiness that satisfied both the eye and the sense. Yet it had seemed to her sometimes lately as though her husband was getting into a habit of not quite seeing her; of just taking her satisfactory appearance comfortably for granted, without any fresh interest in the sight.

He himself, she noticed to-night as she looked at him thoughtfully, was getting a little heavier; his pleasant face was becoming somewhat set-he had an indescribable air of one growing wedded to the

solidities of life. It was when the children were in bed, after that racking study hour in which the helpful parent is reduced to pulp between the dictates of common sense and the Way the teacher says you must do it, that Elinor, as she was leaning against the arm of his chair, broached the subject of Miss Prankly.

Dancing lessons! Why should I take dancing lessons?" he queried carelessly, looking longingly at the book he held; he was deeply absorbed in everything Arctic.

"Everybody's doing it, Preston. If you once tried to

dance you'd be as crazy over it as the rest are.'

"All the more reason, then, why I shouldn't try; I don't want to be crazy over it. I'd a great deal rather sit here with a book and you, dear.'

"With a book and a pipe, you mean," she retorted gayly. "You don't know how much you're losing!"
"Well, if I don't know it I'm not missing anything, am

I? See here, Elinor, it's no use arguing with me about it. I don't care who else dances-let them if they want to; but I'm not going to learn. I don't like it." His worried gaze became fixed on something beyond her, while she smoothed his hand in hers. Mr. Chandor felt a restless repugnance to the subject hard to explain-a fierce repudiation of the charms of the dance, which seemed as though it might develop some uncanny spell of fascination over his unwilling spirit if he did not hold out against it. "I thought we finished with this last summer." His eyes plunged into hers. "If you want to join this racket, just say so. I don't want to stand in your way if you'd enjoy it. I'll take you to every house the class is held in, of course, and come for you any time you wish."

"No-o-o!" said his wife slowly.

The music called endearingly to her nimble feet—she would like to learn the steps correctly, but not without him. They had tacitly done things together, so far as possible, since that first year or two of their married life when he had been lured into a series of chess tournaments, with two or three friends, with an ardor that threatened to shipwreck their wedded happiness—not that he loved her less devotedly, but that he could not understand how the hours passed while at that too-fascinating game.

One of Elinor's most harrowing memories later was connected with the time when a rook was missing from his beloved chessmen, and she had to confess that she had given them to the baby to play with when he was fretful, though she positively knew she had put them all back again. They had both comfortably become devotees of bridge afterward, until this dancing era struck in.

"Of course I'd love it, but I don't care to go off evenings without you," she said with a tender pressure that he returned. "I'll just wait until you want to learn too. We can join at any time!" And she kissed him.



"You Can't Get Anybody to Sit Down Quietly for a Game, Now That This Duncing Crase is On"

She had planted the entering wedge anyway. She knew the matter was in his mind all that week; he showed her the little attentions that always manifested his thoughtfulness of her. On Thursday his long fingers unrolled from its wrappings a little green glass vase for flowers, which he had bought in a shop on his way out from town. On Saturday he brought that bunch of midwinter lilies of the valley, which almost meant more than any other gift to her, though his evenings were still exclusively devoted to the Polar regions; he was never interested in anything by halves. But on Monday night, when they were bestowed in their usual positions by the log fire, while the cold crackled at the window panes, he looked up occasionally from the pages with a strange expression to where she sat, with her work dropped from her hand, her lips parted, yearningly listening to the rollicking strains that intermittently reached them.

"Where does that music come from?" he asked.

She looked at him with her whole soul in the glance. "It's over at the Bannards'; they're having the dancing

class there. Doesn't it sound just lovely? "Oh, that's it, is it!"

Preston seemed to hesitate a moment; and then, still keeping one hand on the book, hitched his chair up close to hers, laying the other hand on her soft fingers as his fine eyes met hers tenderly.

Elinor's heart beat exultingly: her policy of silence and submission had been the right one, as she knew it would be; he could not help seeing how much she longed to be over there, and he never, never could really bear to deny her anything! How sweet he was anyway! How much nicer than any other man!

"Elinor

She waited blissfully: "Yes, dear."

He held her band a little closer.

"Now don't you think it's a-great-deal-better to be sitting here together comfortably than chasing round the floor like those idiots over there at the Bannards'? What have I said now! Where are you going? What under heavens is the matter?"

"I-I-I only have to go and get a spool of thread."

said Elinor in a muffled tone.

And, after all, what was the use of giving up hope yet! This was only the beginning. Let him get used to the idea.

THE defection of the favorite Chandors was a serious one in the little circle of intimate friends. It was not to be thought of that the two were to be no more one with the interests of the crowd. There was a tendency among the women to wonder that Elinor, dear as she was, had not more influence with her husband. Each had some instance

to relate wherein her Will or Edward might have proved as recalcitrant if she had not exerted her powers; but there was a general feeling that the unnatural situation should be brought to an end as soon as possible. The young and lightsome Mr. Bannard approached Preston on the subject when going into town.

"What's eating you, Chandor? Waiting to be pressed to join the class? If I were you I'd bring Elinor on Thursday and get into the game like a

little man.

"Would you?" asked Mr. Chandor sedately. Mr. Bannard's eye kindled reminiscently,

"We had a fine time last clip! You ought to have seen Roberts! He was working so over the tange that he actually forgot to go across to the club for his evening bracer. Miss Prankly's a great little teacher! I declare, though, I felt sorry for her struggling over Will Crandall.

"That fellow's all hoofs-awful! He's enough to break up the class. You could give him points any time, Chandor. And his wife is almost as but. She can't get the hang of anything—dances like m ice cart. I'll tell you, though, whom you want to spiel with if you have the chance, and that's Mrs.

Bantry." "Mrs. Bantry!" Preston's jaw dropped; his eyes stuck out in wonder. "Why, she must weigh over

two hundred!" "I don't care what she weighs; anybody who get her for a partner has a cinch. She's as light as a feather on her feet-believe me! She dances like 1 breeze; catches on to everything! All the men are crazy over her. She's not so bad looking, either, if

you come down to that." "Mrs. Bantry!" repeated Preston with a worder that had not lessened. She was a woman who heretofore, by some inexorable, unvoiced law, had been relegated entirely to the society of other women. No man ever spoke to her voluntarily, except in greating or farewell; even her husband was said to pass all his evenings at the lodge. Yet here she had come mysteriously into her own! Preston shook his best. "I don't get you, Donald," he said with finality.

However, the next evening, Saturday, the Paxtons and the Wilmers stopped in on their way to the "movies" to tell Mr. Chandor, with persuasive volubility. not to be so foolish, but to make up his mind to learn the

modern dance at once. Gentle Mrs. Iverson and kind, motherly Mrs. Brentwood on different occasions, coming out from town, sat down by him on purpose delicately to suggest how much it would make for his wife's happiness if he would only overcome his prejudice enough just to try the dance—everybody was sure he would like it if he did-while he politely listened and smiled, and was most courteous in all the little ways that women appreciate, but refused to commit himself.

Everywhere he was assailed by either argument or railery, except from those husbands whose wives begre them, as a duty, to speak to Mr. Chandor—an adjusting that invariably reduces sensitive man to complete slimate

on the mooted subject. Though he would not own it to himself, Preston could feel Elinor's clear blue eyes looking anxiously day by day for some expected change in him. Once he found her ing on a party gown and tiptoed out of the room unsect However, the climax to this state of things came of I Thursday following; Mr. Chandor, on reaching hour seemed to perceive the well-known signs of festivity in wife's attire.

"Anybody coming in to-night?" he asked casually-His wife looked at him without expression.

"Yes; the Bannards."

"I'll dress after dinner. I shall be glad to have a latauction once more. You can't get anybody to sit down quietly for a game, now that this dancing craze is or." "Yes," said his wife in the same tone as before.

Preston went round upstairs afterward whistling # 3 dressed, and her heart smote her; but even as he descent freshly shaven and radiant of mien, there was that persound of many people coming along outside, with swall

of skirts, tramping of feet, subdued voices, smothered laughter. When the bell rang Mr. Chandor, going to the door unwittingly, held it open to the icy air for a procession, doaked and hooded and overcoated over evening attire.

"We're taking you by storm, old fellow!" called Will Crandall, slapping his host on the shoulder.

"Got you now, Chandor! Got you now!"

"Bringing the mountain to Mohammed, you know," said elder Mr. Iverson, following up the chorus. "The the elder Mr. Iverson, following up the chorus. whole class, Miss Prankly and all! No excuse for you now; no excuse now! What do you say to this, Chandor?"

"Why, it's fine!" said Mr. Chandor, smiling. "Awfully glad to see you all. How do you do, Miss Prankly? How do you do, Mrs. Paxton? Hello, Paxton! Make yourself at home. Glad to see you and Donald, Lucia."

His greetings went all along the line as the guests swarmed in and were handed over to Elinor. Her glance, arge-eyed, sought his in the interim as she whispered;

"I hope you don't mind?"

"No, indeed!" he said, with what she always called his ompany smile, though she noticed afterward a peculiar

expression in his eye.

"I hear I'm to have the pleasure of teaching you this vening, Mr. Chandor," said Emma Prankly as they stood n the drawing room after the rugs and furniture had been emoved.

She was such a frail, palely smiling little person, and vith such tiny feet showing below her short white skirt, hat it seemed almost pathetic that she should have all hose big men to work over.

"Why, it would seem so," said Preston gallantly. "Been eaching much today, Miss Emma?"

"Since nine this morning."

"Since nine! You must be worn out. Why, I shouldn't

ave a leg to stand on!"

"Oh, I never get tired dancing!" said Miss Prankly rith professional sprightliness. "It stimulates and it oothes."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chandor, staring. "Well, start off with he others if you will, Miss Prankly, so that I may see how t's done, and leave me until later. Thank you!'

The tall, stolid-looking pianist, in a shirt waist and skirt hat looked as though carved from stone, was already at er place at the instrument, pounding away with long suscular fingers in startlingly marked rhythm. An air of xcitement and gayety pervaded everything. There was a udden rush of men toward the stout Mrs. Bantry. The comful of people resolved itself, with a few exceptions, ito plunging couples, slowly, advancingly pawing the round, with sudden unexpected turns and convolutions, hile Preston watched interestedly.

"Getting up your courage for the fatal plunge?" said lonald Bannard hardily, pausing for a moment by his host. Hello, Elinor! Feeling good to-night?'

"Yes, indeed!" returned Elinor.

"Doesn't Elinor look fine?" murmured Lucia. "She's happy, Preston, because you're actually going to be in all again. It's really been quite a deprivation to herour not being willing to learn. But, of course, that's all ver now.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Preston with a strained pression. "What is it, Mrs. Iverson? Thank you! It's ighty kind of you to be so pleased about it."

"And we're sure you'll be very graceful when you begin," id Mrs. Roberts winningly. "We'll all be watching you."

The music suddenly stopped short; the floor, which had been full of long-armed gentlemen rhythmically propelling ladies before them like perambulators, became emptied.

Miss Prankly, amid a buzz of conversation, clapped her hands for silence.

"I'll take the beginners now, Mr. Roberts! Miss Barker! Mr. Chandor! Mr. Chandor, if you'll come over and stand

A chorus arose:

"Chandor! Chandor! Chandor, it's your turn

"Certainly," said Mr. Chandor. He stepped forward and then stopped halfway across the room, slightly paling, as one struck with a sudden thought. "If you'll excuse me while I run down and look at the fur-

nace-just go on without me; I'll be back in a moment." "Where is Mr. Chandor?" some one asked vaguely half an hour later, in a pause of the music.

"Mrs. Chandor, where's Chander?" "Mrs. Chander, where's your husband?" "This isn't fair!"

"Why, he's still down in the cellar working over the furnace," said Elinor, appearing with a worried expression; there were lines between her eyes. "He says it was nearly out—in this weather, too, when everything might freeze! He's had to make a fresh fire and he says he doesn't dare leave it. Mr. Bantry is down there with him. They're sitting in front of the furnace smoking. He's so covered with ashes that he couldn't come up here again anyway. It really was out! It's so very unfortunate; but

She could almost hear how the incident was being commented on after the assemblage had left the house! She was secretly weeping all the time she was getting undressed. Yet, in spite of everything, she still hoped.

NEITHER she nor Preston said one word about the affair that night or the next morning, save that he briefly hoped the guests had enjoyed themselves. But the next night, being the last of the month, Mr. Chandor came home somewhat late. He kissed his waiting family sketchily, with no interest in the process; and, though the nightgowned Lucile flung her arms round his neck violently with her feet off the floor, he detached her only automatically. His face looked haggard; his brow was brooding.

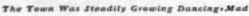
"Have you had a hard day, dear?" his wife ventured

when they were alone. "Not especially."

"Oh! How is Mr. Trainor getting along?" Mr. Trainor was a valued bookkeeper, who had been home ill.









"He's doing very well, so far as I know."

Your tooth hasn't been troubling you, has

it, dear? This terrible weather is so trying!" "No; it hasn't been troubling me.

He had been standing up by the mantelpiece, but now he flung himself down suddenly into an armchair, looking at her with dark and harrowed gaze.

"I tell you I've had about enough of this dancing business, Elinor. It's all very well to be badgered at every tack and turn by the women-of course a man has to take that, and I hope I can stand any ordinary chaffing as well as the next one; but, after that racket you let me in for last night-I never felt like such a fool!-to have everybody to-day taking me to task for disappointing my wife-I call that a little too much! If there was anything that would drive me a thousand miles from the whole business it would be that."

"Yes; yes, indeed!" said Elinor.

Her blue eyes clouded; she put one arm round his neck as one who would defend him against the world, though he still held away from her as he went on:

"I'm sorry you are disappointed, Elinor; but -

"Oh, I'm not, really!"

"I'll do anything else on earth that you want, dear; but, for heaven's sake, call a halt on this. I'm worn out with it; it's got on my nerves!"

He let himself be drawn into the warm circle of her arms,

his eyes, however, still looking beyond her.

"No, no, dear; we won't say another word about it," she murmured soothingly. What did it all amount to anyway?

His gaze returned to her vaguely.
"I was talking to Kelmer to-day." Kelmer was the chess enthusiast of the past, with whom Preston still occasionally had a game at long intervals. "He wants me to come to his rooms to-morrow evening; I'll be out on an early train though. We think of getting up a three weeks' tournament with Brayton and Phillips. You don't mind, do you?"

Chess! Was that allure getting its fatal hold on him

again, after being so long driven away by the social charms of auction? For the life of her, Elinor could not put any warmth into her "No."

She got up and walked away from him; and he let her go, unknowing that she went, his mind already disporting itself clarifyingly among gambits.

The thought clouded everything for Elinor. She knew she was cross to the children and everybody the next day, with nothing to look forward to at the end of it and with a series of solitary evenings looming grimly ahead. But at eight o'clock the telephone rang. Lucia Bannard's voice hailed her:

"We want you to put on something and come with us to the dance at the clubhouse, over at the Ridge. Donald. says Preston stayed in town; so you're alone. . . . Goodness! You know perfectly well he'd want you to go. We're all going over in the Iversons' limousine. . . . Yes, you can. We'll be home before he gets back anyhow. . . . Oh, come on! Be a sport! . . . then; we'll stop for you in half an hour." Very well,

There was a delightful, excited scramble on Elinor's part in getting into her new low-necked light-blue chiffon, with the help of Ellen the maid; the children, excited too, were standing by as she bent a tall loop of white and spangles into a slender upstanding ornament for her lovely

She was bundled into her wraps in time to be helped down the slippery steps and into the festive car, which

(Continued on Page 57)

## The Mutineer of the Mary Blownt

POR once anyway intuition proved truly prophetic. It seemed for a while as if Mr. Tuttle's boat would be the first to fasten to the whale; but Minch, his boatsteerer, a man of experience and cool judgment, put a little too much right hand into his throw, with the result that when the point of the harpoon struck the whale the weight of the great arm-thick oak pole from which, rather than from the brawn of the boatsteerer, it receives its impetus was not directly behind it, but turning forward upon it like a lever upon a fulcrum. The bright point dipped into the buttery blubber, and then twisted out with a noise like tearing wet paper. And the whale sounded—that is he stood solemnly upon his head, waving his tail that was twenty feet from tip to tip, and then went straight down without splash or commotion, much as an express elevator in a tall building drops from the seventeenth floor to the street.

From this fiasco two things resulted immediately: Eighteen men manning three lovely boats laughed and jeered till they were almost sick, while the six men manning the fourth boat maintained for a time a gloomy silence and then began to curse. That is, five of them did. The sixth was Mr. Minch himself, and he began to curse and explain.

Then the boats scattered, each being placed where in the judgment of its guiding spirit the whale was most likely to

An hour passed—an hour and fifteen minutes; then very suddenly Crandle, erect and preternaturally alert in the bow of the waist boat, yelled "Stern all!" at the top of his lungs, and as the boat shot backward, seized a harpoon from the rack and hurled it with all his force into a hill of shiny black that had risen, you may say, almost in his face.

And then there happened a thing almost unique in whale fishing. In the whale's mind astonishment at being so suddenly hurt, just when he expected to enjoy himself, seemed to predominate over pain. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he would have bolted, run off with several hundred fathoms of line and given the men in the boat a ride to which even a first ascent in an aëroplane would seem tedious and uneventful, and all this and much more besides before there would have been even a ghost of a show to kill

him. On the present occasion the whale remained without motion for perhaps a minute. During that minute Crandle-though this was really the fourth mate's prerogative-reached for a lance and drove it into the whale's vitals.

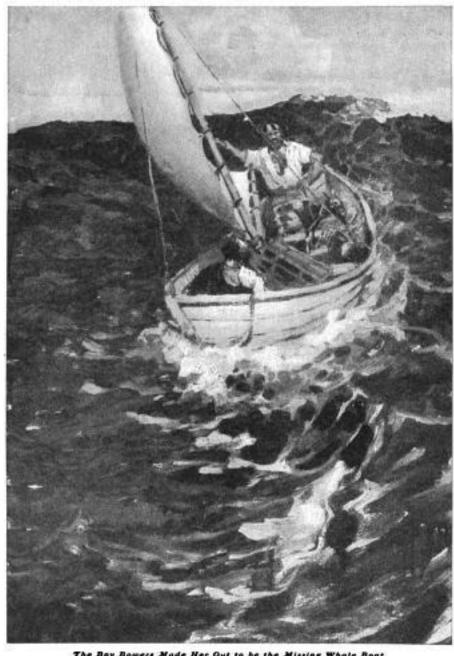
The lance with which whales were killed before the invention of tonite bombs is an appalling weapon. The cutting end, certainly as sharp as a dull razor, is shaped like a lilac leaf. It is on the end of a shaft of soft iron as thick as your little finger and five or six feet long. It receives its impetus from an oak pole four or five feet long and as big round as a man's leg below the knee—a real man's leg—plus the whole power of a very strong man's arms, back, shoulders and loins, all working with the rhythm and swing of a professional golf player.

And that lilac-leaf point, with its dazzling edges, having reached out the whale's great blood reservoirs—the coiled vessels a foot in diameter — where they lie five feet below skin and blubber, rips and slashes them until there is set up so copious and violent an escape of blood as would turn the machinery of a sawmill.

And so it was that harpooning this whale and sending him into his death flurry, instead of being separated by a space of hours, were almost simultaneous. Except for backing away now and then, so that leviathan might have a clear stage for his death scene-a furious, thunderous, devastating swimming in a circle, a great raining and spattering upon the sea of anguish-blown blood, and an awful lashing in the air and crashing upon the water of the prodigious flukes-there was nothing for the men to do but look on, and wonder and whisper to each other-somehow they always whisper when the whale is dying-that they had never seen such a thing before.

Once I threw a pebble against the side of a hill and the -pebbles, sand, whole side of the hill began to a

### By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



The Boy Bowers Made Her Out to be the Missing Whale Boat

then great boulders, and at last a forest tree, its surfacefeeding roots appearing to clutch and grasp for support like the hands of a man who has slipped on a steep roof. And seeing the havoc that I had wrought with one small weakly thrown stone, I felt something of the awe that those men must have felt when five minutes after Crandle had first thrown the harpoon the whale lay dead, belly up upon the sea; two hundred thousand pounds of flesh and bone, of fat and oil and ivory-a black island with a rockbound coast, in the lea of which they might have ridden out a storm, and against whose weatherside the waves would have broken and been tossed heavenward in foam.

The men felt as David must have felt when, nerved to the combat and ready to give his life, but very nervous, doubtless, and full of fear, he saw the stunned Goliath drop in his tracks, and leaping forward backed off his head before the giant could come to life again.

There was a long silence. Suddenly, and as it were from the heavens, there dropped a snow-white sea bird, that perched cockily, like an English sparrow, upon the whale's belly and began to tear at it.

"Hey, you! Get out o' that!" shouted one of the men. For he had an interest in that whale and did not propose to be robbed without protest.

But Crandle had turned his head toward the Mary Blount, which was now bearing down upon them; and it seemed to him that he saw a little figure in dark blue that waved a handkerchief and said: "Oh, well done! Well

At this moment Mr. Tuttle's boat came up, and the discomfited Minch called to Crandle:

"Say, what happened to him? Did you spit on him?"
"Why," said Crandle, "we told him about you trying to stick an iron into him, and he laughed himself to death."

Minch opened his mouth savagely, and so remained some time, being unable to think of the words which the moment seemed to require. But finally he closed his mouth, shook his head a couple of times

and then began to smile.
"I guess," he said, "if there was any drinks in this here part of the world they'd

be on me.'

Crandle's eyes stole once more toward the Mary Blount. And he saw that she was nearer—nearer.

Toward the dead whale he felt a certain friendship, for in his hour of opportunity it had played into his hands. And he knew that little by little the fame of his exploit would spread all over the whalers' seas, and would be spoken of with awe and envy wherever boatsteerers gather and compare notes.

His mind began to be flooded with wild and selfish thoughts. He would rise higher and higher in the world. He would be master of a ship. Captain Haithway-oh, something would happen to him; something always did happen if you wished and wanted hard enough. And to whom then, in her hour of need, would that blithe spirit in the great blue sea-cloak turn for comfort and support?

And he saw himself retired into a brick house, four square to the winds, having white columns in front. And at the back a summer house crowned with the figurehead of a ship, and having upon the roof a flat space with a hand-rail, to which he could ascend with his telescope and his children, to show them the ways of the stars in heaven and of ships going in and out of

And there drifted into his mind, beforging its clear workings, thoughts of men washed overboard in times of storms, and no questions asked; of razor blades smeared with verdigris, by which men shaving at sea have been their own executioners; and ways and means of death, violent and subtle, moved through his mind like a Mardi-Gras procession through a village street, each memory or invention as it were a scene done to the life and exhibited upon a float.

But three days later, the whale having been stripped of his valuables and turned over to the sharks and sea birds, and the Mary Blount having been scraped and scoured till she was once more as clean as artists in cleanliness could make her, he

got some pieces of fancy woods out of his capacious sea chest and began to fashion a little shipshape stand in which to swing a baby's cradle. And with the tail of his eye he took up with the boy Bowers the study of navigation at the point where they had left off.

Captain Haithway?"
"Mr. Tuttle."

"I'll be obliged if you'll step into my stateroom a moment, sir."

As a matter of fact, the misnamed room in question already contained Mr. Tuttle, so that Captain Haithway could do no more than thrust his boy ish head in at the door. He found Mr. Tuttle examining his sore side with the aid of a seaman's mirror and such light as filtered through two

thick prisms of glass let into the deck above.
"Something badly out of kelter, captain," said Mr. Tuttle. "It is getting sore to the touch, sir. I have called you in to prescribe for me."

Captain Haithway shook his head ruefully

"Perhaps one of the men has had experience in a hurt of this kind."

"Something inside must be damaged," said Mr. Tuttis, and he dropped his arm so that it covered the spongeshaped pinkish stain over his ribs. "You feel much pain?"

"When I move suddenly after resting in one position of a long time. But there is constant discomfort."

"How would it be if you went to bed for a few days and tried a compress, something to draw out the inflammation "I think it would be a good idea, if I can be spared

"That will be all right, unless something turns up." "Thank you, sir."

"Turn right in now, and I'll get out my book and make a poultice according to prescription."

Mr. Tuttle reached for his nightgown and pulled it over his head.

"You're very kind indeed, sir."

"Not at all. The sooner you're well, the better for all hands."

"I want to speak of that too. I can't get rid of the beling, sir, that I am in a very bad way. If anything happened to me you would be left without any officer who understands navigation. Crandle, however, and Bowers are making good progress in Bowditch. I was going to suggest that you take them in hand, sir. Practice them with the instrument and let them work out your own problems as they arise. That Crandle is a very able man.

"I'll give them lessons," said Captain Haithway briefly; but it's because I like to help men who are ambitious, and not because I think you are seriously sick.'

He turned on his heel, and Mr. Tuttle, a ghost of a smile on his lips, finished undressing and slipped into his bunk. Here, after a gingerly twisting and turning, he found the position that was easiest for his hurt side and closed his

Thereafter, weather and duty permitting, Crandle and Bowers came to Captain Haithway every day at noon and received practical demonstration in the art of navigation. But on the third day Mr. Tuttle dressed and came on deck, not because the resting and poulticing had helped him, but because he was too sick of idleness and solitude to endure them any longer. He pretended that he was better.

Crandle had been impatiently waiting for a word with

"Mr. Tuttle," he said, "some of us as knows the ropes a little has made our calculations, and it's the unanimous opinion that if we was to quit this here standing off and on and head for Honolulu, we'd just about fetch there in time."

"But we are in the midst of very fine whale country, Crandle, and what do you mean by fetching Honolulu in

"I mean, sir, that when a woman's day of fear comes she sight to have women about her. You could put it to the master, sir. You could tell him that in a straight run from

here to the islands he'd be as likely to get his full of oil as by cruising in these here waters, which you'll admit haven't shown anything but blackfish since we struck into 'em.'

"Captain Haithway has to think first of all of his duty to the owners."

"If you was in his boots, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Good gracious!" exdained Mr. Tuttle, and he thished like an old maid.

"But if you was?" Frankly, Crandle, I hould—I mean I'm afraid I hould—head for the nearest jing-in hospital, and if there sere any blind men aboard d send them aloft to watch or whales."

"Every man in this old ottom has an interest in the atch, same as the owners. ad if we're willing to thumb w noses at a whale or two, here can't be much harm in aptain Haithway doin' the ime."

"It won't do any harm to and him," said Mr. Tuttle. And he did. But Captain laithway sighed and said: The best catch the Mary lount ever made was in these aters. My duty is as plain the nose on a man's face." "Whales change their pasre from year to year."

"Get behind me," said aptain Haithway, smiling. "The men will be disapanted, sir. Mrs. Haithway's sifare is in the heart of every an on this ship."

"God bless them all!" said e young man with feeling. But I must do my duty."

"We've seen nothing but ackfish -

And there interrupted him om the lookout a great joys cry: "Blows! Blows! 1, Blo-o-o-ws!"

"Where away?" cried the captain.

"Off the larboard bow, 'bout three miles, heading northerly.'

By this time Captain Haithway himself was running nimbly aloft.

"Sperm? Are they sperm?"

"Ay-ay, sir—a gam o' them."

Crandle turned to the boy Bowers, his Neptunesque face

lighted by a sudden smile.
"If we followed them whales for days and days and they held as they hold now, we'd come pretty close to fetching up in Honolulu."

Bowers consulted the chart, which lay open between them, held down by weights, and presently nodded. "That's right," he said. "Why?"

Crandle winked one eye very slowly.

"When the captain of a ship wants the ship to go one way and the men want it to go another, what do you call it?" 'I don't know."

"You call it a difference of opinion. But when the men make the ship go their way, you call it mutiny."

And he began to chuckle darkly.

Late that afternoon the great bodies of two bull whales lay alongside the Mary Blount, and the work of cutting-in was begun in the dusk and carried on by the light of the try-works and of flaring torches.

At daybreak there was a short pause for hot coffee. Captain Haithway remarked to Mr. Tuttle:

I have never seen men work with such spirit."

"Crandle's responsible."

At the same moment Crandle was pouring a cup of coffee into his capacious mouth. The liquid was so hot that it scalded him. He only laughed. And he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, leaving a long, dark smear of oil and soot. And he reached for his cutting-in spade, remarking to Shattuck: "Damn these here delays!"

AGAIN the Mary Blount sighted whales in a northerly direction. This time, however, she did not come up with them; nor were they seen by any one but the men in the lookout, from one of whom, just as Captain Haithway

was going aloft, there came the cry, "There goes flukes!" which means that a whale, in leaving the light of day for the dark depths of the sea, has stood more or less upon his nose and waved his flukes in the air.

These whales then sounded and were not seen again till nearly dark. They were at that time still swimming in a northerly direction; but they were no sooner seen than they were lost sight of, owing to the sudden falling of the tropic night. But the Mary Blount held on after them, hoping to raise them again in the morning, which as pure luck would have it she actually did-or others just like them. For Captain Haithway himself saw this gam and directed its pursuit from aloft.

The whales were loafing along, and the Mary Blount, thanks to a steady breeze off the larboard quarter, actually gained upon them.

But the boats were no sooner lowered and skimming in chase, leaping over the little waves like so many happy flying fish, than something frightened the whales-gallied them, as the saying is—and they began to swim as if they really knew where they were going and were in a hurry to get there, so that in a few hours they had put the rim of the world between them and the eyes of men.

"We're drawing out of the good country, Mr. Tuttle," said Captain Haithway.

"A whale is a whale wherever you fasten to him." "Very true, Mr. Tuttle, so we will keep her as she is till morning. We picked those fellows up once; if we've any luck we'll pick 'em up again."

The next morning there were no whales in sight. Captain Haithway held on till about noon. Having then taken his reckoning, he found the Mary Blount far to the north of where he could not but feel that the best interests of her owners and his own conscience required her to be.

"We must back-track, I think, Mr. Tuttle."

"Very good, sir."

"Kindly give the necessary orders."

Crandle was in the lookout with the fourth mate. These, perceiving that the course of the Mary Blount was being radically altered, consulted together in whispers. Then Crandle, his face shining with a strange light, stood upon tiptoe, and shielding his eyes with his hand and gazing in the general direction of the Hawaiian Islands, bellowed

at the top of his stentorian

"Blo-o-ows! Blo-o-ows!" Then he spoke to the fourth

"Pinch me when it's time to see flukes."

A few moments later, as Captain Haithway began to come aloft, the fourth mate pinched the calf of Crandle's leg, and Crandle bellowed:

"Flukes! Flukes! There goes flukes!"

"What are they?" came from the captain.

"A lone bull, sir."

"How was he heading?"

"Northerly."

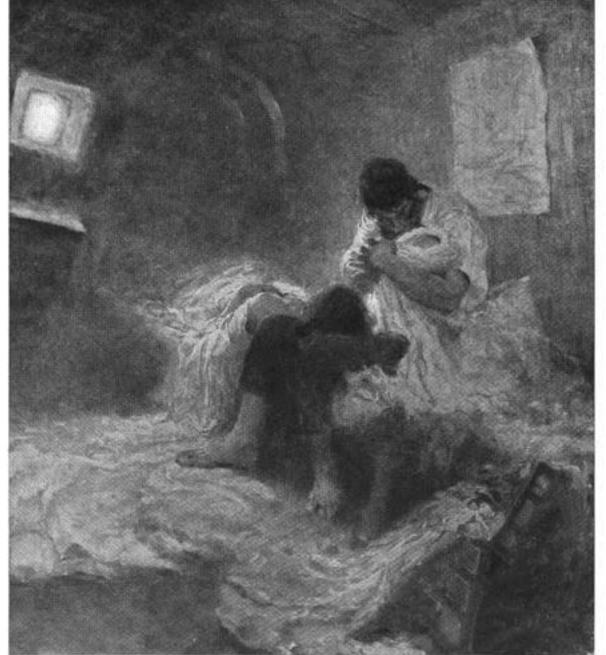
"Keep a sharp watch and let me know the moment he breeches."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

If those in the plot to carry Captain Haithway far from that path in which he felt the foot of duty belonged ever hesitated or were hurt by their consciences, a sight of Mrs. Haithway's face only served to strengthen them in what among themselves they called the mutiny of the Mary Blount.

Mutinies up and down the long courses of sea history have sprung up, with all degrees of violence from all kinds of reasons. Men have mutinied because there was too much beef; because there wasn't enough; because there were maggots in their biscuits; because there were wheels in their brains. They have mutinied for love of bad women and for hate of good men; and for the opposites of these they have mutinied. But never before, nor since, methinks, were the roots of a mutiny so deep set in chivalry.

She had a lovely face, and she believed that all men were good. And in her eyes at this



There They Found Him, the Baby Asteep in His Great Tender Arms

time, burning stronger each day, was that light which more than beauty or charm kindles manliness in a man's heart. And it must have gone a great way with the doubtful that, in spite of the heat which grew and grew, she still clung, whenever a cool shadow of excuse presented itself, to the great blue seacloak which they had made for her, and which she loved because they had made it.

For her each day had its surprises. Mysterious packages with her name upon them, scrawled, well written, staggeringly printed or just hoped at, appeared mysteriously upon the cabin table, until with tears in her grave eyes she told Mr. Tuttle to tell the men that she felt as if every to-day was her birthday and that every to-morrow was going to be Christmas.

Even her husband must not be present when she opened her packages. She could not bear that he should see her cry, even for pleasure and gratitude; and cry she would a great deal.

For between the little shirt for the baby that is to come and the little shirt for the baby that is gone there is an awful kinship. Little shirts they made, and in their blind ignorance of such matters they made little drawers besides. And little socks of many-colored wools and some of silk. And there were long swaddling clothes made of fine linen shirts that had been laid by against the coming of some roaring spree ashore. And there was a doll of sperm ivory, which is finer than elephant and not so prone to split. She had a face like the full moon, with eyes of black ebony and lips of red coral, and hyacinthine hair cunningly carved. And her arms could be bent at the elbows and shoulders; her legs at the hips and the knees. She was naked as the day she came from her maker's hands, and she lay in a bathtub carved from a length of she-walrus tusk.

From another hand came a rattle to match the doll; and there was a work-

ing model of the Mary Blount in a glass bottle-the blocks ivory, the planks beefbone and the rivets copper. There were scarves, cloaks, vests, caps, shoes, buttons, blocks, an oilskin coat, an infinitesimal sou'wester. And there were rings of amber and ivory to cut teeth upon. And one man had beaten a five-dollar gold piece into wire and made a pair of safety-pins, each set with an abalone pearl, which pearl, as all men know, makes up for being less valuable than the Oriental by being more beautiful. And there were many silver safety-pins, and other gew-gaws, beaten, whittled and filed from coin silver. There was a chain to go about the baby's neck, a bangle for its wrist, a ring for its finger.

And when she had found out from which of the men a certain present had come, she sent for that man, and held both his great rough hands in hers while she thanked him.

WITHOUT luck, the mutiny of the Mary Blount could never have been brought to a successful issue. Very far now from any grounds which would have been acceptable to her experienced and superstitious owners in a prospectus of a voyage, she fell in from time to time with real whales; enough, at least, to keep clear of suspicion those ghostly leviathans which the lookout men were always sighting from aloft-when most needed-and which were always unattainable, like will-o'-the-wisps, dancing



Why a Man in His Jenses Should Deliberately Place Himself in Jo Juicidal a Jituation Was

sities have been urging us. And eight hundred barrels of oil is really remarkably good at this early stage."

So good," said Mr. Tuttle, "that if I were in the lookout I should be inclined to keep my eyes shut. With this wind we should drop our hook in plenty of time. And though I am on what I feel to be a generous lay, I should deplore the delay of cutting-in so much as a porpoise."

No more whales were sighted, and the Mary Blount, crowded with sail night and day, made heroic progress for a whaleship. Optimism prevailed; even from Mr. Tuttle's drawn and suffering face that fated, driven look which it wore of late vanished for whole hours at a time.

Only Crandle, now a mainstay in the help of navigation, grumbled, and was ever turning his eye from the blunt and clumsy lines of the Mary Blount to the graceful, mist-drawing lines of her whale boats.

"This wind may hold," he would say. "And again it may not. And maybe the day of fear will come at the appointed time, and maybe it'll come sooner. If I was Captain Haithway I'd put her into one of the boats with plenty o' necessaries and make a runaway of it. Best come best, we'll be a week makin' port. But one of the boats would cut that time in two; and if I was the master, and the woman was mine, I'd make her cut it in three."

That very night the wind failed them, and in the dawn anxious eyes looked forth upon a flat and greasy calm that

ahead over the blue, and drawing the guileless Mary Blount nearer and nearer to the wise doctor and the efficient nurses of Honolulu.

At last a time came when even in Captain Haithway's mind there was no longer a question of turning back. And his wishes no longer colliding with his duty, he shaped the vessel's course direct for Honolulu, or rather he stood by with help and admiration while his pupils, Crandle and Bow-

ers, shaped it for him.
"At a pinch," said he
to Mr. Tuttle, "those two fellows could navigate the ship. Another week and I would guarantee it."

"I thank God for it," said Mr. Tuttle. "And I may tell you, sir, now that your decision is formed, that I have been in despair about myself. But the feeling that we shall be in port among doctors before very long gives me new hope and courage both for myself and for you."

"They will put you right in a jiffy," said Captain Haithway with all the optimism of youth. But Mr. Tuttle only smiled ruefully out of the corner of his mouth.

"The Mary Blount." continued the captain, "is keeping up her reputation for luck. Even the

whales are on our side. They seem to have led us where all our other neces-

smelt of fish. The sun rose, a vast copper disk without rays or the power to dazzle; but with it no wind rose, nor even the least breeze; only a blast of heat, without weight or power to propel, like that which streams from the open door of a furnace.

And now rose overpoweringly the smells of a whaleship, of oil and of bilgewater, and of hard-working men packet for many months into close quarters. And it seemed as if each hour saw a new myriad of cockroaches born into the world; so that the whole ship rustled with them, as a church rustles when the ladies come to service in their Sunday silks.

The sky was neither blue nor gray. It had a dark and indefinable color, an impenetrable quality. That amazing jewel, the sun, gave light and appalling heat, but was myless and unblazing like the moon, its vast outline dear and sharply demarked, as if a place had been cut out of the sky to receive it; it was more like a flat inlay than a saiing

Said Crandle to Mr. Tuttle, his face dark, prophetic and strangely moved as if with fear:

"It ain't any too early for hurricanes. Have you looked at the glass?'

Mr. Tuttle nodded.

"And what was it doing?"

"Falling, Crandle-falling very fast."

Crandle's eyes wandered to the whale boats.

"Too late!" he said.

EITHER there was no cloud in the sky, or the whole sky was a cloud, even in texture and thickness from horizon to horizon. At a few minutes before noon the sun, which had been growing less bright, as if the salt air were turnishing the copper, withdrew itself from men's sight. Toward one o'clock swift-moving ranges of water at long intervals began to roll in from the western horizon, now accented to the eyes by a straight line of inky black between the sky and the sea. The surface skin of the sea, smooth and silv. appeared to be stationary; only rising, as it were, and stretching like an elastic cloth to let the rollers pass under. and then contracting and dropping back into place. Sa. too, that staunch sea castle, the old Mary Blount, rose to let the rollers go under, and dropped when they had passed She suggested an awkward old woman learning to skip rope. But sometimes when she dropped heavily on her feet, at you may say, she smashed through the thick surface sin and squirted white water in all directions.

The black line along the western horizon thickened and climbed toward the zenith, and appeared to be neare throughout its whole length and height. A sea bird care out of the west, and went by at incredible speed in magnificent long curving swoops, to the right, to the left, like some pastmaster of skating doing the outer edge.

From the opposite direction came a school of porpoise, the schoolboys of the sea, putting forth all their mineulous powers of swimming and leaping, the sooner to men with the coming storm and play their wild sea game : the thickest of it.

Nobody knew just when the lassitude induced by the heat and the strong smells of the ship changed into a line of stern, electric excitement. It was about the time when Captain Haithway ordered his wife to go below. She had within the hour visited every part of the deck, and passed the time of day with each of the men in her pleasart. friendly manner. And she had clapped her hands often with pure joy at sight of the sea birds flying past. And she had laughed at the incontinent haste of the porposes w get into mischief.

She knew that there was going to be a blow. Well and good; it would be like those nasty times off the Horn. But one lived through them, and came on deck again and say the sun. Just before she went below she stood for a few minutes talking to her husband with great animatic. smiling up into his face; and he laughed down at her and gave her shoulder a playful shake, as one chum shows is

(Continued on Page 46)



There Was Nothing for the Men to Do But Look On, and Wonder and Whisper to Each Other

### THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

OR the next year things went quietly for Hicks. He maneuvered with the Rollins-Barkiss case, using Gudger to help him postpone a court trial, wrote occasionally to Senator Paxton, and received much good advice from him and some congratulations as to his progress, which apparently satisfied the senator.

There was to be a special municipal election late in April to fill a vacancy or two on the board of aldermen and to elect a city recorder in the place of a Republican who had died.

"How long have you been here, Hicks?" Rollins asked him one day.

"A little over a year."

"Well, you've gained your residence then. Which one of these places do you want? You can run for alderman or for city recorder.'

Hicks hesitated.

"Go on," urged Rollins. "You haven't a chance to be elected, but you ought to do something for the party, something to show your loyalty."

"All right," assented Hicks, "I'll run for recorder." Rollins smiled. "Picked the biggest sounding one, didn't you?" he asked.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Rollins," protested Hicks, "you must not view it in that light. I merely said recorder because that seemed to be the most appropriate. An alderman, you know, is a sort of a personal representative of his constituents, and I have been here such a short time. Of course, though I feel I am fully capable of discharging the duties of member of the board of aldermen, it seemed to me ——"
"Forgive me, Hicks," said Rollins; "I was only joking.

Of course you can have the nomination for recorder. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Hicks was disappointed that he was to be nominated by committee and not by convention, but he sent notices to the papers of the committee meeting and made a speech of acceptance that got him respectful notice in two papers and some goodnatured chaffing in two others. The contest was perfunctory. Nobody took interest in it. Hicks tried to vitalize it by active campaigning, but was not successful in stirring up much interest either for himself or for the issues involved. He had his name in the papers two or three times during the short campaign, and swore privately, but laughed pub-

icly, over a fling the editor of the Leader took at him as "our newly acquired Demosthenes whose vocabulary is as abundant as his hair and whose ideas are as scarce as his whiskers." At the election Hicks was snowed under.

"Just a necessary party sacrifice," oothed Rollins. "But you wait. We'll et them yet. The truth is mighty and nust prevail."

Then came the presidential campaign of 1900. Presdent McKinley was renominated at Philadelphia and Villiam Jennings Bryan named again at Kansas City. Rolins was a delegate to the Democratic convention, and eturned to Rextown fired with enthusiasm for the Peerless eader, as he invariably termed Mr. Bryan, and anxious o organize a fight in the district and get out every Demoratic vote. He had abandoned the free silver idea as an ssue, but not as a principle, and he was ardently an antinperialist and talked for hours to Hicks about the crime f the American occupation of the Philippines and all the ther phases of anti-imperialism.

He urged Hicks to prepare himself to go on the stump. licks was entirely willing, and mentioned his prospective ampaigning when he wrote to Senator Paxton.

Soon afterward he received this letter in reply:

Washington, D. C., August 1, 1900.

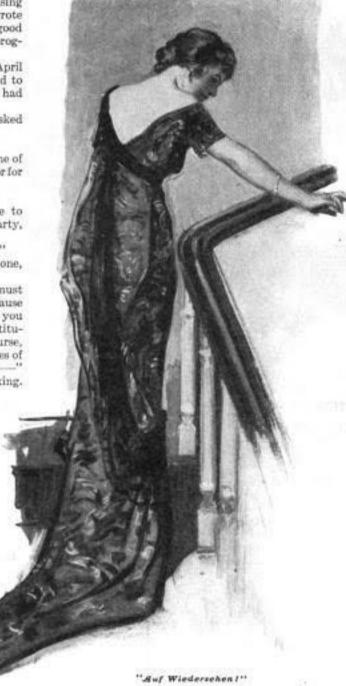
My dear Hicks: I am glad to learn of your progress, s indicated by your numerous letters, and I trust that you ill continue unfaltering in your championing of both the elfare of the people and the cause of the Democracy, in hich, as you must now think It seems to me eminently fitting that you should go on ie stump for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bryan. hough it is my deep-rooted conviction that Mr. Bryan ill be no more successful this time than he was before, you

e a Democrat, and as such must be regular and enthusi-You have had some small experience in campaign eaking and are about to enter again on that phase of

Will you pardon me if I presume to set down a few

cioms that may be of value to you?

et me repeat to you that the great secret of successful olitical speaking is to tell the people what they already 10w. Never venture on any uncharted oratorical seas, ive them the old, familiar stuff, and they will approve and plaud; but if you try to tell them what they do not low they will view your efforts with cold suspicion.



Be conventional. Avoid new expressions. It is the acme of folly to refer to a working man otherwise than as a horny-handed son of toil. If you speak of the flag other-wise than as the star-spangled banner, you will be intro-ducing an innovation that will be unwelcome and probably will react against your party on election day.

It is imperative that you should never view except with alarm nor point except with pride. Furthermore, you must always assert without fear of successful contradiction, condemn in unmeasured terms, challenge the statement, shy your castor in the ring, issue a defi, lock horns with, stamp as unworthy, measure swords with, hew to the line, declare it is a deliberate and malicious falsehood, show neither fear nor favor, remark in passing, nail the lie, have your attention called, demand to see the books, turn on the light, insist the rascals shall be turned out, give an accounting of your stewardship, make clear the issues, express sublime faith in the wisdom, patriotism and justness of the people, and say this is the greatest Republic on which the sun ever shone.

As you are a Democrat you may go as far as you like with Thomas Jefferson. Also uphold the Constitution, lambaste the trust octopi for hours and hours and assault the money devil and Wall Street and Lombard Street. It is always safe to jump on the criminal rich and never neces-sary to name names. The broad, generic term "criminal rich" will answer, and you can get an hour out of that topic any time.

Soak all trusts. Again it is unnecessary to name names and you need not refer to the trusts that employ men in your district, and perchance may be contributing to your party funds. As you have factories in Rextown, you must be strong for union labor and the rights of workingmen. When you get out in the country never fail to call the farmers the hardy yeomanry who are the bulwark and safeguard of the nation.

Always refer to "the ladies, God bless 'em," and throw in a few flowery sentences about the children who are the future guardians of the safety of the Republic.

Choose your anecdotes carefully. Do not use any new ones. Tell the good, old, time-tried ones, and you will get

your laughs at the proper places. Do not be sarcastic, for the people will think you mean what you say, being of a literal turn of mind.

Again, the people, the dear common people, are the most fruitful topic in the world for political eloquence. They need constant attention and tribute. Any politician who neglects the people will be neglected by the people. They know how good they are—the people do—and desire to be told about it constantly.

Careful attention to these details, unceasing assaults on the citadels of privilege and plutocracy as maintained by the Republican party, and long interpretation of the Democratic platform, with some kind words about the Fathers and the dear old Constitution, will give you ample material. You won't make any votes, but you will get practice that may be useful.

Yours, for our altars and our fires,

WILLIAM H. PAXTON.

Rollins insisted on paying the expenses of Hicks, and Hicks spoke once or twice a week at the smaller meetings in various villages and hamlets in Corliss County. He was put on at several meetings in Rextown as a filler-in, and when Mr. Bryan came through in October met the candidate and was greatly taken with him as an earnest and sincere man, and accompanied him on his special car for a few miles after he left Rextown. Hicks secretly felt he should have been allowed to speak at the Bryan meeting, but Rollins told him he must creep before he could walk. Hicks sulked a little, but Rollinssmoothed him out, and Mr. Bryan helped by asking Hicks to introduce him at a five-minute stop he made at Grandsburg, fifteen miles from Rextown, where he was to address the crowd from the end of his car. Hicks thought out a fine speech.

He stepped proudly forward: "Fellow citizens of Grandsburg," he began. "In these days of Republican misrule, in the midst of this Republican debauch of corruption

Somebody pulled at his coat-tails.

"Introduce him," said a hoarse voice. "You ain't making this speech."

Hicks cleared his throat. "Fellow citizens," he began again. "In these days ——"

"Bryan! Bryan!" yelled the crowd. "Who in thunder are you? Bryan! Where's Bryan?"

Hicks raised his hand impressively. "Fellow citi-

"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" shouted the impatient

Mr. Bryan came forward. Hicks saw all would be lost unless he hurried. "Fellow citizens," he shouted, "I have the honor to present to you the Great Commoner, the Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan.'

Bryan's secretary shouldered Hicks aside and Bryan plunged into his speech. Hicks was much depressed. He had hoped to make a neat little talk of about a minute and a half. As he went into the car he saw Joe Felker, a Washington correspondent he knew, who was traveling with the party.

"Hello, Hicks!" saluted Felker. "What are you doing

"I am engaged in the practice of the law in Rextown," Hicks replied. Felker introduced him to the other correspondents and Hicks took Felker aside and said: "Say, Felker, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure, if I can."

"Fix it with the other boys so my name will go in the

Felker laughed. "All right, old top," he said, and he was as good as his word. Even the press associations carried the important information that T. Marmaduke Hicks introduced Mr. Bryan at Grandsburg, and Hicks was highly elated, for he knew his name would be printed in most of the newspapers in the country that afternoon and the next morning.

Election came and Bryan's defeat. The Democrats in Rextown and Corliss County held their scattering own, but that was all. Rollins was much cast down. He had hypnotized himself into thinking the Democrats must win, but Hicks had been under no such delusion. He thought they had done very well in their district.

"Well," said Rollins dolefully, "we've got to take up the fight again. Right will triumph in the end, but I certainly did think we had them beaten. We had all the arguments

on our side."

"Yes," Hicks replied, "we seemed to have everything on our side but the votes. However, our time will come. I am sure of that. The people cannot remain forever blind to their own interests."

"I don't know," mourned Rollins; "I don't know. Seems to me as if the people of this country would rather see through a glass darkly than stand out in the sunlight.

I thought we had them beaten."
"Oh, well," consoled Hicks, "we'll get them yet. The people must and shall be aroused."

"I reckon so," said Rollins sadly, as he started away; "but we've got to get a bigger alarm clock than we've had yet.'

Business had been fairly good with Hicks and he had not been obliged to draw on Senator Paxton. He lived frugally and was careful of his money. He decided to run down to Washington for a couple of weeks, and wrote to Mrs. Lake to save a room for him. He arrived in the Capital late in November, planning to be there for a few days after Congress began its regular sessions in December. After he had been to the boarding house, where Mrs. Lake welcomed him effusively, he went

up to see the senator.
"Why, Hicks!"shouted Madden, as he entered the familiar offices. "Glad to see you! How are you?

How are you getting along?"
"Fine!" Hicks replied. "I'm the greatest little upholder of the undying, but somewhat unappreciated, principles of the Democratic party

you ever saw. Where's the chief?"
"Inside. I'll tell him you are here." Madden went in and came out almost immediately. "Go right in," he said. "He's anxious to have a talk with you."

"Hello, Tommie," said the senator. "How's the junior member of the firm of Paxton and Hicks, purveyors of the uplift to the toiling masses?"

"Couldn't be better, senator. You are looking well too."

"Yes, Hicks, I feel well, although the cares of the body politic and the woes of the people oppress me fearfully at times. However, I am cheered up by an occasional opportunity to put over something on them. Rather walloped you this time, didn't we?"

"We lost," said Hicks, "if that is what you mean; but

we are right, and right will prevail."
"Correct," exclaimed the senator. "Right will prevail in the end, but not, I hope, until we have secured all we need. Still, it isn't necessary for you to maintain the pose in here, you know. As you might say, I am on to your curves.

"In that case," Hicks replied, taking a chair, "I am pleased to inform you that, so far as I can see, I am doing well out in Rextown. I have become a leading young Democrat. I am getting some law business. I am establishing myself in politics, and I am never faltering for an instant in my devotion to the people."

"That's right, Hicks; that's right. The people can use a heap of devotion; and, conversely, you can use the peo-ple. Tell me about yourself."

Hicks sat for an hour and detailed his experiences. Paxton listened intently, interrupting now and then with a wise comment or to make some instructive observation. As Hicks finished and rose to go, Paxton said:

"That seems like a pretty good start to me. You have identified yourself with the Democracy in good shape. You have acquired a standing. All you've got to do is to hang on, to continue your present tactics, to remain steadfast to your numerously announced principles, and you'll land all right. But it will take time, my boy; it will take

"I know that," laughed Hicks. "These great reforms cannot be accomplished in a day. Besides, what's time to me when the stake is so big? I have all the time there is, you know."

"I guess you have, when it comes to that, and all the essential qualities for the part you are playing. By the way," he urged, "come up to dinner with me tonight and we'll have another talk."

Hicks raised a deprecatory hand. "Oh, my dear sena-tor," he protested, "I couldn't think of that. News of the fact that T. Marmaduke Hicks, the leading young Democrat of Rextown, dined with William H. Paxton, the unregenerate boss of the rapacious organization of the plutocratic United States Senate, might get back home. I am supposed to loathe you, you know, and all your fellows, with an exceeding great loathing, and it surely would contaminate me to be seen in your company. The people wouldn't understand it, and would say I have been captured by the forces of Mammon,"

Paxton looked at Hicks admiringly. "By George," he said, "you are even better than I thought. But come along. No one will be there but Mrs. Paxton, and she never tells anything. If she should tell all she knows about me I'm afraid there would be a forced vacancy in the Senate at my particular desk. Come on. You'll be per-



"What Did You Jay Your Name Is? Ah, Yes, and Where Do You Live?"

"In that case," Hicks replied, shaking hands with the senator, "I'll be there at seven o'clock."

HICKS made a few visits the next morning and decided to take his luncheon with Mrs. Lake. As he neared the house he stopped suddenly and stared at a woman who was coming down the walk toward him. She was a tall, slender woman who walked with exceeding grace. Her face was white, markedly so, but her lips were even more markedly red. Hicks, knowing little of women's attire, still knew enough to realize that she was exquisitely gowned. Her dress was of a silky black material and clung to her figure in soft and shimmering folds. Her hat fitted perfectly into her charming costume. It was black, too, but there was a quilling of white about it that added to its chicness. A filmy veil, long and black, flared behind her as she walked, and Hicks caught a glimpse of her throat, where her blouse was cut away, and of a jet necklace and long jet earrings. She approached Hicks with a slightly swaying motion that fascinated him.

He stood stock-still, staring at her. She came up to him, and still he stared. She passed him, apparently without knowledge of his existence, and he turned and followed her with his eyes until she went round a corner. Then, as if he were coming out of a trance, he said: "Jiminy, what a

He walked slowly toward the house. There was something familiar about the woman, something that reminded him of a woman he had seen before. He had not been able to get more than a glimpse of her face, but her figure, her carriage, her general air of distinction and modishness stirred memories in him.

He stopped at the steps, and searched his mind. "By George!" he shouted. "It's Mrs. Lester!"

Hicks ran up the steps and burst into the house. He sought the landlady. "Mrs. Lake," he asked excitedly, "is there a Mrs. Lester stopping here?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Lake replied, amused at Hicks' eagerness; "Mrs. Lester has been here for more than a year. Do you know her?"

"No," Hicks replied; "but I remember when she was here before I went to Rextown, and I'd like mighty well to know her.

"I shall be glad to present you. She is a charming woman, so cultivated. Poor girl," she continued sympathetically, "she has been bereaved since you saw her." "Somebody die?" asked Hicks.

"Her husband. She is a widow."

"A widow!" exclaimed Hicks excitedly. Then in a

more solemn tone: "I am sorry to hear it."

"He died suddenly, soon after they were first here. It was a terrible shock to her and she hasn't recovered yet. They were very devoted. She returned to Washington, where she has some friends, and she has been with us ever since. Of course as she is in mourning she is quite secluded, but we enjoy her charming conversation and her recitals of her experiences abroad. Why, Mr. Hicks, she positively

knows everybody worth knowing. and as for travel-well, she has been just everywhere and she speaks we. eral languages. Really, you would take her for a Frenchwoman."

"I noticed she wore black," said Hicks, as if that were an achievement

on his part.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Lake "and I must say she is the most handsomely gowned widow I ever saw. She looks charming in her weeds."

It was Friday, and that night, as was the custom, everybody dressed for dinner. Hicks had his evening clothes with him, which he had not used much in Rextown. He shaved with great care, brushed his hair until it shone and spent half an hour polishing his nails and punicing his hands. At half after six he gave his hair a few more pats, sprinkled a little perfume on hinself, put some on the palms of his hands, gave a final admiring glans at himself in his mirror and west downstairs.

Most of the boarders were there, but not Mrs. Lester. Disappointed, Hicks wandered uneasily about examining the pictures he had seen a hundred times before, trying to be affable with those who remenbered him and looking constantly and eagerly toward the stairway. Just before the gong sounded she appeared.

Mrs. Lester stood for a moment posed on the bottom step. Shewere

a black satin gown that was exquisitely draped about her slim figure. Her corsage was cut low and her sleeves were short, displaying a milky throat and white, shapely arms. Her fingers glittered with rings, and long, oddly shaped ornaments of seed pearls depended from her ears. Her face had a fashionable pallor, but her lips were red and there was just the suspicion of a shadow under her eyes. Her intensely black hair was drawn flatly and tightly down across her ears, but had an undulated appearance for all that and extended out on her pale cheeks, where its black gave vivid contrast to their pallor. It was wound into an elaborate knot low on her neck. Her little feet were shod in black satin pumps with jet buckles. Her expression was that of discreet melancholy, of decorous but extremely

Hicks was standing in the hall, his lips apart, his eyes wide with admiration, his hands opening and shutting nervously.

After a pause he started forward. "Mrs. Lester --he began.

She gave no sign of recognition.

"Pardon me," stammered Hicks; "but, you see, I feltsaw-I have known -At this moment Mrs. Lake arrived, and relieved the situs-

tion by presenting Hicks to Mrs. Lester. Mrs. Lester smiled a slow smile at Hicks and said in a

low, well-modulated voice: "I am charmed."
"Pleased to meet you," chattered Hicks, who had regained a measure of his self-possession. "I feel as though I know you, you know. I saw you once a long time ago and

I have always remembered you."
"Indeed," she replied. "I regret that I cannot remember having seen you."

"Oh, it was about two years ago. I didn't meet you were with your husband. I \_\_\_\_" You were with your husband. I -

An expression of pain passed over her pallid face.
"Oh, I beg your pardon," Hicks said hastily. "I forgot.

You're a widow now, aren't you?" She made no answer, but sank gracefully into a chair. "Pleased to see you again," hurried Hicks. "I felt sure

we must meet again some day."
"Did you?" she asked. "How romantic!"

"Oh," Hicks protested, shifting from one foot to the other in his excitement, "not romantic, you know. Notice like that, of course. But I was so much attracted by you beauty and grace and all that, that I just couldn't be; being-being

She smiled up at him. "Being gallant," she said. Hicks grew four inches in his own estimation, which mac-

him a very tall man indeed. The gong sounded. Hicks feverishly sought Mrs. Lab.
"Please, Mrs. Lake," he pleaded, "put me at her take won't you?"

"Why, yes," said that agreeable lady, "I'll have another chair placed there."

Hicks rushed back to Mrs. Lester. "May I have " honor of escorting you in to dinner," he asked. "By greet good fortune I find I am to be at your table."

She bowed and said softly: "Arec plaisir, monsieur." Hicks didn't know what she meant, but as she rose he concluded she was willing and strode proudly by her side to the table, and as well as he could remember the polite details handled her chair and her draperies as he had seen her husband perform those offices long ago.

Hicks broke immediately into a panegyric of himself, telling of his lucrative law practice in Rextown, his political activities, his fame as an orator. He dilated glowingly on his prospects, and wondered whether Mrs. Lester was joking him or complimenting him when she said little things in French from time to time. However, he decided she was complimenting him, as she seemed serious in her

"And where is Rextown?" she asked him.

"Rextown," declaimed Hicks, "is one of the most beautiful and most prosperous cities in the Middle West." Once well launched, he made a long speech about the maniest beauties and the more manifest destiny of his place of

"And you are in politics there?" she said admiringly. "I should say I am. I am very active in the Democratic arty, and one of these days I hope to be elected to office." "Ma foi!" she said, "And you so young!"
"That's just it," urged Hicks eagerly; "I shall still be

here when the shift comes."

"What shift?" she asked. "The Republicans have verything in the country, haven't they?

"So they have, but my time will come. The people vill not bear this burden of oppression forever. They vill arise one of these days and sweep this corrupt gang of servitors of the special interests out of power."
"Then, I suppose," she said, "your

arty will come in and do the same hing over again. Il y a encore de quei daner.'

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, wonderng what the French meant, "not at ll, I assure you; not at all. We are he friends of the people"; and so it ent through the dinner.

Hicks had an engagement to meet Andden that night, but he broke it ithout compunction. Instead of seeig Madden he followed Mrs. Lester to the parlor after dinner and tried o monopolize her but did not succeed. or some of the others in the boarding ouse gathered round while Hicks ged inwardly at their presumption. he talked with vivacity and animaon, shrugged her shoulders in a most iscinating manner, made pretty little ioues, and told of her travels in arope, of the personages she had et, of her familiarity with the noility, of her knowledge and intimacy ith the great families of America. he discussed art with a knowledge at seemed to Hicks to be complete, ad a comprehensive understanding music, knew about books and pecially the authors of the day, ad most of the time was so far above ie head of Hicks as to force him to t in silent wonder at her vast range information.

She gave the impression that she id spent much of her life in travel, id her familiarity with the great suses of England, France, Germany id Russia was astonishing. She lked knowingly and shrewdly of inds and stocks and "the market," d this portion of her conversation ade Hicks even more interested an he was before. She rippled along om one topic to another, interlardg her sentences with foreign expresons and exclamations, and she had effective way of stopping, after e had used one of those expressions, d translating it, with a little grimace impatience with herself for using it. "Really," she said, "I have passed much of my life abroad it is second ture to me to lapse into French or issian or German. Those languages, pecially the French, are so much ore expressive than ours, don't you ink?"

She turned her eyes on Hicks as she ked this, and Hicks assented readily d said he had often been discoured at the poverty of English. He retted he had no French or German Italian, and resolved to buy a rase book and become a linguist.

There was not an international marriage for fifteen years with which she was unfamiliar. She talked of Fifth Avenue and Newport as if she had been reared in the one and lived every summer in the other.

When I was visiting in Newport," she would say, and then give a lively account of some great function she had attended. She was perfectly familiar with the English nobility, and it seemed from her talk that she had been an honored guest in every castle in that island.

At ten o'clock she rose to go, with many apologies for having run on so. "I hope," she added, smiling radiantly at Hicks, "I have not bored you."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Lester," asserted the gallant Hicks, who had not taken his eyes from her pale but animated face once during the evening. "On the contrary I have been charmed, more than charmed. It is a great honor and pleasure to have met you."

She bowed, and after a moment's pause, glided out of the room. She turned for an instant at the door, smiled brilliantly again, said "Bon soir," and was gone.

Hicks went up to his room in a whirl of delight. He felt sure he had made an impression on Mrs. Lester; recounted to himself every look she gave him, every smile; told over to himself her various perfections—the cataloguing took a long time-and went to sleep filled with the hope of a better acquaintance with this charming, cultured woman.

ALYS DE MOUNTFORT LESTER was born in a small A town in Pennsylvania. Her father was a doctor with a good practice and her name was Alice Jennings. Her mother was a refined, educated, quiet woman and the family one of the best in the village. Alice was sent to a fashionable school when she was seventeen, and ran away and was married to Hugo Lester before she had completed her second term. Lester was of English descent and his father had been rich, but at the time of Hugo's marriage was in financial straits. Hugo had been educated beyond his intellect. He was a gentleman of polished manners, and he had expected always to be rich and to live in luxury and at ease. He took his wife to his father's house and they lived there for a few years. Then the father died, leaving the son and his wife a big house and a correspondingly big mortgage, and nothing else.

Lester was forced to go to work, and he had no ability for work nor any adaptability. He attached himself to an old friend of his father's in a secretarial capacity, and after a year or so of this was appointed to a clerkship in the State Department at Washington. Through influential friends he was given a position in Paris, and he and his wife spent two years in France. While there he, being of good birth and aided by his wife, secured some commissions in Russia, Germany and Italy, and they traveled in each of these

Alice Jennings was a clever girl. From the time she began to evolve from the flapper state she held herself to be better than her associates in the home village and better than her family. She was an only daughter, spoiled by an indulgent father, and she had no difficulty in overriding her mother. She had a passion for clothes, which she indulged as well as she was able, and a talent for making her resources go further than any other girl in the village or at the school after she went away from home. She loathed the small town in which she lived, read the social news in

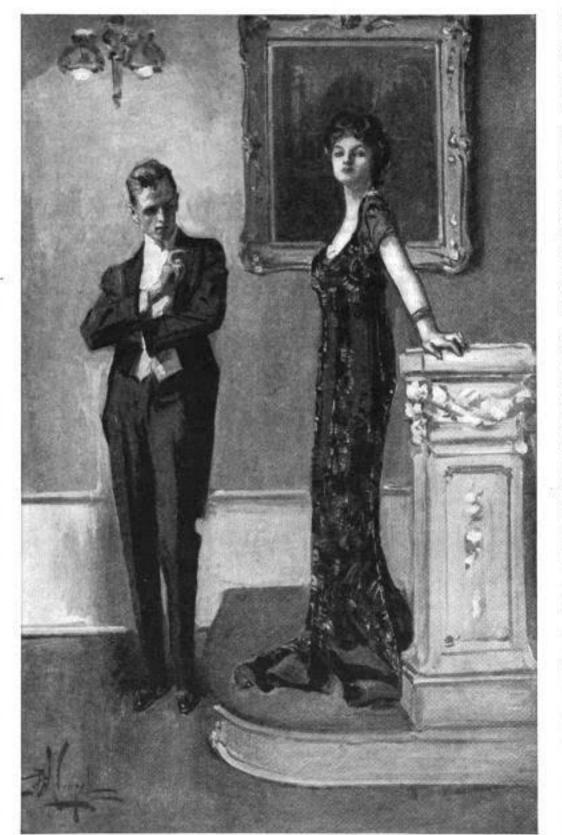
> the papers, even when she was just coming into her teens, and early displayed a fondness for exalting herself, by claiming acquaintance with those above her in social standing, that later became a positive genius for this sort of self-appreciation. She married Lester because she thought he was rich and had social position.

> She was smart at school and had a fondness for languages, but was entirely superficial in her studies. From her earliest childhood she was a chatterbox. She talked unceasingly, but brightly, and was clever enough to deal with subjects in her conversation concerning which she had a slight knowledge. She never, either as a child or as a woman, touched any but the high places in her talk. She was intensely egotistical and longed for admiration. She had a great skill in dress, and a full knowledge of her own good points and of how to accentuate them.

Her husband had little money, but she made the most of that. She had a genius for finding out desirable places to live that were within their means, and always insisted on rigid adherence to the conventionalities. She never failed to dress for dinner, nor would she allow her husband to appear after six o'clock in any but evening clothes. Their public attitude toward one another was one of exceeding and formal politeness, and she always strove to create the impression that they had much more money than they did have. In reality the Lesters got along well together, for Lester was a dull, listless, complaisant man, awed by the brilliancy of his wife and not daring to oppose her. His only talent was cleverness at cards. He was an expert bridge-whist player and his wife was almost his equal.

She could sing a little, play the piano acceptably, and she had a most agreeable talent for visiting. Indeed, she was a professional visitor and she was a useful guest. She and her husband were ever ready for bridge, and both could dance well. She was always faultlessly dressed in the latest mode, had an inexhaustible fund of small talk and was continuously in good spirits. The climbing hostesses who invited the Lesters to visit them, thinking the Lesters were of the set they aspired to enter, were always sure they would have one pair of guests who would carry themselves with the utmost rigidity of polite

(Continued on Page 36)



Her Expression Was That of Discreet Melancholy

## SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

OWENA GOLLOP, first pulling her blue sunbonnet forward out of decent regard for an exceptional complexion, stepped from the moist, sloppy backporch into the glare of the sun. She carried a large basket of tightly wrung clothes, her strong, nicely rounded arms and sturdy young back making nothing of its weight. Stopping before the newly stretched line she began to work with a brisk energy quite out of keeping with the heat of the summer morning. In a very few minutes a lazily flapping and swaying screen of various form and color extended from post to post.

The trumpet vine that covered nearly one side of the old brick house was in flower, and among its gaudy blossoms a pair of humming birds poised and darted uncertainly. Rowena's eye caught the jewel gleam of their green and ruby plumage and she paused to watch them. Her expression was at once amused and exasperated.

"What's the matter with you-all?" she murmured, addressing the tiny creatures. "What for are you foolin' round, wastin' time that-a-way, pickin' an' choosin'? If you'd use your beaks more an' your wings less you'd be bigger birds."

One ruby-throat, after a prolonged hesitation, disappeared in the honeyed depths of a big red bloom. Rowena laughed as she turned away. "Made up your mind at last, did you?" she said.

A little cloud of dust arose above the sumac-crowned banks of the bending road, and soon a light wagon drawn by a team of small sleek mules came into view. From behind the porch trellis Rowena saw it approaching, and, straightening up from her washtub, wiped her hands upon her apron and reclaimed some strands of auburn hair that straggled from loosened pins over her flushed cheeks. At the same time she glanced at her reflection in the looking glass that hung over the wash bench for the convenience of the men folks.

Mrs. Gollop, a large, fair woman with a pronounced Roman nose, called from the kitchen at that moment.

"Hain't that Sim Hoisington a-comin' up the road, Rowena?"

"I reckon it is," Rowena returned.

"He a-comin' here?"
"I don't know." To herself in a lower tone Rowena added: "I reckon he don't either."

In fact, as she spoke the mules slowed from their sharp trot into a walk, were urged into a trot again, checked, and in front of the gate actually came to a standstill. The driver, after an undecided half motion toward descent, resumed his seat, leaned forward and flicked the off mule with his blacksnake. The team darted forward with a jerk and the whole equipage went rattling down the road at a pace that speedily-carried it round the next bend and out of sight.

"My land!" called Mrs. Gollop from the kitchen. "What's makin' you laugh that-a-way, gal?"

"Sim," answered Rowena chokingly. "He's gone on to town."

"Sim!" her mother repeated with withering scorn. "You might as well have said you wasn't laughin' at nothin'. You hurry and get that washin' out in time to help me with dinner. Berkley Pendleton aims to be here about noon."

"You'd better fix some kind o' spoon vittles then," said Rowena calmly. "His teeth ain't what they used to be."

She loosened her dress at the throat and peered through the lattice at the road, which was obscured for nearly half a mile past the bend by a windbreak of trees. Beyond the trees it made a gradual ascent, midway on which was situated a substantial looking farmhouse. After a little a good-sized dot, which was the light wagon and team, emerged from the treebelt and began to climb the hill. Rowena watched narrowly, her brows knit and her remarkably firm mouth set tightly. For a moment or two she breathed a little quicker; then her expression relaxed and she laughed.

"Well, he didn't stop to see Miss Lisbeth Minnick either," she said.

Once past the farmhouse on the hill, the light wagon went smartly along, and in half an hour it rolled into the town of Fairfax and stopped at Jim Allen's store. A tall, well-built, brown-haired young man of twenty-three or four got out, tied the mules to the long hitching rack and went into the store.

The storekeeper's eyes twinkled behind their spectacles and his humorous mouth twitched at one corner as he greeted his customer.

"Howdy, Sim."

"Howdy, Mr. Allen," returned the young man in an agreeably modulated drawl. At the same time a quick brilliant smile illumined his good-looking face. He felt in his pocket and produced a written list. "Here's some

### By Kennett Harris



"Well, Daggone It! What for Did She Ask Me to Stay if She Didn't West Me!"

tricks Aunt Hitty allows she wants," he said, giving the storekeeper the paper. "If you'll put 'em up right away I'll wait an' take 'em right along. I'm sort of rushed to get back to some fencin' Ab an' me has got to do."

The storekeeper smiled, focused his spectacles on the list and read it through. "Hum!" he remarked. reckon that's all clear enough and plain sailing."

"I reckon it is," said Sim in a relieved tone. "She knows what she wants, Aunt Hitty does." He spoke admiringly.

"I'll put 'em up right away, Sim," said the storekeeper. "Set down and smoke a good seegar-if you've got one

In the course of ten minutes he had the articles packed neatly in a cracker box. "Nothing else, Sim?" he asked. "Yes," answered Sim; "I want some nails. About thirty pound I reckon-tenpennies. That's all."

Allen turned to execute the order, but suddenly stopped, his eyes twinkling again. "What kineo' nails do you reckon

you need, Sim?" he asked.
"Tenpennies," Sim repeated.
"I know," said the storekeeper, "but as to the nails now—do you want common, ord'nary nails or do you want these yer wire nails? Some likes one kine and some likes the

A very curious change came over Sim's face, his smile faded, his jaw dropped slightly and his brown eyes stared blankly beyond his questioner. Presently he said with almost pathetic anxiety: "Which would you get, Mr.

A discussion as to the respective advantages of common and wire nails followed, during which Sim veered from one to the other as the storekeeper adroitly urged him. At last he gave it up.

"Dogged if I know," he said. "I reckon I'll have to study on it some. Mabbe after all a rail fence you what I'll do, Mr. Allen. I'll take this yer stuff of Aunt Hitty's now and I'll see what Ab thinks about the

He shouldered his box and went out hastily. The storekeeper chuckled and the laugh was echoed by two men who had entered the store a few minutes before—a lean, slabsided, ropy-necked individual of middle age, whose long, intensely black mustaches had a melancholy droop; and a stockily built young fellow with an aggressive air and a quick, challenging eye.

"Sim's havin' a right smart o' trouble about that fence of his'n," remarked the elder man. "He commenced for to start on it about a week ago, but he hair't got, as you might say, started yit."
"How's that, Berk?" inquired the storekeeper with

flattering interest.

The lean man cackled and hoisted himself stiffly to a seat on the counter. "First off, Sim figgered on building a rail fence," he explained. "Then Perry Spencer cone along and argued for a hawg-tight bo'd fence, and Sin allowed he had the right of it. At noon Ab, Sim's hired man, allowed that with eight-inch stuff ten dollars a thousand at the mill, and a bad road to haul over, bo'ds would be mighty extravagant, specially when the mile wouldn't cost nothin' but the work. Sim owned up it did look that-a-way, and him an' Ab was grindin' their axes when the schoolmaster come up an' showed him by figgers how shiftless an' wasteful a rail fence was, what with the lap at each end of the rail an' the jog that put a four-foot-wide strip of good co'n land out of business. Since then Sim's been hesitatin' atween a barb-wire an' a stone wall an' a osage hedge; but seems like he's went back to the bo'd idea.'

The lean man cackled again with great enjoyment and a touch of malice. "Sim got along tol'able well while his mammy was round to tell him what to do," he resumed; "but sence she died and his Aunt Hitty went to keep house for him, the farm's run down right smart. Mis' Hitty, she's a manager as far's the house goes, but she hain't got the knowledge of outside like old Mis' Hoisington had, an' Ab he ain't keerin,' how little gets done. He's willin' to wait till Sim makes up his mind.

"Well, they tell me Sim's right popular with the gis anyway," said the storekeeper. "You've hearn talk of that kind, Ben?"

Ben Foster, the stocky young man, frowned. "So's poodle dogs popular with the gals," he growled.

"Seems like they're all took with Sim," the storekeeper went on musingly. "Don't matter whether they're black-eyed an' sort o' languishin' or whether they're red-haided an' hustlin'. Namin' no names, I've noticed that myse'f."

Foster's eyes rolled savagely. "I wouldn't name as names if I was you, Jim Allen," he said menacingly; "not

less'n you want trouble."

"Me want trouble?" smiled the storekeeper innocently. "Shucks, Ben, that's the last thing I aim to have. I reclus you must be a-skeered I was goin' to say suthin about Lisbeth Minnick. Now there hain't no need o' that. You're too techy. Look at Berkley here. If I happen to pass a remark about -

Berkley Pendleton interposed. He was pulling his lost mustaches nervously and red showed on his cheekbons through his sallow skin. "Jim Allen," he remonstrates "there's sech a thing as too much coddin'. There's subjects that a man don't keer to be codded about. You're right smart of a codder, we all know that, but you hain't likely to he'p your business by cyarrin' it too far. I comin here to get your prices on a bill o' goods. I didn't came for to be codded."

"My land, Berk!" ejaculated Allen. "Ain't you a little mite previous. I leave it to Ben here if I so much # mentioned Rowens Gollop. Don't you holler before you'n hurt, Berk, nor you either, Ben. Lemme see that bill o' goods you was talkin' about."

By the time that Pendleton had come to an agreement with the storekeeper, Sim Hoisington was at the brows the hill overlooking the Minnick farm and already feeling uncomfortably conscious of the impending necessity # making a decision. He could see in the Minnick yard: woman's figure that he recognized—a slight, tall figure that moved with languid grace, unpinning clothes from 1 line. It was Lisbeth Minnick, a maiden on whom Simi thoughts had dwelt more or less for a year past. Sin's thoughts had vagabond tendencies, roving at the direction of his artistic eye wherever beauty bloomed along Limit Tarkio; nevertheless, Lisbeth had entertained the longer than any other young woman, excepting perhaps Rowena Gollop.

He checked his mules, reconsidered, and was chicken them on again when the girl called to him. The wars stopped and he waved his hand. "Howdy, Lisbeth. How

"Tol'able," returned Lisbeth. She walked to the less with an easy, deliberate movement and rested her arms = the capboard.

"Better come on in an' stay to dinner," she invited her dark eyes were more cordial than speech. "I'm in a kine of a rush right now." Sim obeca

"You're in a rush most of the time, seems like," pouted Lisbeth. "Well, why don't you come up Sunday afternoons once in a while?"

"I'd sooner come when you're a-feelin' lonesome," Sim declared boldly. "Sunday afternoons I take notice you've got your porch all cluttered up with Ben Fosters and things. I seen Ben in town a while ago."

"I seen him last night," said Lisbeth. "He ain't afraid I'll bite him, like some folks."

"I reckon he don't need to be," Sim bantered. "I'm sort o' skeered he'll bite me, though, the way he looks at me."

"He won't be here tonight," Lisbeth suggested.

"I s'pose you'll be feelin' mighty lonesome then?"

"N-huh!" She shook her head and smiled.

"Then there won't be no need of me comin'," "No special need of it, Mr. Smarty," she flashed. Don't come if you don't want to." She turned her back on him and walked to the house with unusual briskness, while Sim sat in his wagon looking after her, the blank tare in his eyes and his mouth half open. Presently he ighed and gathered up his reins.

"An' I'd jest about made up my mind to stay to dinner," muttered. "Jiminee, she's a spunky little piece!"

He had no strain put upon his powers of determination s he approached the Gollop place. He had hardly turned he bend when he descried Rowena walking to the front nte with the evident purpose of speaking to him. He vas particularly glad at the sight of her too. Somehow he vas always glad to see Rowena.

She was good to look at, for all the plainness of her busiess-like checked gingham apron and the ugliness of her unbonnet. The apron did not cover those well-rounded hite arms of hers, and, facing her, one could penetrate he depths of the bonnet with an admiring eye and disinguish the little moist curls of copper-colored hair that ly against her creamy, fine-textured skin.

She carried a package in her hand, "Give that to Mis' litty, Sim," she directed. "It's the quilt pieces I promised er." Then: "Why didn't you stop this morning as you

as passing?"

"Plagued if I know," Sim replied in some embarrassment. I did come mighty nigh it, but-I didn't see nothin' of ou round. I was disapp'inted too. I hain't seen you in coon's age, Rowena."

'You might have seen me at meetin' Sunday," she minded him. Sim's embarrassment deepened as he ammered something about a change.

"You a-goin' to jine them Meth'dis'?" she asked.

"I d'know about jinin' them," he faltered. "I was jest talkin' with Preacher Williams the other day and he st'nly put up a good argument for the Meth'dis' folks. allowed it wouldn't do no harm to 'tend their meetin'."

"Huh!" remarked Rowena. "I hearn that you aim to bte for Bud Watts for sheriff," she went on. "I hain't made no promise," said Sim. "Bud come to e the other day an' we talked politics some, an' it seems ce to me Bud's right well qualified an' -

"An' a black Republican," Rowena supplemented.

"Well, there hain't no use bein' hidebound, Rowena," pleaded Sim. "Co'se I've allus been a Democrat."

Rowena began to laugh, "Oh, Sim, Sim!" she cried; "ain't you right sure of any livin' thing?"

Sim took courage from her relenting. "I certainly am," he declared. "I'm right sure there hain't the beat of you in seven counties. I wisht you felt the same way about me that I do about you, Rowena."

"Well, you can just bet I don't," said Rowena positively, but still smiling. "Put your mules up an' come in to dinner, Sim. It's about ready."

Sim was about to comply when the sound of wheels made him turn his head. Another light wagon had driven up and stopped before the barnyard gate some yards away. Berkley Pendleton got out, swept off his broad-brimmed black wool hat in elaborate salutation of Rowens, and then opened the gate and drove in.

"I reckon I won't stop today," said Sim stiffly. "Aunt Hitty's lookin' for me. You've got company anyway."

He added the last remark uncertainly, and looked at

Rowena as if he expected protest.

"Jest as you say, Sim," the young woman answered composedly. "Some other time then mabbe."

She nodded in a friendly manner and left him.

"Well, daggone it!" exclaimed Sim. "What for did she ask me to stay if she didn't want me!" He picked up his whip and cut quite viciously at the shirking off mule. "Daggone it!" he repeated with emphasis.

He turned the package over to Miss Hitty, and when she had checked the groceries with her list he asked a question that had been vexing him:

"You aim to take in the dance at Prothero's tomorrow night, Aunt Hitty?"

Miss Hitty looked at him with surprise. She was a stout, almost massive, woman well into her forties, with a double chin and a chronic shortness of breath; but her heart was young.

"Well, I reckon I do," she replied with some asperity. "I allowed it was all settled you was to take me. You haven't been askin' no gal to go, have you?"

"No," Sim replied with a sigh. "I didn't know but-Shucks! There hain't no gal I'd want to take."

"Did Rowena say anythin' to you about goin'?" asked Miss Hitty.

"Not a word," her nephew answered. "I reckon Old Man Pendleton will beau her though. He's there to dinner now. Seems like he'd be thinkin' of somethin' else than shinin' up to young gals."

He spoke with some bitterness.

'If you're a-talkin' about Berkley Pendleton, he's a long ways from bein' an old man yit," said Miss Hitty indignantly. "Old Man Pendleton! He ain't no green, saphaided boy, but Rowena Gollop might do a heap worse than Berkley an' I reckon she knows it. All that s'prises me is he don't look round a little more afore he takes up with

Sim turned on his heel and strode from the room. "These yer women!" he muttered. "There's Lisbeth miffed about nothin', and Rowena --- I wonder if that



"Lemme Fix it for You. It's a Turr'ble Pretty Tie"

old skeezicks ---- " He whistled a moment or two thoughtfully. "I reckon I'll go see Lisbeth to-night. I d'know though. These yer women! A fellow cain't never tell where to find them."

Meanwhile Berkley Pendleton was entertaining the Gollop family with an account of Sim's fence and the nail incident at the store. Mrs. Gollop laughed very heartily. Rowena laughed not at all.

"It's a mighty small thing to pick on," observed the young woman with a contemptuous look at the smirking widower.

"You hesh!" commanded Mrs. Gollop. "It's a mighty ser'ous thing when a young man hain't got no more backbone than an angleworm. I don't hold with shillyshallying, an' I never thought you did neither, Rowena. "I can most generally take a stand and stay sot,"

Pendleton boasted.

"So can a mule," said Rowena. "But I reckon by the time Sim's as old as you are he'll have a heap more sense," she concluded ambiguously.

Prothero's was en fête. The east wing of the big house was ablaze with light, a beacon to Little Tarkio up and down the valley. Buggies, spring wagons and farm wagons formed a long line against the fence outside, and within a

large representation of the beauty and chivalry of Atchison County mingled in the mazes of the dance, tripping, floating, jigging heel-and-toe, gliding, thumping, stamping and whirling in saltatory ecstasies. Three sets at one time-and they might have made it four at a pinch. Brownnecked lads in the bravery of Sunday diagonals and stiff linen, their hair slicked to a marvel; elderly bucks shaven to the quick and redolent of the silvered cachous that they carried in their vest pockets; lasses, plump and rosy, in glorified gowns of virgin white and many ribbons; matrons, normally staid, gamboling with kittenish abandon; little pig-tailed girls even, shrill and active débutantes of eleven and upward; and dancing, every one of the twenty-four!

They danced to real tunes in Little Tarkio-Turkey-in-the-Straw, Whistling Rufus, Georgia Camp Meeting, and the like. Mat Bingham played them. Seated on a chair that had been placed atop of a stout kitchen table, the gangling, raw-boned Orpheus of the Bottoms sawed them out indefatigably, the broad sole of his cowhide boot slapping time on Mrs. Prothero's well-scoured deal. Standing near him, Prothero, the red-bearded, burly host, called, roaring the changes in a voice that made the windows rattle, patting juba with his big hands, and now and then singing in a sort of mellow bellow: "Gents, honor your partners! Swing your partners! Right hand to partner and grand right and left!"

Sim bent to Lisbeth, not ungracefully, and scraped his right foot behind him in the approved fashion; then, advancing, he clasped her slender waist and at the exact note of the music swung her clear off her feet with astonishing ease.

"I cert'nly hate to let loose of you, Lisbeth," he murmured ardently as he set her down.



"I Hate to Let Loose of You"

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



#### FOUNDED A: D: 1728

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1914

#### A Distinguished Invalid

WE FEEL safe in assuming, at this writing, that you have not heard anything of the United States Senate during the last few weeks. We ourselves had so completely lost track of it that its existence had passed from memory until an inquiry from a valued correspondent brought it to mind. Hasty search through the newspaper files of the last fortnight yielded no clew to its whereabouts or condition; but a wire to Washington brought trustworthy information that we gladly pass on to the public.

The Senate, it appears, has been suffering a prolonged fit of hysterics. The patient, it may be recalled, has been in nearly continuous session for several years. Cut off for that long period from all healthy contact with the normal interests and activities of American life, shut within itself and stewing in its own juice, it got into a very unhealthy state—probably somewhat comparable to that of the Indian mystic, who rivets his attention exclusively on his own great toe until he loses all sense of reality and lives wholly in hallucinations.

Some time last winter—nobody seems to remember exactly when—President Wilson demanded the repeal of the provision granting free passage through the Panama Canal to American coastwise vessels. The result of this fresh demand on a nervous system already reduced to an extremely weak, disordered state was to throw the patient into hysterics.

We are happy to hear that the case is far from hopeless. For a complete recovery, all the patient needs is to go home, mingle with people who are normally conditioned and productively engaged, look over the busy, fruitful country, and so recover a sense of proportion. Five months of this treatment will make it quite fit again.

#### Foreign Trade

THE convention at Washington to promote foreign commerce of the United States coincided with a Treasury statement that showed a balance of trade against us for the first time in some years. In April our foreign purchases of merchandise exceeded our sales by ten million dollars, and for three months before that our favorable balance had been steadily declining. We owe Europe somewhere round fifty million dollars a month in interest, insurance, ocean freights, tourists' expenses, and so on.

To trim the ship we must sell at least that much more goods than we buy. When the monthly trade balance falls below thirty millions we are certainly going into debt, Probably it takes fifty millions a month to keep us even. The latest Treasury figures are a hint to push foreign trade.

#### Amenities With a Club

WE DO not believe there is any good reason why the administration of our tariff laws—this Underwood Law quite as much as any of its high-protection predecessors—should provoke so much irritation and resentment. Time out of mind this Government has regarded the foreign manufacturer who ships goods to the United States as

a presumptive rascal. That attitude may be warranted by sound business principles, but the frankness with which we avow it is poor policy.

We want foreign trade and we cannot have it on one side of the ledger only. Irritation and resentment on the part of European sellers must be an obstacle to our dealings with European buyers. We have claimed the right to send our Treasury agents into the shops of foreign manufacturers to examine the books, not only with regard to factory prices of articles shipped into the United States but with regard to any other matters the agents might be curious about. We have asked foreign governments to confer on our Treasury agents a power to inspect books and cross-examine manufacturers which those governments do not claim for their own agents.

There is no question that our Treasury agents abroad have in certain instances behaved in a truculent, overbearing manner. Foreign manufacturers have been exasperated to the point of asking their governments not to take part in our Panama Exposition.

And all the while we are exerting ourselves to establish friendly relations with these same people on the selling side. In the administration of our turiff laws there is a touch of uncouthness that intelligent merchants would not tolerate in their business relationships. A little more urbanity, please! It pays.

#### Free Exchange

A PRINTED notice that a small sum is due in the city of New York contains the following injunction: "If payment is made with an out-of-town check ten cents must be added to cover cost of exchange." This reminds us that in no other country, the commerce of which is comparable with that of the United States, is a man penalized for paying his debts.

Free or virtually free exchange is a cardinal feature of every sound banking system. The idea is to make getting the money to the place where it is due as cheap and easy as possible. There may be some excuse for charging exchange on a country check; but, at least, a check on a bank in a clearing-house city ought to go at par in any other clearinghouse city, for virtually no expense attaches to collecting it.

There is a good deal of speculation as to just how far the new banking system will make collections free. It should make them absolutely free among cities.

#### Crocodile Tears

PROFITS of the St. Louis and San Francisco syndicate, it appears, did not amount to thirty million dollars, but to a considerably smaller sum; yet the road is now bankrupt. The Rock Island has defaulted on bond interest. The New Haven is making little above operating expenses and fixed charges. The injury the gross mishandling of these three great properties has brought on the American railroad situation in its broadest aspects is hardly calculable.

Is anybody really responsible? Can the managements say to the collective security holders and to the public, which is vitally interested in sound railroading, "Awfully sorry we landed you in this mess, old top; we'll try not to do it again!"—and let that end it?

#### Trackless Traffic

WE EXPECT to see a time when the amount of freight moved by mechanical power on highways will exceed that moved on tracks. There is no question that the freight movement on highways already exceeds that on tracks.

The first item in railroad traffic, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is agricultural and animal products, amounting to two hundred million tons. Nearly all of it was hauled in wagons to the railroad station and distributed to consumers in wagons. A large part of nearly three hundred million tons of manufactures was hauled in wagons. So, throughout the list, the railroad haul generally implies a wagon haul at one end or both ends. And there is a large freight movement by wagon that does not get to the railroads at all.

Everybody knows that wagon haulage, on a broad view, is vastly more expensive than rail haulage. Investigation has disclosed numberless cases in which the cost of hauling a given article two or three miles by wagon exceeded the cost of hauling it many times that distance by rail. Formerly trackless haulage meant animal power; but the development of gasoline and electric motors within a few years has provided a means of haulage without tracks which, under favorable conditions, is much swifter and cheaper than animal power.

The first condition is, of course, a good roadway—hard, smooth and well maintained. In cities where pavement provides a good roadway mechanical power is steadily supplanting horses for trackless haulage. With good roads in the country, there is no reason why a great part of the trackless haulage should not be performed by mechanical power, with a large total saving of time and money.

The rural freight route might well move a great part of the farm's products to market and fetch back most of the farm's supplies; in fact, an expert on the subject by predicted that within a few years a considerable part of what we now regard as main-line railroad freight traffe of move over highways by mechanical power, even for its distances.

For the achievement of that condition the first requisis is a complete network of good highways.

#### Great-Grandfather's Politics

THE legislative union between Great Britain and Inland—which was repealed the other day by the third passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons—was established in the first year of the nineteenth century.

As to the means by which it was forced through the Irish Parliament: Twenty-eight Irish peerages were created, six Irish peers obtained English peerages, and twenty others were moved up a rank in the peerage—most of these honors being bestowed by the government as bribes and rewards for services in passing the bill for the union. The English Government bought outright eighty Irish heroughs, returning one hundred sixty members to Parliment, and paid a million two hundred thousand pounds it cash for them—which sum, with rare humor, it added to the national debt of Ireland; so that Irishmen have been paying interest on it ever since.

Members of Parliament who would not vote for union were bribed by offices and honors to resign in order that their places might be filled by those favorable to union. Twenty-three practicing barristers voted for union. Three years later six of them were on the bench and eight other had received high honors under the crown. Thirty-tax barristers voted for union in the bar debate of 1799. Three years later only five of them were unrewarded.

Just before leaving Ireland, Cornwallis sent over to England a list of fifty promises of places, pensions, legappointments, and like rewards, which he had made it consideration of support of the union, but which, up to that time, had not been fulfilled by the English Government.

Lecky, from whose history the above is compiled, addi"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everything
within the gift of the crown, in the church, the army the
law, the revenue, was uniformly devoted to the great object
of carrying the union. From the great noblemen, was
bargained for their marquisates and ribands, from the
Archbishop of Cashel, who agreed to support the union on
being promised reversion of the See of Dublin, the virus of
corruption extended and descended through every filed
of the political system, including crowds of obscure met
who had it in their power to assist or obstruct addresse
on the question."

#### The Wage Puzzle

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that wages by the hour in the cotton industry of the United States advanced fifty-one per cent from 1900 to 1912. This is almost exactly equal to the increase in price of food in the same period—that is, the food consumed in an average workingman's family as reported by the same bureau; at that table produces a pleasing sense of proportion and balance. But we turn over to the woolen industry and find that wages have advanced only thirty-four per centwhich seriously disturbs the balance. Then we proceed to the silk industry and discover that wages have advanced just nineteen per cent, which upsets the balance altogether.

We seek an explanation in the tariff, and learn that woolen manufactures have been enjoying a protection equato about ninety per cent, and cotton and silk only fifty in fifty-five per cent. Yet wool wages have gone up only about two-thirds as much as cotton wages, and the latter have gone up nearly three times as much as silk wages.

These figures deal, of course, with the increase in warm during the last twelve years, not with the actual rate of wages; and we might explain the discrepancy on a supposition that silk labor was well paid a dozen years are but we remember the silk strike of this year, in which the hands bitterly contended that they are not well paid even now. Probably it is a question of organization.

#### Here Comes the Bride

SHE comes breathless, perspiring and more or less distrieled, pursued and surrounded by some well-dressed male and female rowdies who throw rice and confeth a her, while their clamor announces to the passengers loans ing in the station or looking from the car windows that are has just been a party to a ceremony which some all fashioned folks regard as having a rather sacred character or at least as being of a peculiarly tender and intimate nature.

It is well known that in several more primitive contactives marriage is attended by demonstrations of a frank arrude sort, which, however, have a certain robust validable well-conditioned and presumably at least half-educated Americans should be made an occasion for public horses.

## Who's who-and why

#### Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

#### The Speech That Stuck

CUPPRESSED speech is one of the most distressing things that can happen to a person of oratorical tendencies. Though not ordinarily fatal, it never fails to produce so dour a view of life on the part of the speaker who contains but cannot contribute the sundry gems of oratory which clog him that he becomes a hopeless pessimist and bewails the loss of the faculty of proper public address-but not the lack of public address, which would stamp him as singularly nonobserving of the proceedings of the day-or sets him on a chase for an opportunity for verbigeration and makes him a village pest.

You can see how it is yourself. A man is an oratormost men are, or think they are-most political men, that is-and he has thought up a fine peroration, or a few choice paragraphs, or an entire speech. His system is encumbered with these words. He must needs unhamper himself of them in order that he may be happy, and in order that he may bestow happiness and learning and reason, or flubdub, on others. Though he may have abundant opportunity to discourse in other language, of which he ordinarily has a full supply, there comes no fortunate moment to him where this particularly impending speech fits in; and he makes his weary and, no doubt, rhetorical way up and down the world, vainly hoping for an opportunity that will fit the eloquence congested within him.

It is a sad fate-a sad fate and a piteous! If the apropos hour does not arrive he goes to his grave a broken ballyhooer, conscious until the last that, had the hap been provided, he would have been hep, and mourning for the loss the world has sustained because these words were left to burn within him instead of being thrown, blazing, into some great forensic crisis.

Hence, to escape this lamentable end, the man who suffers from suppressed speech uses the most extraordinary efforts to attain a position or a place where he may rid himself of what stews and stagnates within him, and at least add to the gayety if not to the store of knowledge of the universe. He works and struggles and wanders and toils, seeking for the moment and the amelioration, pausing at nothing; rising after each defeat to press on to the goal where fate shall be so kind as to allow him to get it off his chest.

Take the case of Henry Vollmer-typical, if ever a case was typical—the case of Henry Vollmer, which so aptly and illuminatingly illustrates my point. For thirty years, up to about three of the clock on the afternoon of the nineteenth of March, 1914, Henry Vollmer had spread himself over Iowa and the neighboring territory, a gaunt and gasping victim of suppressed speech. He had one in him he could not get out. He suffered tortures-tortures! And he rushed from Allamakee to Pottawattamie, from Winnebago to Appanoose, up and down, crisscross and catercornered in Iowa, to find the perfect conjunction of the time, the place and that concealed and eloquent communication. Without result, ladies and gentlemen.

#### Surcease From Suffering at Last

DO NOT, I pray you, think I convey here the meaning or the intimation that Henry Vollmer, in his progress throughout Iowa, did not find ample opportunity for speech. He did. He spoke whenever he was asked, and oftentimes when he was not asked. So far as making speeches is concerned, there never yet arose an occasion-personal, political, economical, or having to do with any other phase of human activity, emotion, thought, knowledge, endeavor or conjecture-when Henry Vollmer was not ready with a speech; nor is there such an instant now. All that is needed to get Henry Vollmer to make a speech is the merest hint-the wave of a hand, or the slight inclination of a head, or the wink of an eye-and he will make one or two or three. The most minute provocation will set him going, and it takes an ax to stop him!

That is not what I am trying to say, however. He will speak, and he has spoken and does speak. Moreover, he will quote. It is well within the bounds of conservative statement to assert that Henry Vollmer can give almost any person of your acquaintance a handicap of two full acts of any Shaksperean play, say, and beat that person to the final curtain by several scenes. Moreover, he will do his quoting with great declamatory effect.

You see, he is by way of being a lifelong student of declamation and elocution. He began early. They say that when he was a mere toddling child his spirited rendition of "Mary had a little lamb" was the pride of the entire neighborhood. As he progressed and, on Friday afternoons in the schoolhouse, ripped into "Ye call me chief; and ye



do well to call him chief"-and so on-the farmers all came in to listen and applaud, except at such time as the corn crop demanded their attention to the exclusion of patronage of the rhetorical arts.

He made his first political speech when he was aged seventeen. He was then a Democrat, as he is now; and he mounted a convenient rostrum and defended the immortal principles of Thomas Jefferson in such a manner that the almost solid Republican neighborhood concluded he would come to no good end. Since that time he has made political speeches and all other kinds of speeches; and not long thereafter he became aware that he was gradually becoming the custodian of a speech that could not possibly be emitted save at a moment not only opportune but auspicious.

It was no sudden growth—a thing, rather, of deliberate development; slow, but sadly sure. Phrase by phrase, metaphor by metaphor, simile by simile, that speech grew within him, crowding him in the speech cavity, urging for utterance-almost suffocating him at times. He strove to find a place for it, but none was found. He sought on every rostrum and on every stump for the proper surroundings and the right audience for this masterpiece that was jammed into a conglobulate mass of flowers of language in is interior. None came!

He was doomed to wander over the face of Iowa, searching for surcease and finding it not. The speech stuck! He could get it neither out nor off.

So presently it came to him that the only proper place for the utterance of that speech, which was clamoring within him for a chance to ravish the ears of men, was in Congress. Congress! That was the solution! There, in the House of Representatives, in that forum of free and untrammeled discussion, debate and denunciation, would be ample, adequate and appropriate surroundings. The great men of the nation would be auditors. The galleries would be crowded with eager citizens, come to listen to this wonder of words—this marvel and model of magnetic manifestation. The reporters would send it in all its tralatitious glory over myriad wires into the homes of the people.

Congress was the place-Congress! And he ran for Congress, seeking to relieve himself of this burden of suppressed speech. He ran for Congress; but-alas, for the lack of consideration of the hardy Iowans for the sufferings of a fellow creature!—he was beaten. He did not get

the votes. They kept him at home. And again he began his search for the opportunity, delivering many speechesbut not, of course, the speech.
Years passed. Henry Vollmer was still obsessed of his

speech. Try as he might, he could not fit it to the circumstances that environed him; but he did not despair. Henry Vollmer did not despair! He kept the faith and the quest. Also, he kept the speech.

Then came a vacancy in Congress from his districtonly a few months ago this happened and all these years Henry Vollmer had been awaiting-nay, seeking-his chance!

He secured another nomination to Congress to fill this vacancy, and he was elected.

What did Henry Vollmer do? How can you ask? He hopped on the first train for Washington, presented his cre-dentials, and was sworn in. Then, bursting with the speech that had struggled within him for expression for such a weary space of time, he got up on about the second day of his service and turned it loose.

I cannot give it all; but here is the section that harassed him most for delivery—the slug he had treasured so long in order that its ripe perfection might not fall on unappreciative ears, or be spoken in a theater inadequate to its verbal requirements and dignity-here is the choicest gem from Hank's long-cherished speech:

The rolling prairie between the fortieth and forty-fourth parallels of north latitude, which is folded in loving embrace by the limpid silver of the Father of Waters on the east and the tawny gold of the Big Muddy on our western slope, is the Garden of the Lord which, in the liquid music of the Indian tongue, was appropriately named "Iowa—beautiful land!"

And what was the result? Being a truthful chronicler of events, I can only say—much as it pains me—that his hearers mostly laughed!

#### **Proof Positive**

THE late Arthur McEwen used to tell of an Irish friend of his who made the statement that the sun is composed of ice and proved it.

"Th' sun do be made av ice," he said.

"'Tis not!" contended a hearer.

"'Tis so; an' I'll prove ut t' ye. Wuz ye iver in th' Comstock mine?"

"I wuz."

"Wuz yez at th' twenty-three-hundred livil?"

"I wuz.

"An' wuz it hot?"

"Hot as th' divil!"

"Well, thin, go out an' have a luk at th' tops av the mountains yonder-all covered with ice an' snow. The nearer to the sun it is, the colder it is; an' the farder away, th' hotter. Th' sun do be made av ice!"

#### Telling It in Latin

CERTAIN Mississippi statesman was once a member A of a state constitutional convention at Jackson. He was much more devoted to poker than to his duties as a constitution maker, and he lost regularly each night more than the state paid him each day for his labors.

One morning, after a hard session over the poker table, he met a friend and began denouncing himself for being such an idiot as to remain in Jackson where his expenses

were so high.

"What's the matter with you?" asked this friend, who was from a back county and who was salting down most of his pay. "What ails you? Ain't you gittin' your per diem

per day?"
"Yes," the poker player replied," I am getting my per diem per day all right; but the trouble is I am not getting my per noctem per night!"

#### Suffering by Proxy

CENATOR HUGHES, of New Jersey, was worried to O distraction by the importunities of a person who had a grievance against the Interior Department.

The senator called up Secretary Lane, who had been worried by the same person.

"Will you listen to his story?" asked Hughes over the telephone.

"I will not," Lane replied.
"Well, then," urged Hughes desperately, "will you appoint some one to hear the story?'

"Yes," answered Secretary Lane, "I appoint you," and

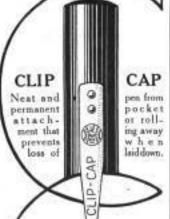
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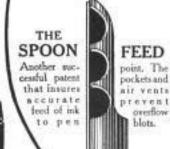
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#### Superman

Miss Birdsong stepped out of a gold-and-mauve hallway, through a grimy side door and into an area as black as a pit; and out from its blackest shadows a figure rose to "Joe!"

"Yeh; where's Loo and Harry?"

"Yen; where's Loo and Harry.
"I dunno; they—they went on."
"Hurry up, Beauty. I ain't so much of a favorite round this theater that I can bask in this sunny spot."
"I didn't mean to keep you waitin' so long. Ine."

long, Joe."
"Believe me, you're the foist little girl
I ever hung round an ushers' exit for."

"Honest, am I, Joe?"

"Surest thing! The stage door is my pace and for nothing short of headliners, neither. I gotta like a girl pretty well to hang round on the wrong side of the footlights for her. Sweetness."

lights for her, Sweetness."
"Joe, I—I wish I knew if you was kiddin'."

"Kiddin' nothin'!"

They emerged into the white shower from a score of arclights; and Mr. Joe Ullman, an apotheosis of a classy tailor's dearest dream, in his brown suit, brown-bordered silk handkerchief nicely apparent, brown derby hat and tan-top shoes, turned his bulldog toes and fox-terrier eyes to the north, where against a fulvous sky the Palais du Danse spelled itself in ruby and emerald incandescents with the carefully planned effect of green moonlight floating

"Joe," she dragged gently at his coat sleeve and a warm pink spread out from under the area of rouge; "Joe, you know what you promised for to-night?"

"What kiddo? The sky's my limit. I'll

"What, kiddo? The sky's my limit. I'll taxi you till the meter gives out."
"You have promised so long, Joe. Come on! Let's go up home to-night. Be a sport and let's go. Maw's got a midnight supper waitin' and ""

waitin', and ——"
"The doctor says home cookin's bad for me, Sweetness

He cocked his hat slightly askew, stroked a chin as blue as an actor's and winked down at her.

"Honest, Sweetness, I'm going to buy
you a phonograph record of Home Sweet
Home Ain't Sweet Enough For Me ——"
"She's waitin' up for us, Joe: she ain't
hardly able to be up, but she's waitin',
Joe."

Joe."
"Ain't I told you I'm going up with you some night when I'm in the humor for it? I feel like a ninety-horsepower dancer to-night, Ess. Whatta you bet I sold more seats for your show to-night than the box office? Whatta you bet?" "Joe—you promised."

"Sure, "Sure, and I'm going to keep it; but I'm wearin's celluloid collar to-night, Hon, and the fireside ain't no place for me. I wouldn't wanna blow your mamma to smithereens."
"Joe!"
"I wouldn't—honest, Sweetness, you know I wouldn't."

"Joe, comin' to our house ain't like bein' company—honest! When the boys and girls from the store used to come over we'd roll back the carpets, and maw'd play on an old comb and Jimmie'd make a noise

like a banjo and——"
"Hear! Hear! You sound like Way
Down East gone into vaudeville."

Down East gone into vaudeville."

"Come on up to-night, Joe—like you promised."

"We'll talk it over a little later, Sweetness, Midnight ain't no time to call on your best garl's dame. What'll she be thinkin' of us buttin' in there for midnight supper? To-marrow night's Sunday—that'll be more like it."

"She not it woiste' for us. Toe. All works."

'She got it waitin' for us, Joe. All week she been fixing every night and us not comin'! She knows it's the only time we got. Joe. She says she'd rather have us come home after the show than go kitin' round like this. Honest, Joe, she's a regular man a south hereal? She says a known than the she'd the she'd that the lar good sport herself. She used to be the life of her department; the girls used to laff and laff at her cuttings up. She's achin' to see you, Joe. She knows I-we-she don't talk about nothin' else, Joe; and she's sick—it scares me to think how sick maybe she is." He leaned to her upturned face; tears trembled on her lashes and in her voice. "Please, Joe!" "To-morrownight, sure, little Essie Bird-

What a name! Why didn't they

"They always used to call us the song-birds at the store."

"Look, will you? Read—Tango Contest next Monday night! Are you game, little one? We'd won the last if they'd kept the profesh off the floor. Come on! Let's go in and practice for it."

"Not to night for please. We're only

"Not to-night, Joe, please. We're only four blocks from home and it ain't right our keepin' company like this every night for three months and not goin'. It ain't right! You know it ain't."

He paused in the sea of green moonlight before the gold threshold of the Palais du

Danse, whose caryatids were faun-eyed mænads and Ægipans.

The gold figure of Cybele in a gold chariot raced with eight reproductions of herself in an octagonal mirror-lined foyer, and a steady stream of Corybantes bought admission tickets at twenty-five cents a Corvbant.

Phrygian music, harlequined to meet the Phrygian music, harlequined to meet the needs of Forty-second Street and its anchorets, flared and receded with the opening and closing of gilded doors.

"Come on, girlie! To-morrow night we'll do the fireside proper."

"You never—nev-er do nothing I ask you to, Joe. You jolly me along and jolly me along, and then—do nothing."

He released her suddenly, plunged his hands into his pockets.

He released her suddenly, plunged his hands into his pockets.

"I don't, don't I? That's the way with you girls—a fellow ties hisself up like a broken arm in a sling and that's the thanks he gets! Ain't I quit playin' pool? Didn't I swear to you on your little, old Sunday-school book to cut out pool? Didn't the whole gang gimme the laff? Ain't I cuttin' everything—ain't I?—pool and cards—pool and all?"

"I know. Joe: but ——"

"I know, Joe; but -

"I know, Joe; but ——"
"You gotta quit naggin' me about the fireside game, sis. I'm going to meet your dame some day—sure I am; but you gotta let me take my time. You gotta let me do it my way—you gotta quit naggin' me! A fellow can't stand for it."
"She's sick. Joe."

"She's sick, Joe."
"Sure she is; and to-morrow night we'll buy her an oyster loaf or something and take it home to her. How's that, kiddo?"
"That sin't what she wants Joe. it's

That ain't what she wants, Joe-it's

"I just ain't homebroke-that's all's the "I just ain't nomebroke—that's all's the
matter with me. Put me in a parlor and I
get weak-kneed as a cat—bashful as a
banshee! You gotta let me do it my way,
Peaches and Cream. Just like a twentyfive-cent order of 'em you look, with them
eyes and cheeks and hair. To-morrow night,
Sweetness—buh?" Sweetness—huh?"
"Honest, Joe?"

"Cross my heart and bet on a dark

horse!'

She slid her hand into the curve of his elbow, her incertitude vanishing behind the filmy cloud of a smile.

"All right, Joe; to-morrow night, sure. You walk as far as home with me now, and—"

"Joe!"
"Come on in for ten minutes, and if you're right good I'll shoot you home in a taxicab just as quick as if we went now. Just ten minutes, Sweetness!"
"No more, Joe!"
"Cross my heart and bet on a dark horse—just ten minutes!"
She willed to him fees the course of heart and the same of the

She smiled at him from the corners of her shadowed eyes and stepped into the tessellated fover.

Satisfied now, Mr. Smarty she said. smiling at eight reflections of herself and swaying to the rippling flute notes and violin phrases that wandered out to meet them.
"You're all right, Sweetness!"

Within the Sheban elegance of the overlighted, overheated, overgilded dining and dance hall, his pressure of her arm tightened and the blood ran in her veins a searing

"Gee! Look at the jam, Joe!"
"Over there's a table for two, Sweetright under them green lights."



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Wilson Bros Chicago

"Say, whatta you know about that! There's that same blonde girl, Joe, we been seein' everywhere. Honest, she follows us round every place we go—her and that fellow that was dancing up at the Crescent last night—remember?"

They drew up before a marble-topped table, one of a phalanx that flanked a wide-open space of hardwood floor, like coping round a sunken pool; and his eyes took a rapid resume of the room.

"Good crowd out to-night, Sweetness. They all know us too." "Yes."

"Wanna dance and show 'em we're in condition?

"No, Joe."

The music flared suddenly; chairs were pushed back from their tables, leaving food and drink in the attitude of waiting. bolder couple or two ventured out on the shining floor space, hesitant like a premonitory ripple on the water before the coming of the wind; another and yet another. And almost instanter the intricate maze of a crowded floor—women swaying; men threading in, out, around. "What'll you have to drink, Sweetness?" "Lemonade, please." "I know a better one than that."

"Condensed milk!"

"Silly! I just can't get used to them bitter-tasting things you try out on me." "You're all right, little Lemonade Girl!"

He leaned across the table and peered under the pink sateen. Its reflection lay like a blush of pleasure across her features and she kept her gaze averted, with a pretty malaise trembling through her. "You're all right, little Peaches and

Cream."

"You-you're all right too, Joe."

"You mean that, Sweetness?" I mean it if you mean it."

"Do I mean it? Say, do I give a little queen like you my company eight nights out of seven for the fun of kiddin' myself along?"
"Iknowyou don't, Joe; that's what I keep

tellin' maw."

"Sittin' there screwing your lips at me like that! You got a mouth just like—just like red fruit; like a cherry that would bust all over the place if a bird took a peck at it."

Her bosom, little as Juliet's, rose to his words, and she giggled after the immemorial fashion of women.
"Oh, Joe! If only—if only—if only—
"If only what, Sweetness?"

"If only -

"Aw, I can't say it."
"Whistle it then, Sweetness."

"It don't do us no good to talk about these things, Joe. We—we never get any-

"What's the use o' talking then, Sweetness? Here's your lemonade. I wish I was in the baby-food class—'pon my soul I do! Look, Sweetness; this is the stuff, though. Look at its color, will you? Red as a moonshiner's eye! Here, waiter, leave that siphon; I might wanna shoot up the place."

"You promised Joe not ——"

siphon; I might wanna shoot up the place."

"You promised, Joe, not ——"

"Sure; I ain't goin' to, neither. Did I keep my pool promise? Ain't heard a ball click for weeks! Will I keep this one? Watch! Two's my limit, Peaches. I'd swear off sleepin' if you wanted me to."

"Would you, Joe? That's what I want you to tell may when ——"

"Aw, there you so again! Honest the

"Aw, there you go again! Honest, the minute a fellow feels hisself warming up inside you begin tryin' to reach up to the church tower and ring the bells."

"Sure you do." "You make me ashamed when you talk

like that."
"Then cut it, Sweetness. Come on; let's

finish out this dance."

"It worries her so, Joe. She asks and asks till I—I don't know what to say no more, when I see her wastin' away and all. I—I don't know!"

"Don't leak any tears here, Ess! This gang here knows me. Ain't I told you I like you, girl? I like you well enough to do anything your little heart de-sires; but this ain't the place to talk about it." "That's what you always say, Joe; no place is the place."

"Gee, ain't it swell enough just the way we are—just like it is, us knocking round together? I ain't your settling-down kind, sister. You're one little winner and I like your style o' sweetness, but I ain't what you'd call a homesteader."

"Sure; I mean it. I like you well enough

"Sure; I mean it. I like you well enough to do any little thing your heart desires; but I never look far ahead, Hon. I'm nearsighted."

"What—what about me?"

"I ain't got nothing saved up—not a dime. You tell your dame—you tell her we—we just understand each other. Huh? How's that? That's fair enough to all, ain't it?"

"Whatta you mean Joe? You always.

"Whatta you mean, Joe? You always say that; but please, Joe, please tell me what you mean?" "Listen, kiddo! Say, listen to that trot

they're playin', will you? Come on, sis; be a sport! To-morrow night we'll talk about anything your little heart desires. Come on; one round! Don't make me

"Aw, no, Joe; I gotta go." "One round, Sweetness-see, I'll pay the

check. See, two rounds round and we'll light out for home. Look, they're all watchin' for us—two rounds, Sweetness, just two rounds!"
"One you just said, Joe."

"One then, little mouse.

They rose to the introductory titillation of violins; she slid into his embrace with a little fluid movement and they slithered out on the shining floor. A light murmur like the rustle of birds' wings went after them and couples leaned from their tables to watch the perfect syncopation of their steps. His eyes took on the sheen of mica; the color ran high in her face and her lips

parted.
"They sit up and take notice when we slide out, don't they, little one?"

"Some class to my trotting, ain't there, Sweetness?" "Yeh. Look, Joe; we gotta go after this round—it's nearly twelve."

"Twice round, Sweetness, and then we go. If we ain't got the profesh beat on that Argentine Dip I'll give ten orchestra seats to charity and let any box office in this town land me for what I'm worth." "Joe!"

"Aw, I was only kiddin'. They got as much chance with me as a man with Saint Vitus' dance has of landing a trout. Gee, you're pretty to-night, Sweetness!" "Sweetness yourself!"

"Peaches and Cream!"

"Come on, Joe; this is twice round."

"Once more, Sweetness—just once more! See, you got me hypnotized; my feet won't stop. See, they keep going and going. See, I can't stop. Whoa! Whoa! Honest, I can't quit! Whoa! We gotta go round once more, Sweetness. I—just—can't—stop!"

"Just once more, Joe."

At one o'clock the gas flame in the hall-way outside the rear third-floor apartment flared sootily and waned to a weary bead as the pressure receded. Through the opacity of a sudden fog the formal-faced door faded into the gloom and Miss Essie Birdsong pushed the knob stealthily inch by inch to save the squeak.

"Plunk - plunk - plunka - plunka - plunk -plunk! Essie?"

"Sh-h-h! Yes, Jimmie—it's only me.
Why you makin' that noise? Why's the
light burning? What's——"
"Essie! Essie, is that you and——"

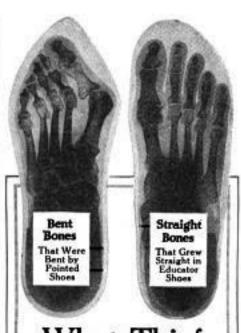
"Maw dearie—you — What's the matter? You ain't sick, are you? What's—what's wrong, Jimmie? Please, what's wrong?"

She stood with her back to the door, her face struck with fear suddenly, as with white forked lightning, and her breath coming on every alternate heartheat.
"Maw! Jimmie! What's the matter?
Is maw sick again?"

The transitional falsetto of her brother's voice came to her gritty as slate scratching slate, and cold prickly flesh sprang out over

"Don't come in here! You-you and your friend stay out there a minute till maw kinda gets her breath back; she—she's all You and your right-ain't you, maw? friend wait just a minute, Ess."

"Yeh; both of you wait. Nothing ain't wrong—is it, maw? There, just lay back on the pillow a minute, maw. Gwan; be a sport! Look, your cheek's all red from restin' on my shoulder so long. Lemme go a minute and bring Essie and her gen'l'man friend in to see you. Gee! After you been waitin' and waitin', you—you ain't goin' to give out the last minute. There ain't nothin' to be scared about, maw. Lemme go in just a minute. Here it is, maw;



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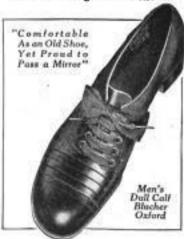
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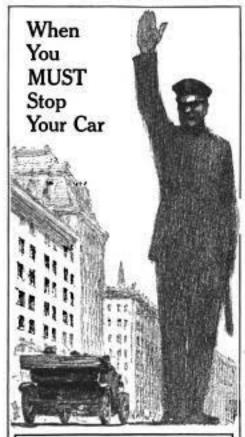
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smashin' a hand mirror. Here; you look swell, maw—swell!"
"Tell him it ain't like me to give out like this. Take them bottles and that ice away, Jimmie—throw my flowered wrapper over my shoulders. There! Now tell him, Jim-mie, it ain't like me."

"Surest thing, maw. Watch me!"

He emerged from the bedroom suddenly,

his face twisted and his whispering voice

like cold iron under the stroke of an anvil, and Essie trembled as she stood. "Jimmie!"

"You-you devil, you! Where is he?" She edged away from him with limbs that took root at every step and she must tear each foot from the carpet.

"To-morrow night he's comin', sure, Jim-mie; he couldn't to-night, he—couldn't." Jimmie's lips drew back from his gums

as though too dry to cover them.
"You—you streetrunner, you!"
"Jimmie!"

"You-you-you-"
"Hush! Keep quiet, she'll hear you, Jimmie.

"You devil, you! You've killed her, I tell you! I've been holdin' her in there for two hours, with the sweat standing out on her

like water—you ——"
"Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie! Lemme run for

old man Gibbs; lemme ——"
"Oh, no, you don't! Lizzie Marks downstairs is gone for him—but that ain't goin'

stairs is gone for nim—but that ain t goin to help none; what she wants is you—you and your low-down sneaking friend; and she's goin' to have him too."

"He's gone, Jimmie. What——"

"You can't come home here to-night without him—you can't! You better run after him, and run after him quick. You can't come home here to night without him. can't come home here to-night without him, it—huh? Whatta you going to do about What?"

She trembled so she grasped the back of a chair for support and tears trickled down

her cheeks.
"I can't, Jimmie! He's gone by now;
he's gone by now—out of sight. I can't!
Please, Jimmie! I'll tell her! I'll tell her!

Don't—don't you dare come near me! I'll go, Jimmie—I'll go. Sh-h-h!"
"You gotta get him—you can't come here to-night without him. I ain't goin' to stand for her not seeing him to-night. I-I don't care how you get him, but you ain't going to kill her! Get him or I'll ——" "Jimmie—sh-h-h!"

"Jimmie, tell him it sin't like me to give out like this. Tell ——" "Yes, maw."

"Yes, maw-we're comin'. Joe's waitin' down at the door. I'll run down and bring him up; he—he's so bashful. In a minute, maw darlin'!"

She flung open the door and fled, racing down two flights of stairs, with her steps clattering after her in an avalanche, and out into a quiet street, which sprung echoes

of her flying feet.

After midnight every pedestrian becomes a simulacrum, wrapped in a black domino of mystery and a starry ephod of romance.

A homeward-bound pedestrian is a faun in evening dress. Fat-and-forty leans from her window to hurtle a can at a night-

yelling cat and becomes a damozel leaning out from the gold bar of Heaven. In the gloom of the street occasional silhouettes hurried in silent haste; and a block ahead of her, just emerging into a string of shop lights, she could distinguish the uneven-shouldered outline of Joe Ull-man and the unmistakable silhouette of his slightly askew hat. She sobbed in her throat and made a cup

of her hands to halloo; but her voice would not come, and she ran faster. A policeman glanced after her and struck

the asphalt.

A dog yapped at her tall heels. Even as she sped, her face upturned and her mouth dry and open, the figure swerved suddenly into a red-lighted doorway vita a crescent burning above it; and, with her

eyes on that Mecca, she pulled at her strength and gathered more speed. The crescent grew in size and redness, and its lettering sprang out; and suddenly she stopped, as suddenly as an engine jerking up before a washout.

CRESCENT POOL AND BILLIARD ROOM OPEN ALL NIGHT

And her heart folded inward like the petals of a moonflower. Stretched to the limit of their resilience,

the nerves act reflexly. The merest second

of incertitude and then automatically she swung about, turned her blood-driven face

swung about, turned her blood-driven face toward whence she came and groped her way homeward as if she were blind. Tears hot from the geyser of shame and pain magnified her eyes like high-power spectacle lenses; and when she reached the dim entrance of the cliff dwelling she called home an edge of ice stiffened round her heart and her feet would not enter. A silhouette lurched round a black corner and zigzagged toward her, and she held

and zigzagged toward her, and she held herself flat as a lath against the building until it and its drunken song had lurched round another corner; a couple hurried past with interlinked arms and their laughter was as light as foam. More silhou-ettes—a flat-chested woman, who wore her shame with the conscious speciousness of a prisoner promenading in his stripes; a loutish fellow, who whistled as he hurried and vaulted up the steps of the Electric Institute three steps at a bound; an old man with an outline like a crooked finger; a shawled woman; a cab lined with vague faces, with streamers of laughter floating back from it; and, standing darkly against the cold wall, Essie with the tears drying on her cheeks and her whole being suddenly galvanized by a new thought.

A momentary lull in the drippy stream-

let of pedestrians; she leaned out into the darkness and peered up, then down the aisle of street. A shadow came gliding toward her and she stepped forward; but when the street lamp fell on the cold eyes and cuttlefish stare she huddled back into her corner until the steps had receded like the stick-taps of a blind man.

Two women in the professional garb of nurses twinkled past, twittering each to each

nurses twinkled past, twittering each to each like sparrows; a man whose face was nar-row and dark, betraying in his ancestry a atin breed, kept close to the shadow of the

With her finger nails cutting her palms, she stepped out from her lair directly in his path and clasped her hands tighter to keep them from trembling.

"You—please!"

He glanced down at her yellowish face,
with the daubed-on red standing out frankly, tossed her a sneer and a foreign expression,

and brushed by. She darted back as though he had struck at her, and panic closed her in. A young giant, tall as a Scandinavian out of Valhalla, with wide shoulders and a wide stride, and heavy-soled, laced-to-the-knee boots that clattered loudly, ran up the steps of the Electric Institute, and she flashed across the sidewalk, her arm reaching out. "You—please!"

He paused, with the street lamp full on his smiling mouth and wide-apart, smiling eyes, one foot in the act of ascending, after the manner of tailors' fashion plates, which are forever in the casual attitude of mount-

"You—please! Please——"

"Aw, little lady, go home and go to bed.
This ain't no time and place for a little thing like you. Here, take this and go home, little girl."

She arrested his arm on its way to his pocket, her breath crowding out her words and the stinging red of shame burning through her rouge.
"No, no! For Gawd's sakes, no! It's-

my mother ——" He brought his feet down to a level.

Your mother? "Yes; she's sick-maybe dyin'. I please-she wants to see somebody that can't-can't

"What, little lady?" "She's sick-dyin' maybe. She wants to ee somebody that can't—can't——"
"Take your time, little lady—can't

what? Can't come."

"Who can't come?"

"He—my young—he's my—a young man. She's never seen him; and if—please, if you'd come and act super—just like you was fillin' in at a show; if you'd act like oung man just for a minute-My friend, he can't come-he can never come; but she-she wants him. You come, please! You come, please!

She tugged at his arm and he descended another step and peered into the exacer-bated anxiety of her face.

"On the level, little lady?"

"Please—just for a minute! For some-body that's sick—maybe dyin'. Just tell her you're my young man-tell her everything's all right-everything's comin' all right for all of us; for her and-and my little brother, and-and me-you and melike you was my young man, please, lovin'



a guest size cake

of this soap with the real fragrance of violets-that "fragrance of delicate sweetness -the sweetness of love."

Send for this cake now. Learn the delight of using a soap with this most appealing of perfumes, caught in a cake the color of fresh violet leavesa beautiful, translucent green.

You have been intending to try this soap for months. Write us to send your sample cake. Enclose a 2c stamp and it will come by return mail, like a little box of fresh-cut violets. Address The Andrew Jergem Co., Dept. 311, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 123-H,

## Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

Lathers freely in any water

10c a cake; 3 cakes for 25c

#### Jergens Violet Glycerine Shampoo

stime Soam who have found it so almable in keeping the hair strous and flaffy. Rich is olive if and other properties that except the hair and scain. Enally need out. Light-baired people iff find it especially helpful retaining the natural gloss and color of the hair. Large other hair is a second of the large of the hair. Large other than the second of the hair is a second time to get it for you. Send for sample bottle. Ad-

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and all. And tell her how pretty her poor hair is and how everything's goin'—goin' to be all right. Come, please—it's just next door."

"Why, you poor little thing! I ain't much on play activ', and leak at ain't

much on play actin'; and look at my hands-all black from the power house!"

"Please! That ain't nothin'. It'll be only a minute. Just kinda say things after me and don't let her know-don't let her me and don't let her know—don't let her know that I—I ain't got any young man. Don't let her know!"

"You poor little thing, you—shaking like a leaf! Lead the way; but not so fast, little lady—you'll give out."

She cried and laughed her relief and

dragged him across the sidewalk; and every step up the two flights she struggled to keep her hysterical voice within the veil of a

whisper.
"Just say everythin' right after me. You—you're my young man and real sweet on me; and we're going to get-you know; everythin' is goin' to be fine and my little brother's going to the Electric Institute, and everythin's goin' to be swell. Be right lovin' to her, sir—she's so sick. Oh, Gawd, I ——"

"Don't cry, little girl."
"I ain't cryin'."
"Careful; don't stumble."

"Don't you stumble. Can you see?
The landing's so dark."
"Yes; I can see by the shine of your hair, little lady."
"Sh-h-h-h!"

The door stood open at the angle she had left it, and by proxy of the slab of mirror over the mantelpiece she could see her mother's head propped against her brother's gold-braided shoulder and the bright eyes shining out like a gazelle's in the dark.

"Essie?"
"We are here, maw—me and Joe." She
threw a last appeal over her shoulder and
led the way into the bedroom; her companion followed, stooping to accommodate his height to the doorway.

"Maw dearie, this is Joe."
"Joe! It ain't like me, Joe, not to get up; but I just ain't got the strengthto-night, Joe. He bent his six-feet-two over the bed

and smiled at her from close range.
"Well, well, well! So this is maw dearie!"
"That's her, Joe."
"This won't do one bit, maw. Me and the little lady's got to get you cured up in a hurry—don't we, little lady?"
"Maw dearie, Joe's been wantin' and wantin' to come for so long."

'For so long I been wantin' to come,

maw dearie; but ——"
"But he's so bashful. Ain't you, Joe?

bashful as a banshee. "Bashful ain't no name for me, maw. I'd

shy at a baby."
"Honest, maw dearie, he's as shy as

anything."

"If I wasn't, wouldn't I have been up to see my little lady's mother long ago—wouldn't I? Ain't you going to shake hands with me, maw dearie?"

She held up a hand or light as a leaf and

She held up a hand, as light as a leaf, and he took it in a wide, gentle clasp that enveloped it.

"Maw dearie!"

Her violet lids fluttered and she lay back from the gold-braided shoulder to her pillow, but smiling.
"I like your hand, Joe: I like it."

"I want you to, maw.

"We-I was afraid, Joe, I wouldn't, you never comin' at all. Shake it, Jimmie, and

see.
"It's a strong hand, like your papa's was, Essie. Shake it, Jimmie. I feel just like cryin', it's so good. Shake it, Jimmie."

Across the chasm of youth's prejudice Jimmie held out a reluctant hand. "And this is the big brother is it, little

lady?"
"That's what he calls hisself, Joe—he

calls me his little sister."
"He's gotta be a big brother to her, Joe;

she's so—so little.

"Shake, old man; and take off that grouch. Over where I live a fellow'd be fined ten cents for that scowl. If we got anything to square, you and me'll square it outside after school. What do you say to that, maw dearie? Ain't it right?"

"Jimmie's tired out, Joe."

"Like fun I am!" "He's been proppin' me up all these hours so I could breathe easier-plunkin' and doin' all his funny kid stunts for his old maw, Essie—plunkin' like a banjo, and plunkin'. I liked it. Sometimes it was like I was floatin' in a skiff, with your papa, on Sunday afternoons in the park, Essie. I liked it. He's all tired out—ain't you, Jimmie, my boy?"
"Naw!"

"He's sore at his sister, Joe. But he's a good boy and smart! You wouldn't believe it, Joe; but when it comes to mechanics he—he's just grand!"

"Aw, cut it, maw! I ain't strikin' to make a hit."

"He's only tired, Joe, and don't mean nothin' he says."
"Naw; I'm only tryin' my voice out for

grand opery!" "You're a regular sorehead with me, ain't you, old man?" "Aw!"

"He ain't easy at makin' up with strangers, Joe; but he's a smart one. See that on the table? That's his self-chargin' dynamo; it's a great invention, Joe, the janitor says. You tell him about it, Jimmie."

"There ain't nothin' to tell."
"Don't believe it, Joe; the janitor's a electrician and he says -"Aw!"

"See! There it is, Joe."

"Aw, I don't want everybody pokin' and nosin'!"

"Lemme have a look at it, old man.

"Lemme have a look at it, old man. I know something about dynamos myself. Say, that looks like a neat little idea. How does she work?"

"See—you generate right down in here. See? She worked that time, maw."

"Jimminycracks! Where'd you get your juice and — Well, well! Whatta you know about that? Don't even have to reverse. I guess that storage down there ain't some stunt!"

ain't some stunt!"

"See, Jimmie, my boy! I told you it was a grand invention. Hear what Joe says?"

"Say, kid, you bring that—take that over to the Institute to-morrow. I know a fellow over there'll protect your rights and

fellow over there'll protect your rights and work that out with you swell." "See, Jimmie, your—your old maw was right!"

"Aw, the generator don't always work like that—only about four times out of six.

I'm kinda stuck on the -"Say, kid, what you wanna do is protect your rights on that, and—and bring it over—take it over to the Institute. You'll give 'em the jolt of their lives over there. I know a fellow's been chasin' this idea ten years, and you're fifty per cent closer to the bull's eye than he is

"Hear, Jimmie! Hear, Essie! Just like I been sayin'. I been beggin' and beggin' him, Joe; but he—he's so stubborn; and-

"Aw, maw, cut it, can't you?"
"He's so stubborn about it, Joe."

"There's no use tryin' to force him, maw; but he's gotta good idea there if he handles

"Aw, she ain't finished yet—she don't work right."

"That's what I'm tellin' you, kid. What you need is a laboratory, where you've got the stuff to work with and men who can give you a steer where you need it, and -"Aw!"

"I'll go over with you. I know a fellow over there—he's the guy that helped Kinney win his transmitter prize. You'll give him the joit of his life, old man. Huh, kid? Wanna go over?" He placed his hand on the gold-braided shoulder and smiled down. "Huh? You on, old man?"

"Aw, I ain't much for buttin' in places." "Are you on, Jimmie? It's your chance,

"Are you on, Jimmie: It's your chance, old man."
"Aw!"
"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy, I \_\_\_\_"
"Aw, I said I was on, didn't I, maw?"
"Sure, he said he was on, maw dearie.
Shake on it, old man!"
"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy—honest!—

it's just like your papa was talkin'! Don't leggo my hand, Joe. Layin' here with my eyes shut it's just like he was talkin' hisself. He's-he's like your papa was, Essie, big

and strong."
"Yes, darlin'."
"Is that the doctor? Is Lizzie Marks

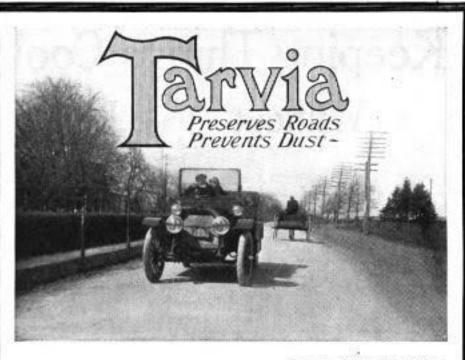
"No; not yet, maw."
"You're all tired out, Essie baby, aren't you? Look at your little face! Go wash it, baby, and cool it off before old man Gibbs

"It ain't hot, maw."

"He brought you into the world, Essie baby, and I don't want him to see it—to see

it all \_\_\_\_\_'
"I'm all right, maw. Lemme stay by

"Go wash your face, Ess. Maw says go wash your face."



A dustless Tarvia-treated Road, Middletown, R. I.

### A cure for dusty roads-Tarvia

DON'T you often find the fun of a ride or a walk through the country marred by the dust?

Aren't there days when you are fairly choked with the clouds raised by passing automobiles, your shoulders white with dust, your clothes all but ruined?

And haven't you seen that dust float over the lawns into fine homes, making the verandas uninhabitable and ruining costly furnishings?

And did you ever notice how rain on a grade gullies out the side of the macadam, making it rough as the rocky road to Dublin, necessitating costly repairs?

By way of contrast, how would you like to live in a township that bonds its macadam with Tarvia?

The roads then are dustless, mudless, smooth—the air is pure and clean-the adjacent lawns green and fresh, and you can ride or walk in comfort.

What's the use of paying taxes to maintain roadways that not only create a nuisance but don't stand the stress of modern traffic?

If your town isn't a Tarvia town yet, why not get after the local road authorities till they make it one!

There's economy as well as civic beauty in tarviated roads.

Booklets regarding the Tarvia treatment free on request.

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Sweeping a road in preparation for applying Tarvia.

## Keeping Things Cool

Without o lce For 6 to 10 cents per day

TEVER again need you buy ice for any purpose. The little machine on top of the refrigerator and the cooling radiator inside have solved this vexing problem.

When equipped with the Germania System of Refrigeration, your refrigerator will preserve food perfectly for weeks in pure, dry airuniformly cold - at any temperature desired, down to zero.

The Germania System does away with the ice man entirely, and eliminates the many consequences of impure ice. It is impossible for mold to form even on cooked foods in the cold, dry air produced by the Germania System.

The Germania System makes pure ice for the table, freezes ices and parfaits, and cools the water pipes. The price of installation is reasonable, and the cost of operation is only 6 to 10 cents per day.

Cold storage experts agree that meats, vegetables and other foods can be most satisfactorily preserved at a point just above freezing, in air that is uniformly cold and dry, and where the temperature does not fluctuate.

Are you able to maintain a uniform temperature in your refrigerator? Do you get the temperature as cold as should be ?

The distinctive features of the Germania System of Refrigeration are these:

The Germania System produces dry, cold air, by collecting and freezing the natural moisture in the atmosphere. It maintains any uniform temperature desired, dozum to zero. You can regulate the degree of cold to suit your requirements.

The Germania System, as here illustrated, is based on the same principle used in cold storage plants, in large packing houses and in the most modern hotels, where food stuffs must be kept for weeks, - because this system of dry air refrigeration has been proved most efficient and most economical for keeping perishable foods in prime condition.

The Germania System is the result of

twenty years' effort to produce a simple, compact refrigerating device at a low cost. It can be easily installed in connection with any refrigerator-either on top of the refrigerator or in the basement of the home.

It is silent and automatic in operation. There are no valves to twist, no adjusting — nothing to get out of order. Start or stop it by turning a switch. It is lit-erally "fool-proof". This system is to be operated 6 to 8 hours per day. Our small size residence

machine has a capacity equal to 350 lbs. of ice every 24 hours.

We make larger sizes for apartment houses, hotels, clubs, sanitariums, gro-cers, butchers, druggists, florists, and all others requiring economical and efficient refrigeration.

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Whether you desire the Germania System for your residence or place of business, or wish to become the general representative of this company in your city, it will pay you to read the very interesting book—"Keeping Things Cool Without Ice."

Please fill out and send the coupon today. You'll get the book by return mail.

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Mail Booklet-"Keeping	Things Cool Without Ice**-to
Name	With the second
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For Residence? Business?	Kind of Bus.?

"You shut up, Jimmie Birdsong—it ain't your face!

"You know all righty, missy, why she wants you to wash it-you know

"Maw, he keeps fussin' with me! Jimmie, please don't.

"Aw, I ain't neither, maw. She's al-ways peckin' at me. I—I ain't mad at her; but I want her to wash that—that stuff off her face."
"Jimmie!"

Her lips quivered and she glanced toward the stranger, with her lids drooping over her eyes like curtains to her shame; and he smiled at her with eyes as soft as spring rain, and his voice a caress.

"Go, little lady. You're all tired out and too pretty and too sweet not to wash your face and—cool it off."
"She's gotta go or I'll get her in a corner

and rub ----' Honest, the minute we make up you begin pickin' a fuss

"Oh, my children!"
"Oh, there she goes off again! Why
don't old man Gibbs come? Lay her down, Joe; she can't breathe that way. Look!

Joe; she can't breathe that way. Look! Her hands are all blue like. Hold her up, Joe; Oh, why don't old man Gibbs come? She's all shakin'—all shakin'!"

"No, I ain't. What you cryin' there at the foot of the bed for, Essie? It ain't no time to cry now, darlin'. It's like it says on the crocheted lamp mat your papa's aunt did for us—God is Good! Where is that mat, Essie? I—I ain't seen it round for—so—long. God is good! God—is—good! Where is that mat, Essie?"

"It's round somewheres, maw. It's old and worn out—in the ragbag, maybe."

and worn out—in the ragbag, maybe.'
"We'll get it out, Essie."

"Yes, maw.

"Promise, Essie!"

"Sure, maw; we'll get it out and keep it

"Oh, Joe, why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'? She's so little and pretty. Look at her dimples, Joe, even when she's

cryin'. The prettiest girl in the notions, she was; and I—I been so scared for her, Joe. Why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'?"

"Me and the little girl was slow in getting here, maw; but we—we're here for good now—ain't we, little lady? Little lady with the hair just like maw's!"

"She gets it from me, Joe. Her papa used to say her hair was like the conner trim—

used to say her hair was like the copper trim-mings of his machines. Such machines he kept, Joe! His boss told me hisself they were just like looking-glasses. Essie, come

were last interconfig-glasses. Esse, come closer, darlin'.

"You won't forget the lamp mat, will you, darlin'—the lamp mat?"

"Oh no, maw. Oh, maw, you ain't mad at me? Please—please! Honest, maw, your little Essie didn't know!"

"Maw knows we didn't know, little lady. She ain't mad at us. She's glad that every-thing's going to be all right now; and you and her and Jimmie and me are

"Oh, my children!" the sick woman murmured. She smiled and slipped her fingers between her daughter's face and

the coverlet.
"Look up, Essie! I feel so light! I see
so light! It's like it says on the lamp mat-

just like it says, Essie."
"Maw! Maw darlin', open your eyes!"
"Maw!"

"Here, Jimmie, lend a hand! Lenne hold her up—so! No; don't give her any more of that black stuff, Jimmie, old man. Wait till the doctor comes. Let he is quiet on my arm—just like that; and hard me that ammonia bottle there, Essie, Elea sweet little lady. See there! She's coring round all right. Who says she sin't
coming to? Now, maw—now!"
"Joe, don't leggo me!"

"Sure I won't, maw dearie."

She warmed to life slightly and the tears seeped through her closed eyes and she let of his supporting arm down the length of his

"Joe! Essie, that you?"
"Maw darlin', we're all here."

"Don't cry, little lady. See, she's con-ing out of it all right. Here, gimme a lift, Jimmie. See there! She's got her breath

all right again."
They laid her back on the pillow and she

folded her hands lightly, ever so lightly, like lilies, one over the other. "Children! Children, I'm ready." "Ready for what, maw? Some mere black medicine?"

"Just ready, Jimmie, my boy! Here, Joe; hold my hand. It's like his was

children—big and strong."

"Aw, maw! Come on! Perk up!"

"I am, Jimmie, my boy."

"Perk up for sure, I mean. Gee, sin! there enough to perk about? Look at Jos and Ess—enough to give a fellow the Williss, pipin' at each other like sugar'd melt in their mouths!"

"My Jimmie's a great one for tessin' his

"My Jimmie's a great one for teasin his

sister, Joe."
"And look at me, maw-ain't I going to take my dynamo over to the Institute? And ain't the whole bunch of us right here not to your bed? And just look, maw-look at the two of 'em turnin' to sugar right this minute from lovin' each other! Ain'til the limit? Look at us, maw-all here and fine as silkworms!"

"Yes, yes, Jimmie; that's why I feel so light. I never felt so light before. It's like it says on the lamp mat, Jimmie—just like

it says. I'm ready for sure, my darlin's.

"Oh, maw—ready for what? Look at
us, maw dearie—all three of us standing
here—ready for what, dearie?"

"You tell 'em, Joe; you—you're big and
strong."

strong."
"I-I don't know, maw. I don't think I know for sure, dearie.

"Ready for what, maw? Tell us, darlin." She turned her face toward them, a smile printed on her lips.
"Just ready, children!"

### Sense and Nonsense

#### Choosing a Head

IN THE early days printers in most news-paper offices supplied the headlines for the items they put in type. Henry Cary tells a story of a man in a Milwaukee composing room who had a paragraph he did not understand.

He went over to the foreman and showed him the item.

"How'll I head this?" he asked.
"Oh," said the foreman, "head it appropriately. Don't bother me with such questions."

So the next morning the item appeared in the paper headed: Appropriately!

#### The Goat

A NEGRO order in Georgia borrowed the name and insignia of a popular white lodge without asking permission. The white fraternity promptly went into court with a restraining order. The issue was carried on appeal to the highest court of the state, where the attorney for the plaintiffs appeared to ask that the injunction be made permanent. He was addressing the

full bench.

"Why, if your honors please," he stated excitedly, "these negroes got our pass words, our hailing signs, our secret work, our badges, our emblems."

The chief justice leaned forward with a smile upon his face.

"It would appear," he said, "that the also got your goat.

#### The Intelligent Newcomer

WE ARE credibly informed that Eng-lishmen are the greatest colonizers if the world, the greatest sportsmen in the world, and the greatest outdoor people in the world. Sometimes, out in the news parts of Canada, people are willing to are that. A Western bishop hired a new-con Englishman to cook, as he was the only on in the party who could not cook, and mationed him to be sure to wash the mean before cooking it. He did—with soap

It was an Englishman not yet across to water who wrote to find out about if proper outfit for Canada, and who inquire whether moccasins or snowshoes were garded as the warmer for footwear.

It was an Englishman, on the Athabasa River, who bored a hole in a floating see to let the water out. And yet another Englishman, when asked to set a water mark at night to determine whether or no the river was rising, carefully made a mark # the water line on the side of a floating but-

On the whole, there seems to be a gree difference between colonizers and colonizers

#### BANTRY

(Concluded from Page 11)

Though the band was still playing in the distance, the loading of the service tents, side shows and cages had already begun. Before long the elephants arrived, and sure enough, as Stub had foretold, the big bulls refused to enter the new cars. Prods, com-mands, curses, tail-twisting were all in vain; the big brutes, squatting and waving their trunks, only squealed the louder, until finally lions, tigers, cockatoos and monkeys joined in the pandemonium, and Foster's hair fairly rose.

Then out came the blocks and tackle. A team of horses was attached to one end of the rope; the other end was tied about an elephant's neck, and he was dragged up the incline like a bale of rags. This was exciting enough at first; but when the rope failed to break and none of the animals threw himself off the incline, Foster turned his attention to the cows and calves.

These were drawn up in line like soldiers, some distance off, where they stood as mo-tionless as statues, apparently asleep and quite content, even in the absence of a keeper, to let their husbands and fathers settle the row they had kicked up. Imme-diately in front of them was an old mill race and along the edge of this race ran a footpath.

and along the edge of this race ran a footpath.

Now Foster, noting the absence of a keeper and still tasting his conquest of Maharajah, decided to walk down this path, which he did, passing within three feet of the big triangular heads and within easy reach, of course, of the trunks. He kept repeating: "No elephunt will hurt me! No elephunt will hurt me!" Nor did it. The goose flesh popped out on his body, but nothing happened except, as he walked along, one wicked little eye after another slowly opened and slanted a gleam at him and slowly closed again.

and slowly closed again.

The last animal in the line was a corrugated old cow named Bantry. Foster had learned her name that morning, and now recognized her from a tattooed crescent on ber left ear, which, according to Mukunda Das, was an insignia of Mohammedan royal rank. Mukunda had declared that Bantry knew more than most men, having had a century and a half in which to gather wisdom. She had been bought at an enormous price by the rajah of Mukunda's home province from a Sumatran sultan, and sold again by the rajah to Sellspaugh Brothers. The sultan had asked the enormous price, not only because of Bantry's intelligence, but also because of her remarkable attach ment to his little son, who had died at the age of ten. And Mukunda had added a sentence which thrilled Foster through and through: "Little sahib looks much like sultan's little boy."

Now the mahout in addressing Bantry always used a word which sounded to Foster like "Bizzilla," and it never failed to catch Bantry's attention. It was a fascinating word as it came hissing from the swarthy man's lips. Foster had practiced it off and on all day until he had almost reached Mukunda's sibilant perfection; and at this instant, standing about five feet from Bantry, he was seized with an irresistible desire to try his pronunciation out

on her.

He glanced up the path. No one was coming. All the mahouts were still wres-

tling with the bulls.
"Bizzilla, Bantry!" said he quickly,
fairly whistling his z's.
His heart leaped as Bantry opened her eyes. But she, seeing only a boy and imagining, perhaps, that she had dreamed the words, sighed deeply and closed her

eyes again.
"Bizzilla, Bantry!" he repeated louder.
This time the effect was startling. Bantry coiled her trunk underneath her mouth and advanced a step. Foster fell back three steps. She advanced three. More than this, every elephant in the line followed suit, executing a left-oblique as precisely as a rank of soldiers.

Dismayed but not frightened, and fearing only the circus man's wrath, Foster turned and walked rapidly away, expecting to close the incident. To bis astonishment the elephants followed. Still cool, for he had no doubt of his ability to outfoot the clumsy beasts, if it came to that, he swung into a trot. Bantry did likewise. He let out a notch, but at the next street Bantry was padding along close behind him, and behind her was a line of ghostly forms, whose huge, columnar legs swung with incredible silence and swiftness.

Terror now winged his feet. He ran as he had never run before, not even on that mem-orable Halloween night when he had thrown a pumpkin against Crazy Sackett's door, and Crazy Sackett had suddenly risen up from behind a lilac bush with a bludgeon in his hand; or when Brockley's bull chased him across a pasture lot. Yet the steady pluff-pluff of Bantry's feet, like some one thumping a leather cushion with a feather duster, diminished not one whit in his straining ears.

He turned the corner, thinking his un-wieldy pursuers might skid across the street and come to grief against a row of shade trees. But they one and all, down to the baby elephant in the extreme rear, made a beautiful turn; and it was now evident to him that Bantry, overlooking his resem-blance to the sultan's son, was bent on his

destruction.

The first refuge that occurred to him was home. But the awful image of those ten mountains of flesh being hurled against the parsonage, a frame building at that, quickly changed his mind. The same consideration deterred him from seeking safety in any other building, for he hadn't a doubt that the elephants would plow like a cyclone through even the First National Bank, which was built of stone and iron.

By this time he was flying down Main Street. It had never seemed so wide or so long. Lincoln's statue in front of the courthouse looked a mile away, though only two blocks. A man the size of that statue, it flashed over him, could save him. But no man of any size was in sight, nor had be seen one since the beginning of his desperate

In the middle of the next block, however, he spied Hank Lovejoy, the night watch-man, whom he recognized by his lantern. He knew that Hank carried a revolver, a huge one with a barrel like a gas-pipe, which, aimed at Bantry's forehead, would certainly close her mad career. Indeed, he remem-

bered gratefully of hearing Hank speak of his weapon as an "elephant gun." Breath was at too high a premium for him to call out for help, but he swerved toward the sidewalk, relying upon Hank perceive the necessities of his case. Hank, though a round-shouldered man, straightened like a ramrod, letting his lan-tern fall with a crash. But, alas! instead of drawing his elephant gun, he suddenly stooped, lifted a grating in the sidewalk and dove into the cellar beneath. Foster darted into an alley. It was nar-

row and paved with cobblestones, which were usually damp and slippery—a good thing for an elephant to break a leg on. And if Bantry went down she would blockade the passage against the others. But she did not go down; so halfway through the block Foster wheeled into an intersecting alley, confident that this sharp turn, flanked with the corners of brick buildings, would prove the undoing of his foe.

But no crash of bricks, no thud of tons But no crash of bricks, no thud of tens of flesh, followed; nothing but the dreadful, regular pluff-pluff of all those pairs of cushioned feet, which he expected to hear until the day of his death. That, he feared, was not far off, either, for his heart was pounding fearfully and his lungs felt on fire.

Then in a flash the way of deliverance was made plain, which was to return to the yards and throw himself upon the mercy of the only men who could choke off the ele-

the only men who could choke off the ele-phants. They would probably thrash him, to be sure, but their wrath was preferable to Bantry's.

He turned into Main Street again. His speed was falling off, and every moment he expected Bantry's snaky trunk to encircle his waist with an accompaniment of breaking bones. But he reached the willows again, and with renewed hope mustered all

his strength for a final spurt.

Then he stubbed his toe upon a root and fell! The end seemed at hand. But Ban-try, squatting like a dog and throwing a shower of dirt as she plowed along on widespread, stiffened legs, came to a stop with her great body looming above him like a balloon, and instead of trampling him to death, she reached between her forelegs with her trunk, picked him up and gently set him on his feet. Then she and all the others backed into line again, just as Foster

had found them. The next moment Mukunda Das dropped out of a near-by tree, chattering like a monkey. Foster, suspecting that he was swearing in Bengalese, made ready for a second flight. But the mahout flung him-self upon the ground and kissed the boy's bare feet, murmuring: "Little sahib! Little prince!"
"No elephunt will hurt me," said Foster,

simply because he was too astonished to think of anything else. He reached his room undetected; but

of course such an amazing adventure could not be kept, even at the risk of punishment, and so he told his mother the next morning. She grew fairly pale and kissed him. "What did Mukunda mean?" he asked.

She explained the doctrine of the trans-migration of souls, and said: "I suppose he thought the soul of the sultan's son had been reincarnated in you."

"Well, how do you know it ain't?" he demanded suddenly.

She started. "Why—I—I—it isn't according to our religion."

"But how do you know his religion ain't as good as ours?"

She let his "ain'ts" go unrebuked for once. "My dear," said she, drawing him closer and smoothing his bronzy hair, "those are questions which even the wisest can't answer. Now we'll go and make a clean breast to father. I fear he will punish you."
"I don't care if he does," declared Foster boldly. "It was worth a whipping. And,

mother, no man can ever make me cry again when those elephunts couldn't."

#### Daylight After Dark

DAYLIGHT eyeglasses are now being perfected to enable the wearer to see the are reflected to enable the wearer to see the same color values by gas or electric light as those given by daylight. With such glasses an artist could continue painting after dusk, using artificial light entirely. Color match-ing is very unsatisfactory under artificial light, as every woman knows; but complete success in the development of these glasses will mean that stores will have such glasses for customers to wear when it is necessary to judge colors by gas or electric lamps.

From the cigar sorter to the diamond nerchant, daylight color values are essential to a great many occupations. Scores of devices to obtain artificial daylight have been invented, many with much success, because there is a real demand in business for daylight. Almost all are designed to produce an artificial light as near like daylight as possible, and then make the light more perfect by putting screens in front of the lamps to absorb from the light the color values not found in daylight.

So much light is absorbed by the screens, however, that the lighting value is reduced; consequently such artificial daylight outfits are usually inclosed in a cabinet or have only a limited amount of light-just enough for matching colors—and are not used for lighting a store, for instance. Recently some lighting equipments used in stores have been brought fairly close to daylight, but they hardly solve fully the colormatching problem.

The purpose of the daylight glasses is to permit the use of ordinary gas or electric lighting and still give an opportunity for color matching. Instead of carrying pieces of goods to a window, the woman customer need only slip on the glasses to judge the colors. The method by which the glasses do the work is the same as that of the artificial daylight cabinets. The glasses have color screens to absorb the light rays that

are not found in daylight.

The fact that the screens are between the colors and the eyes, instead of between the light source and the colors, does not make much difference. It is only necessary in both instances to have the light source include the light rays that make color visi-ble in daylight. Mercury-vapor lamps are deficient in red rays, causing the green complexion effects that are so noticeable; so, with these glasses, it would not be possible to do the color matching under a mercury-vapor lamp.

These glasses have been developed in the research laboratories of an American the research laboratories of an American lighting company. The examples they have produced use gelatin films to absorb surplus rays; but the effort has been made to manufacture glass that shall have the right absorbing qualities. These efforts have recently been announced to be successful; so, before long, artificial daylight glasses will probably be marketed.





First nail top center to hold in place.



Always nail to interme-diate studding, before nailing edges. Use fine wire brads.



Nail edges with flat-head nails, three inches spart.



Paint before the strips are put over edges of panels.



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Hills

Heavy Roads

Boulevards

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How soon does incorrect lubrication show up?

Often in one short run.

Consider three types of roads:

Hills. You come to a sharp grade. With one lubricant you must drop to a lower speed. With another lubricant you can climb the hill easily.

Why?

Because the first lubricant is wrong in body. Compression and explosion escape past the piston rings. Power is wasted. If the oil is low in quality, you must also overcome excessive friction.

Only oil correct in body and quality will give you full power for the hills.

Heavy Roads. The conditions are very similar to those in hill climbing.

Sand, mud or "rough going" brings heavy strains to the motor.

Where an oil correct in body and quality carries the car along easily, an incorrect oil brings power-waste and excessive friction-drag. Overheating is apt to follow.

Boulevards. Along level roads loss of power is not so often noticed.

But, even on the smoothest roads, only the correct grade of oil will give you full power and full mileage from your gasoline.

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Test. Select a steep hill. See how far you can go up on high gear with the former oil. Then clean out your motor with kerosene. Fill your oiling system with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. Be sure that operating conditions in both cases are identical. Use the same test. See how much farther you go up the hill.

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#### The Fakers

(Continued from Page 21)

deportment and who would stay as long as they possibly could. Every fashionable woman she chanced to meet gave Mrs. Lester added capital for her future enterprises, for she was extraordinarily skillful in weaving into her conversation, in a most impressive manner, accounts of her intimacies

and of her previous entertaining.

Harassed by a small income she was a marvel at getting the worth of her money. She knew where the best could be obtained for the least price. Her clothes were always in the latest mode, but the few close women friends she had were at a loss to understand how she did it. Her secret was her own skill at dressmaking and her vast adaptability to the mode of the moment. She never threw anything away. Every gown she had was in her possession for years. She had one trunk that was filled with old waists, old skirts, pieces of lace and all the ephemera of woman's attire. From these, with a little new added material, she could supervise her sewing-woman's efforts until she was gowned to the minute and for every occasion.

Her economies in dress, in lingerie, in all her adornments were the marvel of those few who knew of her private affairs; and only a few knew, for she maintained her pose of wealth and social standing and adequate resources even to her most intimate

Her hats were the envy of her acquaint-ances. She was a milliner as well as a dressmaker, and she could browbeat the haughty proprietor of a fashionable hatshop into taking her materials and using them with a latest Paris model hat body until she ap-peared in a creation that cost her little and looked as if it were direct from France. Both in Europe and in this country she had made a study of the shops. She knew the best place and the cheapest to get gloves. shoes, stockings, even down to hatpins and hairpins. She had cheap, but effective, seamstresses and milliners in every capital in Europe and in New York. So, too, with every article of attire. Always she was per-fectly appointed, even to the latest mode in

She never by any chance wore real jewelry, except a diamond ring or two, but her imitation pearls and her imitation ornaments of every kind were of the very best and were bargained for and secured at the

lowest outlay.

She wore plumes on her hats when plumes were the fashion, that looked as if they were just imported, though they had been in her millinery reserve stock for years. She could make over a fancy waist half a dozen times, and each time it seemed to have come fresh from a Fifth Avenue shop. She bought one or two new gowns each year and perhaps one new hat, and each invest-ment was the subject of worry and trouble for the tailor or dressmaker or the milliner for days, for she knew what she wanted, made every penny of her money count, and had a manner that was irresistible of bluffing the tradespeople into her way of think-ing and into carrying out her desires. She had had gowns and hats from famous Paris houses, and she had carefully preserved the name labels from these and sewed them time and again into her American-made clothes. She never had a gown or hat by any chance that did not have a Paris label

She was tall, slender, with an excellent figure and masses of black hair. Her teeth were even and good and her hair of sufficient quantity to obviate the necessity for artificial amplification, even at the time when puffs were in style. Her complexion was pale but clear, and her skill with rouge amounted to wizardry. Her only object in life, aside from being entertained so that she would not be obliged to spend money for board, was to enhance her at-tractiveness in order that she might gain greater admiration. She was entirely selfcentered, and cared nothing for men except as she might use them.

She had the air of one born to the pur-ple and disdained any but the most select society. She was affected in her conversa-tion, her gestures, her poses and her walk. She had a smattering of many accomplishments, but was accomplished in none, and was clever enough to make everybody believe she was accomplished in all. She faked her familiarity with the foreign languages, her knowledge of art, music, books and fashionable sport and society. She read

book reviews so she might talk intelli-gently of books to bookish people, but she never read a book or a poem through. No subject of ordinary conversation but was familiar to her, to hear her tell it, and she even went so far as to dip into politics a bit in order to make herself agreeable to men. She knew the patter of baseball and golf and polo and hunting, and, when away from the ball park or the links or the hunting field, was expert in each. She could dance wonderfully well, and took up each of the latest dancing graves as it came of the latest dancing crazes as it came

along.

She had made herself a family crest, she had made herself a family crest, and parts of half a She had made herself a family crest, skillfully combining the good parts of half a dozen crests she had copied from books on heraldry in a public library, and insisted on putting "de Mountfort" into her name after she was married, and, after her first visit to Paris, had changed the commosplace "Alice" to "Alys," which, as she told everybody, was pronounced "Alleece." When she played cards she talked constantly of her European triumphs and commented on each hand with snatches of French or Italian or German. She had French or Italian or German. She had visited in Russia, having been invited to St. Petersburg by a woman she met in Paris, and on special occasions she used a

little Russian—all she knew, but more that anybody else knew. She regarded her husband as a harmless adjunct to her enterprises, and was deco-rously sorry when he died, taking coa-solation in the thought that she would look extremely well in mourning. She draped herself in black, but it was black fashioned into the most modish creations, and her affectation of public woe was so well done as to stamp her as an actress of extraor-dinary ability. At first she put on the deep-est black, unrelieved in any particular, and used a pencil to accentuate the circles about her eyes and a powder to increase the pallor ner eyes and a powder to increase the pallor of her cheeks, in order to give the impression of deep, pathetic and hopeless grid. Presently, however, her mourning began to take on various little worldly quirks, and was lightened here and there with white and lavender to relieve it. However, she was of the complexion and hair and eyes to look particularly well in black, and being economical perforce concluded to make conomical perforce concluded to make black the basis of her robing, inasmuch as when a woman gets her clothes organized for black or any other predominating color it is much cheaper to continue reasonably along those color lines.

Mrs. Lester knew, too, that there is something alluring in fashionable weeds worn by a widow when the widow is over her first grief and is observing things—and men—out of the corners of her eyes. In explanation of her continued use of black she frequently and pathetically told people that: "Black is such a protection to a woman alone in the world." She was a calm, collected and exceedingly attractive

Her husband left her twenty thousand dollars life insurance. She threw herself on his friends and demanded that they invest this for her or tell her how to get enough income from it; and they came to her rescue and doubled the sum for her in one way or another. Her capital was carefully put into good dividend-paying stocks and gilt-edged bonds, and in the process she learned superficially enough financial phrases to enable her to talk understand-ingly of finance to amateurs, which the people she met usually were. She had an income of about twenty-five hundred dollars

After the death of her husband she had returned to Washington, because she con-sidered Washington an admirable base for her operations, which were to consist of living as comfortably and fashionably as possible, by the aid of her friends and her talent for visiting, with as little expendture of her own money as she could man age. She went to Mrs. Lake's boarding house because that was a high-class place of its kind, much better for her purposes than one of the smaller hotels, which were the only hotels within reach of her purse. She had it in mind to make another marriage some time, a marriage that would provide her with money to a reasonable degree, and with the position necessary to enable her to take the place she coveted in official society. To this end she assayed every eligible man she met coldly and shrewdly, considering all men who were

unattached as prospects and investigating them with her two standards in mindmoney and position.

HICKS was much disappointed because Mrs. Lester did not come down to breakfast next morning, and hurried back that evening to meet her. Soon after six o'clock she made another effective descent

of the staircase in another effective gown.
"I should think," sniffed a straight-upand-down wife of a representative, "that
she would get tired of those theatrical entrances and exits of hers, but apparently

the never does, even if we do."

"My dear Mrs. Perkins," protested the stonished Hicks, "how can you talk like hat? She is the most natural and unaf-

ected woman I ever met.

"Then," commented Mrs. Perkins bitngly, "you haven't met many women. I uppose it impresses you because you are oung and fresh from the West, but I for ne am tired of her continual pose. Peraps, though"—and she concentrated a aleful gaze on Hicks—"she is putting on xtra frills for your benefit. She has been a ridow long enough now, I fancy."

Hicks affected greatindignation, although he thought made him glow within. "Preosterous!" he exclaimed. "Her grief is nore. I am sure, and she has no idea of

ncere, I am sure, and she has no idea of

nything of the kind."
"Have you?" asked Mrs. Perkins, look-

"Not in the least," he hastened to assure at. "I am simply attracted by her culture in charm."

id charm."
"Well, then, take the advice of another about her oman who knows something about her x, and do not be deluded too much by that

dture or that charm."
"Why, the idea!" protested Hicks
mely; but that was the only retort he
uld think of at the moment. His mind d his eyes were on Mrs. Lester.

He discoursed at length to Mrs. Lester at night, and asked her whether she uldn't like to go to the theater with him. "I'm sorry," she said sweetly, "but I am Il in mourning, you know, and never go t publicly. Indeed, I remain in my room at of the time, only occasionally visiting most intimate friends here." Thereon she proceeded to tell Hicks, in what med a most casual manner, that those med a most casual manner, that those mds were the real leaders of Washington icty and persons of influence and disction.

'It wouldn't hurt any to go to the thea-would it?" urged Hicks, thinking he th have her to himself for a few hours sy from the others in the boarding house. Oh, la la, I suppose not; but don't you nk it would be much cozier to stay here i chat than to go to a stuffy theater and a mediocre play? Our American stage a memocre play? Our American stage to much inferior to the English stage, it you think? And as for the stage in is—ah, the stage in Paris!" She made ther gesture and lifted her eyes ecatatly. "There is no comparison. Such the interpretation of the emotions! I re the stage of Paris."

I shouldn't want a lady I know to see t of the French plays I've heard about,"

Hicks virtuously.

he laughed a tinkling laugh. "Oh,"
exclaimed, "you Puritans, you AmerPuritans! Why, you must not impute id motives to the French stage. It is exemplification of art, of life—the wit life of the dear French people." be asked Hicks if he had ever been to

Comédie Française, or to the Odéon, told of the gruesome plays of the Grand znol. Hicks, much abashed, confessed ad never been abroad, but hastened to he intended to make a tour soon, and d the first opening be had to change subject to himself. Hicks was thorly at home when talking about him-and was lavish with his commendation s talents, his future, discoursing elo-tly on the political honors that were tably in store for him.

shall win," he declaimed, "for the le are mighty and must prevail."

cs. Lester listened with a rather dis-tht air. Once or twice she yawned by. Hicks did not notice the yawns, cept along with his self-praise. ce when he stopped for breath Mrs.

r, assuming a most interested air, 1 was belied by a twinkle in her eyes, with a pretty seriousness: "Oh, Mr. 1, I love to hear you talk. You are so st, so sincere, and earnestness and ity are so rare in these days."

She sighed, as if this lack of earnestness and sincerity were an added personal woe.

Whereupon the fatuous Hicks plunged into another oration, which had his own earnestness and sincerity for a theme. "I think I may say," he began pompously,

Mrs. Lester had been looking for a chance to escape. This conceited young man was beginning to bore her. She saw Mrs. Lake, and excusing herself on the pretext that there was a matter she must talk over with her landlady, she wished him good-night.

She held out her hand impulsively, as it seemed to Hicks, and he grasped it and pressed it ever so little. She quickly with-

drew her hand and went to join Mrs. Lake. Hicks went out and took a walk, recall-ing her every word and look. Certainly she was the most attractive woman he had ever met, and a future spent in her company rose before his mind. He went to bed in a happy haze.

Mrs. Lester was not at dinner next day, and Hicks tried to learn why, but with no success. Mrs. Lake said she had gone out to dine. He ate his meal in moody silence and wandered about the parlors and hall, wondering where she was and bemoaning the sad fate that kept him from seeing her. Mrs. Perkins was sitting by the fire, and Hicks in desperation sat down beside her.

Mrs. Perkins had little use for Mrs. Les-She had repeatedly been snubbed by that lady when she had endeavored to make some discoveries about Mrs. Lester's per-sonal affairs. Hicks ventured a few com-monplaces. Mrs. Perkins, knowing what was on his mind, waited for her opening. It came when Hicks, in what he deemed was a most unconcerned manner, said: didn't see Mrs. Lester at dinner to-night."

Mrs. Perkins' eyes gleamed malevo-lently. "No," she replied, "I suppose she

was out dining with some of her high so-ciety friends, leaders of the exclusive set."
"She has many friends among the most influential people, she tells me," observed

"That's what she tells everybody," snapped Mrs. Perkins; "but you mustn't believe all you hear, especially when a widow who is trying to keep up appear-ances is doing the telling."

Hicks paid little attention to what Mrs. Perkins said. He was thinking of Mrs. Lester. After a moment's silence he asked:
"How old do you suppose she is?"

"That is a matter of conjecture," Mrs. Perkins answered. "Judging from the amount of European traveling she has done, and the length of time she has lived in the castles of the nobility, she must be seventy. Looking at her under the shaded lights of this room she seems about thirty. If you could get a glimpse of her in the morning before she is rigged up she might seem older than that. She says she is twenty-six

and was married when she was seventeen."
"I should say," ventured Hicks, "that twenty-six or twenty-seven is about right."
Mrs. Perkins changed her attitude. "Sonny," she said not unkindly, "you'd better run right back home. You may do something foolish if you stay here."
She rose and left Hicks staring into the fire. He acknowledged to himself that he

fire. He acknowledged to himself that he was strongly swayed by Mrs. Lester, and hoped she liked him; but up to this time it had not been brought home to him that he might, under the influence of his stirred emotions, go farther than he expected to. He had no intention of getting married, even if so remote a contingency arose as Mrs. Lester's consent to marry him, which had not occurred to him concretely, albeit there had been vague notions on the subject in his mind. He was entirely interested in the career he intended to make for himself, and he pondered the things Mrs. Perkins had said.

Hicks was not a woman's man. He was engrossed with himself and his ambitions, and up to this time had not been impressed particularly with any woman, although some women had appealed to him because of their beauty and attractiveness.

"Pshaw!" he said as he rose to go to his room; "what's the use of my getting excited about this woman? It'll be ten years before I want to get married, and probably I'll never see her again after I go home.'

But he couldn't dismiss her from his mind, and the fetching pictures she had

presented were engraved on his memory.

On the advice of Senator Paxton, Hicks devoted much of his time to making himself known to the Democratic leaders in the Senate and House. He called on all the big

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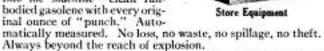
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men, and was twice invited to luncheon in the Senate restaurant by Democratic sen-ators to whom Senator Paxton had introduced him. He had met most of the big Democrats by the time he was ready to go Paxton congratulated him on his ability for making friends.

ability for making friends.

"You are getting on, Tommie," said the senator to him, when Hicks came in to say good-by. "Hostetter was talking to me about you the other day. He said you seem to be a most intelligent young Democrat, and well versed in the principles of the party. Grantley mentioned you too."

Hicks winced. He had been in the company of Senator Hostetter for an hour, and that garrulous statesman had talked continuously and ramblingly about his own scheme for currency reform, which he as-

scheme for currency reform, which he assured Hicks was a panacea, and the only one proposed, for the relief of the financial situation. Senator Grantley's conversation had consisted of three staccato inquiries of

Hicks:
"What did you say your name is? Hicks?
Ah, yes, and where do you live? Rextown?
Very good. How are Democratic prospects
out there?"

Hicks tried to answer, but the senator was busy with a bowl of crackers and milk and did not listen, and after a few spoonand did not listen, and after a tew spoonfuls had been hoisted into his capacious maw, looked up and asked exactly the same things over again, and without waiting for further reply dived into the crackers and milk once more. He did not hear a word Hicks said. Still, Hicks reflected, unless Senator Paxton was joking him, it was something to have these distinguished Democrats remember him at all.

remember him at all.
"I gained much inspiration from my
conversation with those statesmen," he observed.

served.

Senator Paxton looked at him keenly.

"Oh, did you?" be asked. "Well, there is where you have something on the rest of us, who achieve nothing but a sense of utter weariness when they talk. However, that is a good sign. You take it all seriously, or say you do, which amounts to the same thing; for if you keep on saying you do you will eventually. Remain in that serious frame of mind toward your politics. You cannot be a successful protagonist for the new freedom of the people unless you are continuously as intense and consecrated as new freedom of the people unless you are continuously as intense and consecrated as a hen that has been hereaved of her eggs and is sitting on a couple of doorknobs. Good-by and good luck to you. Keep me informed. I'm always at your service."

Mrs. Lester spent the week-end with some friends and Hicks delayed his departure for a day to see her again before he left. He had talked to her as frequently as she allowed him to and, though he held his

she allowed him to and, though he held his feelings in check, he was still under the spell of her many fascinations. He had in-quired of Mrs. Lake about her age, being uneasy because of the insinuations of Mrs. Perkins that she was not so young as she appeared, and Mrs. Lake had assured him Mrs. Lester was not a day over twenty-

On the night of her return from her week-end visit, Hicks, seated by her in the par-lor, told her he was leaving the following

day.

"Are you?" she asked, with an assumption of great interest. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Hicks. I have enjoyed your company very much."

Hicks blushed. "I am glad to have been an instrument for giving you even the slightest happiness," he declaimed.

She devoted herself to him for an hour, wroing him to recount his ambitions and

urging him to recount his ambitions and his prospects, said a few skillful things about herself, including the dropping of a hint or two of her financial standing, and, as she gave him her hand at ten o'clock, besought him in a most ingenuous manner not to dismiss her entirely from his mind when he was out in Rextown fighting the fight of the people.
"Forget you!" repeated Hicks with as

much sentiment in his voice as he deemed advisable. "Forget you? Why, Mrs. Lester, your memory shall remain with me always

and shall be my inspiration."

She smiled radiantly at him and ran up the stairs, turning when half way to the top to wave a pretty hand at him and say softly: "Auf wiederschen!"
"I suppose she is worth quite a lot of money." Hicks observed to Mrs. Lake at

breakfast next morning.
"I suppose so," Mrs. Lake replied in an
extremely non-committal manner.

Hicks took a train at noon. That afternoon Mrs. Lester, stopping in the hallway

to say a few words to Mrs. Lake, brought

up the subject of Hicks.
"Has Mr. Hicks gone?" she asked.

"Yes, he left at noon."

"A nice young man," she thought, as she went down the steps leading to the street.

"Perhaps he will do some of the things he says he will. I'll keep track of him."

HICKS stopped at Salestown to see his mother, and spent two boastful days smong his boyhood friends, telling them of his success in Rextown. He wrote an articleabout himself for the Beacon, which Editor Grandison promised to publish, and which caused Colonel Seth Howard to grow number in the face when he read it become purple in the face when he read it, because of the appreciative way in which Hicks re-ferred to himself as one of the leaders of the

Rextown bar and prominent in politics there. Hicks took stock of himself on the train for Rextown, after his mother had bade him for Rextown, after his mother had bade him a fond and tearful farewell. It would be two years in April since he first reached Rextown. He had made in fees for collec-tions and in various young-lawyer ways about two thousand dollars, and still had some of his original capital in the First National Bank. He had acquired many acquaintances and some friends. He had cetablished himself as a young man of conf established himself as a young man of good

established himself as a young man of good character, was regular in his attendance at church, and felt sure Rollins liked him.

With Gudger he had fought the Rollins-Barkiss case through a seemingly codies series of negotiations and had finally forced a compromise with Chittlings, because of Gudger's superior legal abilities, for ning thousand dollars. This sum Hicks had paid to Rollins, and for his services Rollins gave him four hundred dollars, in addition to his retainer of a hundred dollars. Otherwise Hicks had not advanced much in the law, but he never expected to do much at law, but he never expected to do much at

his profession.

Chittlings was friendly. Hicks found him
to be a man of considerable rough ability. He was noisy, even blatant, and he had none too many scruples, but he made friends and kept them. He was a good mixer, dabbled somewhat in politics, was always ready to buy a drink or a cigar, entertained a good deal at the Hotel Metropolis, be longed to the clubs, and was the Rextown type of a good fellow. He was a Republican. Hicks heard Chittlings had underground connections with Ross, the locations and with the corporations and the boss, and with the corporations, and that he helped "put over" things in the bear of aldermen that were wanted by the corporations. Chittlings apparently had a ambition for office. He was looking to money, and he had an income of five or six there and dollars a year, which was even thousand dollars a year, which was excel lent for a man in his position in Rextown a

that time.

"Hello, Hicks," said Chittlings one day when they met at the Hotel Metropolis "how's every little thing?"

"If you mean my health, I am well, Hicks answered. "If you mean my business, it is satisfactory."

"Haven't seen you in court much."

Tommie squirmed at this. "No," h replied, "I have been much taken wit outside matters. However, I have som important cases in preparation."

"Glad to hear it," said Chittlings hear ily. "Come and have a drink. Oh, I for got, you don't drink. Drop in and see a some day soon. I want to have a talk wit

some day soon. I want to have a talk wit

you. So long."
Two days later Hicks had nothing to d He had been his hand-shaking rounds, ha written every letter there was an excuse it writing, and he went down to Chittling

Chittlings was there. "Howdy, Hick, he shouted, after Tommie had sent in h card. "Sit down and make yourself at hom Still busy with those important cases,

reckon."
"Yes," Tommie replied, "they are on pying the most of my attention."

Chittlings lighted a cigar with unness sary care, Hicks thought, as he watched it operation. When the cigar was burns to his satisfaction, Chittlings turned in h chair, looked hard at Hicks and said: "Course, Hicks, I know you haven't a rate of any consequence in your office."

Hicks flushed. He clenched his fists 13 jumped to his feet.
"Do you mean to say I am a liar?"

asked excitedly.
"No, no," soothed Chittlings, "sit down and be calm. I don't mean to say you make the color of the color liar, but I do mean to say you are a blast

(Continued on Page 41)

#### (Continued from Page 38)

ad a pretty darn good one, too, if anybody sould ask you.

"I don't understand," protested Hicks.

"Oh, yes, you do; sit down and cut out to beroics. You know you haven't a case orth while in your office—I know you green't and you know I know it."

"But ——"

"But nothing! That's the fact. Now, sen, I've been watching you. Sit down; sere's nothing for you to get sore about. ve been watching you, and I have a propition to make to you."
"What sort of a proposition?"
"A proposition to come into my office."
"On what basis?"
"As a partner with a small interest."

As a partner with a small interest." "How much of an interest?"

"That's a matter for future considera-en. How does the main plot strike you?"
"I fail to see any advantage to myself in

"You do, do you? Well, listen to me d I'll put you wise as to several advanges. In the first place, you've got more ree than an insurance agent and you've t more self-confidence than a stocknown and gretting a good line of acquaint-

npany actor. You are moving round this vn and getting a good line of acquaintces, and you are playing an end of the me that isn't in my organization."

'What do you mean?"

'I mean you have tied up with the irch people and I have taken the other i of it; you have joined the Democrats i I am a Republican; you are a good-remment boy and I am in favor of bad remment if there is anything in it for; you are on the reform lay and I am h the gang; you are well calculated to h the gang; you are well calculated to oplement and supplement the activities J. K. Chittlings, which is myself, and I use you both to my own and to your antage.

It seems to me a one-sided affair," com-sted Hicks, who was listening intently, Not at all; not at all. You'll get your Not at all; not at all. You'll get your re. You are smart enough for that, n if I tried to do you. You are not much a lawyer, and you never will be. You en't a legal mind. You—"

Then why do you talk to me about king a law partnership with you?" exmed Hicks hotly. "I—"

Be calm, son, and let me explain. As I saying, you are not much of a lawyer.

saying, you are not much of a lawyer never will be. Now I ain't such a derful lawyer myself. But that doesn't ter any more with me than it does with . What I see in you is business-getting ity. I think with development you can good business-getter. You know how to e friends with people and keep friendly them, barring your conceit, for which ve you the palm over any youngster I met; and business is what this insti-

met; and business is what this instinn needs."
But," said Hicks, "if neither of us is a
rer, as you say," and he sneered in his
style, "what good will business be to
ven if I can get it?"
hittlings laughed uproariously.
My boy," he said, "there are many
gs you must learn, notwithstanding
firm idea you know it all. The sucof a law firm, from a financial standof a law firm, from a financial standt, doesn't depend on the amount of t knows. It depends on the amount of t knows. It depends on the amount of business it can get. I can hire lawyers he platoon. I can get a dozen right in town who know more law than you and er will know, and get them for small too. They know the law, but they n't the faculty for getting the business. can't cash in on their knowledge. I levelop you into a business-getter, and levelop you into a business-getter, and show you how to hire lawyers, hire by the week for wages. There was time, for example, when you hired ger. Do you get me?"

merely engaged Mr. Gudger because s busy with other affairs," Hicks pro-

ittlings laughed again. "Sure," he "but you hired him, didn't you, and lidn't fool Gudger and you didn't fool "Sure." he Still, in that transaction you showed tain nerve and a certain horse-sense made me look you over. Now, then, ou want to come in?" cks had been revolving the proposi-in his mind while Chittlings talked.

ould see advantages, but he didn't

ould see advantages, but he didn't ose to be eager.

'Il have to think about it," he replied.

th, all right; there's no hurry. Let me nt this angle to you, though: You are mocrat and I am a Republican. You church and I don't. You are taking

the people's end of it, or will when you know how, and I am for the money side. Now, then, if we join hands under my tute-lage you will develop into an asset in this business and we can play both ends against the middle and get the money. Had that occurred to you?" occurred to you?"
"I must consider what you say."

"No hurry. There's a good opening here. Chittlings & Hicks. Sounds pretty fair, eh,

Hicks thought seriously of the proposition made by Chittlings. His first and most forcible objection was that Chittlings intended to call the firm Chittlings & Hicks. He could not justify that. In his opinion, any coalition must be known as Hicks & Chittlings. Chittlings, not only because it was more euphonious, but because he was the Hicks concerned. If he could get round that he decided the arrangement might have advantages. Although it pained him to admit it to himself he knew his knowledge of the law was so slight as to be of no consequence in the straight-out practice of that profes-sion, and he realized the truth of Chittlings' claim that lawyers can be hired by the week. He felt confident he could get business, by aid of his various civic and church connections, as well as by his assiduous cultivation of men with business to bestow, and he decided it would be easier for this business to be carried through in a lawyerlike manner if Chittlings were there to look after that end of it.

Most of all he was interested in the hint by Chittlings that, one being a Democrat and the other a Republican, they could realize two ways. There was something about that that appealed to him strongly. He didn't bother to analyze his own view of such a proceeding, and it is doubtful if he could have analyzed it had he tried. Intrinsically the proposition appealed to Hicks, It suited his temperament. It fitted his quality of mind and conscience. It was on all fours with his habitual practice. He could see quick and easy returns. He knew Chittlings as a forceful fellow, who stood reasonably well in the community. More potent than all else, he figured that with Chittlings to guide him he could at-tain quicker and better results. So after mature deliberation he decided he would join Chittlings, provided, of course, the firm's name was Hicks & Chittlings. He must exact that tribute to his own impor-

He talked with Rollins about Chittlings,
"What sort of a chap is he?" he asked.
"All right, professionally and personally,
for all I know," Rollins told him. "But

he's a Republican."
"What difference does that make so far as his professional standing goes?" inquired

Hicks.

"None, I suppose," Rollins said; "not a bit, I reckon, with the general public. But I tell you, Hicks, there never was a Republican I would trust as far as I can throw a bull by the tail. There's something in that treasonable politics of theirs that makes me suspicious of the whole kit and caboodle of them."
Hicks laughed. "Oh, Mr. Rollins," he

said, "I fear you are putting it too strongly."
"Not a bit," protested Rollins. "Not a bit. I'm not holding up all Democrats as paragons of purity, you understand, but I'd take my chances with one in a business deal sooner than I would with one of those

traitorous Republicans."

Hicks said: "I am considering a proposition to go into partnership with Mr.

"You're what?" shouted Rollins.
"I say he has offered me a very favorable

business arrangement to join with him in

the associated practice of the law."

"But he's a Republican."

"Certainly he is, but I fail to see how a business association with him will affect my Democracy."
Rollins shook his head sadly, "You

can't touch pitch without being defiled, he said.

"Oh, Mr. Rollins, it isn't so bad as that," and Hicks talked for twenty minutes, showing how it would be a good thing for the Democrats to have him in close touch with a Republican who was in turn in touch with Republican affairs.
"Well," said Rollins finally, "maybe it's

all right, but I have my doubts,"
Hicks saw Chittlings several times and

they talked a little of the plan. "No hurry," said Chittlings. "Think it over carefully. It will be a good thing for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### The New Regal is the Thoroughbred it Looks to Be

Has roomy comfort for five people; weighs less than 2400 pounds, fully equipped, with a motor that develops 39 h. p. on brake test



The design has European smartness. There is beauty in the whole car, and beauty in little things. For instance, you'll wonder at first how you put water into the radiator, and then you'll see how it cleans up the lines of the car to place the radiator-cap under the hood.

You'll like the absence of clutter on the sides, because the side lights have been eliminated. The front lights have been made immer, so they can be "turned down low" for city driving, or when the car is standing in the streets at night.

You have been waiting, perhaps, for a sensibly priced car that won't look overloaded. When you get a family of five into this new Regal, everybody looks comfortable—there's none of that crowded, jammed-together, afraidto-breathe appearance.

The rear seat is 48 inches wide, broad enough for three large persons wrapped up for a winter ride. The doors are almost two feet wide—23 inches.

There is no danger of torn garments in entering or leaving the car, even for stout people. In front, the driver can enter from either side with ease.

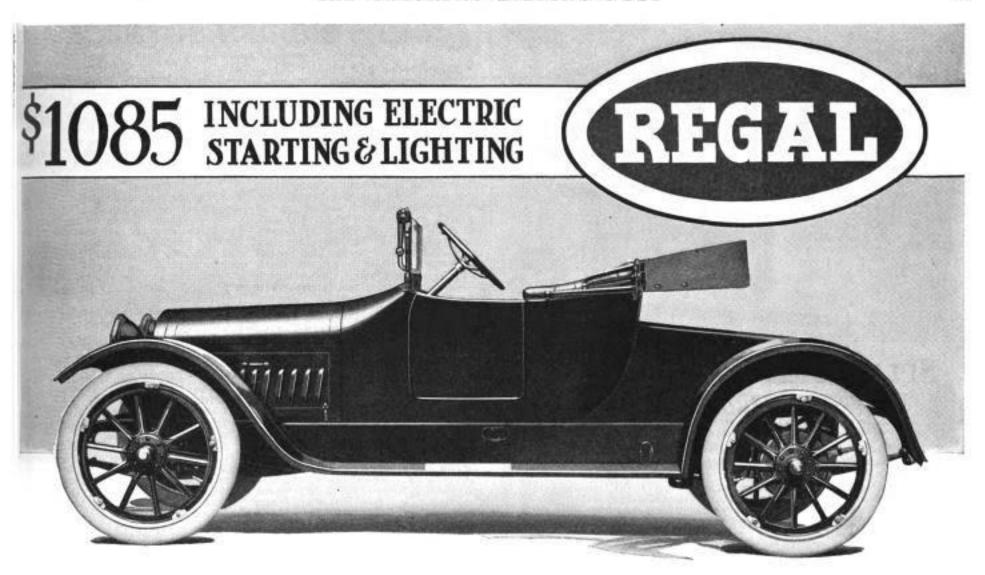
The front compartment has plenty of comfortable working room. A longlegged man can drive the Regal without getting his knees up like a bicycle rider. You sound the electric horn with a button in the middle of the steering wheel. One man in the rear seat of the Regal can put up the new-style top by himself, and he can adjust all the side curtains in a minute, without leaving the car.

The Regal Company has heretofore built both underslung and overhung types of cars. The new Regal is an overhung, and will be built in one chassis only two bodies—built by tens of thousands.

A lot of underslung advantages are retained in this new car. The road clearance is greater than that of many bigger overhung cars. But there's a special spring suspension that makes the center of gravity low.

This insures two things—exceptionally easy riding, and exceptional stability even under road conditions that might spell danger in an ordinary car.

The New Regal is from 300 to 500 ths. lighter than most cars around its price—because pressed steel and forgings have been used instead of castings wherever possible. This cuts down tire bills and gives the engine less dead load to carry.



# A \$3,000,000 Company with Seven Years of Known Success

Ten acres of factory space devoted to the manufacture of one chassis at one price. Quick service to owners assured by a world-wide dealer organization

It's a joy the way the Regal takes long, hard hills. The motor has developed 39 horsepower on actual brake test—a big engine, considering the reduced weight of the car. The whole motor head can be removed—letting you into the heart of all the cylinders for cleaning and adjustment.

The electric starter acts directly on the flywheel. It has no intermediate gears, therefore cannot clash or burr when operating. The Regal starter has from 40 to 60 less parts than any starting device which is not direct in its action. This means, of course, much less possibility of trouble.

The Regal starter is included in the price—\$1085—built right in and sold right along with the car.

Regal brake drums are 12 inches almost big enough for a car twice the size of the Regal. That's because when you need brakes you're apt to need them badly—you want them reliable, powerful, smooth, and quick.

Young fellows, doctors, business men, will warm up to the Regal Roadster. It is long and swoopy, and looks ready for rough roads, or ready to run alongside the best of them on the boulevard. There

is a lid on the whole back end. Raise it, and you will find space enough to carry more than the contents of an average trunk.

There is a \$3,000,000 company behind this new Regal car—a factory with ten acres of floor space and a capacity for 20,000 cars a year. And there's a factory personnel that's imbued with the ideal of right workmanship, from F. W. Haines, the President and Chief of Design, down to the youngest shop apprentice.

The man who buys a Regal car, if he ever has any trouble, will be able to replace a part without fuss or delay. The Regal service department will come through promptly and pleasantly—without charge when it's our fault; with a reasonable charge when it's not.

We will send you a book about the two Regals, touring car and roadster, if you write us a card. It will show intimate pictures of many interesting features of the new Regal—and there will be good reading for anybody who ever rode in an automobile.

These new Regal models are now on display throughout the country, and you owe it to your general store of automobile knowledge to go and examine them closely.

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PRINCIPLE SERVICE SERV

# SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

(Continued from Page 23)

"Behave!" whispered Lisbeth, smiling up at him. Very handsome and gallant Sim was looking. Rowena, dancing in the same set, thought so. His face glowing with animation, his brown eyes brimming with the spirit of mirth and his stalwart with the spirit of mirth and his staiwart figure set off admirably by store clothes that miraculously happened to fit him, he showed to unusual advantage. "Behave" was positively severe applied to such a cavalier. Yet Lisbeth might, unreproved, have said almost anything to anybody, looking as she did. Pink was the color of her freely tree pink and white. Her dark her frock, rose pink and white. Her dark hair was a triumph of fluffing and curling. Greatly daring, she had given her face and neck a touch of powder, and her full lips seemed of a richer crimson than usual. Then she wore her mother's cameo brooch in its red coral setting, and two rings, and altogether she was the prettiest thing im-aginable. Sim at the moment was clearly of that opinion.

He took her hand and pressed it, and she audaciously returned the pressure as they separated in the circling figure of the dance. Once and twice Sim touched hot, moist palms and clinging fingers, hardly conscious of the contact, and then a sort of electric thrill shot through him as he felt the quick, firm clasp of Rowena's hand.

He stooped to her ear as she passed.
"I hate to let loose of you," he whispered. And he meant it.

"Promenade all!" shouted Prothero, and Sim had his partner on his arm again. "To your seats!" He led Lisbeth, breathless "To your seats!" He led Lisbeth, breathless and blooming, to one of the chairs arranged along the wall and seated himself beside her. "You got over your mad at me, didn't you, Lisbeth?" he said tenderly. "Shucks!" answered Lisbeth with a languishing side glance. "I wasn't mad with you, Sim." "You wouldn't keer if I come over Sunday afternoon, would you?" asked Sim, nursuing his advantage.

pursuing his advantage. "I'd like for you to come," said Lisbeth.
"Your tie's slippin' down, Sim. Lemme fix
it for you." It's a turr'ble pretty tie."
Sim leaned forward and she drew the knot

of it tighter and spread the ends. "That's better," she approved, surveying the result

of it tighter and spread the ends. "That's better," she approved, surveying the result with her head on one side.
"Don't quit," begged Sim. "Mabbe you could do better yit."

A voice thick with hardly suppressed rage interrupted. "I reckon you'll have to get along the way it is," Ben Foster had come up and was scowling at them fero-

"Next dance is mine," pursued Foster, addressing Lisbeth. His little eyes rolled fiercely from one to the other, but Sim's attention had been distracted to the opposite side of the room where Rowena was

site side of the room where Rowena was seated, for the moment, alone.

"Take this yer chair," said Sim, and before Foster could realize his rival's obliging offer Sim was at Rowena's side.

"Well?" said Rowena with a queer little smile. "Enjoyin' yourse'??"

Sim made no immediate answer. His eyes were bright with admiration as he looked at her. What hair she had! Not fussed up, not a particle; but, Lordy, what a heap of it and what color there was in it! And the little freckles bunched at the bridge of her nose; and the blue glints in

bridge of her nose; and the blue glints in her eyes like the flashes from dewdrops in her eyes like the flashes from dewdrops in the morning sun; and the blackeyed Susans that were pinned at her breast; and the bronze slippers that peeped out from her skirts! Talk about your pictures! "Cat got your tongue?" "Yes, I'm enjoyin' of myse'f," replied Sim. "Particular well right now. "Tain't no wonder I hain't been able to got near you for the crowd. Rowena, I—I reckon you never took a look at yourse'f in the glass this evenin', so you don't know how I'm feelin' this minute." "No, I hain't no idea," said Rowena

I'm feein' this minute.

"No, I hain't no idea," said Rowena mischievously. "Did Ben Foster scare you away from Lisbeth? You'd better watch

out, Sim. Berkley Pendleton has got his eye on you now. Look!"

Sim looked. Pendleton, splendidly at-tired, was standing near the door, pulling his long mustaches and frowning balefully.

"A jim dandy vest he's wearin'," Sim commented indifferently. "Rowena, I've been thinkin' a heap of you since I seen you

"An' you've been thinkin' a heap of Lisbeth," mocked Rowena. "Don't blush,

Sim. I know you cain't he'p it no more'n I can he'p bein' red-haided. I don't like the way your necktie's fixed. Lemme tie it for you.

The evening was well along. Sim had danced three times with Rowena, three times with Lisbeth, and had just escorted Miss Hitty to a seat for which her late exertions in the Virginia Reel made her expecially grateful.

especially grateful.

"Oh me! Oh my!" panted Miss Hitty,
mopping her perspiring brow. "Sim, for
mercy's sake get me a drink of water."

mercy's sake get me a drink of water."

Sim obediently started for the kitchen, but at the door his path was barred by Berkley Pendleton. Berkley's expression was decidedly unamiable. There was a sinister gleam in his eye and red patches showed on his high checkbones. His words were fraught with deadly purpose and a perceptible odor of alcohol.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Hoisington, sir," he said with severe dignity; "outside and now, sir."

Sim looked at him wonderingly. "Well

Sim looked at him wonderingly. "Well, walt until I get Aunt Hitty a drink," he said at last.

said at last.

Berkley swayed slightly and his frown deepened. "I've a partickler respect for Miss Hitty," said he, "and I'm a gentleman and know what's a lady's due; but in a case like this yer Miss Hitty's got to wait. You come along with me."

Sim hesitated, but Berkley took him by the arm and led him out of the house and into the barnyard. In the shadow of the

into the barnyard. In the shadow of the barn he halted and released Sim's arm; then, backing a couple of paces, he suddenly jumped into the air and cracked his heels

together. Alighting, he snapped his fingers in Sim's face and took another backward step that

was almost a caper.
"I'm a rip-roarer," he announced impressively. "I'm cold p'isen an' red pepper.

pressively. "I'm cold p'isen an' red pepper.
I'm a cutter and a cyarver. I'm a tearer
and a render!"

"Certainly," assented Sim. Then coaxingly: "Le's us go take a drench at the
water trough, Berk. Freshen us up a right
smart."

M. D. "

smart."
Mr. Pendleton disregarded the suggestion. "Bein' what I am, I aim to ask you
a question," he went on. "Bein' what I am,
I aim to have you answer it. What may
be your intentions with regards to Miss
Parsons Gellan?" Rowena Gollop?"

It was evident to Sim that, whatever his potations, the man was in sober earnest. He meant to know. Sim considered, conscientiously considered, and found himself uncertain. After a pause he owned that he

uncertain. After a pause he owned that he was,

"Dogged if I can tell you," he said.
"Sometimes—— No, I hain't made up my mind as to intentions in no direction. Mabbe——" He pondered absently.

Berkley shook a long, bony forefinger at him. "I'll tell you what your intentions air," he snarled. "They're to keep away from the lady I've named and stay kep away. I've got my intentions, which is hon'rable and sot, an' I warn you off. If you cain't make up your mind to keep away and stay kep' I aim to split you open like a ripe melon."

He danced a step or two, and as for a moment he emerged from the shade of the barn, a knife flashed in his hand.

"I'm a rip-roarer," he chanted. "I'm a cutter and a cyarver! You made up your mind to keep away and stay kep'?"

"I don't want no trouble with you, Berkley," Sim answered. "Don't act foolish." He eyed the grotesque, capering figure watchfully.

"You made up your mind?"

watchfully.

watchfully.

"You made up your mind?"

"No," roared Sim. "Now, daggone you, keep away from me or I'll hurt you."

Berkley jumped for him and Sim dodged. Again the rip-roarer circled, and again leaped in with a vicious swing of his knife that the young man harely avoided.

that the young man barely avoided. "Try that again and I'll cuff you,"

warned him sharply.

Berkley tried it. There was an instant whirl of action, a sharp smacking sound. and Berkley Pendleton toppled backward fell with a thud in the dust and lay quite still. At the same moment there was a quick rustle of skirts, and a bulky form brushed by Sim and plumped down at the side of the prostrate man.

"I reckoned there was suthin' like the happenin'," said Aunt Hitty's voice in a tone of marked displeasure.

"You great big lummox, hittin' the pore man that-a-way! Ain't you —— Sim, I b'lieve he's daid!"

b'lieve he's daid!"
"I reckon not," drawled Sim, picking up the knife and tossing it away. "Some water's all he needs. He's stirrin' now."
He went to the watering trough, where he found a pail which he filled and brought

back.

"Now you clear right out," said his relative, dipping her handkerchief into the water and applying it tenderly to Pendleton's brow. "If anybody comes I'll fix up some story. No need o' you bein' here. What you say, Mr. Pendleton?"
"I'll cut his heart out," mumbled

Berkley.
"Well," mused Sim as he walked away, "it cert'nly does seem like I'm sort o' fo'ced for to court Rowena now."

Just as he approached the house a man came out and advanced quickly to meet him. Stopping directly in Sim's path, with arms truculently akimbo and chin outthrust, this person spoke in a voice husky with emotion: "I've been a-lookin' for you, Sim Hoisington. You an' me has got to have a talk together."

have a talk together."

Sim gaped at him. "What's pesterin' you, Ben?" he asked innocently.

"You air," Foster growled. He looked back over his shoulder. "Let's move over toward the barn," he proposed.

"I reckon if it's anythin' private we'd better go the other side of the house," Sim suggested. "It's right secluded in the orchard." orchard.

In a few minutes the two came to an open space between the apple trees. There

open space between the apple trees. I here
Foster whipped off his coat.

"You'll ketch cold," drawled Sim.
"Cain't you talk just as well with your
coat on?"

"I allow there hain't much to be said,"
Foster sneered. "You're aimin' for to take

Foster sneered. "You're aimin' for to take my gal away from me, hain't you?"

"Lisbeth?" For the moment Sim's obligation to Rowena was forgotten. He was not quite clear on the point. "Mabbe I am," he said, "and then again mabbe I hain't. I couldn't azackly say, Ben."

"You'll quit shinin' up to her or you'll take a lickin' right now," declared Foster. Again Sim reflected. "Why, as to that, I couldn't quit on no other fellow's say-so," he said slowly. "An' as for the lickin'," he went on, "I don't keer to take that, Ben. I b'lieve I'd get right mad if you even started for to lick me."

Foster's reply to that was a swinging

Foster's reply to that was a swinging blow that took effect behind Sim's ear. Sim staggered back, tripped on a root and went down. Instantly gathering himself together he dived at Foster's legs and heaved. Foster pitched over his advergant's shoulder and landed on his devent sary's shoulder and landed on his head, continuing the evolution in a partly involuntary somersault that gave him a chance to scramble to his feet. In the mean time Sim had regained his footing and, as he had predicted, lost his temper.

The fight was too fierce to last long. It was a pummeling match pure and simple— "fist and skull," as the phrase went on Little Tarkio. Evenly matched in strength and activity as the two young men were, the result was likely to be determined by their endurance rather than their skill, but in the end, when the two fell, Sim was upper-most and lost no time in taking advantage of his position.

"Had enough?" he asked presently, suspending operations.

Foster wriggled feebly and gasped an

insult.

"I'll cert'nly give you all you want,"
Sim declared. He drew back his fist, but
hesitated before the helplessness of his foe.

"Shucks! Get up, then, you crazy loon,"
he permitted, himself rising. "Want any
more now?"

Foster, though tottering, was indomitable. "I'm whipped now," he muttered through swollen lips, "but you keep away from Lisbeth or I'll wipe the ground with you first time I see you."

"He wished up his next and the two re-

He picked up his coat and the two re-turned to the barnyard and the watering trough, where they laved the stains of conflict side by side. Presently Sim turned a bruised and serious face to his late

antagonist.

"Ben," said he, "I hate for to have trouble with you, but I reckon I'm sort of obliged now to keep right on with Lisbeth—kind o' fo'ced to."

Nevertheless it was not until Saturday, four days later, that Sim took any sort of action in the delicate situation. During that time affairs had become even more

complicated. Following the night of the dance Berkley Pendleton had called and taken Aunt Hitty to prayer meeting. He had met Sim and had made no hostile demonstration whatever during the uncomfortable quarter of an hour spent on the porch. The next day Aunt Hitty went to town and did some trading. That was Thursday. Sim and Abner, postponing the fencing, started haymaking that day, and from the field Abner pointed out the returning light wagon with Berkley Pendleton's saddle mule tied behind it and Berkley occupying a seat beside Aunt Hitty.

"Sort o' rushing things," commented Abner.

But at the yard gate Berkley resumed his mule and rode away. Friday the hay claimed Sim's attention Friday the hay claimed Sim's attention inexorably, but he was uneasily determined to do something. What? There was the rub! Then came Saturday and the jolt.

"Berkley Pendleton is a-comin' to Sunday dinner, Sim," announced Aunt Hitty after the noonday meal.

Her rather comely, entirely comfortable face was unaccountably flushed; her usual breathlessness was increased so that her

breathlessness was increased so that her ample bosom heaved quite tumultuously.

"I reckon I might as well tell you that Berkley and me aim to get married right soon, Sim. I hate to leave you, but I'm gettin' along to an age where I ought to get settled in life. I'll see about gettin' somebody to do for you though, Sim—if you cain't get no one yourse'f."

cain't get no one yourse'f."

Sim went out to the barn and, after sending Abner to the field, sat down to think it over. What a world! What a puzzling, mixed-up mess! What did it all mean and who and what was right? Politics, religion, love—no straight, plain main road anywhere.

"Got to do somethin'."

"Got to do somethin'."

He got up and began mechanically to room and harness his sorrel driving mare. His mind still in chaos, he ran his buggy out and backed the mare into the shafts. In the same mental daze he got into the buggy and presently found himself on the road—to where?

He had told Lisbeth that he would be up to see her and she would be looking for him. Also his manhood compelled defiance of Foster's threat. There was Pendleton's threat too. Under the circumstances it was unlikely that Berkley would make trouble now; still, the threat remained. Besides, he would have to pass Gollop's place—unless he turned off the road and made a wide circuit. Then he could stop at Rowena's on the way back.

So musing, he turned off the road—and within a mile he was on the point of turning back again. The mare decided the matter by speeding on, but not in the way Sim expected. She had covered another half mile when she shied at a blue sunbonnet that showed above the hedge, and by the time Sim had her under control Rowens Gollop was standing in the road swinging a pail half full of blackberries and laughing at them.
"Travelin' or goin' somewhere, Sim?"

Rowena hailed him.

Sim heaved a sigh of pleasure and relief as he looked at her. "Jest a-travelin', Rowens," he replied, smiling wistfully. "Jest a-travelin'. I hain't never goin' nowhere."

She approached the buggy and lifted the pail to him. "Have some," she invited. "They're right good. I'm a-goin' to make a pudden of them."

"I'd like for to taste the pudden," said Sim, as he helped himself to the fruit.

"I ain't goin' to give you no bid," she answered cruelly, and then went straight to the point as was her way. "So you was

the point as was her way. "So you was fightin' the other night at the dance, Sim? What was the trouble with you an' Berk Pendleton? Oh, don't hum an' haw! Tell

Sim looked at her. Her expression com-

pelled a truthful answer.
"Well, Berk allowed he aimed to marry you and warned me off. He got kind o' rambunctious when I wouldn't agree for to stay away from you. 'Twan't nothin' ser'ous, Rowena.' Sim pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

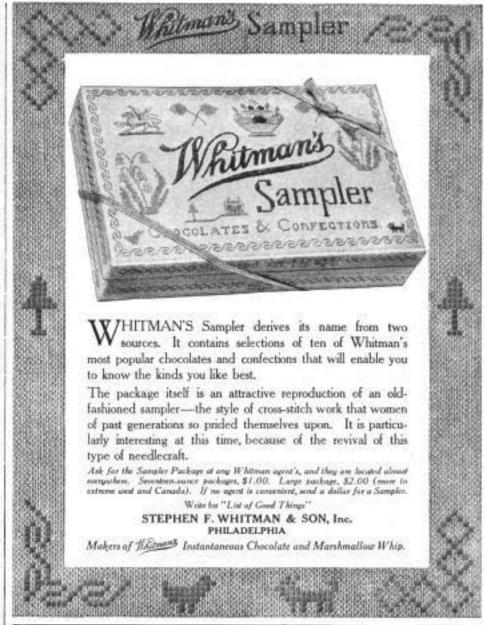
"You didn't want for to stay away from me?" the girl asked softly. "I cert'nly didn't," replied Sim with particular emphasis.

particular emphasis.

"And you an' Ben Foster fout, What for was that, Sim?"

"Oh, shucks!" Sim ejaculated. He wiped his face again. ""Twan't nothin'."

"What for was that, Sim?"





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"Well, it—it was this-a-way," the young man stammered: "Ben took a notion I was

warned me off."

"You didn't want for to stay away from
Lisbeth?" pursued the inquisitor relent-

Sim looked at her imploringly. She met his gaze and held it until he bent forward and took the hand that she had rested on the dashboard. Then a wave of color swept

the dashboard. Then a wave of color swept over her face, and for the first time Sim saw her disconcerted.

"It's all scratched up with them briers," said Sim, and lifted the hand to his lips. "I don't never want for to stay away from you, Rowena—but somehow—a fellow don't sometimes just know——"

He stopped, for Rowena put a foot on the step and leaped into the buggy. Her face was rather pale than rosy now and her mouth was set. She clucked to the mare, who started forward and set off at a spanking trot.

spanking trot.
"Which-a-way we'd best go?" Sim queried in a shaking voice, after a moment

or two of highly significant silence.
"Preacher Coles," Rowena answered.
And at that Sim turned to her a face

And at that Sim turned to her a face luminous with joy.

"Mind your drivin'," cautioned Rowena.

"You know why I like you, Sim—well enough to let you run off with me this-a-way? Is pose it's because your ideas are the same as mine. You're a hard-shell Baptist now and forevermore, and nothin' won't stir you the width of a rat's whisker. You're a rock-ribbed, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, an' you don't scratch your ticket for Bud Watts nor nobody. You hold with a man makin' up his mind and hold with a man makin' up his mind and stickin' right to it through thick an' thin an' whether or no—unless his wife sees some good reason to alter it. Is that right, Sim, or "-Rowena's firm voice faltered a little here-"or would you like to let me

Sim's arm went round her and held her close as he urged the mare to greater speed.
"You're right about everythin', Rowena," he said. "Gosh! I feel like a ton weight had been took off'n my shoulders.
I want to whoop. Lordy, how I need you!"
"Mind your drivin', Sim," cautioned
Rowena. "Well, then, give me the reins."

## The mutineer of THE MARY BLOUNT

(Continued from Page 18)

affection for another. Then she saw Crandle watching her from under bent brows, and she waved her hand to him. Then she sent her soft trustful eyes upon

little trips aloft and alow, as if to store her mind with pictures to look at during the long hours in the dull, eventless cabin. Captain Haithway accompanied his wife

Captain Haithway accompanied his wife below, and returned almost instantly dressed in his oilskins. He was no longer smiling, and he began to give orders that rang over the whole ship.

Till now only the major preparations for riding out a hurricane had been taken. There was plenty of time, and the young man did not wish his wife to suspect the gravities and anxieties of the situation. So gravities and anxieties of the situation. So a surgeon keeps concealed from the pa-tient's eyes the ghostly, clinking preparations in the operating room. But now the Mary Blount became the scene of a hundred swift and ominous activities. Life-lines swift and ominous activities. Life-lines began to spread from point to point like a spider's web; everything movable went below; the pumps were tested. The nest of spare boats was swung between the main and fore masts, high enough to clear a strong man's head, and strongly braced so that they could not swing amuck. Whatever might be expected to give under terrific strain was looked to and reinforced when strain was looked to and reenforced when

of all the Mary Blount's great spread of canvas only one little patch was left standing. She lay broadside to the coming storm, rising to the tops of the rollers, and dropping with a smash and squirting about of white water. Now and then she appeared as if she was nodding to herself, as much as to say: "This may be your first hurricane, but it isn't mine. I'm not afraid

of it."

So Hector felt, waiting under the walls of Troy for the vengeful Achilles. But in the as everybody knows, tricked by the great hero turned and ran. And ly the Mary Blount, a kind of

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REGER AGENTS would be necessively used to the condition of the condition o

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-55, CHICAGO, ILL. | head of the dead woman resting in his lap,

sigh running through her rigging, turned a little upon her keel and began to retreat. To the westward, from horizon to zenith,

the sky was one great smear of black ink; the sea was a field of snow.

And then, though it was still calm on deck for one long instant of time, the wind seized the Mary Blount by the upper spars and threw her hard on her side and began to drag her off. So in cave days your ancestor or mine may have seized his beloved by the hair, thrown her and dragged her off to his cave.

From within the Mary Blount there came one prolonged cracking and smashing. She might have been a ship from the Orient deep in china and porcelain. Her one sail tore from its place with the noise of a cannon shot, and in a moment had disappeared far to leeward, not in the sea but in the sky!

the sky!

And then, righting a little, the Mary
Blount began to travel under her bare poles
faster than she had ever traveled before.

It became dark as night. The yells and
screamings of the wind were as the voices
of Lucifor's army sacking a city in heaven. of Lucifer's army sacking a city in heaven. Of human sounds there were none. Even when one of the men—you cannot say at the wheel or the rudder, for the Mary Blount's steering gear was a Noah's Ark combination of both—had his whole side stove in by an uncontrollable leap of the apparatus, the other man could not hear his cry of anguish. Solid green water fell upon the deck in

long-drawn thunder. When this had slid back into the sea the hurt man was gone, and Crandle, his beard standing at right angles to his chin, had taken his place. No man on that ship knew when day

No man on that ship knew when day passed into night.

No man knew that in the captain's cabin, clinging to the leaping, plunging bed, a woman had ended her day of fear, and was entering all alone without help, without mercy, so it seems, human or divine, upon her hours of agony.

It must have been early in the morning, If must have been early in the morning, differentiated only from the night by its greater blackness, that Captain Haithway went below. Only Crandle saw him go, and only Crandle saw him crawl and stagger back to the deck. To Crandle for some time now it had seemed as if the main fury of the hurricane had passed.

It was rather a seeming, an intuition, then any actual phenomenon of physical

than any actual phenomenon of physical diminution to which Crandle could have pointed.

He watched Captain Halthway drag him-self to the lee bulwarks, clinging to a life-line, and followed him with a bold, lawless glance; for all night the seaman's imagination had been hanging upon the man who had been washed overboard.

Having reached the mizzen-shrouds, Captain Haithway climbed slowly into them, and clinging tightly, looked down into the sea that now was dizzily far below his feet, and that now rose as if to strike him in the

face, You could have knocked Crandle over with a feather. Why a man in his senses should deliberately place himself in so suicidal a situation was utterly beyond him. It was with the idea of warning him of his peril that Crandle began to move warily across the deck; but it was with no such idea that he kinself error presently to the idea that he himself came presently to the mizzen-shrouds and began to look this way and that in the darkness to see if any one was watching him.

But each man on that ship was intent upon his own destiny. And in that dark-ness only the main shapes and motions of

things were perceptible.

A dozen men might be looking, and not be able to swear upon the book that the murder which they saw done was not an

Crandle looked up and could see his captain's face; could see it, could read the message of it like words in a book. It was the face of a man who asks for nothing but

The vessel rolled lower and lower: just as she glided into the first upthrust for recovery Captain Haithway merely let go with his hands.

Crandle had not touched him. Nay, the wicked man's hard heart had turned to milk, and those sounds which came from him, though no man could hear them in the howling of the wind, were dry sobs of anguish.

After a little Crandle descended into the cabin. And there they found him at last, when the hurricane had fallen to a gale, the



This is an unretouched photograph of an auto Top covered with NEVERLEEK. It has been in daily service for a year and a half. It has stood much of the time before the owner's factory, under melting snows of Winter-under blazing sun of Summer.

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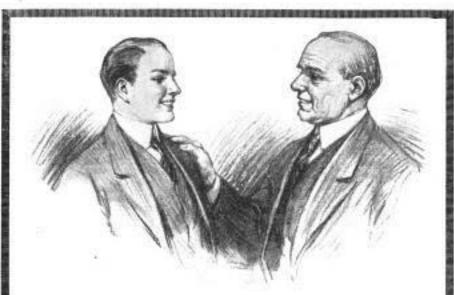
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and the little baby for whom she had given her gentle and blameless life asleep in his great tender arms.

THE gale fell to a brisk, pleasant wind; the mountains of water became hills and the sun shone with delightful brilliance. Of the difficulties left in the wake of the hurricane there was only one which seemed insurmountable to the men of the Mary Blount. Damages could be repaired in a trice. Already the body of Mrs. Haithway trice. Already the body of Mrs. Haithway had been sewn in canvas and committed to the deep; there being among the men but one pair of dry eyes—those of him alone to whom her death meant everlasting sorrow. Mr. Tuttle had watched them slide her into the sea with a peculiar and morbid interest. And he wondered if he, too, would be so buried, and how soon. A very sick man when the hurricane began to blow, he could hardly keep his feet now, hardly lift the little prayer book to read the words for those who are buried at sea. Even if Mr. Tuttle should die, the ship's difficulties might well be surmounted—all but the one. How can strong men stand about and see

might well be surmounted—all but the one. How can strong men stand about and see a little baby starve to death? There was no provision for babes aboard the Mary Blount, and already little Miss Haithway was giving signs of incipient appetite.

"She'll be all right on water for twenty-four hours," commented a father of more than one family, "'n' then she'll want milk."

"Is there nothing we can give her?" asked Crandle angrily.

The father of families shrugged his shoulders.

shoulders.

shoulders.

"We can keep her alive for a few days on biscuits 'n' water 'n' treacle 'n' water."

"For a few days!" And he looked down into the little sleeping face, lifting a corner of the blanket in which he had wrapped her. He went the length of the deck and back, heavy with trouble. Then his roving eyes came to halt upon a whale boat and flamed with sudden hope.

Mr. Tuttle had just finished working out the position of the ship.

the position of the ship.

"The storm seems to have been circular, Crandle. We are actually nearer Honolulu than we were."

"That's good. Then we'll save her yet. I want leave to go on ahead with her in one of the boats."

of the boats."

Mr. Tuttle pulled a doubtful face.
"I'm a dying man, Crandle," he smiled
wistfully. "What becomes of the ship with
you gone and me gone?"

"The men will be proud to take that
chance for this baby, sir. And besides, that
there Bowers can keep the ship to a course
till I make shift to pick her up again."

"We must promote Bowers. It wouldn't
do for our only surviving navigator to

"We must promote Bowers. It wouldn't
do for our only surviving navigator to
be the cabin boy. But you seem to have
adopted this baby, Crandle?"

"Yes," said Crandle. "And God help
me to be a good man!"

He lifted a corner of the blanket, and the
man who was dying and the man who had
iver hearing to live smiled with great tender.

just begun to live smiled with great tender-

just begun to live smiled with great tender-ness upon the baby.

"Takes after her mother," said Mr.
Tuttle. "Yes, you may go ahead in one of the boats, Crandle. It's the only chance for the baby. Put her in good hands. If you are short I have a little money. You have no doubts of finding your way?"

"None."

"Then the sooner you start the better."
"I'll pick you up again somewhere between here and Honolulu, Mr. Tuttle."
"You won't wait for us?"
"No, sir; I'll start right back. If I don't

None.

pick you up in twenty-four hours or so, why I'll know we've passed each other and I'll run back to port."

On the eighth day anxious eyes beheld against the first amethystine premonitions of land a speck of sail. And the boy Bowers, handling the late Captain Haithway's telescope with as much knowingness as if he had invented telescopes, made her out to be the missing whale boat, returning from Honolulu with Crandle at the steering oar.

The boy Bowers stepped below and threw open the door of Mr. Tuttle's stateroom.

"Hawaii's in sight, Mr. Tuttle, and so's Crandle."

Mr. Tuttle shook his head a little and smiled, but said nothing. Then he turned quietly on his side and with a long sigh of relief died.

The boy Bowers went on deck looking very white and crying a little. "Poor Mr. Tuttle is dead," he said, and gave orders to luff ship and was very smartly obeyed.



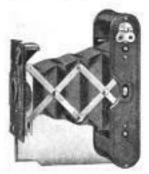




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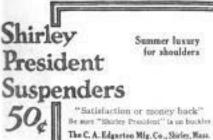
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Twenty minutes passed, and the whale boat was now visible in all detail to the naked eye.

Suddenly one of the men shouted: "He's brought the baby back with him!

Yes, he had brought the baby back, and a sack full of island toys and a couple of milch goats, and he had brought with him Miss Bettie Paaeua, from whose deep brown breast the baby was at that very moment drawing warm, delicious milk and a love, I daresay, of swimming and the sea.

"But ain't we going to have just one night ashore?"
"That's for you to say, boys. Now listen: If we visits Honolulu the owner's representative visits us. And we gets a new captain and a new mate. Do you want to risk that, after Captain Haithway and Mr. Tuttle?"

A night ashore still looked alluring.

"And," said Crandle, "he'd take the baby away from us. How about that?"

"What's a night ashore anyhow?" said Shattuck. "Only a headache."

"But," one of the men objected, "not taking the ship in to report kind o' smacks.

taking the ship in to report kind o' smacks

of mutiny.

of mutany."

Crandle bent his bushy brows.

"To me," he said, "the notion of losin' my baby kind of smacks of hell. If we take this old bottom to the Indian Ocean where she's bound, and brings her back home brimful of oil, the sourest owner in Hanleytown won't talk about mutiny-no, sir.'

There were still murmurs in the men's voices and doubts in their eyes, when suddealy there came from the stern of the ship the noises of a baby in a rapture of some

sort or other.
"That settles it," said Shattuck, and

That settles it, said Shattuck, and laughter ran about the circle.
Then Crandle gave his orders.
"The baby and her nurse will have the captain's stateroom and the run of the cabin. You, Corning, as was raised on a farm, will have charge of the goats. One other thing: Miss Paneua has her faults, but she's left 'em all ashore. And the man that don't treat her like a lady will get treated like a

dog!"
"Beggin' your pardon for interruptin',"
said the man Corning; "but if I'm to have
charge of the goats I'd like to know what
I'm to give 'em to eat."

For once in his life Crandle looked very foolish. And there rose at his charges so great a roar of Homeric laughter that pres-

ently he was laughing too.
"Well," he said, "you can write home that, though you missed a night ashore, you

that, though you missed a hight ashore, you all had fresh meat for dinner."

"Beggin' your pardon," said Corning,
"but how if anything was to happen Miss Paseua and no goats to fall back on?"

"How?" said Crandle. "I brought off enough preserved milk in the boat to raise a baby whale."

Three years later the old Mary Blount sailed into Hanleytown Harbor with a rec-

ord cargo of oil and a barrel of ambergris.

Mr. Bowers, late the "boy Bowers,"
finished writing the last entry in the log:

"Everybody excited about baby seeing
America for the first time. The Mary
Blount is heading for the Long Wharf. And as any one can see it plain as the nose on his face, nobody but a fool would take the trouble to work out the ship's position, and thank God for that. So ends this day. And all's well."

Did the owners of the Mary Blount have the law on Crandle for mutiny? You should have seen their old Puritan faces peering into the barrel containing the ambergris!

(THE END)

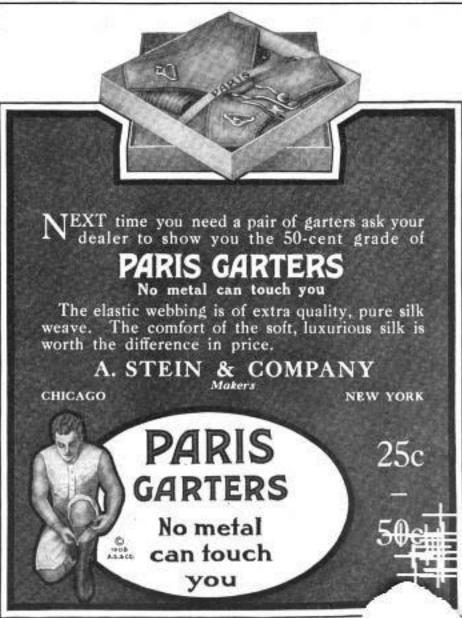
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### BUSINESS AT JUDI-CIAL DISCRETION

(Concluded from Page 9)

against the industrial oppression observed to be on the way. The oppression of the people by large combines in restraint of trade has been onerous and bitter. Small dealers have been driven out of business; huge industries have been joined; high prices have been maintained and a variety of oppressions have followed; and the con-dition of almost industrial slavery which the

great judge saw on its way has arrived.

The wrongs that make this situation possible ought to be prevented by law. They are great wrongs and the laws against them ought to be drastic; but they must also be

These crimes against our commercial civilization ought to be catalogued and prohibited by specific acts; but when this course is proposed we are met by the suggestion that we have reached a point where the meaning of the law is generally under-stood by the courts.

We are told that the wrongs against which the Sherman Law is directed cannot be suf-ficiently defined to enable them to be enacted into prohibitory statutes, but that judicial interpretation has made it clear to the people what can and what cannot be done under that general statute.

The argument does not seem convincing. If the decisions of the courts have now de-fined the wrongs prohibited by this act; if they have defined them so that the judges now know what the offenses against the act are—then surely these decisions have de-fined them so that we may catalogue them and prohibit them in terms of law. And if they are not sufficiently determined to enable us to prohibit them in terms in a stat-ute, then they are not sufficiently defined for the courts to prohibit them in an administration of the statute as it stands.

#### Many Judges, Many Rulings

In other words, if the judges know precisely what acts are criminal under the general, vague terms of the Sherman Law, then they can tell us what those acts are and we can put them into the law of the land.

Judicial explanation has not always made a statute clearer to the common man. Learned opinions have sometimes reminded

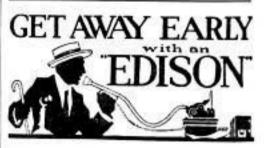
us of Lewis Carroll's exquisite example of interpretation: "Be what you would seem to be. Or, if you would like it put more simply,' said the Duchess, 'never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be

As the law now stands, every case must be decided for itself according to the rule of reason as interpreted by the presiding judge. There will probably be as many decisions as there are cases, and as many variations of the rule of reason as there are individuals on the bench. Moreover, the attorney-general will be clothed with a power of discretion greater than any ruler of any modern despotism. He may be in every instance a great, incorruptible patriot, but the admin-istration he represents cannot escape the

What is it that corrupts the electorate of a country? Is it not the belief of certain interests that they may obtain some advantage, either by the enacting of laws or the administration of them? If the attorney-general and the courts are to say what are good and what are bad trusts; what business interests shall be permitted the privileges of a restraint of trade; to which ones the rule of reason shall apply or not apply then it will be to the advantage of those seeking the great privileges under this indefinite law to see that an administration favorable to them is returned and that udges favorable to their enterprises are elevated to power.

The people of this country believe themselves to be the source of all authority. They are not willing to permit the judges either to make the laws or to sit as boards of control to determine how the people are to conduct their business affairs. To do so would make the indiciary supreme, with authority of W whover the conduct give the ore power than a republic. 20115

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## THE ARGONAUTS

(Continued from Page 13)

and Susy knew their place. They went out, driving the hens before them. Mrs. Cassidy took the loaf out of the pot oven and set it on the table to cool. Then she sat down again on her stool and went on with her story:

Seemingly he was contented enough and had given up the notion of America when he seen that his aunt was against him going. It was well pleased we were. His father gave him a calf for his own and I took care that he didn't want for a shilling in his pocket, so as he wouldn't be ashamed before his comrades—and them maybe spending more or less in the town after a football kicking or the like.

"Well, for as much as six months there wasn't a word out of him about America, and we thought he was settled down for good. Then one day, all of a sudden, he walked in on us, the same as it might be you walked in on us, the same as it might be you walking in this minute: 'I'm off to America to-morrow,' says he. 'I've sold the young bullock'—it was a young bullock the calf was by that time—'and I have my passage booked; and there's no use your talking, for my mind's made up.'

"I knew well enough it was no use talking, for Sonny was always terrible stubborn.

ing, for Sonny was always terrible stubborn once his mind was made up. He wouldn't change, not if the King of England was to go down on his knees to him. He went the

"He'll be back some day," I said feebly.
"He'll not be back," said Mrs. Cassidy;
"or if he is I won't be here to see him. I buried one boy and I've lost the other. Is it any wonder my heart is broke in pieces?"

A poet—Tennyson, I think—speaks of the words of the comforter as "Vacant chaff, well meant for grain." I felt the truth of this description when I tried to talk to Mrs. Cassidy. She felt the same thing, I suppose, for she cut me short. "Never a word did we hear of him or from him from that day to this," she said. "I made

Norah Kate write a letter to his aunt out in Pittsburgh, to know if she'd seen the lad. It was a good letter and well written, though Norah Kate isn't the equal of Sonny for writing. But what use was it? He hadn't been near his aunt-nor she hadn't heard from him. All she said was that America's a big country and Michael Antony might be somewhere in it without her knowing. It was Michael Antony she said in her letter, not knowing that it was Sonny we always called him, though, of course, Michael Antony was his name."

I plodded home that evening along the muddy road and my beart in me was as sorrowful as the gray clouds which hung low above my head. Mrs. Cassidy's trag-edy is the tragedy of Ireland. Their names are many, though we call them all Sonny. They go from us to a land that is very far off and we are left to grow old alone.

It was on Christmas Eve that I saw Mrs. Cassidy again. I did not mean to go to see her; but I was passing along the road and Norah Kate was watching for me at the end of the lane, as her father had watched for

ne a month before.
"My mother says," she said, "will your everence step up to the house for a minute he way she'll be able to speak to you? For here's something that she wants to say.

It had rained steadily day and night ince the last time I visited the Cassidys' touse. The lane that led to it was like a unning river. I picked my way from one arge stone to another. I crawled along hrough deep mud beside the wall. Norah Kate, barefooted and therefore indifferent, plashed gayly beside me. Boots and rousers are a curse! If we had any sense re should wear kilts, as our remote ancesors did, and protect the soles of our feet rith sandals.

The yard outside the house was incredbly filthy. The manure heap and the igsty had—if the expression can be used of hern-overflowed their banks. The thatch f the house was sodden and stained green a great patches. I expected to see worse esolation inside.

I was mistaken. Mrs. Cassidy met me at he door. She was bright-eyed and alert, he wore a clean apron. A bright turf fire urned on the hearth. There were sprigs f holly in the jugs on the shelves of the

resser. "You've had news of Sonny!" I said. "Well, now, you're a wonderful man, so ou are!" said Mrs. Cassidy. "How did you know that, when it's no more than an

hour ago that the letter came?"

"It wasn't hard to guess," I said. "A
merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Cassidy!"

"I was sitting by the side of the fire," she
said, "after himself and the two little
girleens had their breakfast ate, the same I see now that I oughtn't ever to have given in the way I did. Well, I was sitting by the fire and himself was out about the place, and the two girleens was playing them-selves, when all of a sudden Susy ran in on

me \_\_\_\_"
"It was me and not Susy!" said Norah

Kate.

"What matter the which of you it was?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "My own belief is it was the two of ye together—and says she: "The postman's coming up the lane.' 'He is not!' I said. 'He couldn't be, for the lane leads nowhere but to this house-and who'd be writing a letter to one of us?'

"That was what I said; but I knew well that the postman was coming—and I knew that it was a letter from Sonny he had for me. I knew it by the way my heart was beating so as I could hear the noise of it with my ears—till all of a sudden it stopped entirely and I had to take hold of the table with my two hands, so as I wouldn't fall. That's what made me know there was a letter from Sonny; but I wasn't fit to go to the door to get it—not if I'd been given the crown of the Queen of Spain I couldn't have moved. Norah Kate got the letter." "Me, and Susy along with me," said Norah Kate.

She is a fair-minded child. She objected to being deprived of her glory as the first bearer of the news; but she was jealous for her sister's honor too. Norah Kate and Susy together had taken the letter from the

postman.
"I seen by the stamp on it," said Mrs.
Cassidy, "that it was an American letter; and as soon as I seen that, the sight of my

eyes went from me and I seen no more. It was Norah Kate read the letter."

"I did," said Norah Kate.

"Norah Kate's a good scholar," said Mrs. Cassidy; "and well she may be, for we've kept her regular to school; but sure it's small credit to her to be able to read Sonny's letter, for he's a beautiful writer.

Would you like now, your reverence, that she'd read it for you?"

Mrs. Cassidy fumbled in the bosom of her dress and drew out a letter, already crumpled with much handling—already, I think, stained with tears of joy. I spared Norah Kate the task of reading it again.

Sonny's handwriting is really very legible. "'Dearest Father and Mother,' he wroto: 'This comes hoping to find you as well as it leaves me presently. Within is an order for twenty dollars. It's what I'd like to have sent before, only I hadn't I'd not be a long as I'd nothing nor I wouldn't write so long as I'd nothing to send; but I've fine earning now and I've made good, which is what they say out here. I'd like you'd get something for the Christmas, and a cake or the like of that for Norah Kate and Susy. And you needn't be afraid of spending it—for there's plenty more where this comes from."

"My father and Susy is gone into the town," said Norah Kate; "and there's a grand doll, with a pink dress on her, in Mary Finnegan's shop, and it's to be got for Susy

"What signifies the doll, or the money either?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "It's the letter I'm thinking of. Go on with it now, your reverence. I'd never be tired listening

to it."
"The place I'm in,' Sonny wrote, would strike you as mighty queer, not being like what you're accustomed to at home. How's father? And how's the polly cow? And, hoping that you're keeping your own health, "'Your loving Sonny.'"

"It was Sonny we called him," said Mrs. Cassidy; "but his name was Michael Antony.

"'P. S.,' I read. 'I didn't go near Aunt Matilda, for fear she might think I was wanting something from her, which is what I wouldn't take if she offered it to meafter the letter she wrote saying it would be better for me not to come out. But I'll take a run down to see her some day when I'm through with the job I'm at. I want noth-ing from her now—thanks be to God! But it might be some time before I get going, for







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"Sonny was always terrible stubborn and independent," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Since ever he was in his cradle he'd do what he thought fit and do it the way he chose him-self. He'd not be under a compliment to e'er

I next heard of Michael Antony Cassidy—whom his mother called Sonny—under circumstances that made the rain-swept, desolate Connaught land seem like a half-forgotten dream. I was in the smoking room of one of the great liners, crossing the Atlantic for the first time in my life, and Atlantic for the first time in my life, and full of curiosity about the land I was to visit. In one corner of the room was a group of men playing some card game I did not understand. At other tables sat more men, talking in a lazy, desultory way. There is no use talking rapidly on shipboard. Why shoot remarks at your neighbor when you have all day long with pathing to do expent

shoot remarks at your neighbor when you have all day long with nothing to do except hand them to him quietly?

All by themselves in the farthest corner of the room sat the only two men who seemed to be in earnest about what they were doing. They were playing chess. Their absorption in the game must have created a kind of atmosphere round them that their fellow voyagers found distasteful. They were isolated and several seats were vacant near them. I sat down beside them vacant near them. I sat down beside them, not because I care much for chess—it is a game that bores me—or because I wanted to be earnest; but because I like to have room to stretch my legs and to spread my

I suppose, however, that their atmos-phere influenced me when I breathed it. I watched the game without knowing caring much about it; but I observed the players with some interest. They were both young men. They both had eagerly intelligent faces. The fact that they were not drinking either beer or coffee convinced me that they were Americans. Chess-players of any other nation drink either beer or coffee while they play. Americans seldom drink anything except iced water or cocktails—and neither one nor other is a possible drink while playing chess.

I guessed they were university men— possibly professors; certainly athletes. Then I guessed again, making up my mind that they were business men, with ample leisure for golf. They were certainly accus-tomed to use their brains. They certainly lived a good deal in the open air.

The game came to an end before I guessed any more. One of the players knocked the ashes out of his pipe and declared that he was going to bed. The other disclaimed sleepiness and lit a cigar. We began to talk and—of all subjects in the world—hit on American politics.

New politics is not in my entirion a fet

Now politics is not, in my opinion, a fit subject for conversation anywhere. If you talk your own politics—the politics of your native land—you are sure to lose your temper or else the other man will lose his. If you talk the politics of another nation you yawn and finally go to sleep, because all foreign politics, being quite incomprehensible, are dull. American politics is to me the dullest of all, because I never get anywhere near understanding it. Nevertheless it was American politics my keeneyed chessplayer talked.

I listened and gained nothing from his denunciation of one party or the other. I forget now which it was that he denounced. At last I asked my question. I call it mine because I have asked it eighteen times of eighteen Americans and got eighteen different answers to it: "Why is there no labor party in America—no labor party that runs candidates in frank opposition to Republicans and Democrats alike, as the English labor party oursees both Consequentions lish labor party opposes both Conservatives and Liberals?"

This is, I think, an intelligent question. There are laborers in America—immense numbers of them. It seems odd that they should be satisfied with either of the oldestablished parties. My new friend pondered the answer for a minute. Then he gave me his answer—a clear-cut, logically complete answer, which did not satisfy me

in the least.

"America," he said, "is a land of free opportunities for all. Any man, no matter how he starts, may become rich."

"Lots of men do," I said. "Look at—and—." I named two worthy millionand do be on hoard our

aires who happened to be on board our

"Well," said my friend, "if a man thinks he's going to be rich-and every laborer in

America thinks that-he's not going to help the other laborers to combine against capital, is he?"
I suppose my face showed that I did not

regard this as a satisfactory explanation of the failure of American civilization to pro-duce a labor party. My friend went on to justify his general statement by quoting

pastify his general statement by quoting a particular case.

"I'm an engineer," he said, "and I'm in charge of a big job away out in what you'd call the wilds. That section isn't settled much—just a few farmers scattered about; and my crowd fixed up in a little wooden town the company built for them. There are a couple of thousand of them—and a pretty tough lot they are—Slavs mostly. pretty tough lot they are—Slavs mostly, with a sprinkling of Italians. Scum!" He spoke the last word with a venom that

surprised me in a citizen of the land of human equality—the land that fought to secure the negro his rights as a man and a brother.

"Some time ago," he went on, "we had trouble with them—not a strike; it doesn't come to that—just trouble over some agreement the company made the men sign.

ment the company made the men sign. I'm not saying it was quite a legal agreement, for it wasn't; but it was good enough and nobody lost by it. Well, the trouble wouldn't have amounted to much if it hadn't been for a big, husky Russian—a sulky devil of a man who started about knifing the company's officers, chiefly me.

"I knew what was going on, but I didn't see my way to stop it. I just slept with a gun handy and kept my eyes open during the day. I watched that Russian pretty close. You can't blame a Russian, of course, for wanting to knife people. Murder seems to be the only way of getting the necessary reforms in their country, and this fellow wasn't long out of it. All the same, I didn't want to be an innocent victim."

I think my engineer friend showed a nice spirit in making excuses for the Russian.

spirit in making excuses for the Russian.

"Well, one day the whole conspiracy just got bursted. There was a little Irishman— the only one we had in the whole crowd, for the Irish are a bit above that kind of work now. The Russian was making a speech one evening and the rest of the men were one evening and the rest of the men were cheering him. He was a big brute, well over six feet high. I was a football player when I was in college, but I don't mind owning that I should have thought twice before engaging in a scrap with that Russian.

"My little Irishman didn't think more than once. He walked right up to the Russian, and when he was standing in front of him he didn't mach up heaven.

of him he didn't reach up beyond where the top button of the Russian's waistcoat would have been if he'd had a waistcoat. 'Listen to me now, son!' said the Irishman: 'Just you can that talk about knives and killing. It's not wanted here.' The Russian kind of collapsed, and that was the end of our labor trouble."

"It's an interesting story," I said: "but I don't quite see what it has to do with the curious fact that there's no effective labor roots."

party in America."
"It's got this to do with it: Cassidy expects to be a capitalist some day—and he doesn't want any Russian coming round and knifing him when the time comes. See that?

I did not even try to see it. The matter had ceased, for the moment, to interest me. My attention was fixed on the Irishman's

name.
"Did you say Cassidy?" I asked.
"Yes. And if you look out you'll see
that name on the list of first-class passen-

that name on the list of first-class passengers on one of these boats pretty soon. He'll be down as having engaged a suite of rooms on B Deck."

"Was he by any chance called Michael Antony?" I asked.

"The men called him Mick," said my friend; "but, of course, that's common with all Irishmen. Now I come to think of it, I believe it was Michael Antony he wrote when he signed on as overseer. I wrote when he signed on as overseer. I made him overseer after he'd laid out the

"That," I said, "was probably last November."

"It was—sure. But how did you guess?" "I happened to hear another part of the same story from his mother," I said. "It was Sonny she called him, but his real name

was Sonny she caned him, do not read was Michael Antony."

"Sonny or Micky," said my friend, "the name will be worth having on the bottom of a check some day soon. That little Irishman will make good! He's got grit!"

Editor's Note-This is the first of two sketches by George A. Birmingham. The second will ap-pear in an early issue,

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## ON WITH THE DANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

whirred off with a potent suggestion of pleasure ahead, while every one inside was

chattering at once.

"Oh, I never left any word for Preston in case he gets home before I do!" Elinor gasped once, to be reassured easily by

"If he's playing chess with Kelmer he won't be out until the last train anyway. We'll be home before he is."

The ballroom, when they reached it, was brilliant with many-colored lights and bannered trophies round the walls; the floor

nered trophies round the walls; the floor was fine; the music caught you up and bore you away with it. In every corner, on the edge of the expertly whirling dancers, were couples dauntlessly practicing steps.

Elinor had no lack of partners to encourage her pretty, graceful efforts; her little feet were untiring. If they did seem to flag for a moment the thought of how much Preston was enjoying his old chess lent fresh zest to the dance. She felt a growing strain of something a little hard in her—a consciousness of that beginning of separate intersciousness of that beginning of separate interests when neither has any uniting sympathy with the elected pleasure of the other.

Rex Courtney, a very good-looking young man—at one time the bachelor par excel-lence of the little married circle and back now for a visit after a long absence—com-plimented Elinor openly, with the privilege

plimented Elinor openly, with the privilege of an old friend.

"You just look sweet in this blue gown to-night, Mrs. Chandor; you haven't grown a day older since I saw you last! Let's have another turn. You'll be a great little dancer if you keep on!"

She felt, as she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror, that she did look well. Yet, underneath all her gayety and that little feeling of defiance and resentment against Preston, she had a sensation of loneliness at Preston, she had a sensation of loneliness at Rex Courtney's words. She was used to the background of Preston's deeper interest; she wanted him to admire her.

She longed for an impossible story-book adventure, in which, by some romantic happening, he should have been lured over here on the clubhouse floor also, and they should meet in delighted astonishment. But there was no story-book adventure only the unpleasant one that when they left, much later than she wished, it was found that it had been snowing hard for some time.

The harrowing nature of that ride back blotted out all past enjoyment. The ma-chine clogged and stuck. The men, in dancing shoes and evening clothes under their long coats, worked to clear it, ankle-deep in snow; while the women inside shivered and lamented, Elinor a prey to

wild anxiety.

When Preston went into the sleeping, dimly lighted house and found her absent he would not know what on earth to make of it! He hated her to do things without letting him know explicitly; he had at all times a masculine feeling of responsibility for her welfare, and he would be furious if he found that she had been stuck in the snow during this storm under what he would, of course, consider incompetent direction.

Oh, dear! This marriage was a stupid, disabling sort of thing when it came to the pass that, if you could not have any real enjoyment in the companionship of your husband, you could not enjoy yourself without him either.

It was half past two when the limousine got across the track by the railroad station, its lights dimly showing through the whirl-ing snow. The last train had come in over an hour ago. A few minutes more and she was on her own steps, propelled by Donald's aid. He turned the key in the lock for her and helped her brush off the snow in the vestibule before running off.

The hous ight turned down low in the hall. Preston's 1at and coat were not there. Was it possiole he had not come in yet? She went ipstairs with a beating heart, calling softly ven before she turned on the light.
"Preston! Preston! Are you here?"

There was no answer. He was not there, the looked for a written message from Ellen, in case he had telephoned earlier; out there was none. After two o'clock and e not home yet! Had he gone out to look or her? But, of course, that was absurd.

She threw off her wraps, took off her vershoes and stood there irresolute, listenng. Perhaps after all he had fallen asleep n the sofa in the drawing room. She ran down and switched on all the electric lights, gazing about her fearfully in their brilliance.

The trains had been running all right-Rex Courtney had said so. As she stood here in her ball gown listening, with an eerie sensation, the color suddenly flamed into her face with relief—there was his step now, scrunching and slipping on the walk outside; and then here he was before her in his big overcoat, his dark eyes smiling

down at her.

"Hello!" he said in what seemed pleased surprise. "This is nice; I thought you'd have been in bed long ago. How fine you

look! What's up?"

"I've been over to the dance at the Ridge Clubhouse with the Bannards and the rest, in the Iversons' limousine. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"No; of course not," he answered.
"What makes you so late?"
"Why, to tell the truth, the evening passed so quickly that when I looked at my watch the last train had gone; so I came out by the tube and the trolley. Wait here a moment while I take a look at the furnace."

Elinor could hear him shaking and rattling away at it before coming up again to drop on the sofa beside her, his long legs stretched out before him. He was evidently tired, yet there was something un-usually alert in his expression, a light in the eyes he fixed on her that seemed to come from some pleased thought which gave a new outlook on the world. His wife, sitting there with her white neck and shoulders rising out of the blue chiffon folds, her round bare arms lying negligently in her lap, and the gauzy spangled ornament trem-bling in her brown hair, felt for him, in her turn, that suddenly quickening sense of admiration that puts new life into the apparent monotony of marriage; she had not

seen him look so young for a long time.

"Did you win this evening?" she asked.

"Win what? Oh, we only played one game; it was a draw. Kelmer's cousin, Mrs. Anderson—I've met her before; she lives in an apartment near him—called him up about half pust nine and asked him to bring some of his records over for her pho-nograph; so I went round there with him. They had some kind of an impromptu party on, we found when we got there. And whom do you think I met? I never got such a surprise in all my life!" He paused for emphasis. "Minnie Trip!"

"Minnie Trip? I don't seem to remember her," said Elinor blankly.

"Oh you you do! She was a girl I ment

her," said Elinor biankly.

"Oh, yes, you do! She was a girl I went
to school with when we lived near Minneapolis. I've spoken to you about her a hun-dred times. It must be twenty-five years since we've seen each other—she's been do-ing settlement work in Chicago. Well, she's just as little and roly-poly and red-haired and jolly as ever, with just the same dimples, and snap in her eyes—hasn't changed an atom. I said: 'Well, Min, it's good to see you! Do you remember how you used to boss me round and make me carry your books?' And she said indeed she did, and a lot of trouble I gave her too! Once she threw a rock at me and hit me in the eye because I tried to pull her curls. Oh, she was a case, I can tell you! Well, we had a good talk over old times. We were off in a corner by ourselves."

"That must have been very pleasant," said Elinor vaguely. It is difficult for even the most devoted wife to show real interest in her husband's schoolgirl friends. "Did you stay there the rest of the evening?"

Mr. Chandor nodded.

"Yes. They had some pretty good music—a lot of catchy tunes, with plenty of spring to 'em. I took down the names of some. I told Mrs. Anderson when I first went in to count me out of the dancing. ang -er-and wen: A smile of deeply interested reminiscence overspread his face. "Will you believe it?

The first thing I knew, Min said:
"'Stand right up on the floor, Preston Chandor, and put your feet the way I show you.' And before I could tell where I was she had me going off down the room with her. It was a Hesitation something or other—I don't know what you call it. There wasn't any hesitation about her, though! Min said I got it the first clip—no trouble at all! She kept me at it too."

"Did you try it with any one else?"

asked Elinor in an even tone.

"Oh, I tried a few things with a couple of other women. There seemed to be a



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pretty nice set of fellows there; one of them belongs to the Ivonia Yacht Club. But they're all dance-mad, every one of them! I told them that, after trying it for the evening pretty thoroughly, it certainly didn't get me; I couldn't see anything in it at all!"

"Oh, Preston!" His wife's face, which had been grankling suddenly clouded over:

had been sparkling, suddenly clouded over;

her blue eyes became moist.
"Fact!" said Mr. Chandor. He pressed "Fact!" said Mr. Chandor. He pressed her hand tenderly; and, with the luminous expression still in his eyes, he rose and went over to the phonograph. "I'm dog-tired; but I was just wondering whether we haven't one of those records here. Hello! I thought so. That sounds all right, doesn't it? Want to try this a little with me before we go upstairs, dear? I may as well get the hang of that Maxixe—however you pronounce it—before I forget it. Wait untill push back the rug. Now!—— What on earth's making you laugh so?"

"Oh, Preston! You've got it at last!"

His face took on a reluctant, shamefaced grin as his arms, already round her, held her swaying form upright.

"Well, you certainly do look sweet tonight, Mrs. Chandor!" he said fondly.

The long-looked-for ball at the Watkins' The long-looked-for ball at the watkins home was in full progress. Everybody was, as usual, dancing differently to the same deliriously sweet strains; the long, loose-kneed Mr. Crandall and the elegant Mrs. Roberts seemed to be intermittently sinking to the floor, like Little Sally Waters; Donald Bannard, with little Miss Prankly waying lightly across one arm, cast off from swung lightly across one arm, cast off from his moorings and went with the tide; Pres-ton, linked to the solid yet aerial Mrs. Bantry by a finger tip, pranced gracefully along toward her with the expression and mien of a toreador as she whirled ever and anon just ahead of him; while Elinor, under the capable direction of Mr. Brentwood, forged unwaveringly in a straight line down the room. Occasionally the eyes of the husband and wife met in swift and happy accord. Theirs was the next turn together—the best Theirs was the next turn together—the best of all. Oh, there was joy in it! "Greatest twosome ever invented," said

"Greatest twosome ever invented," said Mr. Iverson, wiping his forehead under his white hair as he paused by kind, motherly Mrs. Brentwood, who never performed, but loved to see her husband do so. "This dancing craze seems to get hold of us all—even me, who ought to know better at my age. What do you suppose is the reason?" Mrs. Brentwood smiled.

"Dear me!" she remarked with apparent irrelevance. "How I longed to dance thirty years ago! And I didn't dare to acknowledge it because I was married and supposed to be beyond such frivolity. You see, so many times we grow old because

see, so many times we grow old because we're expected to do so. This, Mr. Iverson,

is just the natural upspringing of that which never dies out in us while we are alive—and that's youth!"

#### Planning for 2914

THOUSAND-YEAR museum, designed A to preserve exhibits so nearly perfect that they will not have changed in appearance when shown to Americans in 2914, is a recent addition to the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Dust, light, insects and moisture are the constant light, insects and moisture are the constant enemies of museum exhibits; so special storage vaults have been built, which will keep all four under perfect control and in all probability preserve exhibits for one thousand years. The buildings are not ex-pected to last for anything like that length of time, but the system will do its work of preservation perfectly well until the time for new vaults comes along. Dust and light can new vaults comes along. Dust and light can be kept under control by constant atten-tion; so the real problems of ideal preservation are moisture and insects. The vaults have been built of concrete, with perfectly fitting air-tight metal doors, so that neither moisture nor insects can get in.

In the event, however, of insects getting in-when the vaults are visited, for instance-provision is made to kill them off by filling the vaults with some deadly gas

for a few hours occasionally.

Exhibits that are not very exciting now. but which will be genuine curiosities hundreds of years from now, are being storedsuch as Indian baskets, headdresses and weapons. Some of the buckskin articles may not last a thousand years, because the Indian tanners did not do sufficiently perfect work; but it is predicted that most of the relics will last that long in good shape.



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## *Barracks and Beggar*s

(Continued from Page 4)

An Italian puts it this way: "Knowing how Austria ruled this country, would you want her back here? Would you want France setting up one government at Naples and another at Milan?"

Well, decidedly you wouldn't. You'd muster the last peasant into the ranks and sell his last shirt for gunpowder before you would suffer it. You'd embrace "bank-ruptcy armed to the teeth" with both arms. And when you cross the border you find exactly the same attitude, only looking in a different direction.

The president of a flourishing French bank mentioned casually that his eldest son was about to begin two years' active service

in the army.
"Is it literally true," I asked, "that your son serves his two years exactly as a day-laborer's son does?"
"Exactly," he declared with emphasis.

"There is no escape from military service, and everybody serves exactly alike.

"But in the case of a man of means and influence," I persisted, "isn't there some way of getting his son off—hiring a substitute or something like that—or having him serve on easier conditions?"

"No, sir!" he declared with a touch of indignation. "Rich and poor, famous and unknown, they all serve exactly alike. If my son should evade his military service he would be disgraced. He couldn't belong to a decent club. He would be snubbed. Even if he were rejected on account of some physical defect it would be a humiliation to him. I served my time in the army, and I remember how nervous I was when I took the physical examination for fear they would find some flaw in me. If I had been rejected it would have been a lasting regret

"Two years out of the life of a youth just

"Two years out of the life of a youth just at college age must be something of a handicap," I suggested. "Can he continue his studies while serving?"

"No," said the banker. "They keep him pretty busy. He has little time for anything except his military duties. It makes him about two years late in entering professional or business life."

Remembering that a povice's military

Remembering that a novice's military duties consist largely in scrubbing up every-thing in sight, from the doorstep to the officers' boots, I ventured to ask: "And

you don't resent that? You don't wish it changed?"

"It is inevitable," the banker replied.
"Now the government has lengthened the term of active service to three years. I was in favor of that, and so, you will find, were a majority of Frenchmen. Look at what they are doing in Germany, with their new regiments and this extraordinary war tax. If they arm, we must arm. It is the price of our life. France could not endure another Sedan. Germany hates us as much as ever. To disarm would be to commit suicide.

France would become a mere pawn in a game played by the armed powers."

And—while in France—that looks rather convincing too. Only forty-three years ago the Prussians held Paris and exacted a war indemnity of a billion dollars.

#### Getting Acquainted in the Army

Nearly all Frenchmen talk the same way A great many of them, in fact, defend military service on its own account. The phys-ical training, they say, is very valuable, conducing materially to the nation's health and stamina. You can spot a man who has served in the army by his erect bearing, forward-looking eyes and firm step, they tell you. And if you go out to Versailles when they are breaking in recruits you will see that they do get good bodily exercise. But if your son, aged twenty, should announce that he proposed to devote the next two years of his life to physical exercise, you would probably yearn to engage in a few physical exercises yourself, with himself as the object thereof.

Military service is warmly defended also on social grounds. The head of a large French business, who has traveled in the

United States, observed:

'I can understand how the idea of having a son serve in the army would strike an American, for your army is wholly undemocratic, while our citizen armies are the most democratic institutions in the world. Everybody goes into them on an equal footing. One result is that we Frenchmen know one another in a way that you Americans

and the English never do. In New York you see a roustabout, a cab driver, a street cleaner, and you really don't know that man at all. You don't know his points of view; how he thinks about things; what his experiences have been. If you had served two years in the army with him you would know him and he would know you.
On the boulevards, not a great way from
here, you may see a shabby man selling
newspapers. I see him every now and then.
That man and I served side by side years
ago. I know him; he knows me."

The speaker was bearing with earthusi.

The speaker was beaming with enthusiasm by that time, and I acknowledged that to know one's fellow men is certainly a good thing. But I went away with some mental reservations. Thereafter I noticed particu-larly quite a number of shabby, middle-aged men who were selling papers on the boule-vards, and I wondered what particular advantage they might derive from "knowadvantage they might derive from "knowing" various well-placed, prosperous gentlemen like my acquaintance. I could easily
imagine the advantage to the prosperous
gentleman. Coming out of his office in
correct clothes and polished boots, and stepping into a cab that was going to take
him home to a good dinner, he might well
derive a distinct pleasure from recognizing
with an affable nod and smile his former with an affable nod and smile his former companion-in-arms. But as the former companion-in-arms shuffled off to his kennel to gnaw a crust, what particular advantage was there to him? And as to mutual understanding—after many years during which the one has been going in cabs to good dinners and the other gnawing crusts in a kennel—I was dubious about that also.

#### Military Service Popular in France

Finally military service is defended all over Europe on moral grounds. At least a dozen men, first and last, emphasized the point that it taught obedience to author-ity; or, as one of them more accurately put it, "It teaches people that some must com-mand and some must obey." Probably mand and some must obey." Probably that is a grand lesson—and immensely important from the point of view of those who are so fortunately situated that in the na-ture of the case they will be doing the commanding rather than the obeying. I haven't the least doubt that this aspect of the case powerfully commends universal military service to the well-placed and well-to-do. That universal military service gives employers a great leverage upon some classes of labor was well illustrated in France when the government crushed a railroad strike summoning the strikers to serve as

From whatever motives, nearly everybody seems in favor of the military sys-tem—when it comes to a real test. At the last French elections, in April, the former premier, who was responsible for lengthening the term of active military service from two years to three, was returned to the Chamber by an overwhelming majority and the whole program of increased taxation was indorsed.

Taxes are not trifling now. On army and navy France spends nearly three hundred million dollars a year, while interest on the colossal public debt—mainly a heritage of wars waged in the last hundred years—con-sumes two hundred and fifty million dollars more. In other words, with forty per cent of our population and about that proportion of our wealth, France has to spend more than half a billion dollars a year before she gets round to any really useful

objects of expenditure.

But nobody except the Socialists really objects. They say France must keep more than six hundred thousand men under arms at all times and maintain a fleet of thirty battleships and thirty-two cruisers in order to preserve her national existence; that to disarm would be to commit suicide. Just as Italy points to Austria and France as a compelling reason for bankrupting herself with armaments, so France points to Germany.

"If you want to know how the French people feel about it," a Parisian observed, "just stroll over to the Place de la Concorde and glance at the statue of Strassburg.

Of course I had glanced at it. Round the splendid square are eight great statues in honor of important French cities. The Strassburg statue is half buried under garlands and mourning streamers, and has been ever since Prussia took the city away from



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"But why not stroll a little farther," I objected, "and glance at the Arc de Tri-omphe or the Vendôme Column, by which Napoleon commemorated the pleasant fact that he had licked the Prussians out of their boots? Where are you going to stop?"
You find, in fact, that all this arming of

nation against nation has its virile root in the hatreds begotten of past wars. France thirsts to avenge her defeat at the hands of the Prussians two score years ago. Just as reasonably Prussia, then, might have been thirsting to avenge her equally crushing de-feat at the hands of the French three score years earlier. Italy must keep armed to the teeth lest Austria avenge her defeats of the

teeth lest Austria avenge her defents of the middle of the nineteenth century; and if you go back a little way Austria owes a thrashing to every nation in Europe.

In Berlin I was bidden to trot back to Paris and take another look at that Strassburg statue. Germans point to its perennial heap of garlands as proof of France's hatred for the Fatherland.

"Turn to the map and see our position," said a Berliner. "There is France on one side, Austria and Russia on another, and England across a hand's breadth of salt water which her ships command—and all of them lemon-color with hatred of Ger-

water which her ships command—and all
of them lemon-color with hatred of Germany. Do you think for an instant that we
could disarm or dishand a single regiment?"
So I found it everywhere—always not
only a convincing but an absolutely invincible reason for mustering in the last
man and spending the last dollar. Comparatively few Americans I am estisfied undertively few Americans, I am satisfied, understand the feeling over there. To most of us their furious competition in armaments, adding regiment to regiment and piling tax on tax until peace has become far more costly than war formerly was, seems ridic-ulous or a bit insane. We are apt to think of it as something hatched in chancelleries

of it as something hatched in chancelleries and imposed upon reluctant people. But there is no doubt that a great part of the people themselves are in favor of it.

The only important opposition anywhere comes from the Socialists, and I doubt whether Socialist opposition goes much below the surface. For example, Germany last year had eight hundred thousand men under arms and a fleet second only to that of England, with forty-one battleships of England, with forty-one battleships afloat or building and fifty-two cruisers, and was spending on army and navy about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The emperor then proposed to increase the peace footing of the army by a hundred and thirty-six thousand men, and to raise a

special military contribution of two hundred and forty million dollars.

Now anti-militarism is a cardinal tenet in the Socialist creed. The party has one hundred and ten members in the Reichstag out of a total of three hundred and ninetyseven members. Its members had always voted against taxes for military purposes, But on this proposal, which one of the Socialist members described as "the most monstrous military hill that a government ever dared offer a country," they voted unanimously for the government.

#### The Zabern Incident

To be sure, they insisted that the proposal to increase the army and the proposal to raise a huge fund to pay for that increase and for other military purposes be put in separate bills. Excepting themselves, everybody was in favor of increasing the army, so that bill passed without their vote. Then they voted unanimously for the second bill, which made the first effective.

which made the first effective.

It is also true that they got the second bill so drafted that the huge special contribution would fall mostly—in theory at least—upon the rich and well-to-do. Their argument was that the increase in the army and the special levy were bound to pass anyway, so the best practical thing they could do was to throw the financial burden on the bourgeoisie.

But there was probably another and many

But there was probably another and more compelling reason. The Socialists poll some four million votes, but the outright memfish party number less than a million.

voting strength comes from not members of the party ticket out of sympathy for jects and because it is the position party in Germany, ons of sympathizers - the limio whose sympathies nobody are often small tradesmen, pro-al men, clerks and the like. There is probability that the Socialists voted the Kniser's proposal in deference to the entiments of these sympathizers. In fine,

when it comes to a real test no part Germany stands unflinchingly aga militarism; and the action of the Socia on last summer's military bills is as goo indication of public opinion among the fortunate mass of the people as anyt I know of.

A few months later Germany was m A few months later Germany was a agitated—for a fortnight—over the Zaincident. Military officers stationed in town of the conquered French provsuperseded civil authority and behaved very high-handed, not to say outrage manner toward some civilians. There manner toward some civilians. There a good deal of angry talk in the newspa about military despotism and saber. The Reichstag, by a decisive majo passed a vote of censure on the impehancellor, which in England or Fraudd have brought an immediate dow of the minister. of the ministry. English and American newspapers sa

discussed forthcoming changes of a por tous nature in the German constitu

with the emperor reduced to a mere s
leader, like the British king.

But the emperor simply shrugged
shoulders. When I was in Berlin suffitime had elapsed for a sober second thou
and every well-informed man with whtalked assured me that as a net result o
Zabern incident the government—w
means the Kuiger—was stronger than. Zabern incident the government—w means the Kaiser—was stronger than a And a little later, when Russia ado measures that will work out an increa-her peace strength by four hundred t sand men, the Kaiser could have had thing he wanted—that is, in the conting that there is anything he wants in the j ical way which he doesn't have now.

#### The German Income Tax

Those Russian proposals sent a through Germany which was percep even to a foreigner. Men talked of not the way we talk of it here as somet not the way we talk of it here as somet very remote and conjectural, but as a t of deadly imminence. Americans this war about twice in a decade, and then no very keen interest. In Europe think of it all the time. It is so much it air that Americans need live in any F pean country only a short time to get systems thoroughly impregnated wit I talked with a good many Americans who have resided in Europe for some than found them, to a man, as much

and found them, to a man, as much mitted to the militarist program as natives are—and always from the poi view of the country in which they are d ciled. The American living in London the vital necessity to England of main ing as many warships as any other nations. Otherwise France and Russ Germany and Italy might shut off her supplies, starve her into submission month, and walk off with all her colc The American in Paris sees that a disar France would immediately sink to insi France would immediately sink to insi-cance among the nations, with a ro-Europe about like that of Venezuel America. In Rome he sees that Au-would reimpose her detestable rule the country, or Austria and France u-divide it up, if Italy relaxed her mil-preparedness. In Berlin he sees Russia; ing a horde of Cossacks across the tier, unless the Kaiser has a very v-welcome prepared for them, or En-gobbling up German East Africa. For each particular country there

gobbling up German East Africa.

For each particular country there cogent reason why it must not let up i competition of regiments and dreadnou. The people of that country believe i vote for it and pay for it. Probably is no better test of a man's belief in a than the cheerfulness with which he pay for it, and in that respect the Ka extraordinary military contribution broomt some interesting evidence.

Taxes in Germany were already he The Prussian income tax, for example gins with what would be considered a laborer's income in this country, with

aborer's income in this country, wit increased percentage as the income If a man's income is fifteen hundred lars a year his state tax on it is the same that a married man dollars eight thousand dollars a year would under our new Federal income-tax With an income of twenty-five hur dollars the Prussian pays seventy-five lars a year to the state. But the cities derive a substantial part of their rev from income tax, by levying a certain cent of the state tax. This city levy amo on the average to about one hundred cent of the state levy, so a Prussian in-

(Continued on Page 65)



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of twenty-five hundred dollars would pay a total income tax of about one hundred and fifty dollars.

Now the special military contribution in-cluded, not only a tax on principal, but a supertax on incomes above twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. Calculating on income-tax returns and other data, the government estimated that the total contribution would reach two hundred and forty million dollars, and in order to induce patriotic citizens to disclose their full incomes the government announced that if any citizen's return for the extraordinary contribu-tion showed a larger income than he had been reporting for the normal income tax the discrepancy would be forgiven him; the government would neither prosecute him for having failed to disclose his full income nor attempt to collect arrears.

The result was that the first installment of the extraordinary contribution, which was expected to yield only a third of the total, yielded nearly two-thirds as much as the government had calculated upon getting from all three installments. It is true that immunity was offered for tax-dodging sins of the past, yet the citizen who disclosed a larger income than he had been paying taxes upon certainly knew that he would be obliged in the future to pay the regular tax on the full income, so it stands as an example of the German's willingness to foot the military bill.

The German business man speaks of his war taxes as insurance—that is, he regards the tax receipt as a policy of insurance that for another twelve months no British cruiser will shoot the roof off his warehouse.

As in every country where military service is universal and compulsory, its physi-cal benefits are much extolled.

But the death rate in Germany, France and Italy, where military service is universal, is considerably higher than in England, Wales, Scotland and the registration area of the United States, where, comparatively

speaking, there is no military service.

The alleged physical benefits, however, are one of the mainstays of the militarist system. This spring a large and distin-guished delegation waited upon the prime minister of England to urge the adoption in that country of compulsory military service on the Continental plan. Here are some of the arguments presented, as reported in the London Times:

#### Militarism In England

A manufacturer: "As the senior working partner in a firm employing over nine thou-sand men and boys, he believed that univer-sal military training would not disorganize business, though it would of course entail reorganization. Any inconvenience during the period of reorganization would not last more than one or two years and would be amply and permanently compensated for by

the improved physical condition and general well-being of the employees."

Sir James Crichton-Browne: "National service is now absolutely necessary to com-plete our educational system and to insure the freedom of the next generation from many crippling blemishes and defects. Military drill and discipline during adolescence would enlarge the mental caliber of the nation."

The Dean of Durham: "While visiting America he had heard again and again that the young Englishman was conspicuous among immigrants for his helplessness be-fore the novel and bewildering conditions of American life. He could not but connect that fact with the significant circumstance that of all Europeans entering America probably the young Englishman was the only one who had never passed through sys-tematic military training."

It is not difficult to read between the

lines here. Military service is necessary because of the physical benefits which will flow from it; also as a powerful deterrent to various social aberrations, such as strikes and unearned-increment taxes, which are naturally distressing to elderly gentlemen in possession of pleasant jobs and comfortable

This English case illuminates the whole subject. A few days after the delegation waited upon the prime minister the government's supplementary naval estimates were presented to the House of Commons. They brought the navy bill for the year up to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The bill has been rapidly increasing year by year. Great Britain now has seventy-two battleships and one hundred and thirty-two

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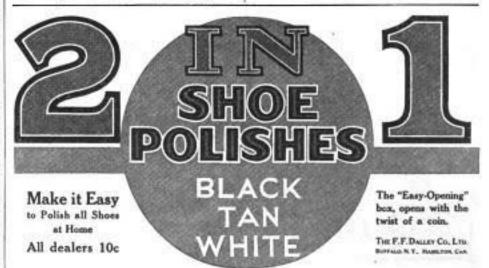
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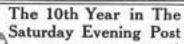
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cruisers affoat or building, a fleet superior to those of any other two European powers. That has been the safety mark for Eng-land—a fleet equal to any other two. But of late distinguished military men, headed by Lord Roberts, have discovered that this great fleet is little better than a broken reed to lean upon unless it is complemented by a large, well-drilled standing army. Otherwise, what would happen? Why, in case of a war with Germany the fleet might sink the Kaiser's dreadnoughts, but there England's military power would stop. She would be in the humiliating position of a dog that has treed a cat and can only sit

at the foot of the tree and bark.

So everywhere the military argument proceeds in a circle, or rather in an ascending spiral. The emperor calls upon Germany to increase the peace footing by a hundred and thirty thousand men and to raise an extraordinary war fund of two hundred and forty million dollars by a supreme effort, in order that the national existence of the Fatherland may be finally assured. Within a short time Russia brings forward plans to increase the peace footing by four hundred thousand men, involving an extraordinary expenditure of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars, France lengthens the term of active military service by half. So Germany's relative position is what it was before the supreme effort was made.

There was an unusual spectacle in Stock-holm last February. Over thirty thousand Swedish peasants from all parts of the Swedish peasants from all parts of the kingdom met at the outskirts of the city, marched through the streets to the royal palace and petitioned the king to increase the army. They were nearly all small farmers; some of them had traveled upward of seven hundred miles; they wore their best clothes and carried various emblems of their districts. They are the men who will do the actual fighting if there is war, and mostly foot the bill; yet this seems to have been a voluntary, spontaneous demonstration truly reflecting the wish ous demonstration truly reflecting the wish of the mass of the people.

#### The Ever - Ascending Spiral

And it is very easy to understand that wish. The demonstration was inspired by news that Russia had been massing troops in Finland almost within gunshot of the Swedish border. Within a few years these Swedish peasants have seen the savage and bloody rule of the Czar extended like a plague over Finland, blotting out every par-ticle of political liberty. If I were a Swedish peasant in like circumstances I should at least send the hired man to the colors.

So in any particular country you can find a convincing reason for that country's find a convincing reason for that country's militarism. A great majority of the people of Europe, looking at it from their own particular national angle, do see convincing reasons for it. Broadly speaking, it is only when you look at the whole thing across the Atlantic that you see its colossal folly. For the motives upon which militarism rests are no longer valid. Time and progress have made them as hollow as a wormrests are no longer valid. Time and prog-ress have made them as hollow as a worm-eaten nut, as bogus as a china egg. No enlightened nation any longer can gain any-thing by conquering another nation. It is demonstrable that war among civilized nations is an enterprise in which every participant is bound to lose. There is no territory in the world whose conquest by an enlightened nation would repay the cost; because among enlightened nations every country belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Imagine that Germany had conquered Canada. What could she do with it? There would be no confiscation of private property. All the resources of the Domin-ion would still belong to the inhabitants,

just as at present.
Russia, having a barbarous government, might gain something by conquest, but no enlightened nation can. The enlightened nations recognize this by implication, because they one and all avow that their armaments are solely for purposes of national defense and not for aggression. In fine, Jones, who abhors fires, pays a third of his income to insure that Robinson will not burn down his barn, while Robinson, who wouldn's touch a match to the ird of his income to insure that hurn down his

me about two year to support atively employed. ses an upward spiral.



THE strength of various types of spark plugs and likewise their weakness cannot be described in detail within this space, but for the careful motorists. those who demand the best in every detail of their cars, we have prepared

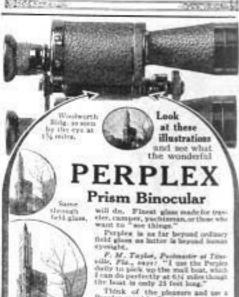
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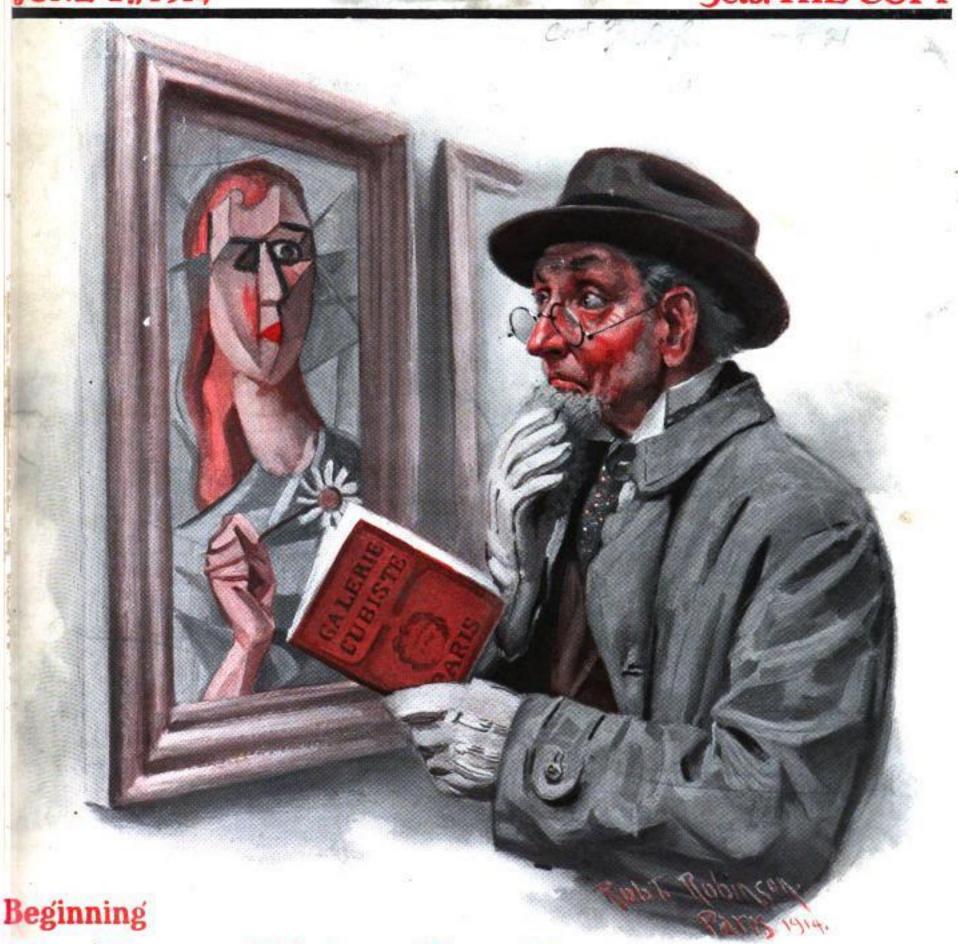
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# THE SATUEDAY EVENIG FOST

An Illustrated Weekly Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 27, 1914

5cts. THE COPY



The Gay and Festive Claverhouse-By Anne Warner



"DAT CREAM OF WHEAT DONE SHORE MAKE HIM GROW, MISSY,"

Pointed by Edw. V. Brever for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Number 52

# The Gay and Festive Claverhouse—An Extravaganza

LAVERHOUSE was just as wicked, and extravagant, and unprincipled, and good-looking, and altogether delightful as he could be. Everybody execrated and blackguarded and loved him. He was a sort of reprehensible but genial cyclone let loose in good society. He was all things that he shouldn't have been—at once the joy and the curse of his intimates. Rich, handsome, two doors from a title and unmarried. Black-haired, gray-eyed, large and a linguist. Idle, worthless and a popular parti. There you have our hero en silhouette, as the world in general knew him. As he knew himself was another matter. Very possibly very much another matter. Scientists have not yet settled whether a man be more responsible for being than for having; more culpable as to stealing than ss to curly hair; more praiseworthy as to poetry than as to princely blood.

It happened-just accidentally fell out - that Claverhouse, the Honorable Ernest Claverhouse, to give him his full title, was born with no sense of responsibility toward anything or anybody. There lay the key to all his character. He never was able to comprehend a social ≠andard that included the rights R pleasure of any other than simself. Nothing in him made ilm try to attain to the possesion of such a comprehension, or it never struck him as in the east needful. Successive nurses, overnesses, tutors and teachers sbored hard to instil the missng quality, but they never suceeded in the least. Neither the sot idea nor the soil necessary its growth existed. Their harge grew up just as he had st out, and lived for himself one, a creature as free from I moral pullbacks as any wren elephant that was ever alive. At thirty he had a goodly

treer behind him and was still lite calm as to slashing along thlessly. Then one fine day he fell ill, and was very ill. Fancy then if you can the elings of the famous specialist who attended him, when that same pompous and inderous practitioner decided that the only course open to him was to tell the goodmpered — I said, did I not, that he was riotously good-tempered?—young reprobate at he must die!

They were in the luxurious quarters occupied by the young man, and the young man mself was sitting up in bed, ghastly white, and with horrid sharp lines round his eyes d mouth. The room was well done in mahogany and yellow, and the specialist matched e room to a nicety. He sat on a chair and the nurse stood at the other side of the bed. mrad, Claverhouse's cosmopolitan valet, waited in the dressing room beyond, and it is three o'clock in the afternoon of a late August day. The doctor was very quiet

By Anne Warner ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD GARANEE LIVERDARE

"I Might Just Suggest, Miss, the Sending Out of a Cup of Tea to Poor Mrs. Watson"

and made the hard statement both kindly and carefully. He watched the effect with great

Claverhouse didn't say anything at first, turning his hands up and scrutinizing the palms meticulously, and then arranging his sheet very neatly and precisely in one long, even fold across the bed.

"We all have to face many hard facts in life," the doctor

Claverhouse examined the euffs of his pajamas and straightened the underarm seam of each

"Life is full of hard facts," went on the sitter at the bedside.

The invalid tipped his head round and looked at him. "You don't mean it really?" he said with great interest. "How did you ever find that out?"

The doctor did not color, but the outer end of one of his eyebrows just twitched a bit, for really he wanted to feel sympathy for an earl's nephew.

"And how soon may I expect my happy release?" the patient continued, evidently feeling that the burden of keeping up the conversation was now passed

The doctor bit his lip.

"You don't expect me to be absolutely careless as to such a trifling detail of my future, do you?" the young man went on. "It will be convenient for me to make a few plans. I usually go to Scotland for the shooting; but if I'm going to die first of course I'll give up going."

As this was latter August the famous specialist felt quite sure as to the shooting, but he felt equally sure that the man sitting up in bed would not be on his feet to shoot.

"As to plans, if you take the greatest of care, the greatest of care, observe," he said with precision of word and emphasis, "I can promise you"-he paused and considered-"perhaps six months." It was in this way

that one of the greatest of modern medical men hoped possibly to frighten the gay and festive Claverhouse into a few stray bits of prudence. He looked away as he spoke, but having spoken he returned his eyes to the field of war, and was more than a little depressed to note that the doomed man was looking for his cigarette case. Abstinence from cigarettes was one of the chiefest of the modes of prudence enjoined.

"Have one?" asked Claverhouse, swooping toward the case, which rested on a table by his side. The swoop was also a part of the forbidden, and the medical man was subjected to further mental anguish in being forced to witness it.

"No, thanks," he responded briefly.

Claverhouse lit a cigarette and leaned back, puffing gently. "Six months, eh?" murmured, as if striving to impress the fact on his memory. "Six months, and

August-September, October, and so forth, clear through to spring. If I take care?"
"That's where it is, you see."

"Hm!"

There was a silence. The nurse walked into the next room and returned with a vase of trailing vines which she placed on a cabinet in the corner. The cabinet looked

Chippendale and was a cooler holding iced wines.
"Perhaps you'll have a drink?" the ill man asked suddenly. The doctor started slightly and shook his head.

"Now I put it to you ---- " posed Claverhouse, reaching for his monocle and applying it with great precision. "Now I put it to you, supposing I don't take care, eh?"

The doctor was quite prepared for that, considering as he did that such would be the likeliest course of both patient and malady.

"Any day," he said gravely. "Any day."

"Any day?" "Any day."

"And what," asked the man in bed, carefully folding his arms and grinning pleasantly, "what might you call taking care now?

This had all been explained, not once but several times; yet the doctor was patient. "Abstention from stimulants and excitement of all kinds," he repeated slowly.

Claverhouse nodded. "I quite understand. I quite understand." He dropped his chin and considered. Then he threw up his head, took the cigarette from between his lips, pitched the ash off upon the rug and smiled. "And so, if that's all, I think I needn't trouble you further. I mean, you know, you can go.'

The famous specialist was totally unprepared for that; even though he did suppose that he, in common with all the rest of their little world, did know the man before him. But professional dignity is in itself a science, and his was well-grounded. He arose at once and his face expressed

"Shall I make a report to his lordship?" he asked. They both knew that he would have to so report, but he asked as

a matter of departing courtesy.
"What for?" snapped Claverhouse.

"It—it is customary."
"I don't come next," snarled the patient, replacing his cigarette between his lips and grabbing up the morning papers. "Report to Vivian Beck, if you feel so inclined."
"Do you desire that I make a report to any one else?"

"I don't care what you do from now on," concluded Claverhouse, turning his back and opening a paper. "Suit yourself."

It may have been surmised that those about the Honorable Ernest must often have writhed in the effort to control their tempers.

The gentleman now leaving the room did not exactly writhe, but he had great difficulty in speaking quite calmly when he came to the door.

"I trust," he said, pausing there, "that you will make every effort toward a temperate -

And then he was startled indeed. For Claverhouse, slamming over in bed, his eyes flashing, cried:
"Get out! Get out! Don't bore me any more!"

And then, flinging his arms across his eyes, he lay quite still and silent, while the doctor, offended mortally, stalked out.

WHEN he was gone and all doors had closed behind him, the man on the bed uncovered his eyes and said to the flushed nurse who stood now by the window, having returned from administering to the specialist such stray bits of attentiveness as she felt survive within her after the last scene: "You leave the room, too, at once."

She went out again at that and Claverhouse called loudly for his valet, who came directly and stood by the bedside, smiling cheerfully.

"Conrad, you're the one joy of my existence."
"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"You heard all that old idiot said?"

"Yes, sir."

"All that tommyrot about my having to die?"

"Yes, sir." Claverhouse lifted up his eyes-lovely Scotch-Irish eyes they were, with long lashes striping their dangerous attractiveness-and gave a glance full of meaning into those other eyes meeting his, those good brown eyes of slavish and

"Conrad, my lad, we've no secrets from each other. I don't know whether I'm going to die or not; but so far as actually dying by itself is concerned, I don't give a damn. I've lived in lots of countries and I don't mind trying a new one any time. But"-he stopped, and then went on impressively-"there's one little matter that I want to set straight before I go, if I really must go, and that's a bit of work that will require a deal of planning. You'll have to help me; and the only way that you can help me is to do just what I've to do myself-launch out into the deep water and then go it blind and follow your own inclinations. I've been thinking for some time that something must be done, and since that old fool began talking I've been arranging what to do. You know me well, and you know



Would be His Successor

the thought and care which I give to each detail of my life. I've given the same thought and care to this matter. I know just what I mean to do. I'd tell you the whole of it if I thought it would do any good; but it wouldn't. All that you need to know you'll know in good time, depend upon it. As for the rest, just remember that if I should let you into the whole secret you'd be bound to hash the game; and the game in this case is one that can't be hashed. It's one that at all odds must be put through successfully. Do you understand?"

The valet looked anything but understanding; but, as that was the look which his master liked to see him wearing and which he accordingly wore the most of the time, it really didn't count for much.

"I'll do my best, sir," he pledged himself cheerfully;

and Claverhouse was satisfied.

"I'll warrant that you will," he said, reaching for another of the forbidden cigarettes. "And now first of all I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to go and try to get hold of Captain Beck. I must see him as soon as I can. Do you think you can find him this afternoon and get him here?"

"I'll try very hard, sir."

"Good! And if you succeed, if he comes here, while he's here you'll take a taxi to Portland Place, to Wythe House. I'll have a note ready for Miss Wythe. I'll hand it to you when you show Beck in. If she's at home—and she will be, for we're all up in town for the same reason: to see whether I'm to live or die, you know-you'll give her the note, and she'll read it; and then I'm fairly certain that she and her maid will return here with you. You'll show them up. It's all part of my plan, and as I've always been a lucky dog I think that I can work the whole game through to a finish.

Conrad went.

Then the nurse came back into the room.

"I shan't need you for the rest of the afternoon," Claverhouse said in an incisive tone; "and I think that really I shall not need you at all any more. My man is much more useful to me. You can pack up and I'll write you a check for whatever I owe you. Fetch me my checkbook!"

The nurse, open-eyed and open-mouthed, shivered and obeyed. She was too glad to get away to cavil at being dismissed, however, as her main duty had been playing cards from midnight on when her patient couldn't sleep.

When the check was written Claverhouse smiled and looked about the room in an extremely pleasant manner.

"Now let me see if there's anything I want before you go! The doctor said that I must not drink; so put the whisky and soda by me. And-ah, yes-my portfolio. I think that's all. Good-by!"

The nurse said good-by and went out. Of course the remained in the hall until she saw the valet returning but Claverhouse did not know it.

He wrote his note; and then he smoked and read, well pleased with himself.

"I don't wonder that Madeleine worships me," he reflected, as he poured out a stiff drink. "I'm such a change from the ordinary mortal. But she mustn't low me any more."

He finished the drink and poured out a second. "No, no; she mustn't love me any more." He finished the second and poured out a third.

"Curious creatures, girls," he observed, as he unfolded another newspaper. "But then I'm curious too. The thing is to -

He ceased to think, becoming interested in his reading just there. III

WHEN Conrad returned to say Captain Beck was coming immediately Claverhouse flung down his paper and looked really very well pleased.

"And here's the note," he said, shying it across the bed

"All written and ready and waiting, you see."

Conrad picked it up and asked if there was not some thing he could do for his master in preparation for the

captain's visit. "Oh, I don't know," said Claverhouse, reaching for the eternal cigarette. "Twist the chair round a bit perhapsthere, like that. I fancy there's nothing else. And now, as soon as he's here go on with that note at once. Don't lose any time, for there won't be any time to lose." And then laughing in a good-looking, easy-going, riotous way that was all his own, he added: "I ought to have been a writer for the stage. I calculate my exits and entrances so prettily. 'Beck, left bedside front. Conrad, exit rear door right.' But I'll tell you one thing you can do before running along; and that is you might-I don't ask it, but you might-just fetch another bottle of whisky and a fresh

awful thirst." Conrad looked a little bothered, but only a little, and fetched the whisky.

siphon, for the doctor's prohibition has given me a most

"And do not ever forget or let me forget that I am to give up smoking," Claverhouse added, reaching for the matches now. "And, therefore, while you're out buy another dozen boxes of cigarettes."

Conrad bowed; and just at that instant Vivian Beck rapped at the door. The valet hastened to open to him. Then the cousin, who stood between Claverhouse and the gray-haired and tottering title of their uncle, the earl, stood also between him and his sitting-room door-atal. handsome, indignant and protesting image; for Vivian Beck bitterly hated the man who would be his successor if he himself never had a son; hated him with all the intensity which may be postulated for a decent man who sees in a thorough-paced good-for-nothing the rival beloved of the girl whom he desires to marry. Vivian Beck loathed and despised his cousin as much as he hated him. He regarded him as unworthy the company of gentlemen. He new met him when he could avoid it; but he had come to-day. because the message had run that Claverhouse must de and that he desired to see him.

He stood now halfway between the bed and the dear. more than a little startled at the cigarette and the siphes. the smile and the gesture.

"You don't look as though you were dying," Vivian Beck's face said for him; and Claverhouse, understanding perfectly, replied aloud with: "Too bad, isn't it?"

Captain Beck frowned and advanced a little.

"No, I won't shake hands," said Claverhouse, with a tig of his head forward; "for I abominate you worse that poison and know that you reciprocate. But sit!" He pointed to the conveniently placed chair and tossed cigarette-case to that side of the bed.

"I didn't fancy coming," said Beck, standing wo straight and looking extremely forbidding: "but your se put it up to me rather strongly. Said you were IL == repeated the doctor's opinion and all that."

You may as well sit down," Clavernouse ins leaning back and arranging the sheet fold with his acco tomed precision. "I won't kill you, you know," he woon, lifting his brows whimsically. "Nor yet attack you I prefer not to shake hands with you; but still I have \*\* for you to do you a kindness. Won't you really sit down You can go, Conrad."

Conrad left the room.

"I'll stand, if you don't mind," said Beck, folding

arms. "I prefer standing."

"As you please," Claverhouse acceded. "Perhapought to stand, too, for I'm not overfond of you. 25 i already implied. But I can't stand unfortunately too beastly ill. So we'll meet on a half-and-half has Which reminds me: won't you have a whisky and sola

"No, thanks," declined the captain. "But go on now. What do you want with me? You're seedy and have sent, and I want to know why."

Claverhouse, who never under any circumstances put himself out for any one, and whose main joy lay in the ingenuity with which he could torment, now poured himself out a glass of Scotch, diluted it from the siphon and drank it deliberately.

"Curious that she wouldn't have you," he said as he set the glass down; "isn't it now? Especially when you and I both know whom she would have and why she can't have him." Then he looked earnestly into his empty glass.

The blood mounted to Beck's face until his blond hair and mustaches appeared white against its crimson. The veins swelled high in his temples and the cords stood out in his neck. He was obviously furious. And his cousin was looking at him and noting every sign of his emotion.

looking at him and noting every sign of his emotion.

"I'd like to love like that," Claverhouse commented slowly: "but I never could. It isn't in me. I never felt anything take possession of me yet. I've never met anybody or anything that struck me as worth getting red about."

Beck said nothing, but bit his lip and slowly paled again. Claverhouse reached for his cigarette case.

A wax match flamed, and he filled his lungs with the ragrant smoke of the rolled tobacco. "And now, Vyvie," eaning back again and arranging the bedclothes about him arefully, "before I forget it let me ask you a question: Do you remember the old place, Yewstones, that old, old nanor of our respected ancestors? The house where we used to have the larks when we were boys? How long since you've been there?"

Captain Beck said nothing.

"Is it empty or rented or what?"
Captain Beck shook his head.

"I've a reason for wanting to know. I've a good reaon. I've been thinking of the house this whole afternoon.

ou surely remember those walls and the paneled rooms. We used drive the servants out of their eads, I recollect."

"Of course I remember the lace," the captain said then. It's closed years since, I fancy."

"Know nothing of its present ate?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing whatever?"

Beck moved to the chair and it down. The conversation comised to be prolonged.

"Yewstones is vacant," he reirned in an expressionless voice. It's been vacant for some time, believe that our uncle keeps a an and his wife in the lodge, to sen windows and build fires. I m't know that they do, however, id I know nothing else as to any

"You don't know whether it's bitable?"

"I said I knew nothing else, thing else whatever."

Claverhouse turned upon his llows.

"I'm going to give you a shock," said presently. "It will be etty difficult for you to bear it. s this: I've sent for Madeleine come here to see me. I have a tle scheme. It's quite a difficult atter, but I think it can be put rough. When she comes I want u to go in there and listen." pointed to the next room. 'hat's part of your work—to sit there."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," d Captain Beck indignantly. have no desire to play eavespper."

He sounded unpleasantly ighty and scornful.

Claverhouse poured himself out other peg. "You know you be pig-headed if you choose," said, stopping between swals to speak over the rim of his sa. "If I'd cut out drinking I smoking I could live long ugh to ruin all our lives. But k at me; I ruin no one. I am ng right on killing myself. It ildn't be playing the game for to live now."

Rot!" muttered Beck with

"Well, if you think so," said his cousin agreeably. "But don't speak in that tone again, for it goes near to making me angry. And if I fly into a rage I'm liable to drop dead. And if I drop dead, as things are now she'll worship me to the last day she lives. You know that as well as I do. Girls are like that."

Beck drew a very deep breath. "What do you want with her?" he asked sharply.

"I want to take her into my confidence," said Claverhouse, putting down his empty glass. "And I want to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm an upright and honorable man. The only way to make that clear is to let you hear Madeleine and me talk together. I give you the chance. You can take it or leave it. There's the room. Go in and listen; and maybe some time you will follow up the advantage it will give you by going in and winning.

"If you don't want to listen you can go out the other door at any minute. I'll never know how long you stayed. Suit yourself."

"Has Madeleine Wythe actually consented to come here to your rooms? or are you merely asking her to do so?" Vivian Beck demanded.

"She is coming with her maid and my valet."

"You're a blackguard, Claverhouse, to let her do such a thing."

"The leopard can't change his spots," returned the ill man calmly enough; "but we won't argue. I know what I'm about."

There was a short, pregnant silence; and then the captain suddenly rose and stalked through the door which Claverhouse had indicated.

"Better take some cigarettes with you," his cousin called after him; but the only response was a violently banged door.

Then Claverhouse shook the ash from his own cigarette and turned again to his newspapers. "That's one reason

why really decent fellows have such a hard time in this world," he observed cryptically to himself as he hunted for an article of interest: "they're made the way he is."

IV

A FEW minutes later Conrad returned from his second voyage of good or evil omen.

"Well?" queried his master, looking over the paper.

"Miss Wythe and the housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, are here, sir."

Claverhouse smiled joyously. "Good. Bring Miss Wythe in at once and give Mrs. Wilson a chair in the sitting room where she can look out of the window. . . . And Conrad ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep watch." Claverhouse indicated the inner room and raised his eyebrows. "Keep a good watch!"

"Yes, sir.'

"But don't ever tell me what you see, unless I expressly ask. Mind that."

"Yes, sir." Conrad had approached the bed. Now he spoke very low. "Perhaps he's gone already, sir."

"Perhaps, but I don't want to know it if he has. I want to play my part naturally; and to do that I mustn't know too much."

"Very good, sir," replied the valet.

"And now hand me a hairbrush."

Conrad obeyed. Claverhouse brushed his hair most carefully, and again arranged his bed-sheet in one long, beautifully even fold.

"Now you may fetch Miss Wythe, and stay within call." Conrad hastened to obey.

"Vivian," Claverhouse whispered to himself when alone, "you're a fool if you're not there. But it would be just like you to be a fool."

Then he fixed his eyes expectantly on the door, which presently opened to allow Madeleine Wythe, tall, slender,

lovely and thickly veiled, to be shown in by Conrad, who, having performed that service, instantly retreated and closed the door after him.

"Well," said Claverhouse, extending his hand, "so you're here. Welcome!"

She stood quite still, unwrapping herscarf. When it was all put back he saw that she was weeping.

"It was very good of you to come," he said then quickly in a casual tone. "Sit down!" And he pointed to the chair which Beck had occupied.

But she did not sit down, going to the foot of the bed instead and standing there, her elbows upon the crossbar, staring hard at him.

"Oh, Ernest," she said at last, "it can't be true what your letter said. It can't be that the doctor really knows. Persons do pull through, even with the most awful things."

"Sit down and we'll talk about it," said Claverhouse, speaking in a gentle, serious tone. "It's awfully good of you to come and you know how I appreciate it. Still, Madeleine dear, I'm afraid that all I wrote you is only too true. But . . . after all, what of that?"

The tears swiftly chased one another down the girl's cheeks.

"Ernest, Ernest --- ' She could say no more,

Claverhouse looked troubled.

"Be a good girl and listen," he said kindly. "I shouldn't have sent for you if it hadn't been most awfully necessary, you know that; but now that you're here we mustn't waste precious time. You love me, don't you, and want to please me?"

She nodded, sobbing. "But can't the doctors do something? Can't you go somewhere and be helped? Can't ——"

Claverhouse put his hand to his head. "Madeleine, I haven't much breath to talk and I never liked being interrupted. I've sent for you to speak to you very seriously. Will you stop crying and sit down in that chair and listen to me, or will you go away at once?

(Continued on Page 45)



"I Know a Girl Who Has Professed to be Madly in Love With Me For Ever and Ever So Long"

# THE GENTLEMANLY THING

MR. ALBERT EDWARD HARTSHORNE was not a gentleman exactly, either by birth or education; but somehow he always felt that Nature had designed him for that state of being—so perhaps it is not to

be wondered at that this instinctive sense came to have an important bearing on his life. Still, he was not at all puffed up about it. He gave himself no airs; he wore no side on account of it—that is, in the days before the great adventure.

It began—this splendid and signal experience—during the first fortnight in September, at Sheercliffe-on-Sea. Almost as a matter of course Mr. Hartshorne spent the fourteen days' holiday, so kindly granted to him every year by the Palatial Insurance Company, at that fashionable watering place on the southeastern coast of Britain.

It was rather expensive, for everything was on a grand scale at Sheercliffe-on-Sea, including its prices. It was "a guinea a minute," in fact, as Mr. Hartshorne always said; but he stinted himself in cigarettes and picture palaces for fifty rather drab and uninspired weeks in order that he might enter his kingdom for one fortnight in the year.

And it was worth it every time to Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne, as he had confided more than once to his admiring friend and colleague, Mr. Percy Burrows, whose democratic soul was satisfied with unlimited straight-cut and bird's-eye, and the female society of Mayrote.

society of Margate.

"Fact is, Bert," said Mr. Burrows, as he accompanied his friend in a taxi to Liverpool Street on the Saturday afternoon of Mr. Hartshorne's annual departure for Sheer-cliffe-on-Sea—"fact is, Bert, you are a born nut! It's something in you—it's something you can't account for; but, right enough, it's there! I should no more think of taking a taxi for Sheercliffe-on-Sea than I should think of setting out for the moon on a motor bicycle! But, as I say, it's something that's there!"

Mr. Hartshorne did not take a first-class return, though he hesitated about even that.

It was second-class this time; but, with a rise of half a crown a week in his salary, due on the first of the following May, he had hopes of being able to afford even that next year.

It was when he had settled himself, with his Gladstone bag, his lawn-tennis racket, and his favorite novelist in an excellent sevenpenny edition, on the cushions of his compartment, and had exhorted Mr. Burrows to be good while he was away, that Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne really began to live. As he moved out of the station a new aura enveloped his being. He inhabited a new heaven and a new earth.

After a very good tea at his boarding house—The Durdans, Rosebery Avenue—Mr. Hartshorne took his first constitutional that evening on the Marine Parade. In his new suit, so full of style and that indefinable quality called snap; in his well-polished brown shoes, each displaying two inches of light green sock; in his new straw hat, with the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, whose colors were the same as I Zingari, except that they were worn the other way up; and twirling a small cane with the abandon of one absolutely and completely happy—he was ready to welcome adventure with both hands.

This romantic feeling crystallized presently into an intense desire to speak to a girl. Mr. Hartshorne did not know a soul in Sheercliffe-on-Sea except his landlady, Mrs. Price, who had welcomed him as an old friend. And the longer he walked up and down the Marine Parade the more intense grew the craving for female society that had so suddenly descended on him.

There was one girl in particular who had caught his eye. She was the real thing—that was the point to which the subtle laws of Mr. Hartshorne's being invariably began directing him—in her very plain but well-cut blue serge coat and skirt, and her very neat straw hat; with her Atalanta-like carriage—as his favorite novelist would have said—and her head held so proudly, with its air of smiling disdain. Yes; that girl, whoever she might be, was clearly, unmistakably it.

That was the kind of girl you seldom saw in Leadenhall Street, E. C. Romance was in the very salt of the atmosphere of this wonderful place. She looked so nice that he felt be must—he really must—risk it! As she passed him the third time she met his eye. He raised his new hat with

# By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



A Pair of Glorious Gray

Eyes Went Literally Right Through Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne

its startling ribbon, a combination that in other glad and glorious fortnights at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had done remarkable things; he raised his hat with a studied grace of style and murmured:

"Nice evening-isn't it?"

And Mr. Hartshorne met with a rebuff. There was no doubt about it—a rebuff! A very firm and charmingly rounded chin came forward a little; a pair of really glorious gray eyes opened in a way that suggested a cobra unhooding itself, and they went literally right through Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne. Yes; it was a rebuff—not a doubt about that.

Mr. Hartshorne sat down on the first seat he came to in order to collect himself a little. He must really be more careful. Every fortnight, as it came round, seemed to find him a little more ambitious. There was a kind of demon in him that urged him to fly at higher and higher game.

Two years ago he would never have risked such a fall! He must not overdo it altogether; he must not lose entirely his sense of proportion. Why, that girl was a regular out-and-outer! Even the dash, the style, the address of an Albert Edward Hartshorne—even the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers might fail of impact on such unmistakable class.

Nay; it had been so undoubtedly. It had been one fair and square in the face. Still, after all, a man of his experience should have known better than that. This was his fifth year at Sheercliffe-on-Sea—and he had behaved as poor Percy Burrows might have done, or any other mere Margate amateur. By Jove, he must remember where he was!

However, the band suddenly struck up on the Marine Parade. The Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas, under the personal direction of Herr Stumer, the gifted chef d'orchestre, discoursed a really charming air from the latest musical comedy and Mr. Hartshorne at once began to feel good again. It would be easy to attach too much importance to the incident; and, after all, even a severe defeat at the beginning of a campaign does not necessarily mean an 1812.

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MONDAY morning was the beginning of the great adventure. The incident of the girl in the blue serge coat and skirt was a mere prelude to that immortal experience. And it began in the simplest way. Mr. Hartshorne had just had his morning dip and was feeling very good indeed. His hat was at its most dangerous angle; he was twirling his cane as Herr Stumer twirled the bow of his fiddle; he was ready to look the

whole world in the face and to bestow the glad eye on anything that wore a skirt—when he came straight on a dogfight.

In point of fact it was not a fight at all: but it was fraught with such consequences as to aspire to that dignity on the pages of Mr. Hartshorne's history. An officious sort of terrier was bullying a harmless little Pekingesereally doing it no hurt, but rolling it over in the sand and pretending to worry it, and so on. The little Pekingese was yelping a bit though it was not really being hurt at all; but the sight of beauty in distress was at any time enough to fire the chivalrous soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

"Get away, you brute!"

He promptly gave the terrier a cut with his cane and sent it off about its business. "Thank you so much!"

A very clear voice, with a slight note of fatigue in it, came to Mr. Hartshorne's ear. It was from within the precincts of a folding chair about five yards away, which Mr. Hartshorne in the stress of his gallant action

had not noticed.

The tone was so unmistakably a little bit extra that Mr. Hartshorne's first thought, before he had time to envisage the occupant of the folding chair, was that it must proceed from the divinity of Saturday evening, whom, since his rebuff, he had twice gazed on from afar—once at church, which he had attended in the hope of seeing her and had been rewarded accordingly, and once on the

pier, looking more of an out-and-outer that ever.

Mr. Hartshorne was disappointed, how-

ever. The occupant of the folding chair was a very ordinary sort of girl, about twenty-two, and so plain that you might almost have called her ugly—except that Mr. Hartsberse never called any young woman ugly; but he teeth stuck out fearfully, and her chin went

back a goodish bit, and her complexion was certainly not of the best. No; she was plain enough, but her voice was a little bit extra.

Mr. Hartshorne raised his beribboned hat impressively. He then made a dive for the Pekingese, which was sitting in the sand doing no harm to anybody, and bore him triumphantly to his mistress.

The mistress of the Pekingese received her property with quite a commonplace remark.

She merely tickled the head of that mildly about

member of the canine race and said:

"Pore old feller!"

Nevertheless the complete detachment of this your woman's manner, and particularly her odd pronunciatic of the word "feller," appeared somehow to speak to the of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

Involuntarily he lingered a moment beside the folding chair. The occupant seemed suddenly to realize that he was standing there.

"Thank you so much!" she said, but with perhaps a slightly greater suggestion of fatigue than when she had thanked him before.

In spite of this young woman's common place appearanthere was a subtle something in her manner that at our put Mr. Hartshorne on his mettle. A second time is raised aloft the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers—at this occasion with a suspicion of a flourish.

"Not at all!" he said. "Don't mention it. It we merely the gentlemanly thing."

Just as this young woman's mispronunciation of the King's English had roused the curiosity of Mr. Hartsbors of his excess of modesty seemed to rouse hers. Very grave, she laid down the book she was reading.

Then she looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very intenty and all at once her whole face, including those real unfortunate teeth, lit up in a slow but spreading and quite unforgetable smile.

Yes, she was quite a commonplace girl, so far as locwent; and her clothes seemed to be designed to keep up tradition—very good and neat, and all that, but we really hardly any style at all. However, that smile was deep, so ardent, so searching, that it made quite an intention the young man. Moreover the possessor of the schooled so easy and so friendly that he was tempts: we forget his recent rebuff.

Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not realize it then, but he was at the threshold of the great adventure.

"BEAUTIFUL weather—isn't it?" said Mr. Hartshorne, shooting his cuffs.

As a matter of fact Mr. Hartshorne was not wearing cuffs that morning, but had he been wearing them he would have shot them undoubtedly; so it is well perhaps to give him the full credit of his intentions, which were certainly

Her eyes were blue and they looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very quietly but very kindly, and that subtle smile was in them all the time.

"Yes; delightful!" she said. The voice was still a little fatigued, though not quite so much so as it had been. "But September is generally full of good weather."

"Yes, at Sheercliffe," said Mr. Hartshorne easily. Conversation was one of his gifts. "Do you come here every year?"

"No," said the occupant of the folding chair. "I have not been here before."

"This is my fifth visit." Mr. Hartshorne threw off the words so casually that he wished his friend Burrows could have heard him. The artist in his soul acclaimed it as the perfection of style.

'Really!" The occupant of the folding chair laid down her book, which was a novel in French by an author of whom Mr. Hartshorne had not heard.

"Do you read much?" he said, his eye falling on the paper-covered volume.

"Yes, a good deal." Her promptness and her directness were not only pleasant, they were encouraging.

"I'm always glad when I run up against people with literary tastes," said Mr. Hartshorne. "I've got them myself."

"How interesting!" The voice was certainly a little fatigued, but it undoubtedly meant what it said. Moreover that odd kind of smile appeared to deepen and spread.

Who's your favorite author?" "Oh, I don't know"-yes, the smile was charming-if only those unfortunate teeth were not so prominent. "It rather depends on one's mood, don't you think?"

"Do you think so?" A slight note of authority came nto Mr. Hartshorne's voice. It was not very marked, but still it was there. He was on his own ground now and he elt that he had maneuvered for position skillfully. "I'm a reat believer in having a favorite author. I'm all for Prosser myself."

"Who?"

"Prosser. Big man! But there's Thackeray, of course.

štill, he's a classic. "Which is your favorite work of Thackeray's?" She vas a plain girl, but really that smile had a regular picturelostcard effect.

"Oh, give me Vanity Fair every time! What?"

"I haven't read it."

She went down with a slump. Even her smile could not ave her from Mr. Hartshorne's scorn.

"Oh, but I thought that everybody ---- " Mr. Hartshorne tried his hardest to suppress the note of patronage, but it could not be done by flesh and blood. However, he was tactful; and Noblesse oblige! was instinctively Mr. Harts-horne's motto. "But really, you know, you ought to read Prosser. He's-he's immense!"

'What has he written?"

"I've got one in my pocket." Mr. Hartshorne produced Prosser. "It's not one of his best, but it'll give you some idea of what he

"It looks interesting." The fatigue was really very slight.

"You can have it if you'd like to read it. I've quite done with it."

"No-really! But thank you very much." It was a very polite refusal, but it was very firm, very definite; and it left not a suspicion of a wound-it was all done so nicely.

"Well, if you won't - But it's every man's and every woman's duty to read Prosser.

Mr. Hartshorne was almost in danger of becoming a little rhetorical, as was sometimes the case when he discoursed of literature and the drama, and the wind was blowing from the head of the pier.

Still, for all Mr. Hartshorne's fervor and in spite of Prosser's literary eminence, the occupant of the folding chair could only be induced to take a perfunctory interest in Prosser. This was disappointing. She looked like a rather intellectual girl; but as Mr. Hartshorne almost carelessly threw off the names of half a dozen of Prosser's undoubted masterpieces-names that should have been household words among people of culture-the suggestion of fatigue

returned to her voice, and the smile in her eyes - in her really nice eyes-died down a little. Therefore, very reluctantly, Mr. Hartshorne decided to let go of literature. And yet it was strange that a person who was almost illiterate should

be reading a novel in French.

He would try the drama. She might be better there. She might even belong to the stage—her voice was so good, in spite of a curious little lisp there was in it; but somehow he did not think the stage was her line. For one thing she was not good-looking enough, and her clothes did not suggest it either.

Do you go much to the theater?"

"Oh, yes-fairly often when I am in London."

"What is your favorite play?"

"I don't know-I like so many." She was frank to naïveté-her taste was so very inclusive.

"I s'pose you've seen East Lynne?"

No; she had not seen East Lynne. That was a setback. Inclusive as was her taste, it almost seemed as though the drama was going to do no better than literature.

'Oh, but you ought. Everybody ought to see East Lynne." Mr. Hartshorne was suddenly submerged by his dramatic sense. The wind was undoubtedly blowing from

She Awaited the Arrival of a Most Enthurlastic Admirer





the head of the pier this morning. "It's simply great-so true to life and so fruity. I know that some people go in for G. R. Sims and Ibsen; but give me East Lynne every time."

Inspite of all Mr. Hartshorne's efforts, however, the drama seemed to languish too, and the conversation became, as it were, more general. He was at The Durdans, Rosebery Avenue, which was where he always stayed-because you could depend on the cookingand where the prices, for Sheercliffe-on-Sea, were quite moderate. Where was she?

She was staying, it appeared, at the Hotel Majestic.

"Oh!"

There was a brief lull in the conversation. Somehow Mr.

Hartshorne was not quite prepared for the Majestic. Her easy directness of manner and the simplicity of her attire had not suggested it. The Majestic was so exclusively for "the nuts" that Mr. Hartshorne's artistic sense reproved him at once for having made that statement about the moderate charges of his boarding house. Still, she might not have heard it. At least she did not allow it to affect the general accessibility of her attitude toward him-which, after all, was the reflection of his.

Almost at once, now that the murder was out in regard to this really rather commonplace girl, certain subtle forces within the soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne took charge of him.

"Bert, my friend," they seemed to say, "it's up to you to put your best left first. You've got to rise to the Majestic."

Immediately and quite automatically the Majestic wrought a change in Mr. Hartshorne's manner. His voice changed into a higher register; his aitches became a little more conspicuous; his vowels grew a little purer-somehow the streak of imagination in his soul was touched.

He was encouraged-not obtrusively, but very kindly and gently and quite firmly-to be autobiographical. Bagsworth was the home of his fathers. For the fraction of

> a moment he hesitated over this disclosure, having made one bad break already; but, after all, that pleasant suburb, less than twenty minutes from Waterloo, was nothing to be ashamed of-though Park Lane, of course, would have had a better sound.

> Still, Bagsworth was not so bad in its way. Yes; he lived there with his mother, who was a widow, and he was the eldest of five children. one of whom-his sister Helen-had died of measles at the early age of seven. His father was dead too-naturally, as his mother was a widow. His father had been an officer in the army. His own profession was the stock exchange; and his youngest brother, Harold, was reading for the bar.

> Mr. Hartshorne was quite simple and modest and pleasant about it all—just manly and unaffected, but a little stimulated perhaps by

"What regiment was your father in?"

"His regiment? Oh, I think it was the Guards."

Somehow the Guards seemed to come involuntarily. Prosser was always a great believer in the Guards.

The rather subtle blue eye gazed at him with its mild light. It was as if she would like him to be quite sure.

"Yes, it was the Guards," he said with manly conviction. "I remember now." "What was his rank?" The lisp grew a

little more obvious in the very nice voice, but the fatigue seemed to be there no more. 'His rank?" There was a moment's hesi-

"Oh, I only know he wasn't a general." "He would have been had he lived perhaps?"

tation at this rather superfluous question.



Mr. Hartshorne Was Magnificently at His Ease

"Oh, yes, of course"-if habitues of the Majestic would be so very encouraging!-"I think he was a sort of a major or a colonel. Anyhow I do know"— in a burst of candor—"I do know he wasn't a general.

In justice to the memory of Mr. Hartshorne pêre it seems right to mention that before he had been gathered to his fathers his profession had been

that of a piano tuner. Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Albert Edward, his son, had suffered all his life from an effusion of the artistic sense. And it was impossible for one endowed with this inconvenient appanage not to feel that a piano tuner was a little out of the picture when it came to a matter of the Majestic. And he had no reason to doubt this agreeable young woman. She did not betray the Majestic on the surface, but to a trained observer there was undoubtedly a flavor of latent nuttiness about her. For example, she cut off all her g's. And anybody with even a superficial knowledge of Prosser was aware that that was an almost infallible sign of blood.

"I s'pose you'll get some huntin' in the winter?" Mr. Hartshorne made quite a vicious cut with his cane at a perfectly harmless dragon fly that was performing some kind of autumn maneuvers in midair.

'Yes," she said quite modestly; "I hope to get a little in the winter."

This was undoubtedly a she-nut pur sang-a nut-ess of the great breed, in fact. Really this thing promised to develop into something perilously like Prosser in real life. The hidden forces in the soul of Mr. Hartshorne never stood to him so manfully as now, however.

"I s'pose"-he made a second cut at the same harmless but irresponsible dragon fly-"I s'pose you'll be goin' up to town for the royal weddin' at the beginnin' of October?"

He knew that for what it was-a real touch of genius. And how simply, how finely this nut of nuts from the Majestic rose to it.

Ye-es," she said-"unfortunately. Will you?"

No; unfortunately Mr. Hartshorne would be there already. He was bound to return not later than Saturday week. Did he say he was in diplomacy?

No-the stock exchange. The artistic sense was almost tempted to forget the stock exchange now. Like the moderate charges at his boarding house, the stock exchange was another bad break.

After all"-as he made his third cut at the still hovering dragon fly and for the third time missed it-"a regular five thousand a year-don't you know?-from vulgar commerce"-Mr. Hartshorne was talking Prosser without knowing it-"is quite as good as fiddlin' with the peace of

The she-nut, her eyes round and starlike with entrancement, seemed to think pensively that it might be so.

MR. HARTSHORNE was in the midst of his social triumph when a rapidly advancing figure caught his eye. And very shining, very splendid it looked in Mr. Hartshorne's sight as it moved in a dancing framework of green sea, golden sunlight and yellow sand. A thrill of excitement passed through his being. It was the lady of the blue serge coat and skirt.

As she stepped so proudly and so daintily over the yellow sands the Majestic was in every line of her. Yes, there could be no mistake about that. In spite of the plainness of her attire, here was nuttiness all compact.

Was it possible that this divinity would hail the lady of the folding chair as a sister nut? Indeed, it seemed most likely. Certainly she was coming straight and rather rapidly toward her, with a coat on her arm.

Mr. Hartshorne had quite a struggle to compose his fluttering heart. This was a wonderful moment in its history. The divinity was undoubtedly making a bee line for the folding chair.

A grave problem of the higher deportment was presented to Mr. Hartsborne's mind. Should be draw himself up to his full height and raise aloft the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, with a well-bred but slightly ironical air, as one of Prosser's heroes would have done undoubtedly in these romantic circumstances? Or would it be the more gentlemanly thing as real life was in question-to ignore the incident of Saturday evening on the Marine Parade and appear sublimely unconscious of the fact that they had

· mother before? ever conve-Mr. Hartshorne's destiny never Perlthan in this emotional crisis. sto: sea, but with one hand placed He



negligently on the top of the folding chair, as the divinity came up, clear-eyed, firm-chinned and haughty.

"Is this the cloak you meant, my lady? The voice of the divinity was so astonishingly humble

that Mr. Hartshorne could hardly believe his ears. "Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you."

There was nothing more than that. The divinity was already returning whence she had come before Mr. Hartshorne could disengage his faculties from the thrall and impact of the incident. And again she had taken no cognizance of Mr. Hartshorne's presence; but she had not looked right through him this time. She had not looked at him at all.

It would be idle to deny that for a moment Mr. Hartshorne was a good deal shaken. The walls of his little world had fallen in, as Prosser would have expressed it.

Mr. Hartshorne felt that it would be wise to take his bearings a little before he went any further. So this commonplace nut-ess, with no complexion to speak of, and teeth that stuck out and a chin that went back a bit, was a title. Well, he was not altogether surprised. He had felt that that curious voice stood for something. But the divinity! She of the glorious eye, of which he had been dreaming ever since it had cut him dead, she was—she No; it couldn't possibly be so.

"Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you."

They were only six words altogether, but they were haunting him. Very nicely spoken too-no hauteur. But somehow the yellow sands seemed now to be slipping under Mr. Hartshorne's feet. Already those six little words had eemed to change his attitude to life.

It was a merciful thing the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers had not been raised aloft-even with a slightly ironical air.

All at once it occurred to Mr. Hartshorne that the hour had come in which to draw out of action. He had borne himself with distinction, but somehow his conversational power had now deserted him in the oddest way. The polestar of his destiny, however, reënforced by recollections of Prosser, stood to him nobly, even in the order of his going.

Well, I think I'll be gettin' a move on," he said, removing his left hand from the top of the folding chair with airy nonchalance. "Good mornin'! Very pleased to have met.

Thereupon, in grim and deadly earnest, the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers was literally flaunted in the sight of heaven and incidentally in that of the occupant of the folding chair. But Mr. Hartshorne was not allowed to escape so easily as all that.

"By the way, do you mind telling me your name?" How nice the lisp was; and the smile, too, was very fascinating.

"Mr. Hartshorne." Even Prosser would have approved the quiet dignity. "Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne-but no relation to the late king."

It was his only private little jest-by royal letters patent as it were—just to put strangers at their ease. It never failed of its effect, and long practice enabled it to be so well done as to be generally admired. In this instance it might have been a little superfluous to put the occupant of the folding chair at her ease-she was so much at her ease

already; but, all the same, the glamour of her eyes seemed readily to approve it.

'Mr. Hartshorne, do you care to come to tea at the Majestic on Thursday at half-past four?

For a moment Mr. Hartshorne felt a little dizzy, but he had the presence of mind to murmur that he would be delighted.

"That will be so nice. Goodby! The yellow-gloved hand was raised in a truly Prosserian manner; a firm, decisive shake; a flatteringly unmistakable leavetaking. Thursday, half-past four. Ask for Lady Mary Cardew. Goodby!"

The banner of the Bagsworth

Free Wheelers almost described a parabola in the ecstasy of departure. Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne walked on air for two miles along the yellow sands.

DEAR SYBIL: Please come to a freak tea here on Thursday, and bring Dorothy and Pauline I have found something priceless. Yours, MARY.

THURSDAY came at last and at last came half-past four; and exactly on time by the clock in the lounge of the Majestic a gorgeously upholstered gentleman announced Mr. Halbert 'Artshorne.

There were five ladies to meet him. Also there was a gentleman-a very soft-spoken and quite nice-looking young chap if his teeth had not stuck out quite so much and his chin had not gone back quite so far. Still, he made himself very agreeable. He was called Cardew and he was Lady Mary's brother. Mr. Hartshorne was introduced to him at once; but Lady Mary was so busy pouring out the tea that she forgot to introduce Mr. Hartshorne to the ladies. Mr. Hartshorne was a little disappointed at this. They were none of them beauties; still, he would like to have known them by name-not, of course, that it mattered particularly; he had so many other things to think of.

Cardew's eye fell on the ribbon of the hat in Mr. Hartshorne's hand. His own, by a coincidence, was also adorned with the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, except that their rather striking colors were worn the other way up.

"Do you play cricket much, Mr. Hartshorne?" said Cardew.

"No, not much. Bicycling's my game."

"You do have sugar, Sylvia?"

Really that lisp of Lady Mary's was charming. But it seemed—alas!—that poor Sylvia was choking, and she had to be soundly beaten on the back by two of her companions before she was able to say that she did not have sugar but she had cream.

Mr. Hartshorne was magnificently at his ease. There was something about the atmosphere of this informal gathering that seemed to call for ease. Everybody was so friendly, so awfully nice to talk to. Not for a moment did the conversation flag; and the cakes and the bread and butter and the tea, which he helped Cardew most assiduously to hand round, were all first-class.

Yes, these nuts were absolutely the pleasantest people Mr. Hartshorne had ever met. Somehow they seemed to speak to his higher nature. There was a great deal in being a gentleman. One could appreciate all the finesse of these people—their agreeable voices, their charming friendliness. their quaint and unexpected little turns of speech. Somehow they made the Palatial and poor old Percy seem very far away indeed.

For instance, this chap Cardew, who frankly admitted that he had not read Prosser, but was so ashamed of his ignorance that he wanted to know all about him-the chap Cardew was in the Guards. He did not look the least like the Guards as the Guards had been represented by Prosser, but still, as Cardew was Lady Mary's brother, he was bound to take his word for it, even against the word Prosser-not, of course, that he could ever have confessed this disloyalty.

"Which was your father's regiment, Mr. Hartshorne said the pleasantly conversational Cardew.

"Oh, the Guards," said Mr. Hartshorne inclusively.

"Yes; but which regiment?"

That rather bad break of Cardew's came, of course, of Cardew's not being up in his Prosser. According to Prosset. if you were in the Guards you were in the Guards, and there was an end of the matter. Prosser seemed to consider rather superfluous to trouble about which regiment and trivial details of that kind. The Guards were the Guards according to Prosser.

"Which regiment did you say, Mr. Hartshorne?"

"Oh, the Guards!" said Mr. Hartshorne; and then, after an instant's reflection as Cardew seemed inclined to press his question: "The cavalry, of course."
"The Blues, I expect."

"Yes; the Blues," said Mr. Hartshorne with decision

mpered by promptitude.

Had Cardew expected the Greens or the Browns, Mr. Harishorne would have been equally prompt and decisive. Cardew was making a bit of an ass of himself-how could be help it, poor fellow, with a chin of that kind! But it all came of his not having given his nights and days to Prosser. The poor chap almost conveyed the impression of not being in the Guards at all.

Cardew looked so inefficient and unmilitary that it was hird to think of him as in any way connected with the British Army; but then he was a viscount, it seemed. Mr. Hartsborne, being a man of large views, thought none the worse of him for it. Yet it accounted, no doubt, for his silk shirt and his light-gray spats, and his general air of having

get up a little too early.

And it was a blow to Mr. Hartshorne's passion for prectness not to have discovered Cardew's romantic status before he had addressed him as Mister quite a number of times. That was, of course, an unfortunate lapse; but it was not allowed to make any difference to Mr. Hartshorne's standing in the charmed circle. And, after all, it was really Lady Mary's fault. She ought to have pronounced the important word "viscount" more distinctly when she had introduced him; as it was, Mr. Hartshorne was almost prepared to take his oath she had not pronounced it at all. still, if he had had any sense—confound it!—he ought to have remembered that to be the brother of a title you are ound to be a title yourself.

"The car is waiting, my lord," a footman had said. Happily these were broadminded people. They treated hose unfortunate "Misters" of his as a thing of nought.

Indeed, the announcement that the car was waiting was really the prelude to Mr. Hartshorne's coming triumph.

"Can I give you a lift anywhere, Mr. Hartshorne?" said the viscount.

It was such a moment as only comes to a man once in his life; but Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne kept wonderfully cool.

Thanks," he said carelessly. "You can put me down, my lord, at the end of the pier.'

Mr. Hartshorne was as calm as a church; yet somehow he knew that his whole being was raised just now to a higher power.

Goodby, Mr. Hartshorne. It has been such a pleasure!" The shake of Lady Mary's hand was very definite, but altogether delightful; and the eyes, so full of merry kindness, made him feel that she really meant what she said. But even this was not the end of the great adventure.

"Please give me your London address," she said. Mr. Hartshorne had not one of his own cards unfortunately. By a stroke of irony the only card he had in his pocket was that of the Palatial Insurance Company, and he was constrained to write Number 6, Arcadia Villas, Bagsworth, on the back of that.

He apologized very gracefully for this makeshift, which was also treated as a thing of nought by these charming people; and Lady Mary's last words were that she hoped Mr. Hartshorne would find his way round to 1A, Grosvenor Square, some afternoon, when she would promise to be a little better acquainted with the works of Prosser.

MR. HARTSHORNE turned up at the office on the Monday week in a pair of light-gray spats. Much needless comment was at once excited. The head of his department looked as if he wanted to kick him downstairs as soon as he saw them, and several of his peers suddenly

became quite aggressively witty and sarcastic; but that is the worst of underbred people—they are so grievously lacking in the true amenities of life.

Mr. Burrows, however, his faithful henchman and satellite, was not of these. He would not admit, in the presence of the most searching criticism, that the spats were even an error of judgment.

They might be, Mr. Saunders, for you and me," said Mr. Burrows to one of equal standing in the Palatial as himself, over their midday sausage roll and ginger ale at the Bodega, at the corner of Throgmorton Street. admit that for you and me they might be going a bit far; but, you see, with Mr. Hartshorne it's different."
"Can't see it myself," said Mr. Saunders. "In my opinion

it's pure swank."

"No, you are wrong there, Mr. Saunders," said Mr. Burrows earnestly. "It's not swank at all in Bertie

Hartshorne—it's something deeper than that."
"Don't believe it!" said Mr. Saunders, biting rather savagely at his sausage roll. "I was at school with young Hartshorne, and he was always inclined to consider himself better than chaps just as good as himself. I know his mother had once taught in a school, and all that; but I shall always maintain that spats are uncalled for in a chap like young Hartshorne."

However, Mr. Burrows still saw the matter in another

"No, Mr. Saunders," he said, "it's the wrong way of looking at it, to my mind. It's just a matter of what you happen to be born. You may be a born musician, or a born artist, or a born stamp collector. Well, in my opinion Bertie Hartshorne is a born swell."

During the next week Mr. Burrows' view gained ground in the office. A pair of light-gray spats were without precedent, except in the case of the submanager who, of

(Continued on Page 41)

# LILY OF THE FIELD

#### By Maude Radford Warren THE American nation has a frank admiration for the lilies of the field, who toil



"If You're Not Afraid of Losing His Love, Why Don't You Show Him These Bitts?"

not, neither spin, and eclipse theglary of Solomon. It is unentood that if they toiled they muld not look the part. The nan who cannot afford them is quite willing for them to be smamental and parasitic, and to form an occasional spectacle for him as he sees them from a bus on Fifth Avenue going into some exclusive place for tea, or m he envisages them at the grand opera through cheap pera glasses which make a organgle from his skyward seat to their boxes. The woman them may or may not wish she muld change places; but she, too, looks at them with admiration. And every one knows that the field in which such lim are set must be a Field of the Cloth of Gold; that their mly real excuse for being is that mach is a vehicle of conspicuous onsumption—each advertises ome man's ability to pay.

The moral right of the golden ly of the field to exist may be stioned, but not her finanial right. It is equally not to requestioned that the middlegirl, the daughter of parents comfortable circumstancesin elastic term-has no right to be a lily of the field. Her

fight is to be a working mate to her husband, who has no nom in his scheme of things for a parasite.

Marjory Martin was a middle-class girl, reared as a lily of the field but born to be some sensible and fragrant bearth flower, like Sweet William or mignonette. Marjory's parents had themselves had the sort of training that should live fitted them to become wise parents. Neither of them aid known an easy childhood; they had to earn their own livings by hard work. They had received some rather buffets from life, which they had taken pluckily.

They began their married life with the determination to we well within their means, carry a good life insurance, and save enough yearly besides to pay for possible illnesses.

Their young married friends thought they did not spend enough money for fun; older critics called them sensible. After Marjory came they were not quite so sensible.

"I suppose I've been extravagant to get this for Marjory," Mrs. Martin said once, showing her husband a filmy little dress; "but I never had any pretty clothes when I was a child. I well remember a little girl saying to me: 'I saw you wear that dress you have on last Sunday in church! Haven't you more than one dress?' I hadn't, and I well remember the humiliation I suffered. I am going to see that Marjory looks as well as other little girls.

Whenever Martin bought an expensive mechanical toy for Marjory he justified himself on the double score that it would be educational for the child and that he himself had never had anything to play with except blocks and cheap marbles and a broken jackknife. If the Martins had put their psychology into words it would have gone something like this:

"We have made the most of ourselves with almost no advantages. If we had been used to nice surroundings when we were children we should have been farther along now. Our child must go beyond us; and she can do that only when we give her a good start."

So Martin, on two thousand a year, gave Marjory, while she was in the early grades of the grammar school, as good an appearance as though he had had four thousand. He was able to manage it because they lived in a five-room flat where Mrs. Martin did her own work, even the washing. Yet she was careful to look well herself, so that the mothers of nice little children, with whom she wished Marjory to play, might see that she also was keeping up with the procession of rising Americans. By the time Marjory was in the late grades of the grammar school Martin was getting thirty-five hundred a year, and his daughter was taking lessons in dancing, music and French conversation.

One night Martin came home to dinner jubilant. His salary had been raised to forty-five hundred dollars-a long jump and perhaps the last he should ever receive. He did not mean to tell his wife until after the meal. Marjory had to be called twice to the table; and when at last she arrived her eyes showed unmistakable traces of tears,

"What's the matter, precious?" her father asked her

Marjory's very pretty face became convulsed with grief, "Why, that nice new girl, Carrie Jenkins, came to see me to-day," she sobbed, "and she said: 'Why, Marjory why do you live in this tiny little flat? Why, I thou from your clothes you'd have a nice house somewhile

"Don't say 'why' so much," murmured Mrs. Martin mechanically.

"And then," Marjory continued, "then she said: 'Why, does your mother do all her own work? Why, my mother has two maids!"

"She was a very rude little girl to make such remarks about the home of her hostess," Mrs. Martin said.

"I suppose she might as well say them as think them," Marjory sighed.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Martin.
"Aren't you satisfied with what father
and mother can give you?"

Marjory fled to his knee.

"Oh, yes," she said; "only I thought maybe you could give me more."

The Martins smiled at each other rather painfully across Marjory's head. Doubtless one symptom of the ability to rise was this fashion of demanding more from parents. Later, when the child was doing her home work on the diningroom table, the elders went into the living room and talked over their new possibilities.

"We've come to a place of departure."

"We've come to a place of departure,"
Martin said. "We save between four
and five hundred dollars a year over our
living expenses and premiums. With my
new raise, that means we have a margin
of from fourteen to fifteen hundred.
Shall we blow it in? You look pretty
tired to me. Marjory doesn't give you
much help round the house, does she?"

"Of course I have her dust and make a bed now and then," Mrs. Martin said rather guiltily. "Later on I mean to teach her to cook. She does housework badly—hinders rather than helps; but I mean to have her learn—only just now, with all her school work, she really hasn't time."

"She's a nice child," Martin said; "but ——"
"She has her faults, of course," Mrs. Martin said; "and
I suppose it's natural for her to want the things other
children have whose parents have a scale of expenditure

higher than ours."

"I've always meant that some day you should have a girl to do the housework," Martin said; "or a maid, as Marjory puts it."

"It would be nice for Marjory."

"It all comes back to Marjory, I suppose," Martin agreed dryly. "I guess we've come to the parting of the ways, Maggie. We can go on as we've been doing and save so much that by the time I'm laid on the shelf we'll be able to gratify all reasonable and many unreasonable wants, and leave Marjory a few thousands. Or we can live up to every cent of our income—paying the premiums, of course—and then, when I'm retired, you and I can scrape along modestly on the income from the endowment policies, leaving Marjory, in the end, very little."

"It means," Mrs. Martin translated, "giving Marjory an absolutely unfettered youth. It means she need never be hurt at being left out of things because her clothes aren't good enough or because her home isn't good enough. Oh, Henry, I can't bear to have her hurt when there isn't any need for it! She'll have troubles, no doubt, when she is older; we can't ward off grief forever from her, but I do want her to be able to look back and say that the early part of her life was perfect!"

#### Off to a Finishing School

"NOTHING very joyful ever came my way until I met you," Martin said. "Then I forgot any bad luck I'd had. But I've got no assurance as to how much good luck life is going to bring our child. I only know how much happiness we can bring her."

Somewhere up aloft there must have sat a colony of ironic spirits, grinning at the sensible Martins. No voice whispered to them:

"You are going to make personal sacrifices so that you, a forty-five-hundred-a-year man, may have your child associate with the children of ten-thousand-a-year men. You are inducing in her a subtle dishonesty, because you are keeping up appearances that don't belong to you. For every comfort your child has, she will see among these ten-thousand-a-year children a corresponding luxury she cannot have. You will inspire in her a spirit of envy and climbing, a spirit of snobbery and false values. She will judge other girls by their clothes and homes, and the amount of spending money they have. She will use whatever graces of personality she possesses to ingratiate herself, not with children who are intrinsically worth while but with children whose material possessions are worth while."

Their own experience should have suggested to them:

"You want to guard your child from a youth as starved and joyless as your own was. You remember your own deprivations and the heartburnings you suffered because other children had what you wanted; and the slights and



"I'll Jave Jomehow and Make Up That Money You Had to Pay"

humiliations you suffered from those luckier children—the very slights and humiliations your own child is now about to bestow on others. You should realize that what you suffered strengthened your characters, hardened your nerves, and made you the stuff that conquers the world. Without those deprivations you never could have known the happiness you have had in each other, for you would have unconsciously expected too much of each other; a fortunate youth would have made you exacting of life. And now you ignore all that this discipline has done for you and are about to sap the moral vitality of the person you love the most."

The Martins moved to an eight-room apartment, for which they paid a thousand dollars a year. Six hundred a year had to be set aside for the premiums. As maid, Mrs. Martin found a woman in late middle age, not especially strong, who was glad to come at four dollars a week. She did only about half the work, but she was most unexacting, being willing to wear a cap and never demanding a cleaning woman or a washerwoman to assist her.

Mrs. Martin herself still did the washing by means of a suction machine, which required only some muscular pounding for ten or fifteen minutes. It never occurred to her that Marjory might have developed her own arm muscles by swinging the washer, and it would have offended Marjory's young dignity if she had been asked to do the work. Mrs. Martin often said jubilantly to her family that she and Mary achieved the results of a washerwoman, cook and houseman. When she said that, she merely thought she was proving herself a good manager; it never occurred to her that she was developing the already well-marked tendency of Marjory toward keeping up false appearances.

There were twenty-seven hundred dollars a year remaining, for food, light, clothes, amusements and incidentals. Mrs. Martin made the living of the plainest, except when guests were expected. An undue proportion of the money went for clothes and entertaining. The Martins scarcely questioned the wisdom of their expenditures, because Marjory was so happy. She expanded under the sunshine of her larger life. The apartment was full of her gayety and that of her young friends.

Marjory was both pretty and popular. Every door at which she knocked in her high-school days opened welcomingly. Her parents were always receiving compliments about her from the parents of other young people. Her teachers spoke of her pleasantly—not as a good student, for she was merely average when she was not below the average in her marks, but as amicable and well-mannered, and a pleasure to behold.

Marjory was eighteen when she graduated from high school. Martin had assumed that she would go to college. He was not himself a college man, and for that reason perhaps he overrated the value of college training. Such a pretty girl as Marjory was likely to marry; but he intended her to be able to earn her own living in case she did not marry and wanted some occupation, or in case she married badly and might be obliged some day to take care of herself.

He knew that a college education would fit her to be a teacher; but shortly after graduation Marjory began to talk about a finishing school in the East, to which three of her special friends were going. Martin found that a year in that school would not be the equivalent of a year in college—that, in short, the school would give Marjory very little except that intangible thing called polish and the continued society of her friends. Moreover, it was very expensive; but, as Marjory pointed out, father and mother had always managed somehow.

"I suppose," Martin said to his wile, "that I could sell a bond; butif Marjory isn't going to college I think she ought to stay home with you and learn sensthing about housekeeping."

"She does know something," Mn. Martin protested.

"Oh, yes—how to handle a chaing dish and make salad dressing and fancy cake; but she's got no organisi knowledge."

"I haven't wanted to hurry her," Mrs. Martin said; "she's so happy and there's plenty of time."

They gave Marjory a year in the Eastern finishing school and she came back with a remodeled accent, which she handled in a convincing fashion and with a very sophisticated manner. She had also acquired extravagant tasts in clothes and flowers and the nicetics of the toilet, for she had associated with the daughters of millionaires, whose whims were always satisfied.

Their expenditures were such as Marjory, in her high-school days, would scarcely have looked on as credible. Their connection with her ended when she went home; for them it had been

only casual, because their relationships had been made from babyhood. She had gained from them nothing but dicontent with her parents' forty-five-hundred-dallar income, which looked like eight thousand.

Marjory was secretly ashamed of wishing that her father had fifty thousand a year; but she could not quite coosal her belief that she was born to a higher sphere than the soe she occupied. Perhaps she was also disappointed because no rich young brother of her schoolmates had appeared to carry her off to her deserved sphere. She was so pretty and attractive, and so much admired by young men, that it was perhaps natural for her to think that the ideal loverideal in fortune as well as in character—must surely appear.

### Marjory Falls in Love

HER parents observed her discontent. It was then that Martin began to question whether he had been vise in letting her associate with young people so much better if financially than herself. He proposed that she be set it once to learning to keep house; but Marjory begged to go to college instead. Mrs. Martin said she thought housekeeping would be too dull for Marjory after what she had been accustomed to; and that, besides, if she attended college at once she would still be in classes with some of her old friends, and could pick up her old life about where she had dropped it. Martin agreed that his daughter needed more education; and so Marjory had her way.

The girl, after all, had good stuff in her. She could not have lived with her unselfish father and mother without having absorbed something of their spirit. For all the mistaken training, they daily set an example of consistration for each other and of appreciation of certain fine ideals which their worship of the god of false appearances could not wholly destroy. It was because Marjory was the rathing, after all, that in her second year at college, when she was twenty-one, she fell in love with young Grow. He was a young man whose father had rather less mean than the Martins. After working his way through college he had graduated at twenty-two from the engineering course, got work with an electrical company at two dollars day, and when he was twenty-six was receiving eighter hundred a year. It was then he met Marjory at a day.

Almost from the first her other lovers ceased to make to her. Because the core of her really was sound, after the began to be attracted to Grover it mattered nothing to be that he was not rich and that he had never been in any of the exclusive societies of high school or college. She make knew that he was her man. Not being able to forget at a once her acquired worldliness she assumed that, poor of he was, he would soon be making plenty of money and the she could easily keep up with her expensive friends. Standard always managed somehow.

The day had been when Marjory had said to hered the she would not marry any man with less than ten thousan year—that she meant to marry some one who would be financially considerably beyond where her father left of but love made her lose what little practical sense she habout money. When her mother pointed out that Grouss salary of eighteen hundred dollars was relatively father than that to which she had been accustomed, Mar, or replied that it was much more than the salary with the her parents had begun.

When Mrs. Martin replied that she had been a good manager Marjory said she would learn to be. Words of warning pattered off her mind like shot off a sloping roof. She simply did not hear what was said to her; she heard only Grover's voice and saw his face. She was quite steeped in love and Grover.

"I don't know what we're going to do!" mourned Mrs.
Martin to her husband. "I was so sure she'd marry a man
with money! We never said it out loud, but that was really
why we brought her up in the way we did. She herself has
often said that it was just as easy to marry a rich man as a
poor one."

"I'm not so sure but that it's easier to marry a worthless fellow than it is to marry a good fellow," Martin replied rather grimly. "I'm thankful that she's got some one as fine as Grover. He'll get on too."

"But eighteen hundred ----

"Put Marjory in the kitchen at once," advised Martin.
"If I were you I'd give the maid a holiday and drop all the hurdens on Marjory. You and I could suffer a while if it were for her good."

Mrs. Martin saw the wisdom of the advice, especially as the engagement was to be a short one. She suggested her

father's plan to Marjory.

"Oh, mother," protested Marjory, "there'd never be time for that, with my clothes to see to and all the other things to do! Besides, cooking for all four of us would be nuch harder than cooking for John and myself. I suppose I'll have to do my own work at first; but anything I don't now I'll pick up as I go along. Housekeeping can't be so lard; look at the easy way you've always done it. Besides, know a lot already."

"All the same," Mrs. Martin said firmly, "you've got to egin to take lessons from me at once. I ought to have

nade you do it years ago."

They did begin some informal lessons; but then Marory's trousseau began to occupy her time, and her friends a bombarded her with showers and teas and luncheons and dinners that Grover said he felt as though he were ot engaged just to Marjory, but to the whole social game. farjory was so excited and so tired that Martin told his ife to let things swing on as they were going.

"We've made a mistake with the girl—that's plain," he sid. "Now she and Grover will have to work out their wn salvation. The thing has got beyond our control."

Grover was so much in love with farjory that he thought her a marvel of impetency as well as of charm and sauty. He was sorry he had so little oney; however, he never doubted but at the two could live and save on his dary. He had not thought much about penditures, but he remembered having ard his father say that no one ought to ty out for rent more than twenty-five r cent of his income; so he told Marjory at he thought they must get a flat costg not more than thirty-seven dollars d a half a month. Marjory delegated e flat hunting to her mother, stipulatgonly that it must be within a certain rritory, new and pretty, and not too rk or too small.

#### Marjory's Incompetence

FTER weeks of wearying search Mrs. I Martin found something that would for forty dollars—that is, it was in a od neighborhood and in a good-looking artment building, where the other flats ited for sixty dollars. Marjory's flat s cheaper because it was squeezed in at angle, and because, of the five rooms, only adequately lighted ones were the ingroom and the guestroom. Marjory's starting her married life with the ne false front the Martins had been wing for ten years.

Many wedding presents were put into little home and Marjory's parents led whatever furniture was needed. ere was a final furore of entertainment. retty wedding, a brief idyllic honey on, the expenses of which were paid Grover's firm; and then Marjory and husband came back to take up the iness of living. She went into her little ne to find it well stocked with proviis, which her mother had supplied. rjory accepted this start as she always pted good things—gratefully, but just hough they were hers by divine right. 'he Grovers had never talked over the ter of a wife's housekeeping allowance. ver merely expected to pay whatever Marjory presented to him. Marjory found out on their honeymoon

various dishes that Grover liked and had made a list of them. She felt quite businesslike. She resolved to deal with the butcher and grocer who had always supplied the Martins, "because," as she said regally, "they will know what I like." They did indeed; and as Marjory, ordering over the telephone, never asked what anything cost they charged her top prices.

During that first month Marjory's girl friends were always running in for luncheon or tea, and Marjory begged her mother for the loan of Mary, her mother's maid, to help her. Several postnuptial affairs were given the couple, and Marjory arranged several little luncheons and dinners in order to pay off the antenuptial obligations. She felt that she was being very economical, because she let her mother and Mary do the work in the kitchen on these occasions instead of hiring a caterer. Grover, very busy and too much in love to be quite clear-eyed, thought Marjory was doing most of the work, because he saw her getting toast and cereal and coffee for their breakfast. Marjory herself scarcely realized that Mary was carrying the responsibilities which should have been hers.

The first of the next month the bills came in. Marjory had not done any financial thinking, but she knew that their expenditures must not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars a month, for that was all Grover had. She was appalled at the number and size of the bills, and angry, not at herself for being extravagant but at the scheme of things that did not allow Grover more money. The grocer's bill was seventy dollars; the butcher's, twenty-five; the milkman's, six; the florist's, ten; the baker's, three; light and heat, five; the cleaner's, four; the department store's, twenty; and the rent was forty. That made one hundred and eighty-three dollars.

Besides, Marjory had been spending money for a cleaning woman, for carfare, for an occasional matinée, and for other sundries. She was pretty sure that twenty dollars must have gone in such ways. She was afraid to show the bills to Grover; she took them to her mother, with the remark that her tradespeople must have been cheating her.

In that moment Mrs. Martin realized the futility of the many sacrifices she had made in order to produce the charming finished product who was Marjory. She saw herself in perspective in an endless line of American parents who are hurting their young by an unwise tenderness. She had seen in Marjory what she considered her own and her

husband's best characteristics, improved on, and she had secretly hoped to see Marjory carry out dreams and ambitions that had proved too high for herself.

Her own disillusions had taught her that the world cannot be a Utopia, and yet she had made an illogical Utopia for Marjory. She realized now she had hoped that, after all, Marjory had sufficient instinctive judgment to make her fit to be a poor man's wife. She felt a fear for her child's future happiness and a passion to help her. She wanted to teach her, all at once, to be wise, though she knew it was a task like sweeping away the ocean with a broom.

"The tradespeople haven't cheated you, Marjory," Mrs. Martin said severely. "It's your own incompetence. If you want to keep John's love you've got to learn to be the wife of a poor man. Don't toss your head! He won't consider inefficiency charming. If you're not afraid of losing his love, or at least destroying something of his faith in you, why don't you show him these bills instead of bringing them to me with the expectation that I'll offer to pay them?"

A flush of shame, so deep that it hurt, reddened Marjory's face. For the first time she realized she was no longer dependent on her parents, but on her husband.

"I'll pay these bills," Mrs. Martin said, "because I don't want John to find you out. Your father would say you ought to confess, and so you should; but I don't want John to lose faith in your ability yet. You go over these bills with me and I'll point out your mistakes."

Marjory sat humbly by her mother's side.

"You shouldn't have spent anything for flowers," Mrs. Martin said, "except fifty cents for a begonia in a pot, which would have lasted the month. I don't care if you did have luncheons; you cannot now afford the sort I used to rive you-indeed, you can't afford luncheons. As to the cleaning, you should have done it yourself with benzine; you can't afford to consider your hands. As to the milk bill, it shouldn't be more than half what it is; get one quart daily and use the top of the bottle for John's coffee and cereal. You've no right to have sweetbreads and squabs and tenderloin steak in your butcher's bill. Your light and heat shouldn't be above three dollars; you must have a fireless cooker and you must turn off the electric lights when you're not using them. You needn't go to the baker's at all. With all those new clothes, why do you need anything at the department stores? As to the grocer's bill, it's outrageous! My own wasn't over fifty for four people. Why do

you have out-of-season vegetables and fruits? The trouble with you is that you've not gone to market and looked things over; you've taken whatever they've sent at their own prices."

### Trying the Allowance Plan

MUCH more of the same sort Mrs.
Martin said, which left Marjory in
tears, chastened and really convinced
that something was wrong with her.

that something was wrong with her.

"You go home to John," Mrs. Martin said, "and ask him for an allowance. He pays for rent and life insurance, five hundred and forty dollars a year. For carfare, lunches, clothes and sundries, he ought to have two hundred and sixty or a bit over. You ask him for an allowance of eighty dollars a month."

"Just about what the grocer's bill this month was!" Marjory said drearily.

"Yes," Mrs. Martin said; "and remember that out of that you'll not only have to pay all the housekeeping bills but you'll have to dress yourself, too, when your trousseau wears out. You'd better try to save a little each month. I'll give you my cookbook, and you must come over here every day with a list of what you've got in your ice box; and I'll help you plan.

"Don't buy a thing without consulting me. I'll do my best to make up for spoiling you in the past."

When Mrs. Martin dropped her severe manner, kissed Marjory and drew her a heavy check, Marjory felt better. She went home determined to learn how to live within her income, and still somewhat depressed by the fact that mere love could not teach people how to live wisely; that they needed common sense too.

That evening she talked over the allowance plan with Grover, who was so delighted with her suggestion and her businesslike attitude that she felt too cowardly to tell him the suggestion came from her mother. He at once wrote her a check for eighty dollars; and she thought, with relief, that it would all be a clear saving, and that she could apply

(Continued on Page 37)



Her Hands Were Not Jo Well Kept, But Her Brain Was Kept Much Better

PINCH HITTING FOR

CUPID By Charles E. Van Loan

Joe Jat Down Acress the Lobby With a Magazine in His Hands

ATHER than have an argument about it, I'll admit there is such a person as Cupid and that he wears nothing much but a bow and a fistful of arrows, and does considerable reckless shooting. I haven't a thing in the world against him, because if he ever took a shot at me it went in his error column; but I do claim that Cupid doesn't know how to place his hits where they'll do the most good. I've got an outfielder on my payroll with the same failing and he's about as useful to me as a box of corn salve would be to a mermaid.

I'm a bachelor by choice—I did the choosing, if anybody should ask you-but there's no law against a single man keeping his eyes open. I've seen a lot of things that have sort of prejudiced me against romance. I'm not exactly sour on the subject of matrimony, but maybe I'm just the least little bit "turned," as my mother used to say about the

If you listen to the baseball players, I wouldn't marry the best woman on earth. I don't go so far as to say that. Most likely the competition would be too keen for me and I couldn't make much of a showing. I've got to the point where my belt measures the same as my chest, a perfect forty-four all the way down; and I like to take things easy.

I've been managing a big-league ball club for so long that the smart-Aleck reporters call me the Methuselah of the National Pastime; but, even so, I'm better preserved than the married men of my age. I've only had a ball team to worry about. Maybe, if it came right down to it, I could still get out there and do a pretty fair job of third-basing; but I'm thankful I don't have to try. Young men for war; wise men for counsel. That's me-and I like my slippers and my pipe in the evening.

Getting back to this true-love proposition, it's the change of pace that makes it so dangerous. A man may be able to dodge the violent sort that hits like forked lightning, but what is he going to do with the kind of love that takes hold easy and hangs on like a lingering fever?

Another thing is that you never can tell who Cupid will send up to pinch-hit for him. You wouldn't think a drunken shoe drummer from St. Louis and an old fellow like me could play the little god of love without make-up; but we did it.

When our team visits Chicago we always stop at a certain hotel. We've done it for years. It's the sort of place that advertises a room and bath for two dollars a day. They've got that room, too, and they'll show it to you if you insist. The management caters to folks from Omaha and Chillicothe, and the lobby is full of palm trees and imitation rubber plants and genuine rubbernecks; but we get a good rate and we always go there.

When you give a hotel a steady play you get to know the people who work round the place. For instance, there was Mary McConnor. Mary ran the cigar counter and the news stand, and I guess she was on speaking terms with more big-league ball players than any woman in America, because nearly all the other teams stopped at the same house when they were in Chicago.

The ball players liked Mary. She knew what a box score meant and in a fanning bee she could hold up her end with anybody. She didn't get to see many games, but the boys always told her about 'em afterward and she had the inside dope on everything that came off, from Boston to St. Louis. We figured on getting the freshest news when we got to Chicago. There's some sense to a girl like that. If anything makes me weary it's a woman who tries to talk baseball but doesn't know the difference between a bunt and a bat bag.

Mary was a good mixer too. I don't mean anything wrong by that. She was the sort that you could josh with if you wanted to josh, and then she could turn right round and be serious half a minute afterward. She'd been handing out cigars and newspapers for so long that she had a pretty good line on men in general. She knew the best and the worst about 'em, and nobody fooled her very much. You couldn't put anything over on Mary, and I'll bet nobody ever tried it a second time. Of course a girl behind a counter in a big transient hotel has to stand for a lot, because she meets all comers; but Mary knew how to handle the fifty-seven varieties and the man who crossed the line got a call that was worth remembering.

The ball players were her favorites. I don't know as I blame her. Take 'em all

round, professional ball players grade as high as young men in any other line—perhaps even a bit higher. Their jobs depend on their keeping straight. Men who drink and gamble and stay out at night don't last long in the big league. There's another point in favor of the ball player he's always just out from under a shower bath. A man who is as clean as soap and water can make him is likely to be clean other ways too.

Of all the ball players, I think Mary liked us the best. The married men used to show her the pictures of their kids and the youngsters told her about their girls back home. If I tried a week I couldn't say anything better about Mary McConnor than just that.

T WAS in the spring of 1905 that Joe Bancroft came to us from some little league out West. Dabney, the veteran second baseman, began to go bad in 1904 and Joe was the pick of the recruits the scouts dug up for me.

Joe was rather old for a recruit—a serious, quiet sort of a chap, not at all handsome, but solid and manly looking. Baseball was strictly a business proposition with Joe and it didn't take him long to demonstrate that he was the man to fill the gap. He was a great fielder, a sweet, natural hitter, and a streak on the bases.

He was a better listener than he was a talker and his idea of a riotous evening was to sit up till ten-thirty playing checkers with the night watchman. Because he didn't have much to say, people got the idea that he was slow; but he could think fast enough on the field. Joe had real baseball instinct. He wasn't the helpless sort of player that always looks toward the bench when in a tight place. Joe didn't need anybody to do his thinking for him. If the ball was hit in his direction we could depend on him to whip it to the point where it would do the most good; and the tighter the pinch, the steadier he seemed to be.

We made Chicago on the first Western trip and Bancroft was the man they all wanted to see. Some folksparticularly the Chicago fans—had been hoping that, with Dabney gone to the minors, we'd have a hole at second base that a lot of games would leak through. It's always nip and tuck when we meet that Chicago team.

On the opening day of the series Bancroft played as though he had a horseshoe in his hip pocket. Everything broke exactly right for him. He pulled off four or five circus stunts, started two double plays, cut off a run at the plate, and in the seventh inning he whacked out the triple that won the game for us. Joe was the man of the hour, sure enough, and the evening papers said that unless he was playing faster than he knew how we'd never miss Dabney.

That evening I was sitting in the lobby, close to the cigar counter. Mary had come on watch at six o'clock and most of us had been over to shake hands and say how glad we were to see her again.

"Well, Chief," says she, "your new man delivered the goods. I haven't seen him yet. What does he look like?"
"He's no chromo," says I. "He looks a lot better on the

field than off it. Watch for a man about twenty-seven, with a big head of hair and an undershot jaw. That's Joe. Don't try to flirt with him, Mary. He's bashful."



"I think I see myself!" says Mary with a sniff.

Not many of the boys were round the hotel that night. Some theatrical press agent with a dead show on his hands had invited us to go and sit in the boxes as guests of the management, and most of the players fell for it. I didn't because it has been my experience that they never give away any seats they can sell. A stage box for nothing usually means a punk show.

Along about eight o'clock Joe Bancroft came wantering through the lobby. Big towns were new to him in those days and he couldn't seem to get used to living in a hotel. He anchored himself against a marble pillar at the end of the cigar counter, and he was standing there with his hat pulled down over his eyes when the shoe drummer from St. Louis came wabbling in from the café. The drunner had been treating his expense account unkindly and war pretty well illuminated.

I don't know what he said to Mary, but I could see by her face that she didn't like it. I was watching for the comeback when all at once Joe Bancroft stepped over, for all the world as though he knew this fellow and was going to speak to him. Joe put his hand on the back of the drunmer's neck and shut down on it with a grip that made his knees knock together.

No fuss, no scene; it was done so quietly that if I hain't been watching I never would have known that anything out of the ordinary was happening.

"Now then," says Joe, "you can tell this lady that you're ashamed of yourself."

I could see him digging his thumb in under the drumme ear. There's nothing I know of that hurts any worse that

The drummer said he was ashamed-he would have said anything about that time—and Joe let go of him. B went weaving back to the café, rubbing his neck and talket to himself; and Joe turned on his heel and faded out :=

I managed to need a smoke about that time.

Well, Mary," I says, "you are still batting a thousand with my ball club. Even the new man is for you." "What do you mean-for me?" says she.

"Oh, nothing," I says; "but what was Joe Banco's doing to that drunk?"

"Land of liberty, Chief!" says she. "You don't men to tell me that was Bancroft! I took him for an issa farmer."

"Give us time, Mary, and we'll train him. We've out had him since the season opened. He still wears detached cuffs and made-up neckties."

"So he's the new second baseman!" says Mary. "Is == his regular speed? Does he go round defending heipies women and choking folks, and all that sort of thing!

"Not so you could notice it," I says. "He won't rott talk to the married women with the club and a skirt scan him worse than the Miner's bean ball. But maybe," #15 I, "he saw something about you that took his fant;"
"Nonsense!" says Mary. "Why, he never even local."

at me!" "Don't be too sure of that. Bancroft has got a way "

noticing things with the back of his head. The different

between what he sees and what other people think he sees will make suckers of a lot of base runners this season."

"Is he as good as poor old Dabney used to be?" mestion was just like Mary. She wanted to get a line on

him straight from headquarters.

"As good?" says I. "Why, the best day Dabney ever saw he couldn't beat this fellow! Bancroft's a marvel that's what he is, a marvel! He's the sweetest infielder I've seen since-since -

"Since you quit, Chief," says Mary. Confound it! That girl can usually tell what you're thinking about.

"If he's as good as all that," she goes on, "I'll have to keep an eye on Mr. Bancroft. Thank him for me, Chief; but please tell him not to do it again. He might get me in bad with the boss. The man that he choked is a shoe drummer from St. Louis and he spends a lot of money in the house.

The shoe drummer, pinch hitting for Cupid, got on jest base and then pulled up lame, as you might say. More out of mischief than anything else, I went in to run for him. It wasn't any of my business, but I dropped in on Bancroft just as he was getting ready for bed.

"The lady at the cigar counter would like to meet you," says I.

Joe suddenly stopped undressing with his shirt half over his head.

"Huh? What lady? Are you trying to kid me?"
"Tell it to Sweeney!" says I. "I saw the little squeeze play you put over on the souse. Nice work, Joe!"

Bancroft pulled his shirt off and sat on the edge of the bed for a while, thinking.
"Oh, that!" he says. "Maybe you think I was grand-

standing, Chief; but I wasn't-honest! I don't even know what that girl looks like, but it went against the grain to have that drunken lobster call her 'Dearie.' If I'd only had him out in an alley somewhere I could have handed it to him right. I-I don't like his kind of folks, Chief. I was brought up to treat women different.'

"You needn't apologize to me, Joe. It was coming to him and he got it. And, as it happens, that young woman s a particular friend of mine; in fact, she's the friend of all visiting ball players. They don't make 'em any finer than she is. That was Mary McConnor, Joe. You must have heard of her.'

"Nope," says Joe, beginning to yawn.
"Well," I says, "there's a young woman with gifts. She knows more inside and lowdown stuff about the workings of this league than the National Commission. If there should be a row in the dressing room in Boston to-morrow Mary would know all about it by the end of the week. She's got a line on every new man that breaks in. I'll bet she's got your batting and fielding average figured down to the minute."

"No!" says Joe. "Well, what do you think of that? Must be quite a fan, eh? . . Did she—say anything, Chief?

"Nothing but that I was to thank you and she'd keep her eye on you after this. She's all right, Mary is; and if it was me she wanted to meet -

"Good night, Chief!" says Joe. "I'm going to turn out the lights and go to bed now."

He did it too; but there was an arrow planted in him a foot deep.

DON'T know where people get the notion that true love can't be the real thing unless it breaks all the speed records. Maybe it's from the short stories in the magazines that a man can read in twenty minutes, and in those twenty minutes everything in the world happens. Two young people start out on the first page as total strangers and at the end of the fourth page they go into a clinch.

"I love you!" says Harold. "Be mine!"

"This is so sudden!" says Myrtle-and it is too. Zing! Just like that. On the fifth page you get the

orange blossom finish and the life sentence at the church. Now in real life it's different. Not many men try to knock the cover off the first ball the lady puts over the plate. They want to wait her out and see what they're getting; they want to study her curves and her snap throw

to first. That's the sensible system; but there is such thing as a man being too deliberate and getting a third strike called on him. In a regular story Joe would have been leaning up against that cigar counter at daylight, waiting for Mary to come to work; but this isn't a regular story—it's the truth.

It was in the spring of 1905 when Joe gave the drummer the squeeze play. Along in September he got up nerve enough to talk with Mary across the counter. The last Western trip we made he shook hands with her and said he hoped he'd see her again. That was a lot for Joe to say.

In 1906 he began to look like a big leaguer off the field. He had some clothes and shirts made to order, quit wearing tan socks with black shoes, and threw away his two-piece red flannels. He bought a diamond from a gambler who was broke and needed the money—four jewelers had to look at it first—but he never wore it. He carried it round in his pocketbook, wrapped up in tissue paper.

Joe warmed up to Mary considerable that season. Once he almost asked her to go to a show with him. He told her all about the quarter section he was buying out West, how much it would cost to get water on the land, and how many crops of alfalfa he figured it would yield. Whenever we were in Chicago, if he wasn't hanging round the cigar counter he was off in a corner somewhere, pretending to read the newspapers, but really watching every move Mary made.

I teased Mary about him a little bit, but I never got much of a rise out of her.

"You let him alone, Chief. It's a real treat to know one man who means everything he says.

"Yes; but he never says anything."
"He says enough. By the way, have you noticed how much better he looks since he's been paying some attention to his clothes?

Mary needn't have taken the credit for that. We all had a hand in it. It's no boost for a big-league club to have



Know the Jhow Was Over-and Didn't Care Either

a star player who might easily be mistaken for a farmer dressed up in his Sunday clothes. The boys had been instructing Joe-teaching him how to tie four-in-hands, and all that sort of thing.

At the gait he was traveling Joe might have come to an understanding with Mary along about the year 1942; but Father Time and another man cut in on his play and balled

Everybody knows what happens to infielders. They last anywhere from three to seven years, according to how old they are when you get 'em, and then their speed begins to When they quit covering as much ground as they used to and sharp-hit balls get by 'em without even a how-de-do? and when they can't beat out their own infield taps, the manager begins to look round for new blood.

Joe had four good years with us and the fifth season he began to slip a little. He was thirty-two then, which is quite an age for an infielder; and altogether he'd been playing baseball for twelve years. He was due, as we say. His fielding took a slump, his batting fell off about thirty points, he dropped away in stolen bases, and the whole machinery of the infield felt his slowing up and suffered. He was a heady ball player; he knew more about the fine points of the game than ever in his life; but he was a fraction of a second slower than he used to be, and in the big league the fraction of a second makes all the difference in the world.

It's all in the game, I know, and only the fastest and best men can hope to stay at the top; but to me the gradual slowing up of a great ball player is a tragedy. At first he won't admit it, even to himself. He tries to believe that it's nothing more than a temporary slump-something that will leave him in a few days. He doesn't think the manager has noticed it, but for fear that he has be works harder-tries harder; but it's no use. The best he's got left isn't quite good enough. When he gets overanxious and takes to fighting the ball and swinging at bad ones he has reached the last stage.

Some day he overhears a snatch of conversation in the clubhouse-something it wasn't meant that he should hear—or he picks up a newspaper and there it is, with a red headline on it. The poor devil hasn't been fooling any one but himself. His next stop is the American Association or the International, and after that it's a question: "Where do you go from here?" Cold blooded? Maybe; but it's

That season we closed at home. After the last game, when the skylarking was over and most of the boys had left the clubhouse, Joe came in from the locker room. I remember he had a key ring in his hands, and all the time he was talking to me he kept taking off his locker key and putting it back on the ring again, as though it was some kid's puzzle he was working with. I knew he wanted to say something and didn't quite know how to go about it. I hadn't opened my mouth to him about the way he was slowing up, for I could see he knew it better than I did, "Chief," said he, after we had talked about the

and the World's Series, and a dozen other subject



you'd better take a look round and get another second baseman. I've been going rotten lately."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a toothpick! Usually a man who is about through has forty alibis and he's always going to play the game of his life-next season. Joe put it up to me, cold turkey, and I didn't know what to say to him. That was Joe's style-telling you what he was thinking about without putting any frills on it. As a matter of fact I had already arranged to pick up a few promising recruit infielders, but I didn't want to tell

Joe so.

"Things have been breaking bad for you," says I, stalling him along. "Take a good rest this winter. You'll be all right in the spring."

"I don't know," says Joe. "I've been playing ball a long time, Chief. Maybe I'm due."

"Shucks!" says I. "Don't let it bother you."

"Just as you say"—and he put the key ring back in his

pocket-"Just as you say, Chief-only I thought it was up to me to tell you."

THE next spring at the training camp I picked up Tom Roche, a second baseman from the Southern Association. He wasn't a Bancroft by any manner of means, nor yet a Dabney; but he was young, fast, aggressive, and not entirely solid ivory above the ears. There's a chance for a kid if he can be taught that he doesn't know all the baseball there is, and Tom was willing to learn. Personally he didn't make much of a hit with me, but I found out a long time ago that I couldn't build a winning ball club on my own likes and dislikes. I'd sign the meanest man in the country if I thought he could help us win a pennant.

I hoped I wouldn't need Roche, but I wanted to have him handy in case Joe got any worse. It looked like a close fight in the first division and I wanted Joe's baseball instinct in there behind the young pitchers, even if I had to sacrifice a little speed to get it. Joe knew what was going on, of course; and how that fellow did work! He took off weight that had been on him for ten years, and he had the rubber kneading and pounding his legs for an hour every night. If sweating and massaging could have given him back his speed Joe would have been a lightning flash that season.

He didn't like Roche any better than I did, but he let the boy alone and gave him every chance to make good on his merits. Often the recruit who is being tried out for an old-timer's job has a pretty poor time of it. It's an unwritten law that a veteran has a right to hang on to his job tooth and toenail, as the saying is; and Roche knew this and expected trouble with Joe. Tom had a chip on

his shoulder all the while we were down South, but Joe simply ignored him and went on about his own business. On the train bound North for the beginning of the season Joe spoke to me about Roche for the first time:

"I see you took my tip and got a second baseman."

"He might come in handy," I says.

"Well," says Joe, "if that fellow is a better ball player than I am he's welcome to the job." There was quite a silence after that remark and then Joe closed the incident. "But he ain't!" says he.

We had warm weather for the opening of the league season, which was lucky for Joe, and he started off at a fairly fast clip. He wasn't the old Bancroft by quite 1 considerable, but he was plenty good enough to keep Tom Roche mumbling on the bench.

On the first Western trip I had a long confidential chat with Mary. I had heard the Gamecocks were fighting among themselves and that some of the outfielders had even been accused of laying down behind certain pitchers. and I knew Mary would have the straight of it. While we were talking Joe Bancroft came along.

"Hello, Mary!" said he. "Gee, it's good to see you again! How have you been?"

"Just about the same, Joe. I don't change much. And (Continued on Page 53)

# HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

O KNOW how plays are born rather than how plays are written is the quickest way of understanding that look on life which is indispensable to successful playwriting. Behind it always is the instinct expressed of old and still symbolized by the comic mask-to report the actions of men and women; but to do it in such a way that the world sees itself whitewashed of its ugliness, and tired children-so-called men and women-get relief from real life.

Tons of words are annually written and spoken on How to Write a Play; but it is not the How-it is the What of playwriting that should be mastered first. The trouble with the average How is that it is no more than it pretends to be. It tells how to cook the rabbit after he is caught. Granted that it is important for the huntsman to be rightly equipped with gun, ammunition and marksmanship, what he really wants to know is, where's the What?

Technic in playwriting is simply individuality. That is the reason why nobody can teach it and nobody can acquire it by rote. One man's technic is another man's poison. There

is no one and all-sufficient technic of the drama. That structure which is truest to the plot in hand, resulting in the least amount of waste between thought and expression, is the best technic.

To the practical playwright, writing and rewriting his material are the least of his labors. It is not necessary to warn him not to pad out an insufficient main plot by the introduction of a weaker subplot; to avoid stage asides, empty stages, superfluous butlers, dialogue that does not send the story forward; and to observe the necessity of conflict of characters or ideas, and similar laws.

It is the conception and birth of the basic idea of a play ne strives for. Once he gets his inspiration, the making of the play consists in thinking out its development from the fundamental idea. Pen may never be put to paper until the play has acted itself out in the playwright's mind. Then writing becomes the mere recording of a play already born.

Twelve years ago J. M. Barrie made an incident in Scottish life, which he had actually witnessed in Kirriemuir, into a one-act play. A young Scotsman was so ambitious for learning that every night he would break into the house of a parvenu neighbor and steal three hours' use of the books in the library. At the end of his studies each night he would leave the house—and the books—as he had found them. As a one-act play without a title that character sketch lay in Barrie's desk for six years. Then A. E. W. Mason, Barrie's friend, came up for Parliament.

# By JOHN D. WILLIAMS



The Czar's Ballet Master Teaching Girls the First Steps in the Coronation Ballet at the Athambra Theater

The playwright accompanied the novelist throughout the hustings—not as a speaker, but as a spectator. It was a novel experience for Barrie. He saw in action not only his friend Mason, but Lloyd George. At sight of the member for Merthyr Tydfil haranguing the multitude, with a Welshman's burr, the dramatist suddenly remembered the young Scotsman of his one-act play. The two figures began to blend. The nameless one-act play, six years after being laid away, began to write itself in his mind into a four-act comedy.

During the rest of the electioneering his dramatic instinct was not only seeing but playseeing; for the direct result of Barrie's little trips about the hustings is Lloyd George-or, under another name, John Shand, Member of Parliament for Glasgow, in What Every Woman Knows.

To the scrupulously methodical Pinero such a haphazard method of playwriting would be unthinkable. Pinero gets his fundamental idea or incident, reflects on it for from six to eight months, and writes the play from beginning to end in two months. The pages of a Pinero manuscript, written in longhand, go direct from his desk to the printer. Proofs are made, and these are corrected for errors in spelling and punctuation. The play is then printed and bound in the form of a book for private circulation. Its text is never changed. The play may begin with an abstract idea-English middle-class hypocrisyor, as in the following, a concrete incident.

One morning, during a-walk through the streets of residential London, Sir Arthur Pinero saw a woman, in evident desperation, rush out on the balcory of a flower-decked house in Mayfair. It was clearly her intention to throw herself to the street below; but she was stopped and saved from such a death by two men-one yourg. the other middle-aged-who reached the balcony as quickly as the woman. The three figures soon returned into the house, disappearing from viewbut not from the playwright's thoughts. In that incident Sir Arthur Pinero saw a new outcome of the eternal domestic triangle-a wife committing suicide to escape from the cruelty of a husband and the disloyalty

of a paramour. In London at that time there was a woman celebrated for his beauty and her success in breaking up homes. She has since become Robert Hichens' Bells Donna; but Sir Arthur first employed her to balance dramatically the guilt of a husband who would not forgive the same guilt in his wife—until, in desperation, she killed herself. The playwright even cast for his woman in the case an actress

who strikingly resembled the woman in real life. With this much material assembled, Pinero followed his usual method: Went in for from six to eight months of social like in London, devoting that period to the gathering of material rial, to anything but playwriting-to club life, dinners balls, the usual society treadmill.

Then he suddenly disappeared from London, and for the rest of the year he was secluded in a remote village, out if reach even of his immediate family; but before the year and up Mid-Channel, a play the story of which is the death suicide of a repentant but unforgiven wife, was announced

Every organic play, like any simple sentence, must have a subject and a predicate. This is only to say that ever rightly thought-out play is reducible to a single proposition. The chief figure or protagonist is to a play wind the subject is to a sentence; the action is to a play what the predicate is to a sentence.

For example: in Disraeli, Louis Parker laid emphasis at the subject, the chief figure, Benjamin Disraeli; in Rose mary, on the predicate, the story; in Pomander Walls again on the predicate, the environment-because the germinal idea of the first was a character; of the other two, stories and scenes.

Had not the last-named play first taken root in M. Parker's mind entirely as a scene, it might just as well have been written with its emphasis put on the central character. the old admiral, rather than on his environment; but a

was in the following way that Pomander Walk first occurred to Louis Parker: In 1910 the playwright reached the locality of his home, Kensington, late one night, empty of pocket and very low in spirits. He was returning from the last of the celebrated pageants, some dozen of which he had organized and presented as open-air performances in various parts of historical England.

Great fame, but not even a shadow of financial fortune, accrued to Parker from these pageants.

As he puts it: "What was made at the Warwick Pageant was lost at Bury Saint Edmunds."

Hence, after a long absence he had to return home and there plunge into fresh devices to get free from serious financial straits. His thought as he neared his house in Pembroke Road was: "I must write a play; I have a family awaiting me at home." But where to find the necessary material? How to make even a beginning?

"If I could look beneath the roofs of that row of houses standing before me," the playwright said to himself as he came within sight of Pembroke Road, "I am sure I should find dozens of plays." And on the heels of that thought came the idea: "Why not? Who knows those people better than I? I have been beneath every one of those roofs."

And, with that, Mr. Parker entered his house; hurried to his desk; wrote steadily for three hours, and the following noon delivered to Golding Bright, his play agent, a fifteen-page scenario of a play to be called Pomander Walk. Two days later George Tyler, the manager, then in London seeking plays, gave Mr. Parker, through Mr. Bright, a check for two thousand dollars for the scenario.

check for two thousand dollars for the scenario.

"Directly I knew it was to be produced," says Mr.
Parker, "the play practically wrote itself from my original scenario."

Where the greatest emphasis shall be laid, then, in the making of a play is also determined by the character of the idea from which it is born. The coming of that idea is all matter of chance.

Very likely Jove thought it an idea for a play when he irst felt Minerva springing from his brain.

#### Three Kinds of Plays

REPRESENTATIVE contemporary plays, traced to their origins, are divided into three groups:

1—Those that are born of a central figure—man or roman—which, in conflict with environment, reveal charcter and important social ideas, thus generating dramatic r comic situations; for example, Cæsar and Cleopatra, tomance, Lady Windermere's Fan, and so on.

2—Those that are born of important social ideas or leals which, put into practice, generate dramatic or comic tuations and reveal character; like Man and Superman, ruth, As a Man Thinks, The Thief, and so on.

3—Those that are born of dramatic or comic situations hich, when developed, generate dramatic or comic action and reveal character, but no special ideas or ideals; like rizona, Secret Service, The Seven Keys to Baldpate, the Music Master, and so on.

In short, all sound plays are born of the development of character, an idea or a situation. This central character, as or situation comes of reflection—is found in the newspers and magazines, heard in chance conversation, or countered on the streets.

Augustus Thomas, who thrives on a healthy scorn of thnic—his saying is: "The longer I live, the less regard ve I for the so-called technic of the drama"—but who a consummate master in building up in his own way

dramatic or comic material of almost any origin, once gave me the following set of notes, briefly accounting for the origin of his best-known plays:

"When I started to write Arizona it was only with the main idea to produce a modern and sane melodrama on a Western subject. With personal letters from General Nelson A. Miles I went to the military posts, where I was made at home and was introduced to the neighboring ranchers, whose guest I subsequently became. I spent a couple of months in the district and was impressed by the juxtaposition of these two lives—that is, the ranchman and the soldier; also, by the points of contrast between them as well as those of contact. Most of the people were young and romantic; when not so they were middle-aged and vigorous.

"The character element was there plentifully—the story grew of itself. For some time after, I was at a loss for a sufficient reason to have the military active, as I needed them. One morning the papers reported the Maine as having been sunk in Havana Harbor; I promptly invented the Spanish War and raised a company of Arizona volunteers. The United States Government and General Leonard Wood stole my idea before I could get it into print; but that was the genesis of my piece.

"It is a theory of mine that one of the chief tasks of the dramatist is to know what will interest people a year from now—that is to say, when his proposed play shall be launched. Some three years ago I said a good play should be written on the relation of the Jew to the life about him in America. I had no intention then of writing such a play myself. Several plays with Jewish subjects followed; but it seemed to me they had failed to get the relation I had noted—to show the Jews charitable, high-minded and ethically conscious, as I know them to be.

"These plays had also failed to note the connection of the early Jewish law with our own modern code. It was a wish to depict this social relation of the Jew, and to show the value of his early and persisting standard of morals, that made me write As a Man Thinks. The starting point there, as you note, was an idea and not a situation. The process was to select representative types—let them live together in one's mind and work out their own story, with such supervising hints as a dramatist would inevitably give.

"You ask me about The Witching Hour. The nucleus of that was written in a one-act form twenty-two years ago, and after I had had some business relationship with Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, and some knowledge of his telepathic power. A. M. Palmer, for whom the play was written, felt that the public knew too little of the subject; and I guess he was right, because even after the four-act form of the play was produced, under the title of The Witching Hour, an authority so eminent as our materialistic friend, Professor Münsterberg, denied that any such thing as telepathy existed. The preponderance of testimony, however, was on the other side, having such advocates as William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others; and besides, I had my own knowledge of the matter. There again an idea was the central thing."

Probably nine out of ten plays devoted principally to action owe their origins to the columns of newspapers. A Doll's House, for example, was born of a newspaper account of a wife who was arrested for forging a check in order to obtain money to repaper the walls of her sitting room.

William Gillette, bored to weariness from playing Sherlock Holmes season after season, one morning opened a copy of the New York Times and caught sight of a cabled dispatch from Russia. The item occupied exactly two inches on an inside page. It told of the escape of three spies from Siberia. The men had broken into a signal station, which stood alone by the railroad tracks. Two of the spies had chloroformed the telegrapher, while the third, himself a telegrapher, dispatched an order over the wires for a special locomotive. With its arrival all three, passing themselves off as linemen, rode away at top speed for the nearest boundary.

Now the one point in the item that fascinated Gillette was the fact that one of the spies, a prisoner in the enemy's country, was a telegrapher. In itself that was a dramatic nugget. At once there was a fresh interest in life for the playwright. A play was born and began to develop the moment he recognized the dramatic essences in that single situation.

Gillette went on a tour from New York to San Francisco, performing Sherlock Holmes in public; but by himself, during hours of secluded, silent reflection, it was the play with the telegraph scene that he was really acting.

June came, and not a line had yet been written of a play that had been constantly building itself in its author's mind since October. The tour ended and the company returned East, but without Gillette. Nothing was heard from him by anybody for seven weeks.

At the end of that period, however, he boarded a train in a suburb of Los Angeles, carrying the completed manuscript of Secret Service. In less than two months of playwriting its author had recorded nine months of playthinking. That was a play beginning with a single concrete incident, out of which naturally developed rapid, logical and picturesque action.

#### Plots From the News Columns

THE news column of the daily papers is a rich field for such material; but the vein does not always develop gold. About six years ago the late Clyde Fitch had three plays going in as many theaters on Broadway. They were called Truth, The Happy Marriage and The Woman in the Case. The last is worth mentioning as an example of what not

to do with a good plot found in a newspaper.

The Woman in the Case is the story of a wife's loyalty to her husband, who has been convicted of poisoning a friend, a member of his club, and is up for a second trial; but there was another figure, a woman of the half-world—The Woman in the Case. She had been loved by the murdered man. The accused had tried to undermine her influence over her lover. In revenge she became the star witness for the prosecution. She implied that the husband had been jealous. All circumstantial evidence pointed to the husband's guilt, but the wife was eloquent in her belief in his innocence. Her loyalty knew no bounds. Her

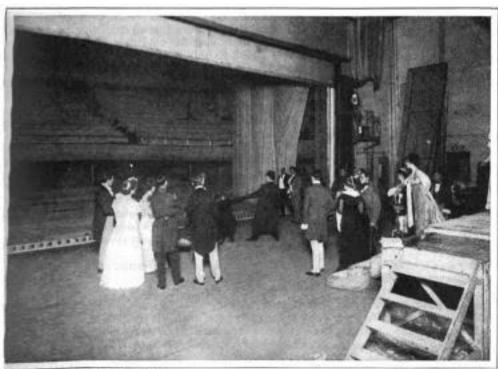
presence at the Tombs was constant.

Of course The Woman in the Case was the Molineux trial, which was then filling the newspapers. The names of the principals were changed and the character of the husband was somewhat ennobled to allow for a happy ending: but he was acquitted in the theater, just as he

subsequently was in court, and for the same reasons.

In short, a celebrated local case of absorbing interest to the public was transcribed by Fitch's pen until it fitted the limitations of the stage instead of being translated through his imagination and given an extra social significance by the stage. A real local event of tragic importance was

(Concluded on Page 30)





PROTO, BY BROWN BROTHBYS, NEW YORK O

A Half-Dress Rehearsal

# THE LAST ENTERPRISE

THEN the San Francisco earthquake had ended its forty-eight seconds of diabolic dancing, "Judge" Harris, in one of the police-station cells of the City Hall's basement, peered out of the folded arms in which he

had hidden his bald pate and saw before him a good breach in the wall. Without too much hesitation he walked through that breach to the sidewalk and stood free beneath the morning sky.

He had gotten into the cell through a long course of debauch alcoholic, begun many years before with a sorrow so old he could not remember it. This time even his legendary frock coat, his extraordinary beaver, and his reputation on the streets of Frisco as the last of the characters left by a departed romantic period had failed to save him. But the elements were with him. Years of gradual slipping had put him in; a few seconds of cataclysm had taken him out. He turned his blinking eyes and his inflamed nose to the rising sun in supreme inquiry.

The sun was rising strangely, as though

behind a pane of cracked glass. It danced; it turned; it was very red; it was dull and molten. Finally the judge diagnosed this behavior—the city was burning. He shuffled on downtown to see it burn.

He saw it burn for three days. He lingered on the edge of the fiery sea, backing tranquilly before its steady advance, removing before its tide his extraordinary frock coat, his incredible beaver, his contemplative stupor; and standing at a corner now and then, legs apart, epic, he answered the conflagration's flaunting with the flame of

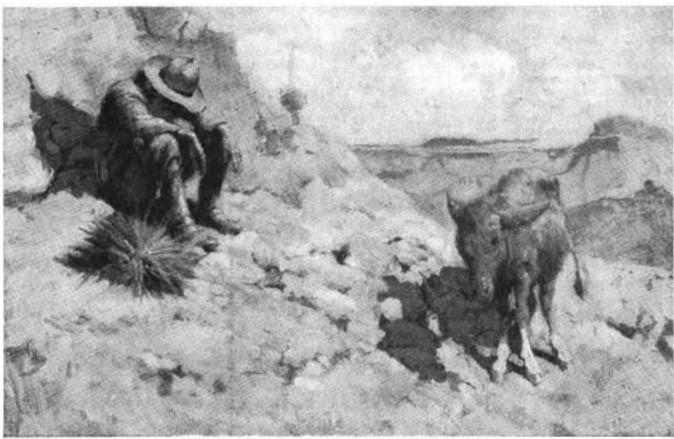
Then the fire ended. He found himself camped among ruins, by the trickle of an old waterpipe, and very happy; for his city now was different from the city it had been, was different from any city that ever had been. He had sensed the change even while it was still burning. Accosting then, with a muttered request, a man in an alley, he had been astonished to see the stranger empty the contents of his purse on his palm and count out to him exactly one-half-in this case one dollar and seventy-five cents. A little later, when he asked bread of a woman, she gave him precisely one-half of the loaf she bore under her arm.

This blessed condition was continuing; the city had become a city in which every one gave a moiety of what he had to every one else. Also, there were lines in which one took one's place; and, moving forward little step after little step, one came finally to an important individual with a red cross on his sleeve who gave one potatoes, beans, bacon, flour and pyramids of corned beef. Once, getting in the wrong line, the judge had even been offered a house.

It was a very little house and it carried with it the obligation of living in one of the organized refugee camps. The judge refused it; he preferred his own camp. This was in the ruins. A remnant of brick wall gave shade. Other bricks had fallen amiably into the shape of a very good fire trench. A broken pipe trickled like a spring; lush grass was already growing round it. Making his coffee and cooking his bacon and flapjacks, the judge felt long-gone efficiencies stir deliciously within him-floppings of pancakes, crispings of bacon, coaxings of biscuits to flaky embonpoint-and he was thrown back forty years to the time when, young, he "bached" it on the placers of Coyote Flat; to that time when something had happened—his old head could not quite remember what-which had sapped his fibers and had started him on the long downward path.

He was thus giving promise of ending his days in idyllic ease when an accident threw him back into the fields of endeavor. This accident was a small accident. The judge one morning again took a place in the wrong line. Arriving at its head he found himself facing, instead of the flour and bacon he needed, a huge heap of clothing.

# By James Hopper



"You Jee, Nicodemus, It Isn't the Custom. It Isn't Done"

The judge's capacity for refusing was not large; he did not turn away. A kind, round lady was distributing. In a moment she put in his arms a very respectable suit of black, with necktie and socks to match; but by this time his eyes were so very wistful on something else that she pivoted to see. The judge was looking hungrily and long-ingly at a shirt. She had been wondering earlier who could have sent in those shirts and what in the world she should do with them, for they were flannel shirts such as had won freedom and reconstruction for Italy, and many tender glances on the Fourth of July for the stalwart members of Exempt Company Number One, Sag Harbor. She did not know that forty years ago, on the placers of Coyote Flat, the judge had worn just such a red flannel shirt.

Lady, please; may I have that shirt!"

"Why, certainly, my good man."

The good man, receiving the red shirt, returned the black coat.

"But you can have the coat, too, my good man."

"I don't want the coat. Just the shirt. Say, lady, may have these overalls?"

"Certainly, my good man."

Now his mouth was open and the yearning in his eyes was far beyond that which the shirt had drawn. He had seen a mountain of boots-boots accordion-plaited at the ankle, with two unashamed loop-straps at the sides.

"If I could have boots like that, madam!" He was given the boots. "Now a belt?" he murmured. "And a sombrero"-when he had obtained the belt.

He left, holding the garments in his arms with the gesture of a mother holding her baby, and back in his camp, behind a ruined wall, put them on immediately. The shirt was open on the old ropy throat; the belt was tight about the sunken abdomen; the overalls were tucked within the boots, and there was a tilt to the sombrero. He stamped about weakly at first, then with what might have passed as rising strength. And with this act the vague fermentation that had been going on within him came to a clear result. He saw with abrupt vividness the placers of Coyote Flat, where he had mined forty years before, the pines, the swarm of men, the noisy camp with its frail cabins, the booming flumes; and sitting down, his old head in his hands, be began to consider seriously a project that for years had been tormenting him dimly.

It was to him a perfectly simple and good plan, and one certain of success. When he had thought of it ten years before, his heart had almost knocked him down with its beating, and he had thought his fortune surely made. Yet he had never succeeded in interesting the necessary capital. It was generally in saloons that he tried to do this. To any one who had been a little kind to him, who had allowed him

to sneak into a general Come-boys-this-is-on-me line-up. the judge in gratitude would try to unfold the magnificence of his embryo enterprise. He would take him to the end at the bar and would mumble in his ear; but the chosen one

never listened to the

At a certain moment he always raised his head abruptly, disctangled himself and laughed loud. Thesh censed laughing gave the judge a curious glance, and ever after ward seemed just a bit afraid of him.

The judge, head in hands, thought nov of these many rebufs.

"What I need is a grubstake," he mm

The next day he appeared before a committee of leading citzens which was doing out loan funds to mer seeking rehabilitation Being leading citizen they had never met the judge in the places where he had sought capital, and now the experience of years caused him to be discreet.

He did not disclose his true intentions. He asked more modestly for a stake that would enable him to start a

vegetable garden on the outskirts of the city. "A place to grow cabbages and things," he described it.

That forty-eight-second dreadful dancing which the net.

of this committee had suffered a few weeks before had left them a little more indulgent and skeptic and huncros than they had ever been. They staked the judge and in cabbages. The next day he left the city on his way to his splendid enterprise.

It did not occur to him to take the train, for he was doing things as he would have done them forty years before. He embarked on an old river steamer, which began to churt the waters with its wheel tail, slowly crossed the bay it black profile against the setting sun, and entered a rise. Up this river, winding along interminable sloughs, it coughed all night. The judge, who to economize had taken no cabin, lay wrapped in his blanket on the upper deca He did not sleep. The boat coughed, coughed, coughed, churned, churned; sidled up to a low bank and sidled off again, its cargo increased by a sack of potaton or a crate of strawberries. And the judge remembered the days when such steamers came swiftly down the nine. splendid with lights, noisy with the clicking of chips at the loud exhibaration of men down from the placers will gold dust in their pockets, gold dust to stream on the roulette tables, and gold dust in the purser's safe in a longer orgy in Frisco.

At sunrise the spires of a city appeared across the tale. and an hour later the boat tied up at its very heart. To judge scrambled out, in haste to outfit. He wore his book his shirt, his sombrero; his blanket lay across his back Early loafers viewed him with stupor.

His first search was among horse merchants and him stables, and it took him some time to accept the fact in what he was seeking to buy was no longer an object? trade among men. Noon found him on the outskirts of the town, following a bevy of small boys in search of a certain Bob, who "had one." Bob, when found, did have one are was willing to sell. And the judge bought a little tan-back curly-haired donkey, with innocent eyes and a philosophic ical disposition.

This the judge led back to the center of the town, to the

main street and the harness shop.

At the harness shop he bought a packsaddle, which forthwith girthed on the burro, two big saddlebags, Ecc. long cotton pack rope, with a hair cinch. The burn, and accountered, was then moved down the street to the grow's where his bags were filled with provisions-flour, have coffee, baking powder, salt and sugar. At the dryped store a thick double blanket was thrown over the 3th The last stationing was before the hardware store. By including

ck the judge was ready. By five he was out of town, at hing sun-white road that stretched toward the blue his of the distant sierra.

The little donkey trotted behind him, vaguely like a tirtle beneath the carapace of its pack. From the knot of the faultless diamond hitch, cooking utensils dangled; fore and aft in the crotch of the saddle a pick and a shovel rose high above a wide, shining white pan. And the farmers along the way watched, with open mouths, the old man pass, with his white beard, his boots, his red shirt, his sombrero, his little pack animal, with pick, shovel and pan; and at the sight they felt stirring within them old memories of past romance.

He camped, as night came on, near a farm. Small boys in ambush behind the willows watched him eat, silhouetted against the fire, his supper of fiapjacks and crisped bacon; later the farmer himself called, curious to engage him in talk; but, seized with a fear of betraying his precious plans, the judge answered only with ill-natured gruntings and in their presence rolled himself in his blanket to sleep.

He was off again early the next morning. For three days to trudged stubbornly across a plain in the glare of the sun. Then the ground rose under his feet to foothills. It was till early in the year; the grass was green; there were mall oaks, and brooks that ran clear. His purpose now eemed to fade at times, to leave him altogether. He pitered a good deal. Once he passed a whole day playing with polliwogs in a green pool. Another afternoon slipped way while he wasted all of his ammunition shooting with its big six-shooter at a tin against a tree. He would stretch in his back for hours, his cheek caressed by a blade of rass, his eyes on the sky. A second childhood was coming to him like a grace.

Then, frowning, he would remember, and would push on ith trembling energy; thus fitfully he rose into the heart of he hills. There came a long, steep grade, which wound him pward for a whole day; and when the road flattened gain it was stretching high through the pines, and a new igilance had come upon him. The sun set, the moon rose. It went on with long strides, prodding the little burro eforce him, while his old black eyes searched to the right, the left, for faded recollections of old landmarks. The had, a tollpike, had been little traveled so far this year; at after a while he turned off from it into one still less equented—one of which, in fact, the carpet of grass, the reaching bramble and the absence of ruts told of long bandlonment.

He followed this indistinct way through the pines, the irro trotting before him. Then the pines ceased to be id he was on the edge of a wide and denuded flat. His lart beat strongly; he halted and stood looking, immobile. It was a ravaged stretch of land; the moon poured its cusmition upon it and made it livid. There was not a see and not a blade of grass. And not only was there it a stree and not a blade of grass, but there was no earth.

he earth had been ug, scratched, rap-ed, swept, hyauli cked away to its ost minute grain; it us ass though over the e of this landscape ne monstrous and alo-us deity had ured vitriol, corrodtits fairness down the bone; and only granite bedrock nained, this itself graved in miniature nons and frozen ves, sharp-crested. The judge closed his ss; and instantly he v the land as it had m when he had been e, as it had been re than forty years ore. Over the flat, ndreds of men ırmed, dressed as he s; bent at the waist, h pick and shove y attacked fiercely soil; their picks at up and down ftly; they were like

chanical toys.

Ie opened his eyes

v, however, and

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id peered across

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the possibilities of

enterprise. And

he saw that for

which he was searching, that which was assurance of success. Over there in the dim opalescence of the moon rode something like a warship on waves of granite. A more fixed contemplation resolved it into a hillock with a flat top. It stood there in the center of the corroded devastation, an isle intact; a bit of the original landscape left there, spared through some mysterious caprice of the hordes which, all about, with the thoroughness of ants and the violence of dynamite, had gutted the land for its gold.

The judge spoke aloud in the stillness. "It is still here," be said.

But his emotion demanded an audience. "It is still here, Nicodemus!" he repeated, addressing the little ass.

Nicodemus licked up a blade of grass, but otherwise was unmoved.

"Our fortune is made, Nicodemus!"

Nicodemus rubbed his pack pensively against the last small pine.

The judge clucked the little donkey on. He did not drive the animal toward the mesa that had so interested him, however, but along the faint traces of the road skirting the flat to the right, leaving the mesa, mysterious island in the liquidity of the moon, to the left.

"We're going to see how the old camp has stood it, Nicodemus."

The burro's small boofs drummed on the hard pan; the nails of his boot crunched on the granite. The noise they thus made stirred him with an uneasy sense of desecration; throwing long side glances he tried to walk on tiptoe and was glad when, with a little leap, the indistinct road came to fertile ground again. A minute later the way became the main street of a village.

It was a strange village. The street, long neglected, scooped by the rains, was a gulch. On both banks of the gulch the little houses rose. They were atilt, one to the left, another to the right, as though drunken or as if suddenly petrified in the middle of a mad dance; and some seemed to be bending toward the lone man passing and others to draw back in scandal.

From the yawning doors not a light came and not a sound; in the whole village there was not the bark of a dog or the passing of a cat.

"Coyote Flat, Nicodemus," said the judge with the tone of a cicerone.

He went on down the main street, pushing the little donkey ahead, until he came to a cabin larger than the others and with a false front that made its one story look two. This he entered.

He could see the stars through a rent roof; and his feet were in a soft dust made of the earth that had been beneath the floor. The room was large, and to his right, massive and well-preserved inside that frail and ruined house, possessed of an indestructibility like that of an altar, a long piece of furniture stretched a few feet from the wall. He moved toward this sort of counter, leaned one elbow on it,

turned toward the center of the room and, with a large, loose, amiable herding gesture of his left arm, shouted:

"Come on, everybody! It's on me this time!"

No one answered. He pounded the counter impatiently.

"Come! The poison is on me!"

Then the sound of his voice and the silence that answered frightened him abruptly. He stumbled toward the door, out on the street again.

"Nicodemus, take off your hat! This is the Golden Eagle Hotel and the Golden Eagle Hotel bar."

He went on a little farther and stopped by a cabin that was altogether down, a pile of loose boards and shakes on the ground.

"Nicodemus, here's firewood. We camp right here, Nicodemus."

When he had unpacked the burro and had lit his fire he went off with his pail behind the houses—the deserted camp was flat as cardboard scenery—slid out of sight, and a little later returned grunting, the pail full of cool, clear water. The burro was already at his meal, hopping about with hobbled ankles and cropping bunch grass between boards and shakes. The judge cooked, ate, rolled up by the fire and went to sleep.

He woke twice. The first time he remained motionless on his back, not daring to let his eyes roam. A great silence lay with the moon on the deserted and ruined camp, and the mountain cold pressed on him as though it were a hand. A deep sigh coming from very near raised abruptly his dim dread to a passion of fear. Then that which had so hurt him now reassured him—little Nicodemus came sauntering by, munching, carelessly treading possible terrors under his small hoofs. It was he who had sighed, waking half frozen.

And the second time the judge did not know whether he was really awake. The moon was sinking behind the trees and in the thickening darkness the camp seemed repaired and restored. What had been down was up; holes in roofs and walls were filled. And what thus stood repaired seemed of another stuff, less material, than the more solid parts that had resisted time. The doors were all closed; the windows were all closed; the judge fancied he heard behind these closed doors and windows the measured breathing of hundreds of men. From the Golden Eagle Hotel came a cry —

An owl flew by, velvety. Nicodemus shook himself hard by; and the judge, sitting up with prickling hair, saw the little animal hop right through one of the restored walls. As though this had been a signal, a reassertion of things as they are, suddenly all the holes became holes again, the patches in walls disappeared, the semimaterial ghostly fabric became air—and the camp was a ruin again.

When in the morning the judge woke he found the devastation about him more eloquent in that light. The shakes with which roofs and walls had been made had curled to the heat and cold of successive seasons, and in agonized con-

tortions had torn themselves from their nails; there were great holes in walls and roofs; many cabins were down altogether; one or two only were apparently intact.

The judge, with shuffling steps as though all his late energy had gone out of him, as though this had been a last flare to be followed by the final torpor of age, pottered about the ruins. He seemed to have forgotten altogether his superb and urgent enterprise. He stood on piles of shuffled lumber, picked up now and then an old corroded pot, a pan; he entered cabins and, before some rude fireplace still sooted with black, nodded with what might have been an old man's wisdom or an old man's weakness; he leaned on the bar of the Golden Eagle Hotel, that bar so humorously solid and permanent in the ruined flimsiness surrounding it, and seemed to ponder a long time.

His wanderings, though aimless in appearance, were in fact the following of a thin



In the Ghost Door of the Vanished Cabin a Young Woman Stood

thread of memory which stretched before him like a spider's web, tenuous, elusive, visible only in certain plays of light, lost altogether at times; then again before him. He zigzagged, turned, twisted, climbed mounds of lumber, went to the right, to the left. Once he thought he had found his old cabin. There was left only a piece of one wall; but against that piece his bunk still stood, the bunk he had occupied more than forty years before. Like a child playing a game he got into it and lay on his back, looking up through his old eyelids at the sun. It was very quiet and peaceful here. "Good old bunk!"

He was discovering, however, that this was not the end of his search; that the dim urge within him stirred still unsatisfied; that it was still pushing him on, he knew not where—except that somehow it had to do with pink calico. Yes, pink calico—that was it. He rose and began his wandering again, following the impalpable spider

thread. And then, suddenly, he had found!

He knew that he had found because of the peace that had come to him, as though forever an anchor had been dropped; but he did not know just what it was he had found. He was standing before a spot where a cabin had been; but of that cabin there remained only débris between the four corner posts, still standing upright, standing there upright as though they meant something.

Suddenly there came to the judge a vision at once precise and incomplete—a perfect picture, but detached from any ambience that might explain it. In the ghost door of the vanished cabin a young woman stood—a young woman of fresh, clean and buxom charm, flashing blue of eye and rose of cheek. Her dress was of pink calico; the sleeves of it were rolled up; and the bare arms were powdered with flour, as though a moment ago she had been kneading.

In her skirt a little girl hid, blue of eye and yellow of hair.

The judge saw, but did not interpret. He saw without knowing just what he saw. This picture was a projection of something that had existed forty years before; but nothing that had been with it came to explain it. He puzzled; but his old brain refused to tell him. Then a sadness pinched his heart and he found himself weeping. Hot drops as of liquid lead were on his hand; he looked at them, astounded.

As though a curtain had been rung down, the vision ceased. The judge went on pottering about the ruins aimlessly.

In the morning, though, the judge woke tingling with renewed vigor. He dispatched his breakfast hastily, for a fear was now on him. He feared that his eyes had not seen aright on the night of his arrival; or that since then something disastrous had happened. It was with a shout that, debouching on the desolate flat, almost at a run behind trotting Nicodemus, he saw, affoat like an island in the morning light's liquid gold, the hillock in which lay his certitude of splendid wealth. It stood there intact in the center of a corroded devastation as though there hung above it a taboo, a curse, or a sanctity. All about it the land had been ravaged. Two generations of miners had passed here—the judge's own, the argonauts who, with pick and shovel, had scraped what they could; then that which, with terrible hydraulic streams, had washed away what remained as with acid. And both had spared that little half-acre which, as the level about it had descended to bedrock, gradually had risen a little toward heaven.

It was a small hillock now with a flat top, a diminutive of those messs one sees in the Arizona desert; and the judge viewed it with tenderness.

"She's there, Nicodemus—she's there! She hasn't budged!

"I shouldn't wonder if there were one like it in every old deserted camp of California, Nicodemus!



He Remembered Now - Ah, He Remembered!

"The Deserted Camp Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited—how would that sound—eh, Nicodemus?

"Or shall we keep it all to ourselves?"

The burro not answering, he clucked it on toward the mesa. He observed it narrowly as he neared. It had not been touched. The walls were sheer with the exception of a little crumbling as though the miners, approaching like a surf from all sides, had been abruptly stopped by a word said up there at the top, or a gesture. When still nearer he scanned the geological structure cross-sectioned before him.

At the surface was a thin layer of brown earth traversed by the roots of grass. Below was sand; then pebbles increasing in size to boulders at the bottom. And among these boulders, on the bedrock, was black sand. He nodded sagely, skirted the mesa until he was on the side opposite that by which he had come, on the side hidden from the road that once had been, and, unpacking his implements, without hesitation he attacked its flanks with pick and shovel.

When he had thus secured a saddlebagful of the black sand he went down to the river that skirted the flat, taking along his pan. He was gone an hour. When he returned he placed beneath the nose of Nicodemus a small, open buckskin bag. Nicodemus, startled, breathed in noisily, and the old man broke out in a cackle:

"That's gold you have on your nose, Nicodemus! Gold dust! There's about ten thousand dollars' worth in that little hill. We can get half of it this summer."

He was silent, pensive. "And we'll come back next spring, Nicodemus. Our fortune is made. At last!

"The Deserted Camp Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited," he added solemnly after a silence. Then, spitting in his hands, he raised the pick at the end

Then, spitting in his hands, he raised the pick at the end of his lean, trembling arms and brought it down against the side of the hillock. It bit weakly; from its point a little crumble of earth ran down to his shoes.

"We're off, Nicodemus!"

He worked until sundown; then with Nicodemus he returned to his camp among the ruined cabins, the boards and the shakes; and in the morning, with the rising sun prickling his back, was again at the mesa with pick and shovel. When Saturday came he did not dig, but spent the day transferring the excavated sand and rubble, with the aid of Nicodemus, to the banks of the stream. And all Sunday he squatted by the water's edge and rocked and panned. When, Sunday night, he regained camp he held tight in his right hand a little buckskin bag full of gold dust. He was too tired to cook, and munched some cold biscuits; but immediately afterward he was up, searching about the ruined camp.

When he had found a cabin that was altogether down in a loose shuffle of lumber he lifted several boards, introduced his long arm beneath them, laid the little buckskin bag carefully on the ground and let the boards fall back on it. Then with a sigh he rolled up in his blanket; but in the middle of the night he was up again and, when he had found his cache, lay long on his side, his arm, underneath the boards, stretching to the little bag, his fages tight about it—until the cold had driven him basi to his bed.

On Monday he was again picking at the mesa. He blows were feeble, but he made this up by the patience of his industry. His mind, much of the time was a vacuity; but all the time in the center of the haze there burned, fixed, a kernel of purpose. And his pick ceaselessly rose and fell, rose and fell, going up slowly and tremblingly at the end of his old, thin arms, descending loosely; its cratched and scratched, and the loosened earth rose about his boots which, beneath the frailty of his body, took on an appearance of great weight, size and solidity as though they had been of bronze. Early on Tuesday he was here again—and Wednesday. Toward the end of the week

here again—and Wednesday. Toward the end of the week he began to move what he had excavated to the hank of the stream. On Sunday he panned and rocked for thirteen hours and, when night had come, deposited in his carbe beneath the boards of the fallen cabin a second fat little buckskin bag of precious dust.

The days now became the beads of a chaplet, slipping one by one. His undertaking possessed him altogether; is gave himself hardly time to eat and to sleep. At peop of dawn he came running up with Nicodemus to the mea wonderful; he dragged away at dark, full of regret. And his success was proving far beyond what he had dramed.

Though his age and his weakness and the primitiveness of his methods were holding him much behind his planning though he had so far merely scratched the sides of the hillock and saw that, instead of two summers, it would take him ten at the same rate to level it, yet he was taking out in gold as much as though the mesa held merely what he had hoped and, a giant, he were demolishing it ten times as fast. It seemed as though the argonauts, who had attacked the flat for gold, in setting out this small hill-acre had reserved unwittingly the richest spot. It ran values beyond what the judge could remember of the lest claims forty years before.

"Why, it's a real pocket—a real pocket, Nicodemus! There's hundreds of thousands in there, Nicodemus! We'll be sliding on velvet, Nic—on velvet!"

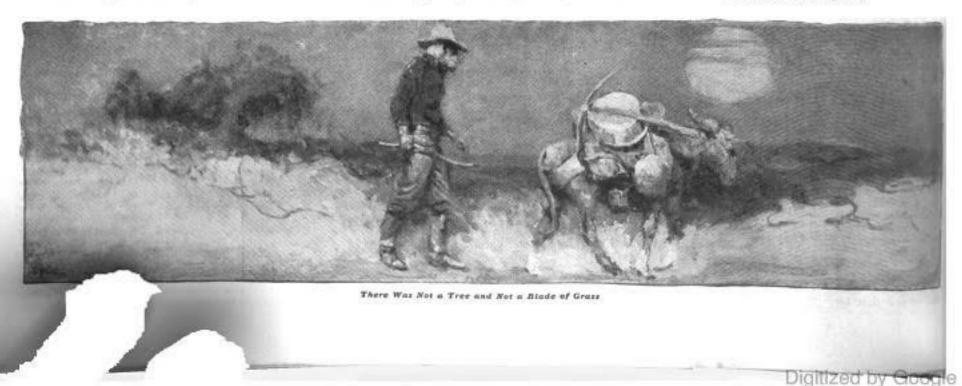
The work, with all its fascination, had its small annoyances. At times in his digging he came on something that gave him pause. He hesitated a while; then using the pick very carefully he freed, little by little, buried object that looked like sticks of bleached, porous wood. He laid them carefully together by his side and, gaining accustomance and assurance by the very act, at length was standing upright reflectively, holding in his hands a round thing, in the posture of the Prince of Denmark in one of Shaksper's famous scenes. His undertaking lost its splendor; he shivered a little in sickish distaste.

This lasted but a moment. His pick, rising, fell again; it bit into soil that he knew held much gold. The days passed one after the other, each full, tasting of duty well done; and in the cache under the planks of the ruined cabin the number of little bags of gold increased, squatted in a line in the half-light, like rotund little Buddhas.

It was then that the fascination exercised on him by the top of the little mesa began to put forth almost irresistible strength. When he worked it was right there above his head—the top of the mesa—very near and yet invisible it beckoned to him all the time, as though up there in the silence it held something to show him or a whisper for his ear. On the other hand, he could not bear the thought of dropping his pick for a moment or ceasing for a second the diligent scratching which was giving him a dignity long lost, which was rehabilitating him, which was giving him gold.

When he came hurrying in the morning he could see it.
the top of the mesa, as long as distance made it indistinct

(Continued on Page 33)



# THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

HITTLINGS went to South America on business for a client, and was gone for six months. He told Hicks they would take up the matter of a partnership when he returned. Hicks kept on at his acquaintance-making, securing some business. which Gudger handled for him. He was constantly in the company of Rollins, who expressed great affection and respect for Hicks and belped him in every posable way. Hicks participated in each movement or the betterment of Rextown, was active mough in church affairs o keep himself in good tanding, and essayed the part of prominent citizen. ie wrote regularly to lenator Paxton, making ree comments on the own, the people, his plans nd his prospects. Every ime Hicks' name apeared in the papers he ent a clipping to Paxton. ince he spoke of the hittlings proposition.

"On the broad, general beory that two heads are etter than one, if each is asonably non-osseous," enator Paxton wrote in ply, "I should say the lan is a good one. As political move it has its erits, also, for it stands reason when a law m is composed of two

artners, and has a political slant to it, if one partner is a emocrat and the other is a Republican the harvest will much more complete and satisfactory than it would be both were reaping in the same field. I think you might ell make the experiment, only never trust any person, ommie, in a business deal except me, and do not be too offding with me. Get it all down in black and white and m't let the other man use you half so much as you use e other man. Everything, they say, is fair in love and er, and that may be so. It also is true that everything is dair in politics, so keep your eye on your number conantly, and remember that the only way to be prosperous the future is to have been discreet in the past."

Chittlings was detained and did not get back to Rextown til September. "Let it wait until the first of the year," said to Hicks, and Hicks was glad to do so, for he was tremely busy with politics. County conventions were to held, and Rollins insisted that the Democrats must put a full ticket, from county judge to road superintendent. ere were many conferences at the office of Rollins and cks took part in them all.

As usual it was difficult to get Democrats to take nominans, for the fight was hopeless.

'I've got you slated for prosecuting attorney," Rollins d to Hicks.

'Prosecuting attorney!" Hicks exclaimed. "Isn't there udge to be named?"

'Yes," said Rollins, "but another man has been named that. You take the prosecuting attorney nomination. at will give you an opportunity to go out into the towns i get acquainted with the farmers. It's a county office, 1 know."

licks reluctantly consented.

He was firmly of the opinion that his services to the mocracy of Rextown and the surrounding country ened him to nomination for the highest office within the gift he people at that time, but Rollins had picked an older yer with a war record for the place, and Hicks subsided, without much inward protest.

lnough delegates were rounded up to make a Demotic convention possible, and Rollins called the gathering order at the appointed time. The assemblage, which uded Democrats from all over the county, was a listless , for it faced certain and overwhelming defeat and knew Rollins had asked Hicks to get ready for a speech, and



after the formalities attending the nomination of the ticket were hurried through, Rollins addressed the delegates:

'Fellow Democrats and gentlemen of the convention!" he began, "I now take great pleasure in introducing to you a sterling young Democrat who has recently come to our city, a man who believes in the ultimate triumph of Democratic principles, who holds Thomas Jefferson to be our greatest American, and whom you have just nominated for the important office of prosecuting attorney. Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, will now address you."

Tommie had felt he should array himself in his frock coat and wear his high hat, but Rollins told him not to. So he came in a sack coat and soft hat. As Rollins pronounced his name he stepped forward on the stage and bowed. There were a few scattering handclaps. Some of the men in the rear of the hall started to go out.

"Fellow Democrats," Tommie began; "I trust you will bear with me while I give to you my brief message. While these are times of dull despair for our party, I am one who has his face turned toward the morning and I can confidently assert to you that every cloud has a silver lining, that the night is darkest just before the dawn and that there is no lane without a turning. Fellow Democrats, truth is mighty and must prevail. As the poet has it: Truth forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne'; and, as you all know, the minority is always right. These are times of stress. The very foundations of our country are threatened by the insidious underminings of the corrupt influences that have control of the Republican party."

That's the stuff!" shouted Rollins.

Hicks spoke for twenty minutes. He had schooled himself in his piece, had practiced it before his looking glass in his room and knew it by heart. He was full of confidence, threw in every gesture he had ever seen a platform orator use, and ran his voice up and down its register with amazing results. He stamped his foot, waved his clenched fists in the air, and walked from one side of the stage to the other. When he had finished sweat was dripping from his forehead, but his voice continued strong and his peroration could have been heard as far as the city hall.

Two bored reporters watched him with much amusement. As Hicks finished he looked anxiously at the reporters. He had noticed, as he was talking, that they were making no notes of his speech.

"Did you take it down?" he asked anxiously, leaning over to the table where the reporters sat. "I can give you copies of it."

"We've got some of it," fibbed one of them graciously.

The convention adjourned and some of the country delegates congratulated Tommie. One old man said he was glad to find there were still young men who had the courage to fight the forces of corruption in politics and faith to speak what was within them. The papers made only brief mention of the convention, gave the list of nominations and said T. Marmaduke Hicks addressed the delegates. Tommie was incensed when he saw no reports were made of his speech. "But," he consoled himself by thinking, "the time will come when they will print what I have to say on the front page."

Financed by Rollins, who gave him money for livery rigs and for his meals at the country hotels, Tommie traveled all through the county, speaking at schoolhouses and wherever he could get a few people together. It was discouraging work. Most of those who came to hear him were Republicans. They jeered at him.

But he stuck to his job, and by the time the campaign was over could make a resounding speech, full of allusions to the corruption of the Republicans and filled with promise for better days if the Democrats were put in power. He took up the condition of affairs under the Republican prosecuting attorney, charged that official with dereliction of duty, with gross favoritism, with grafting and with about everything else, and promised a clean, capable, honest administration of the office and the relentless prosecution of all criminals, whether of high or low degree, if he were elected.

Also be did his first house-to-house-or rather farm-tofarm-canvassing. He wore his oldest suit of clothes, let his shoes remain unpolished, was hail-fellow-well-met with the farmers, ate with them when he could, was elaborately polite and flattering to the women, took part in prayer meetings in the churches, and descanted continuously on the necessity for getting back to the soil and the rugged honesty of the agriculturist as opposed to the scheming, contriving dishonesty of the city dweller.

He put in the last week of his campaign in the city, where he dressed with scrupulous care, making up as he thought a clean-cut, alert young prosecuting attorney should look. He spoke every night, sometimes on the street corners and once or twice at very small rallies. His opponents took no notice of him, and the papers joshed him a little and reported none of his speeches. The campaign was neither exciting nor interesting, and the outcome was never in doubt. Tommie ran a few votes ahead of the rest of the ticket, but was overwhelmingly beaten.

Rollins told him he had done well. Tommie thought so too. He had learned something about campaigning. Also he had spread the knowledge among the country men that he was a young man of correct deportment, a church member, and that he neither drank nor smoked. He never for a moment let down on his pose of being the friend of the people, and he considered he had sown good seed. Besides, it hadn't cost him anything. Rollins had furnished the money, and Tommie made Mrs. Hungerford deduct for the meals that he missed while he was speaking in the

He had attracted some attention among the lawyers. They talked about him. Chittlings was especially kind in his comment. "It's all right," he said; "if that is the game you are going to play you have got to start it that way. Keep at it and you may win out some day, if a pestilence blows along and kills a few thousand Republicans and passes by the Democrats."

A little law business came to him as the result of his campaign. He was one of the leading figures at a union Thanksgiving celebration, where the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians joined in a service on the night before that festival at Tommie's church. He made an address on The Necessity of Brotherly Cooperation, which was pronounced very fine by those who heard it and was mentioned for a quarter of a column or so in the papers. He was active in the Christmas celebration at his church, and a day or two before the end of the year was asked by Chittlings to come up and see him.

"You've had plenty of time to think that proposition over," said Chittlings. "How do you

feel about it?"

"But Mr. Chittlings," Hicks replied, "you never have made a definite proposition as yet."

Well, I'll make one now. I'll take you into partnership, give you twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts and charge no expense to you except rent for one office room; you to bring in all the business you can and I to do the same. I will look after the legal necessities, although you can make the necessary bluff, and you'll continue to play your Democratic game while I take the other end of the politics of the combination. How does that strike you for the first year?"

"I don't relish your continual reference to my playing a game. I am sincere in these matters, Mr. Chittlings."

"So much the better. I always respect sin-cerity, especially when I find it in such large quantities. How does it hit you?'

"What is to be the name and style of the firm?" Chittlings glanced at him in astonishment. "Chittlings & Hicks, of course," he replied.

Tommie looked Chittlings squarely in the eye. "I think Hicks & Chittlings would be more appropriate, provided I enter into this compact with you," he said steadily.

"Wow!" exclaimed Chittlings. "Great aromatic spirits of ammonia!" Then he roared with laughter. "Son," he gasped, "you'll do! You will absolutely do! I'll make that thirty per cent. Come up to-morrow and sign the papers.'

Hicks salved his wounded feelings with the extra five per cent offered by Chittlings, and signed a partnership arrangement for a term of one year, with a privilege of renewal or dissolution

on notice by either partner at the end of the ninth month. He gave up his office and moved down to the suite occupied by Chittlings. The firm's name was put on the door as "Chittlings & Hicks, Attorneys-at-Law," and it was many a day before Hicks could look at it without feeling that by all the merits in the case it should read Hicks & Chittlings. Hicks was much elated over his new office surroundings. He had a good-sized room cut off by a ground-glass partition from the very large room formerly occupied by Chittlings. "Mr. Hicks" was chastely painted on his door. He thought the door should be labeled "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks," but Chittlings told him it was much better form to have it read just "Mr. Hicks"—it gave class, he explained. There was a stenographer, the first one Hicks ever had at his disposal, and he dictated reams of letters to that outraged person, many of them letters he never sent and never intended to send. He wanted to impress the stenographer; for no persons were too humble, in the opinion of Hicks, to have brought home to them by word or deed the transcendent abilities of T. Marmaduke Hicks.

THE municipal election to be held in Rextown that spring was unusually important. The street-car company, which operated all the cars in the city, was about to make an application for an extension of its franchise and a renewal on most favorable terms-favorable, that is, to the company. The Chronicle, inspired by Rollins, had opposed any extension unless there should be certain concessions. The Chronicle demanded universal transfers, better cars, improved service and a three-per-cent tax on gross earnings for the benefit of the city. Naturally the street-car company was opposed to all this, vigorously and bitterly opposed.

The street-car company was close to the Republican organization. It controlled the board of aldermen, through Boss Ross' organization, for the aldermen were almost all Republicans. There had been an attempt to shove the franchise matter through the board that was to go out of

\pril, but the Chronicle made such a row about it et-car magnates and the Republican boss uld be as well to wait until a new board was do it then. They were sure they could elect a no matter what the issue was, and would then anchise through in an orderly manner and claim



that the people had spoken on the matter, and they were simply bowing to the will of the voters and taxpayers.

Rollins, who despite his fondness for political letterwriting and his dreaming was a shrewd politician, saw an opportunity here. He had no interest in the streetcar company and hated all the directors and managers thereof, for they were all Republicans. He knew that the people felt—as the people always do-that the street-car company was robbing them, depriving them of accommodations they were entitled to, and he further knew the three-per-cent tax to be paid into the city treasury was a strong inducement for votes against aldermen who would be inclined to grant the franchise extensions without that feature included in them. When it was intimated that the street-car company intended to jam the extended franchise through the old board of aldermen instead of waiting for the new, he promptly let loose a broadside in the Chronicle saying he would go to the courts if they did, enjoin them, and fight

them to the last, inasmuch as the franchise matter properly came within the jurisdiction of the new board, or Rollins held it did, which amounted to the same thing in the circumstances. He had strong popular support for this.

William P. Roscoe, president of the street-car company, william F. Roscoe, president of the street-car company, sought Boss Paddy Ross, of the Republican organization. 
"Paddy," he said, "that old grandstander, Rollins, is making a good deal of a row over the franchise matter." 
"It won't amount to nothin'," assured Ross.

"I don't know about that. The people are all in line to

oppose us at any time or place. I'm afraid we waited too long. We should have jammed it through the present

"Now, Roscoe," counseled Ross, "don't you get cold feet. I told you I will elect a board of aldermen and a mayor that will give you the right to make a powerhouse out of the city hall if you want to, and I'm going to do it. Just leave this to me.'

"But there is a great deal of agitation."

"I know it, and there'll be a lot more before there is any less, but it's the votes on election day that count and I'll have them, don't you worry. I'll pull you through this just as I always have. Let Rollins howl. I'll produce on election day, and I'll produce a set of highbinders for aldermen that will give you Main Street for a pleasure park if I say the word.

Roscoe left. He was nervous. This nervousness increased as Rollins renewed his attacks, and the Chronicle kept pounding. He went to Ross again but was told to sit steady and attend to his street-car business, and all would

Rollins had talked with Hicks about the campaign he was making, and Hicks was enlisted in the fight. Chittlings advised Hicks to keep off for business reasons, but Hicks couldn't and wouldn't. He saw unlimited opportunities for speechmaking in which he could attack the street-car octopus—he had resolved to call it an octopus—and declaim passionately for the rights of the poor, down-trodden workingmen, who were defrauded by being deprived of universal transfers and who had poor service for their hard-earned nickels. He urged Rollins to demand a three-cent fare, but Rollins thought that too radical and refused.

"Hicks," said Rollins, "this is our chance. We have an opening now. If we put up good, clean men, as many of them Democrats as possible, but with a few independents to give the ticket a non-partisan flavor, we can win the whole shooting-match, mayor and all."

"So I think," assented Hicks. "The people will rally to me as their candidate for mayor."

"As their candidate for what?" exclaimed Rollins.

"Their candidate for mayor."

"But you're not going to be their candidate for mayor."
"Why not?" demanded Hicks. "In view of all my sacrifices for the party, I surely am entitled to this small recognition."

You are not," said Rollins firmly. "You are to be the candidate for alderman in the Seventh Ward."
"But ——" began Hicks.

"Oh," Rollins interrupted, "you can speak all over the city. It will be a good chance for you.

Hicks tried several times to convince Rollins he was the logical candidate for mayor. Rollins would not allow it. and when he saw he must take the nomination for aldernus of the Seventh Ward or nothing, Hicks sulkily consented He announced his candidacy for alderman in an intervenin the Chronicle, hastening to the office to get it in print

for fear Rollins might change his mind.

"Going into it, I see," said Chittlings after he had read
the Chronicle interview, in which Hicks had made vigoous denunciations of the street-car octopus. Hicks went quite clear as to what an octopus was, but none the less is accused the street-car company of being one, and of sucking the lifeblood from the poor, downtrodden workingnan, Later he learned about octopi, and cut out the bloodsucking feature, using that only when, for a change, he referred to the company as a vampire, which creature is had been informed, is an artist at blood-sucking.

"I am," Hicks replied.

"Well, good luck; only keep your politics clear from the law business and watch out you don't get your fages burned. Paddy Ross is a very capable citizen, you know." "I am not afraid of Paddy Ross and his benchmen when have the people on my side," declaimed Hicks.

"You may have the people on your side," laughed Chittlings, "but you will have Paddy Ross on your neck, and that will be uncomfortable-for you."

The city conventions were held and Hicks was nominated as the Democratic-reform candidate for alderman from the Seventh Ward. The campaign, which had three weeks to run, began immediately. The two afternoon papers and the Leader, a morning paper, upheld the regular Republican ticket, which was favorable to the street-car company, and pointed out the great benefits that had come to Restown through the liberal, public-spirited policy of the company. how it had millions invested and how it had developed the suburbs by the extension of its lines. Statistics prepared by the company were printed, showing the small per cent of earnings compared with the expenses of operation. Pronises were made of a liberal future policy if the franchise extensions were granted.

Rollins was in his element. For the first time he was fighting with a chance to win. The Chronicle stood stardly behind the Democratic-reform ticket, which was made up of excellent men, and the people—as usual—were in favor of giving the street-car company nothing and of getting free rides if possible.

Hicks and Rollins organized a series of noonday meetings in a vacant store on Main Street, and Hicks and other orators spoke every night in various parts of the city. Hids turned himself loose. He attacked the street-car company from every angle. He spoke eloquently of the wes of the workingman. He pledged himself a hundred times each twenty-four hours to fight for the common people, should he be elected, and he plainly told the street-car company it need expect no favors at his hands. He was in favor of municipal ownership for public utilities, and he dragged in his three-cent-fare idea and was always applauded.

He had an apparent earnestness and sincerity that caught the crowd, and a flow of language that, though it had no argument in it, was denunciatory in the extreme He called the street-car magnates wolves and plutocrata with no other plan than to bloat their fortunes with riche extorted from the poor, downtrodden workingman. He flayed Roscoe on every corner, and he tore into Padit Ross as the most notorious example extant of the correst political boss. He warned the people they need espect nothing but confiscation of their streets and an ultimute ten or fifteen cent fare if the Republicans won; and is never failed to allude to himself as the gallant young sader who would bring peace and plenty, three-cent fire and universal transfers, a seat for every passenger, many cars for the rush hours, and special reduced rates for shed children—if he were elected.

Toward the last his speeches fell into three parts: The first was a denunciation of the street-car company; the seond was an assault on Roscoe; the third, and by far is longest section, consisted of promises of what he, T. Mar maduke Hicks, would do, with explanations at great in showing how eminently he was fitted to carry out promises, intellectually, morally and by reason of his all integrity and his enormous desire to help the working

Paddy Ross had many orators out campaigning. and b kept busily at his inside work. At first he was consider

he would win. Then he discovered the people were much aroused, and the talk of Hicks and his fellows on the Democratic-reform ticket was having its effect, especially in the Fourth, the Ninth, the Tenth and the Sixteenth wards, where most of the workingmen lived who were employed in the big factories and mills on the lower side of the town. In Rextown the factories were on one side of the city along a small stream that local pride called a river, and the workingmen lived across town from them in the wards enumerated, went to their work in the street cars in the morning and returned to their homes at night, going across town again. The city was loosely built, and it took almost half an hour for the workingmen in these outside wards to get from their homes to the factories and mills, and another half hour to get home at night, for the car service was none too good. The consequence was that the early morning cars were crowded and the cars returning at six o'clock jammed.

"How does it look, Paddy?" Roscoe asked, at the beginning of the third and last week of the city campaign.

"Not so good as it might. That young windjammer, Hicks, is making a lot of headway with these workingmen, and there are a good many votes against us in the middle of the town."

"But you can hold them, can't you?"

"I can hold the middle wards all right. I'm afraid of those wards where the workingmen live in numbers—the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth."

"We've got a week before election. Can't we shove the franchise extension through the board at the meeting to-morrow night?"

"If we did," said Ross, "they'd tear us up by the roots. We've got to win this by votes. Don't worry. I'll have em all right. The only trouble is with those wards out on he edge of town, and they've

to a grouch for fair."

Roscoe went away, much

perturbed. He stopped in at one of the noonday meetings, and heard Hicks say things o an applauding crowd about toscoe fattening on the nickels srung from the grimy hands of toil that made him feel like hooting that young man. licks saw him and shouted:

"There he is! There he is, his arrogant plutocrat who eeks to debauch the electorte of this city by electing to he board of aldermen servile nd corrupt tools of Paddy loss to do his bidding and rob he poor workingman of the ard-earned fruits of his honst toil by extorting from him toney grudgingly paid to him y others of his ilk-these lutocrats who ride in their alatial automobiles while the oor workingman must crowd sto dirty, ill-smelling, antiuated street cars, or walk ith weary limbs from his umble home to the factories, here they chain him to his ench in order that they may oat and fatten on the results his honest industry."

Roscoe fled, followed by ers. He was much upset ben he reached his office. Jenkins," he said to the genal manager, "have you heard the things that demagogue, icks, is saying about me?" "Yes." Jenkins realied.

"Yes," Jenkins replied.
"Well, what are we going to about it?"

"There's nothing we can do it trust to Paddy Ross, so

r as I can see."
"It's terrible!" moaned oscoe. "Simply terrible! hy, I heard him to-day, and called me a vampire and a odsucker and an octopus d I don't know what else."
"Is that all he said?" asked nkins. "Evidently you in't hear him when he was good form!"

#### XXI

THE excitement increased as the week progressed. ddy Ross was shaky in his in mind over the outcome, and his shakiness increased when the results of his final poll began to come in on Wednesday. It looked like a close election with a ward or two to decide it. Paddy was sure of carrying seven wards and gave the opposition four sure, and that left five to fight for. He must have nine men to control the board. He had held a certain proportion of the voters in the outside wards and was working desperately in the wards in the center of the town, where the big business interests were arrayed for the street-car company and where the better classes of Republicans lived. He felt he must do something to pull back the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth. If the opposition lost those they couldn't win. He sent money there, and put his strongest workers in the factories and mills to persuade the workingmen who lived in those wards to be reasonable. The street-car company put on many extra cars on the crosstown lines, and saw to it that every man had a seat. The workingmen were excited. Hicks and his allies had stirred them exceedingly. Rollins kept steadily pounding through the columns of the Chronicle, and had boys at the corners in these wards every morning, who gave each workingman a free copy of the Chronicle containing the Rollins broadsides.

Ross was worried. Roscoe was frantic. Rollins and Hicks were jubilant. On Wednesday, after his noonday meeting, when he had been especially inflammatory in his speech and had been loudly cheered, Hicks ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk and went to his office to rest. The office was empty. The stenographer was out at lunch and so was the clerk. He was tired. The strain was beginning to tell on him, although the tonic of the applause, which he loved, braced him up during his public speaking. He removed his coat, locked the door of his room and leaned back in his chair. He was dozing when he heard Chittlings come in, accompanied by another man.

"Nobody here," said Chittlings. "I suppose that young partner of mine is out stirring them up."

"He's a fine partner for you to have," said the other man. "How'd you come to pick him out."

Hicks could hear the talk; he listened for Chittlings'

reply.

"Oh, he's all right. I can use him in my business. He'll get over this, but he's raising merry hob at this juncture, isn't he?"

"I should say he is!" said the other man bitterly.

Chittlings spoke again. "Well, Jenkins ——"
Jenkins! The general manager of the street-car company! Hicks moved noiselessly over to the ground-glass
partition between his room and that of Chittlings. He
strained his ears to hear.

"Well, Jenkins, you're in a mess, I'll say that for you. Unless you can pull something off in those outside wards you may get whipped."

"Pull something off?" replied Jenkins querulously.
"What can we pull off? We've done everything anybody has suggested and we've simply upholstered Paddy Ross with money, and he's scared stiff right now over the outlook. What do you want to talk to me about?"

"My dear Jenkins," said Chittlings suavely, "I asked you to come in and confer with me because it appears to me that for the general manager of a great public-service corporation you display a lack of resources that is amazing."

"What would you do, Mr. Wiseheimer?" asked Jenkins with a sneer.

"Far be it from me to assume to instruct you in your business, Mr. Jenkins," continued Chittlings pleasantly. "Not for the world would I suggest such a possibility, not for the world. Only, if I were general manager of the street-car company, I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" asked Jenkins excitedly. "What would you do?"

"Softly, my dear Jenkins! Softly!" said Chittlings soothingly. "Be calm. First and foremost, of course, I am under the rather pressing necessity of inquiring what a plan such as I have in mind would be worth to your aggregation of octopuses, as my partner dubs you?"

"Any amount of money, if it works," Jenkins exclaimed. "That is rather indefinite,

"That is rather indefinite, don't you think, Jenkins, in these days of hard, precise commercial transactions? Any amount now might dwindle to a very insignificant amount after election. Besides"—and Chittlings' voice grew almost caressing—"I didn't ask you for money. You jumped at a wrong conclusion. But I suppose," he laughed, "you are so used to buying protection you think that is the only way you can get it."

"What do you want, then?" asked Jenkins suspiciously.

"Would it surprise you if I told you I have nothing but the best interests of the company at heart?" asked Chittlings.

"It would. It would surprise me very much," Jenkins answered harshly. "But get down to business. What do you want?"

"A very small return, Jenkins, a very small return. I own some of your stock—not much, but enough to qualify; and I want to be put on your board of directors, for the business and financial standing that it will give me. Also I want your promise to make me one of your attorneys—to make me, you understand, not my firm."

Hicks, listening on the other side of the glass partition, clenched his fists. His partner intended to leave him out of this arrangement.

"That's a good deal," said Jenkins.

"A good deal!" Chittlings' voice hardened. "A good deal when, if this thing goes (Continued on Page 49)



Bicks Was Active Enough in Church Affairs to Keep Himself in Good Standing

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



#### **FOUNDED A: D: 1728**

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1914

#### Bad Banking in Illinois

ILLINOIS law permits any penniless adventurer to call himself a bank, using whatever high-sounding title his fancy may dictate, and to ficece a gullible public by accepting its money on deposit, then using the funds for any purpose he pleases.

Every year some of these bogus, uninspected, nonreporting, unregulated private banks fail. In the last twenty years confiding people in Chicago alone have been swindled out of immense sums. The discouragement of thrift, the injury to honest banking and the shame to the state have been pointed out innumerable times; yet to this day the law stands blandly by, furthering the robbery by refusing to lift a finger to prevent it.

The reason for this scandalous condition is found in the legislature. The outrage is of long standing. Everybody knows it. Nearly everybody condemns it. But a little coterie of interested persons, who find a private profit in perpetuating the scandal, has always been able to exert sufficient influence on the crowd of featherweights at Springfield to prevent a remedy.

This year a patriotic body recommends that about a third of the present legislators be defeated, as plainly unfit; but, with a legislature comprising some two hundred members, at least a third will always be unfit. In a lawmaking body of one-tenth that size, character, ability and responsibility might be expected.

#### A Gleam of Sunshine

THE iron and steel industry is in a depressed state. Orders are scarce and prices are low. With the distinguished exception of Judge Gary, the industry appears to be even more depressed mentally then physically. Its immemorial bulwark—the tariff—has been whittled down to a point where it is scarcely perceptible to a jaundiced

Agile foreigners—we gather from some trade reports—are flocking over it like grasshoppers descending on a field of young wheat; and the Government is pressing forward like a ruthless tortoise with its suit to dissolve the Steel Trust. Yet, for some weeks at this writing, the common stock of the Steel Trust has been selling above sixty dollars a share—considerably higher than it sold a year ago and within a few points of the highest mark of the last year and a half.

An industry one-half of the goodwill of which is worth three hundred million dollars in the market cannot have more than one foot in the grave,

#### Uncle Sam as a Banker

A DISTINGUISHED German banker points out something that Americans are apt to overlook amid discussions of the failings of our present banking system and the somewhat patchy and experimental character of the new banks that are in process of establishment—namely, that no such experiment in banking was ever before carried out in the world, because nowhere else in the world has there ever been a material change in a banking system which was at all comparable to that of the United States in point of size. Our reporting banks have twenty-two and a half billion dollars of assets. Their deposits, at eighteen billions, are double those of the English banks and four times those of the German banks.

In 1890 Mulhall calculated the banking power of the world at sixteen billion dollars, this country being credited with five billions. Our present banking power is nearly fifty per cent greater than that of the globe twenty-four years ago. In 1908 the Comptroller of the Currency calculated the banking power of all foreign countries at twenty-eight billions—but little over twenty per cent greater than the present banking power of this country alone.

To see how big the United States is one must go to Europe for comparisons.

#### Big Banking Alliances

A BIG German bank boasts that it is represented on the directorates of more than two hundred corporations, while a bigger rival figuratively gathers about half of industrial and commercial Germany under its wing.

As to the corporate connections of eminent Wall Street bankers, one may refer to the Money Trust report. In Germany and the United States, at least, Big Business has deliberately—even eagerly—put itself in hock to big banks. The common explanation is that Big Business constantly needs fresh capital and ties itself up with certain powerful banks in order to get itself financed.

That is not the real reason, however. A sound railroad or industrial does not need to stand, hat in hand, in Morgan's anteroom or the anteroom of the Deutsche Bank to get capital. The real reason is to restrain competition. Big Business does not flock to big banks as a source of capital, but as a refuge from competition.

Undoubtedly the most important function of such institutions as Morgan & Company and the Deutsche Bank is to keep competition in hand. They are a sort of medieval fair, at which traders can meet and discuss and adjust their differences under bonds to keep the peace, and make plans for their mutual benefit without knifing one another.

Mellen's testimony pictures Morgan in a dominating position. An important reason for that position was that Morgan, taking it all round, could do more to suppress competition than anybody else. Naturally, therefore, business turned to him.

#### Timber Waste

WHEN we fell a tree, thirteen per cent of it is left to rot as stump, top and branches. At the sawmill forty-three per cent of it goes into sawdust, bark, slabs, and so on. Two per cent is lost in seasoning; three per cent in planing and finishing. Four per cent more goes into the kindling heap when a house is built. Only thirty-five per cent of the original tree emerges in the form of a building—and when the carpenters are careless the proportion is less than that. Then we drop a lighted match into the oil can, burn the house and collect the insurance.

Outside of cities our whole country is built of wood, while European countries use brick and stone. This involves an enormous consumption of lumber—relatively to population, many times that of England, France or Germany. Every foot used involves two feet that may be wasted. Part of the waste, of course, is inevitable; part may be utilized in by-products.

That the immense fire waste is largely preventable every one knows. A shingle roof, for example, may be so treated as greatly to reduce its inflammability. We usually deem it easier not to bother about that and let the insurance company pay the loss if a fire occurs. Insurance ought to penalize carelessness more heavily than it does.

#### How the Money is Divided

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Of the total product of manufactures, what part goes to capital and what to labor?" We ourselves should like to know. Something that points in the direction of an answer may perhaps be deduced from the census, the census figures bearing on the subject being roundly as follows:

Selling value at the factory of all products of manufactures in 1909 was—cutting off a row of ciphers—twenty dollars and sixty cents; materials consumed cost twelve dollars; salaries took one dollar; miscellaneous expenses, including everything that can come under the head of expenses except wages, interest and depreciation, took two dollars. That leaves five dollars and sixty cents to be divided between capital and labor, excluding salaried labor. Wage labor got three dollars and forty cents, leaving two dollars and twenty cents for capital.

Reducing it to other terms: of every dollar of the net residuum, capital got thirty-nine cents and wage labor sixty-one cents; but capital's thirty-nine cents is still chargeable with depreciation.

That is as far as census figures go in answering the question; but that twelve dollars—really twelve billion

dollars—of materials consumed was also a product of labor. Some of it was produced within the processes covered by the census report—for example, the finished product of a blan furnace is the raw material of a billet mill; the finished product of a sawmill is the raw material of a furniture factory. Some of it was produced outside the processes the census classes as manufactures—for example, the iron are that goes to the blast furnace and the logs that go to the sawmill.

Out of a dollar of the gross value of products of manfactures, as reported by the census, the wage labor covered by the census report gets only sixteen and a half cens. More significant than that, however, is the fact that it got seventeen and a half cents ten years ago; and over a long period the proportion of the gross value going to wage labor has pretty steadily decreased, while the steam horse power employed has rapidly increased. From 1904 to 1909 the gross value of products increased forty per cent, wages increased thirty-one per cent, and primary horse power increased thirty-nine per cent.

There is nothing more discouraging, under this bedien than census figures, partly because they are only rough more or less questionable approximations, and perbecause they indicate no advance whatever in the relatiposition of wage labor.

#### Handicaps on Foreign Trade

AT THE national conference on foreign trade more ten one speaker pointed out that cooperation was necessary. A few great exporters, such as the Oil Trust, the five Trust and the Harvester Trust, maintain big organization to look after their sales abroad. Only a huge concern as bear the expense of such an organization. Smaller concern must depend wholly on the Consular Service or cooperate Immediately the question arose: Can they cooperate without violating the antitrust laws and being rewarded by a term in prison?

Gentlemen learned in the law have debated this question, arguing that a certain amount of cooperation would probably be lawful. That any effectual cooperation will be lawful after the antitrust legislation on which Presides Wilson now insists is enacted seems rather doubtful.

The president of the Amalgamated Copper Company observed that foreign buyers were organized to a large extent and exerted a united force, "fixing the price stwick they will trade," and waiting patiently until, among unarganized American sellers, some one came down to that level, which immediately established the market price that all other American sellers were bound to meet.

That cooperation is necessary for a vigorous extension of foreign trade seems hardly to be denied. The law may permit it. Then the question will arise: If cooperation may be beneficial in foreign trade, why must it be deemed always injurious in domestic trade?

#### A Long Step Forward

THE constructive thing in the President's trust program is the proposal to create an industrial commission with powers somewhat like those of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This will be one positive forward step in a field where, so far, we have merely marked time or take negative steps.

There are all sorts of combinations and all sorts of restraints of trade. Some of them are very bad; but some of them are very good. Indeed, some of the most important restraints are imposed by the Government itself. Attempting to deal with all of them along the line of a sweepingly prohibitive statute will never, in our opinion, get the country very far toward any desirable goal.

Take two examples of our dependence on the Sherman Law as the sole instrument for dealing with combinations. First, the old Standard Oil Company paid dividends of forty or fifty per cent a year. In 1913 the various companies into which the old concern was resolved by judical decree paid dividends equivalent to more than a hundred per cent on the old stock. That is what mere dissoluted comes to. Second, the Government is now suing to the solve the American Sugar Refining Company, and the company very pertinently pleads a decision by the Supreme Court twenty years ago, holding that it was not a violated of the Sherman Law.

An industrial commission with power to require about reports, inspect books and examine officers will the course of time collect a body of trustworthy information about restraints and combinations, in the light which we may know better how to deal with them. The existence of such a body will be a valuable restraint a unconscionable practices.

It would be impossible to deal satisfactorily with the roads through the slow-moving, circumscribed courts. It dealing with railroads is simple in comparison to dealing with trade restraints and combinations, which premuch more various forms and differing conditions.

The spirit of the President's message is admirable of commission with adequate powers animated by that so will be very valuable.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



oro. or makes a term, married, b.c.

The New Chief of the Siy and

Jatty Jailormen

TP SPAKE the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, calling to Josephus, Lord of the Admiralty.

"Joey, old top," they said, quite casual-like, "who have you in mind for chief of the Bureau of Navigation?"

"And what," asked Josephus, recently transferred from tripod to the Navy Department trapeze—"and what is the Bureau of Navigation?"

"Hah!" responded the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen. "Itis merely one of your little bureaus, of not much consequence; but you've got to have a head for it, of course. Now what do you say to Jimmie Portsides? Fine chap, Jimmie; and will do you credit."

"I'll see about it," replied Josephus.

"Curses!" said the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, as they were piped out of the room by Civilian H. A. Banks, of North Carolina, the same being the private secretary brought up by Josephus when he left the Tarheel State to be the Old Tar

the Administration. "Anxious, it seems to me!" commed Josephus with himself.

In came a friend wise to the ways of Washington.
"What," asked Josephus, "is the chief of the Bureau of wigation?"

"You are an editor?" spoke the friend.

"I am; but what has that to do with it?"

"I seek a comparison that will penetrate your editorial derstanding. In naval terms you would be fogged. Let say, then, that the chief of the Bureau of Navigation he managing editor of the Navy Department."

'Aha!" exclaimed Josephus, which is as far as he allows iself to go in the way of exclamation. "Aha! Aha-ha-ha!"

Whereupon Josephus ched out on the deck one of our dreadful add noughts and cked therefrom tor Blue, and made chief of the Bureau Navigation—Victor — does not that nd like a name out book?—who, as it need, was born in th Carolina himself.

#### Tarheels All

TOW," spoke Josephus, "by all the on the tarry heels of Tarheelers, including heels of my celeed and constiveson. onel Tom Pence, let n try to put over thing on this North olina combina-!"-which, in sooth, ems has been reably hard to do, with th Carolina repreed in Josephus, in ks and in Victor -North Carolina uard.

The Bureau of Navigation looks out for the human equation in the navy. It has to do with the men who fight and the men who stoke and the men who tell the men how to fight and how to stoke. Congress, of course, regulates the number of men there shall be in the navy; but the Bureau of Navigation gets them, enlists them, regulates them, directs them, disciplines them, and is the boss of the human side.

Not only that—and when you read this you will understand the concern of the sly and salty sailormen—the Bureau of Navigation exercises the same functions toward the officers in the navy. It commissions them, examines them for promotion, assigns them to stations and ships, and makes them toe the disciplinary mark as set forth in the regulations, which, with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, it promulgates and enforces.

#### Victor Blue's Exploits at Santiago

NO MAN in the navy, from coal passer to the main luff on the bridge, but has personal dealings with the Bureau of Navigation at one time or another. It is the papa-inordinary to the whole outfit. It directs their movements and tells them what kind of uniform clothes they must wear. If, perchance, a fussy and dressy man should get to be chief of the Bureau of Navigation he would have it in his power to put the whole corps of officers in that arm of the service in debt to the tailors.

This matter of clothes is an intensely vital problem. The expense of uniforms for an officer is so great that the older ones tell the ensigns and junior lieutenants to hold their horses when they clamor to get married, and wait until they get to be commanders before they hop into that delightful state, for fear some chief of navigation will order a new cut of coat and put them on the rocks.

Uniforms are necessary; and it takes a large book, issued by the Navy Department, to tell the officers just how many and what kinds they must have. The change of the style of a collar on an officer's coat is more vital to the officers than the change from two turrets to three in the building of a battleship. It means a new uniform coat, and uniform coats are expensive. If some sartorial chief of navigation should decree that the uniforms of the jackies should be of radically different cut and style it would cost the Government the price of a submarine or a destroyer.

So you see why the sly and salty sailormen had designs on that bureau. The chief of it is a most important person, and twice important when there is a prospect of active service, such as has recently occurred in Southern waters. When Josephus found out about it all, as I have stated, he named Victor Blue for the place; and now, in his capacity of rear-admiral and chief of the bureau, Victor Blue is the big force in the department.

They knew about Blue when his name came up in Congress for his new place. He had been there before,

Once, officially and by special act, Congress designated him a hero and gave him a special medal of honor. Being a modest man and devoted to the service, he took the designation and the medal and let it go at that. He did not try to use either his heroism or his medal as a political asset; nor did he do any lecturing or interstate osculation. He kept on at his trade, which is that of a sailor.

At the time of the Spanish War the Board of Strategy was quite certain it had located the Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbor; but there came so many stories that it was elsewhere, that it had escaped, and that it never had been in Santiago Harbor, that the Board of Strategy began to have doubts; and so did Rear-Admiral Sampson, who was in command down there. It seemed to all concerned that it really was important to know exactly where the Spanish fleet was. Sampson called his fleet officers into conference and asked for a volunteer to go ashore and find out. Victor Blue volunteered. So did many others, but they selected Blue because he had been long in those waters, had a Spanishy complexion, and spoke the lingo.

Blue was put ashore at Aserradero, which is west of Santiago. He came on a company of four Cubans and with them worked his way round the entire harbor, making notes of it and securing the first positive information that Cervera and his ships were therein. After waiting hopefully for two weeks for the Spanish fleet to come out, Sampson decided to make an attempt to force Cervera to accept his hospitality, inasmuch as Cervera would not heed polite invitations to come out and be slaughtered.

This forcing was to be done by an attack with the torpedo destroyers, and it required more detailed information as to the exact location and character of the Spanish ships. Blue went through the Spanish lines again, and brought out a complete naval map, showing where the ships were, their number and of what character, and all that was necessary to know. Before this attack was made Cervera made his dash for the open sea; and immediately thereafter the Sampson-Schley controversy began.

#### No Swivel-Chair Admiral

BLUE is forty-eight years old and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1887. He began as an engineer, but was transferred to the line and worked his way up through the various grades. His service has been varied; but he has been in most of the fighting done by our ships and with many of the landing forces. He gave distinguished service in the Boxer troubles in China, where he was a staff squadron commander, and in numerous affairs in Southern waters where our ships have been used. Unlike some of his colleagues who have done their sailing in swivel chairs, Blue has been at sea a large portion of the time he has been in the navy and has had a wide experience.

He is a fighting man who does not boast of it, and a sailor who has a definite idea that sailors—even naval

officers—would do well to go to sea from time to time; and he is sending many of the chair-warmers there. Likewise he is from North Carolina, but has been too busy at his trade to mix much in the intrigues and politics of the department—which does not hurt him in the eyes of his chief.

Whether the navy does no more than it has already done in Mexican waters or does a great deal more, Blue will be one of the main directing forces, as he has been since Secretary Daniels came in.

As he is a quiet, cool, level-headed man, who knows his business, the navy will be adequately handled along the lines laid down by the secretary and Victor Blue—not, as might have happened, along the lines laid down by certain of the sly and salty sailormen.



# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

# Old Masters and Other Ruins—By Irvin S. Cobb

OF COURSE it is a fine thing for one, and gratifying, to acquire a thorough art education. Personally I do not in the least regret the time I gave and the study I devoted to acquiring mine. I regard those two weeks as having been well spent.

I shall not do it soon again, however, for now I know all about art. Let others who have not enjoyed my advantages take up this study. Let others scour the art galleries of Europe seeking masterpieces. All of them contain masterpieces and most of them need scouring. As for me and mine, we shall go elsewhere. I love my art, but I am not fanatical on the subject. There is another side of my nature to which an appeal may be made. I can take my Old Masters or I can leave them be. That is the way I am organized—I have selfcontrol.

I shall not deny that the earlier stages of my art education were fraught with agreeable little surprises. Not soon shall I forget

the flush of satisfaction which ran through me on learning that this man Doré's name was pronounced like the first two notes in the music scale, instead of like a Cape Cod fishing boat. And, lingering in my mind as a fragrant memory, is the day when I first discovered that Spagnoletto was neither a musical instrument nor something to be served as gratin and eaten with a fork. Such acquirements as these are very precious to me.

But for the time being I have had enough. At this hour of writing I feel that I am stocked up with enough of Bouguereau's sorrel ladies and Titian's chestnut ones and Rubens' bay ones and Velasquez's pintos to last me, at a conservative estimate, for about seventy-five years. I am too young as a theatergoer to recall much about Lydia Thompson's Blondes, but I have seen sufficient of Botticelli's to do me amply well for a spell. I am still willing to walk a good distance to gaze on one of Rembrandt's portraits of one of his kinfolks, though I must say he certainly did have a lot of mighty homely relatives; and any time there is a first-rate Millet or Corot or Meissonier in the neighborhood I wish somebody would drop me a line, giving the address.

As for pictures by Tintoretto, showing Venetian Doges hobnobbing informally with members of the Holy Family, and Raphael's angels, and Michelangelo's lost souls, and Guidos, and Murillos, I have had enough to do me for months and months and months. Nor am I in the market for any of the dead fish of the Flemish School. Judging by what I have observed, the Flemish painters were devout churchmen and painted their pictures on Friday.

#### Worth a Million Without the Frame

THERE was just one drawback to my complete enjoyment of that part of our European travels we devoted to art. We would go to an art gallery, hire a guide and start through. Presently I would come to a picture that struck measbeing distinctly worth while. To my untutored conceptions it possessed unlimited beauty. There was, it seemed to me, life in the figures, reality in the colors, grace in the grouping. And then, just when I was beginning really to enjoy it, the guide would come and snatch me away.

He would tell me the picture I thought I admired was of no account whatsoever—that the artist who painted it had not yet been dead long enough to give his work any permanent value; and he would drag me off to look at a cracked and crumbling canvas depicting a collection of saints of lacquered complexions and hardwood expressions, with cast-iron trees standing up against cotton-batting clouds in the background, and a few extra halos floating round indiscriminately, like sun dogs on a showery day, and, up above, the family entrance into heaven hospitably ajar; and he would command me to bask my soul in this magnificent example of real art and not waste time on inconsequential and trivial things. Guides have the same idea of an artist that a Chinaman entertains for an egg. A fresh egg or a fresh artist will not do. It must have the perfume of antiquity behind it to make it attractive.



She is Not Going to Buy Anything - She is Merely Out Shopping

At the Louvre, in Paris, on the first day of the two we spent there, we had for our guide a tall, educated Prussian, who had an air about him of being an ex-officer of the army. All over the Continent you are constantly running into men engaged in all manner of legitimate and dubious callings, who somehow impress you as having served in the army of some other country than the one in which you find them. After this man had been chaperoning us about for some hours and we had stopped to rest, he told a good story. It may not have been true—it has been my experience that very few good stories are true; but it served aptly to illustrate a certain type of American tourist numerously encountered abroad.

"There were two of them," he said in his excellent English, "a gentleman and his wife; and from what I saw of them I judged them to be very wealthy. They were interested in seeing only such things as had been recommended by the guidebook. The husband would tell me they desired to see such and such a picture or statue. I would escort them to it and they would glance at it indifferently, and the gentleman would take out his lead pencil and check off that particular object in the book; and then he would say: 'All right—we've seen that; now let's find out what we want to look at next.' We still serve a good many people like that—not so many as formerly, but still a good many.

"Finally I decided to try a little scheme of my own. I wanted to see whether I could really win their admiration for something. I picked out a medium-sized painting of no particular importance and, pointing to it, said impressively: 'Here, m'sieur, is a picture worth a million dollars—without the frame!'

"'What's that?' he demanded excitedly. Then he called to his wife, who had strayed ahead a few steps. 'Henrietta,' he said, 'come back here—you're missing something. There's a picture there that's worth a million dollars—and without the frame, too, mind you!'

"She came hurrying back and for ten minutes they stood there drinking in that picture. Every second they discovered new and subtle beauties in it. I could hardly induce them to go on for the rest of the tour, and the next day they came back for another soul-feast in front of it."

Later along, that guide confided to me that in his opinion I had a keen appreciation of art, much keener than the average lay tourist. The compliment went straight to my head. It was seeking the point of least resistance, I suppose. I branched out and undertook to discuss art matters with him on a more familiar basis. It was a mistake; but before I realized that it was a mistake I was out in the undertow sixty yards from shore, going down for the third time, with a low, gurgling cry. He did not put out to save me, either; he left me to sink in the heaving and abysmal sea of my own fathomless ignorance. He just stood there and let me drown. It was a cruel thing, for which I can never forgive him!

In my own defense let me say, however, that this fatal indiscretion was committed before I had completed my art education. It was after we had gone from France into Germany, and from Germany into Austria, and from Austria into Italy, that I learned the great lesson about art—which is that whenever and wherever younge; a picture that seems to you resonably lifelike it is sine times in ten of no consequence whateever; and, unless you are willing to be regarded as a more ignoramus, you should straightage leave it and go and find some ancient picture of a group of clothing dummies mangagerating

> as angels or martyn, and stand before that one and carry on regardless.

When in doubt, look up a picture of Saint Sebastian. You never apperience any difficulty in fieling him—he is always represented a wearing very few clothes, being shot full of arrows to such an extent that clothes would not him anyway. Or else seek nor Saint Laurence, who is invariably featured in connection with a gridiron; or Saint Bartholanes, who, you remember, achieved canonization through a process

of flaying, and is therefore shown with his skin folded nearly and carried over his arm like an overcoat.

Following this routine you make no mistakes. Everybody is bound to accept you as one possessing a dep knowledge of art—and not mere surface art, either, but the innermost meanings and conceptions of art. Only sonetimes I did get to wishing that the Old Masters had left a little more to the imagination. They never withheld any d the painful particulars. It seemed to me they cheapened the glorious end of those immortal fathers of the faith by including the details of the martyrdom in every picture. Still, I would not have that admission get out and obtain general circulation. It might be used against me as an argument that my artistic education was grounded as a false and heretical foundation.

#### Doing the Vatican

IT WAS in Rome, while we were doing the Vaticas, that our guide furnished us with a sight that, considered as a human experience, was worth more to me than a year of Old Masters and Young Messers. We had pushed our post-blistered feet—a dozen or more of us—past miles of pairsings and sculptures and relics and art objects, and we set tired—oh, so tired!

Our eyes ached and our shoes hurt us; and the calves our legs quivered as we trailed along from galler; a corridor, and from corridor back to gallery.

We had visited the Sistine Chapel; and, such we see weariness, we had even declined to become excited ever Michelangelo's great picture of the Last Judgment. I was disappointed, too, that he had omitted to include in his collection of damned souls a number of persons I had each dently and happily expected would be present. I saw as one there even remotely resembling my conception of the person who first originated and promulgated the decirion that all small children should be told at the earliest possible moment that there is no Santa Claus.

That was a very severe blow to me, because I had slowly believed that the descent to eternal perdition would a incomplete unless he had a front seat. And the man will first hit on the plan of employing child labor on night first hit on the plan of employing child labor on night first in cotton factories—he was unaccountably absent to And likewise the original inventor of the toy pisted fact, the absentees were entirely too numerous to sure There was one thing, though, to be said in praise of Market angelo's Last Judgment—it was too large and too employed to be reproduced successfully on a souvenir posterate; and I think we should all be very grateful for the mercy anyway.

As I was saying, we had left the Sistine Chapel a mast so behind us and had dragged our exhausted frames at as an arched upper portice in a wing of the great part overlooking a paved courtyard inclosed at its farthered by a side wall of Saint Peter's. We saw, in another partial similar to the one where we had halted and running partial to it, long rows of peasants, all kneeling and all with the faces turned in the same direction.

"Wait here a minute," said our guide. "I think you will see something not included in the regular itinerary of the day."

So we waited. In a minute or two the long lines of kneeling peasants raised a hymn; the sound of it came to us in quavering snatches. Through the aisle formed by their bodies a procession passed the length of the long portico and back to the starting point. First came Swiss Guards in their gay piebald uniforms, carrying strange-looking pikes and halberds; and behind them were churchly dignitaries, all bared of head; and last of all came a very old and very feeble man, dressed in red, with a wide-brimmed red hat—and the red made a strong contrast for his white hair and his white face, which seemed drawn and worn, but very gentle and kindly and beneficent.

He held his right arm aloft, with the first two fingers extended in the gesture of the apostolic benediction. He was so far away from us that in perspective his profile was reduced to the miniature proportions of a head on a postage stamp; but, all the same, the lines of it stood out clear and distinct. It was His Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth, blessing a pilgrimage.

All the guides in Rome follow a regular routine with the tourist. First, of course, they steer you into certain shops in the hope that you will buy something and thereby enable them to earn commissions. Then, in turn, they carry you to an art gallery, to a church, and to a palace, with stops at other shops interspersed between; and invariably they wind up in the vicinity of some of the ruins. Ruins is a Roman guide's middle name; ruins are his one best bet, In Rome I saw ruins until I was one myself.

#### Romulus and His Circus

WE DEVOTED practically an entire day to ruins; that was the day we drove out the Appian Way, glorious in legend and tale, but not quite so all-fired glorious when you are reeling over its rough and rutted pavement in an elderly and indisposed open carriage, behind a pair of half-broken

Roman-nosed horses which insist on walking on their hind legs whenever they tire of going on four. The Appian Way, as at present constituted, is a considerable disappointment. For long stretches it runs between high stone walls, broken at intervals by gateways, where votive lamps burn before small shrines, and by the tombs of such illustrious dead as Seneca and the Horatii and the Curiatii.

At more frequent intervals are small wine groggeries. Being built mainly of Italian marble, which is the most enduring and the most unyielding substance to be found in all Italy—except a linen collar that has been starched in an

Italian laundry—the tombs are in a pretty fair state of preservation; but the inns, without exception, stand most desperately in need of immediate repairing.

A cow in Italy is known by the company she keeps; she rambles about, in and out of the open parlor of the wayside inn, mingling freely with the patrons and the members of the proprietor's household.

Along the Appian Way a cow never seems to care whom she runs with; and the same is true of the domestic fowls and the family donkey. A donkey will spend his day in the doorway of a wine shop when he might just as well be enjoying the more sanitary and less-crowded surroundings of a stable. It only goes to show what an ass a donkey is.

Anon, as the fancy writers say, we skirted one of the many wrecked aqueducts that go looping across the country to the distant hills, like great stone straddlebugs. In the vicinity of Rome you are rarely out of sight of one of these aqueducts. The ancient Roman rulers, you know, curried the favor of the populace by opening baths. A modern ruler could win undying popularity by closing up a few!

We slowed up at the Circus of Romulus and found it a very sad circus, as such things go—no elevated stage, no hippodrome track, no centerpole, no trapeze, and only one ring. P. T. Barnum would have been ashamed

to own it. A broken wall, following the lines of an irregular oval; a cabbage patch where the arena had been; and various tumble-down farmsheds built into the shattered masonry—this was the Circus of Romulus. However, it was not the circus of the original Romulus, but of a degenerate successor of the same name who rose suddenly and fell abruptly after the Christian Era was well begun. Old John J. Romulus would not have stood for that circus a minute!

No ride on the Appian Way is regarded as complete without half an hour's stop at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus; so we stopped. Guided by a brown Trappist, and all of us bearing twisted tapers in our hands, we descended by stone steps deep under the skin of the earth

ST CARDON WATER

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the moldered bones of those early Christians from the vulgar gaze and prying fingers of every impious relic hunter who might come along.

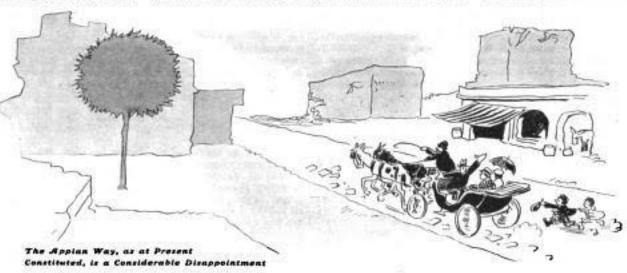
The dispute rose higher and grew warmer until I offered to bet him fifty dollars that I was right and he was wrong. He took me up promptly—he had sporting instincts; I'll say that for him—and we shook hands on it then and there to bind the wager. I expect to win that bet.

We had turned off the Appian Way and were crossing the edge of that unutterably hideous stretch of tortured and distorted waste known as the Campagna, which goes tumbling away to the blue Alban Mountains, when we came on the scene of an accident. A two-wheeled mule cart, pro-

> ceeding along a crossroad, with the driver asleep in his canopied seat, had been hit by a speeding automobile and knocked galley-west. The automobile had sped on-so we were excitedly informed by some other tourists who had witnessed the collision-leaving the wreckage bottom side up in the ditch. The mule was on her back, all entangled in the twisted ruin of her gaudy gear, kicking out in that restrained and genteel fashion in which a mule always kicks when she is desirous of protesting against existing conditions, but is wishful not to damage herself while so doing.

> The tourists, aided by half a dozen peasants, had dragged

the driver out from beneath the heavy cart and had carried him to a pile of mucky straw under the eaves of a stable. He was stretched full length on his back, senseless and deathly pale under the smeared grime on his face. There was no blood; but inside his torn shirt his chest had a caved-in look, as though the ribs had been crushed flat, and he seemed not to breathe at all. Only his fingers moved.



and wandered through dim, dank underground passages, where thousands of early Christians had lived and hid, and held clandestine worship before rude stone altars, and had died and been buried—died in a highly unpleasant fashion, some of them.

The experience was impressive, but malarial. Coming away from there I had an argument with a fellow American. He said that if we had these Catacombs in America we should undoubtedly enlarge them and put in bandstands and lunch places, and make them altogether more attractive for picnic parties and Sunday excursionists.

I contended, on the other hand, that if they were in America the authorities would close them up and protect

# up a great obehind us; an bare fields, a outspread and she sped town was the injure grandmother. There was that a neighbor so, having no if she was his

All the Guides in Rome Follow a Regular Routine With the Tourist

MEGENER

#### First Aid to the Injured Mule

THEY kept twitching, as though his life was running out of him through his finger ends. One felt that if he would but grip his hands he might stay its flight and hold it in.

Just as we jumped out of our carriage a young peasant woman, who had been bending over the injured man, set up a great outcry, which was instantly answered from behind us; and looking round we saw, running through the bare fields, a great, bulksome old woman, with her arms outspread and her face set in a tragic shape, shrieking as she sped toward us in her ungainly wallowing course. She was the injured man's mother, we judged—or possibly his grandmother.

There was nothing we could do for the human victim. Our guides, having questioned the assembled natives, told us there was no hospital to which he might be taken and that a neighborhood physician had already been sent for. So, having no desire to look on the grief of his mother—if she was his mother—a young Austrian and I turned our attention to the neglected mule. We felt that we could at least render a little first aid there. We had our pocket-knives out and were slashing away at the twisted maze of ropes and straps that bound the brute down between the shafts, when a particularly shrill chorus of shrieks checked us.

We stood up and faced about, figuring that the poor devil on the muck heap had died and that his people were bemoaning the death. That was not it at all. The entire group, including the fat old woman, were screaming at us



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and shaking their elenched fists at us, warning us not to damage that harness with our knives. Feeling ran high, and threatened to run higher

So, having no desire to be mobbed on the spot, we desisted and put up our knives; and after a while we got back into our carriage and drove on, leaving the capsized mule still belly-up in the débris, lashing out carefully with her skinned legs at the trappings that bound her; and the driver was still prone on the dunghill, with his fingers twitching more feebly now, as though the life had almost entirely fled out of him—a grim little tragedy set in the midst of a wide and aching desolation! We never found out his name or learned how he fared—whether he lived or died, and if he died how long he lived before he died. It is a puzzle which will always lie unanswered at the back of my mind, and I know that in odd moments it will return to torment me. I will bet one thing, though—nobody else tried to cut that mule out of her harness!

that mule out of her harness!

In the chill late afternoon of a Roman day the guides brought us back to the city and took us down into the Roman Forum, which is in a hollow instead of being up on a hill as everybody imagines it to be until they go to Rome and see it; and we finished up the day at the Golden House of Nero, hard by the vast ruins of the Colosseum. We had already visited the Forum once, so this time we did not stay long—just long enough for some ambitious pickpocket to get a wallet out of my hip pocket while I was pushing forward with a flock of other human sheep for a better look at the ruined portico wherein Mark Antony stood when he delivered his justly popular funeral oration over the body of the murdered Cæsar. I never did admire the character of Mark Antony with any degree of extravagance, and since this experience I have felt actually him.

bitter toward him.

The guidebooks say that no visitor to Rome should miss seeing the Golden House of Nero. When a guidebook tries to be humorous it only succeeds in being foolish. Practical jokes are out of place in a guidebook anyway. Imagine a large, old-fashioned brick smokehouse, which has been struck by lightning, burned to the roots and buried in the wreckage, and the site used as a pasture land for goats for a great many years; imagine the débris as having been dug out subsequently until a few of the foundation lines are visible; surround the whole with distressingly homely buildings of a modern aspect, and stir in a miscellaneous seasoning of beggars and loafers and souvenir venders—and you have the Golden House where Nero meant to round out a life already replete with incident and abounding in romance, but was deterred from so doing by reason of being cut down in the midst of his activities at a comparatively early age.

#### In the Golden House

In the presence of the Golden House of Nero I did my level best to recreate before my mind's eye the scenes that had been enacted here once on a time. I tried to picture this moldy, knee-high wall as a great glittering palace; and yonder broken roadway as a splendid Roman highway; and those American-looking tenements on the surrounding hills as the marble dwellings of the emperors; and all the broken pillars and shattered porticoes in the distance as arches of triumph and temples of the gods. I tried to convert the clustering mendicants into barbarian prisoners clanking by, chained at wrist and neck and ankle; I sought to imagine the pestersome flower venders as being vestal virgins; the two frowsy policemen, who loafed near by, as centurions of the guard; the passing populace as grave senators in snowy togas; the flaunting underwear on the many clotheslines as silken banners and gilded trappings. I could not make it. I tried until I was lame in both legs and my back was strained. It was no go.

If I had been a poet, or a historian, or a person full of Chianti, I presume I might have done it; but I am no poet and I had not been drinking. All I could think of was that the guide on my left had eaten too much garlic and that the guide on my right had not eaten enough. So in self-defense I went away and ate a few strands of garlic myself; for I had learned the great lesson of the proverb:

When in Rome be an aroma!

When we had reached Pompeli, though, the situation was different. I could conjure up an illusion there—the biggest, most vivid illusion I have been privileged to harbor since I was a small boy. It was worth spending four days in Naples for the sake of spending half a day in Pompeii; and if you know Naples you will readily understand what a high compliment that is for Pompeii.

To reach Pompeii from Naples we followed a somewhat roundabout route; and that trip was distinctly worth while too. It provided a most pleasing foretaste of what was to come. Once we had cleared the packed and festering suburbs, we went climbing across a terminal vertebra of the mountain range that sprawls lengthwise of the land of Italy, like a great spiny-backed crocodile sunning itself, with its tail in the Tyrrhenian Sea and its snout in the Piedmonts; and when we had done this we came out on a highway that skirted the bay.

There were gaps in the hills, through which we caught glimpses of the city, lying miles away in its natural amphitheater; and at that distance we could revel in its picturesqueness and forget its bouquet of weird stenches. We could even forget that the automobile we had hired for the excursion had one foot in the grave and several of its most important vital organs in the repair shop. I reckon that was the first automobile built. No; I take that back. It never was a first—it must have been a second to

I once owned a half interest in a sick automobile. It was one of those oldfashioned, late-Victorian automobiles, cut princesse style, with a placket in the back; and it looked like a cross between a flat-bed job press and a tailor's goose. It broke down so easily and was towed in so often by more powerful machines that every time a big car passed it on the road it stopped right where it was and nickered.

#### The Invalid Motor Car

Of a morning we would start out in that car, filled with high hopes and bright anticipations, but eventide would find us returning homeward close behind a bigger automobile, in a relationship strongly suggestive of the one pictured in the well-known Nature group entitled: Mother Hippo, With Young. We refused an offer of four hundred dollars for that machine. It had more than four hundred dollars worth of things the matter with it.

The car we chartered at Naples for our trip to Pompeii reminded me very strongly of that other car of which I was part owner. Between them there was a strong family resemblance, not alone in looks but in deportment also. For patient endurance of manifold ills, for an inexhaustible capacity in developing new and distressing symptoms at critical moments, for cheerful willingness to play foal to some other car's dam, they might have been colts out of the same litter. Nevertheless, between intervals of breaking down and starting up again, and being helped along by friendly passer-by automobiles, we enjoyed the ride from Naples.

We enjoyed every inch of it.

Part of the way we skirted the flanges of the great witches' caldron of Vesuvius. On this day the resident demons must have been stirring their brew with special enthusiasm, for the smoky smudge which always wreathes its lips had increased to a great hillowy plume that lay along the naked flanks of the devil mountain for miles and miles. Now we would go puffing and panting through some small outlying environ of the city. Always the principal products of such a village seemed to be young babies, and macaroni drying in the sun. I am still reasonably fond of babies, but I date my loss of appetite for imported macaroni from that hour. Now we would emerge on a rocky beadland and below us would be the sea, eternally young and dimpling like a maiden's cheek; but the crags above were eternally old and they were all gashed with wrinkles and seamed with folds like the jowls of an ancient squaw. Then for a distance we would run right along the face of the cliff.

Directly beneath us we could see little stone huts of fishermen clinging to the rocks just above high watermark, like so many gray limpets; and then, looking up, we would catch a glimpse of the vineyards, tucked into man-made terraces along the upper cliffs, like bundled herbs on the pantry shelves of a thrifty housewife; and still higher up there would be orange groves and lemon groves and dusty-gray olive groves. Each succeeding picture was Byzantine in its coloring. Always the sea was molten blue enamel and the far-away villages

seemed crafty inlays of mosaic work; and the sun was a disk of hammered Grecian gold.

A man from San Francisco was sharing the car with us, and he came right out and said that if he were sure heaven would be as beautiful as the Bay of Naples he would change all his plans and arrange to go there. He said he might decide to go there anyhow, because heaven was a place he had always heard very highly spoken of. And I agreed with him.

agreed with him.

The sun was slipping down the western sky and was laced with red like a bloodshot eye, with a Jacob's ladder of rainbow shalls streaming down from it to the water, when we turned inland; and after several small minor stops while the automobile caught its breath and had the beaves and the asthma, we came to Pompeii over a read built of volcanic rock.

I have always been glad that we went there on a day when visitors were few. The very solitude of the place aided the mind in the task of repeopling the empty streets of that dead city by the sea with the life that was hers nearly two thousand years ago. Herculaneum will always be buried, so the scientists say, for Herculaneum was snuggled close up under Vesuvius, and the hissing-hot lava came down in waves; and first it slugged the doomed town to death and then slagged it over with impenetrable, flinthard deposits. Pompeii, though, hy farther away, and was entombed in dust and ashes only; so that it has been comparatively easy to unearth it and make it whole again. Even so, after one hundred and sixty-odd years of more or less desultery explorations, nearly a third of its supposed area is yet to be excavated.

It was in the year 1592 that an architect named Fontana, in cutting an aqueduct which was to convey the waters of the Sarno to Torre dell'Annunziata, discovered the foundations of the Temple of Isis, which stood near the walls on the inner or land side of the ancient city. It was at first supposed that he had dug into an isolated villa of some rich Roman; and it was not until 1748 that prying archæologists hit on the truth and induced the government to send a chain gang of convicts to dig away the accumulations of earth and tufa; but if it had been a modern Italian city that was buried no such mistake in preliminary diagnosis could have occurred. Anybody would have known it instantly by the smell. I do not vouch for the dates—I copied them out of the guidebook; but my experience with Italian cities qualifies me to speak with authority regarding the other matter.

#### Thoughts on a Pompelian Bar

Afoot we entered Pompeii by the restored Marine Gate. Our first stop within the walls was at the Museum, a comparatively modern building, but containing a fairly complete assortment of the relics that from time to time have been disinterred in various quarters of the city. Here are wall cabinets filled with tools, ornaments utensils, jewelry, furniture—all the small things that fulfilled every-day functions in the first century of the Christian Era. Here is a kit of surgical implements, and some of the implements might well belong in a modern hospital.

From here we went on into the city proper; and it was a whole city, set off by itself and not surrounded by those jarring modern incongruities that spoil the ruins el Rome for the person who wishes to give his fancy a slack rein. It is all here, looking much as it must have looked when Nero and Caligula reigned; and much as it will still look hundreds of years hence, for the government owns it now and guards it and protects it from the hammer of the vandal and the greed of the casual collector. Here it is—all of it; the tragic theater and the comic theater; the basilica; the greater forum and the lesser one; the market place: the amphitheater for the games; the training school for the gladiators; the tempies: the baths; the villas of the rich; the hut of the poor; the cubicles of the slaves; shops: offices; workrooms; brothels.

The roofs are gone, except in a few instances where they have been restored; but the walls stand and many of the detached pillars stand too; and the pavements have endured well, so that the streets remainstances exactly as they were when this was city of live beings instead of a tomb of deamermories, with deep groovings of chance wheels in the flaggings, and at each crosses a stepping-stones dotting the roadbed has

At the public fountain the well curbs are worn away where the women rested their water jugs while they swapped the gossip of the town; and at nearly every corner is a groggery, which in its appointments and fixtures is so amazingly like unto a family liquor store as we know it that, venturing into one, I caught myself looking about for the Business Men's Lunch, with a collection of greasy forks in a glass receptacle, a crock of pretzels on the counter, and a sign over the bar reading: No Checks Cashed—This Means You!

In the floors the mosaics are as fresh as though newly applied; and the ribald and libelous Latin, which disappointed liti-gants carved on the stones at the back of the law court, looks as though it might have been scored there last week—certainly not further back than the week before that. A great many of the wall paintings in the in-teriors of rich men's homes have been preserved and some of them are fairly spicy as to subject and text. It would seem that in these matters the ancient Pompelians were pretty nearly as broad-minded and liberal as the modern Parisians are.

#### Mrs. Belladonna Goes Shopping

The mural decorations I saw in certain villas were almost suggestive enough to be acceptable matter for publication in a French comic paper—almost, but not quite. Mr. Anthony Comstock would be an unhappy man were he turned loose in Pompeii—unhappy for a spell, but after

Pompesi—unhappy for a speal, but after that exceedingly busy.

We lingered on, looking and marveling, and betweenwhiles wondering whether our automobile's hacking cough had got any better by resting, until the sun went down and the twilight came. Following the guidebook's advice we had seen the Colosseum.

Down by manufact. These was a full in Rome by moonlight. There was a full moon on the night we went there. It came heaving up grandly, a great, round-faced, full-cream, curdy moon, rich with rennet and yellow with butter fats; but by the time we had worked our way south to Naples a greedy fortnight had bitten it quite away, until it had been reduced to a mere cheese rind of a moon, set up on end against the delft-blue platter of a perfect sky. We waited until it showed its thin rim in the heavens, and then, in the softened half-glow, with the purplish shadows deepening between the brown-gray walls of the dead city, I just naturally turned my imagination loose and let her soar.

Standing there, with the stage set and the light effects just right, in fancy I repopulated Pompeii. I beheld it just as it was on a fair, autumnal morning in 79 A. D. With my eyes half closed, I can see the

vision now.

At first the crowds are massed and mingled in confusion, but soon figures detach themselves from the rest and reveal themselves as prominent personages. Some of them I know at a glance. You tall, imposing man, with the genuine imitation sealskin collar on his toga, who strides along so ma-jestically, whisking his cane against his leg, can be no other than Gum Tragacanth, leading man of the Bon Ton Stock Company, fresh from his metropolitan triumphs in Rome and at this moment the reigning matinée idol of the South. This week he is playing Claude Melnotte in The Lady of Lyons; next week he will be seen in his celebrated characterization of Matthias in The Bells, with special scenery; and for the

regular Wednesday and Saturday bargain matinées Lady Audley's Secret will be given. Observe him closely. It is evident that he values his art. Yet about him there is no false ostentation. With what gracious condescension does he acknowledge the half-timid, half-daring smiles of all the little caramel-chewing Floras and Faunas who have made it a point to be on Main Street at this hour! With what careless grace does he doff his laurel wreath, which is of the latest and most modish fall block, with the bow at the back, in response to the waved greeting of Mrs. Belladonna Capsicum, the acknowledged leader of the artistic and Bohemian set, as she sweeps by in her chariot bound for Blumberg Brothers' to do a little shopping. She is not going to buy anything—she is merely out shopping. Than this fair patrician dame none is

more prominent in the gay life of Pompeii. It was she who last season smoked a cigarette in public, and there is a report now that she is seriously considering wearing an ankle bracelet; withal she is a perfect lady and belongs to one of the old Southern families. Her husband has been through

the bankruptcy courts twice and is thinking of going through again. At present he is engaged in promoting and is writing a little life insurance on the side.

Now her equipage is lost in the throng and the great actor continues on his way,

making a mental note of the fact that he has promised to attend her next Sunday afternoon studio tea. Near his own stage door he bumps into Commodius Rotunda, the stout comedian of the comic theater, and they pause to swap the latest Lambs Club repartee. This done, Commodius hauls out a press clipping and would read it, but the other remembers providentially that he has a rehearsal on and hurriedly departs. If there are any press clippings to be read he has a few of his own that will bear

Superior Maxillary, managing editor of the Pompeiian Daily News-Courier, is also abroad, collecting items of interest and subscriptions for his paper, with preference given to the latter. He enters the Last Chance Saloon down at the force of the hance Saloon down at the foot of the street and in a minute or two is out again, wiping his mustache on the back of his hand. We may safely opine that he has been taking a

small ad out in trade.

At the door of the county courthouse, where he may intercept the taxpayers as they come and go, is stationed our old friend, Colonel Pro Bono Publico. The Colonel has been running for something or other ever since Heck was a pup. Today he is wearing his official campaign smile, for he has just been announced as a candidate for county judge, subject to the action of the Republican party at the October primaries. He is also wearing all his lodge buttons and likewise his G. A. R. pin, for this year he figures on carrying the old-soldier vote.

#### Nux Vomica's Lost Limerick

In front of the drug-store on the corner a score of young bloods, dressed in snappy togas for Varsity men, are skylarking. They are especially brilliant in their flashing interchanges of wit and humor, because the Mastodon Minstrels were here only last eek, with a new line of first-part jokes. Along the opposite side of the street passes Nux Vomica, M. D., with a small black case in his hand, gravely intent on his pro-fessional duties. Being a young physician ha wears a beard and large-rimmed eyeglasses. Young Ossius Dome sees him and hails him.

'Oh, Doc!" he calls out. "Come over here a minute. I've got some brand-new limerickii for you. Tertiary Tonsillitis got 'em from a traveling man he met day be-fore yesterday when he was up in the city, laying in his stock of fall and winter armor."

The healer of ills crosses over; and as the

group push themselves in toward a common center I hear the voice of the speaker:
"Say, they're all bully; but this is the
bullissimus one of the lot. It goes like this:

#### "'There was a young maid of Sorrento, Who said to her ——""

I have regretted ever since that at this juncture I came to and so failed to get the rest of it. I will bet that was a peach of a limerick. It started off so promisingly.

And now it devolves on me as a painful yet necessary duty to topple from its ped-estal one of the most popular idols of legend-ary lore. I refer, I regret to say, to the widely famous Roman Sentry of old Pompeii.

Personally I think there has been entirely too much of this sort of thing going on lately. Muckrakers, prying into the storied past, have destroyed many of the pet characters in history

Horatius never held the bridge; he just let the blamed thing go. The boy did not stand on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled; he was among the first in the lifeboats. That other boy—the Spartan youth—did not have his vitals gnawed by a fox; the Spartan youth had been eating wild grapes and washing them down with spring water—hence that gnawing sensa-tion of which so much mention is made.

Even Barbara Frietchie is an exploded myth. She did not nail her country's flag to the window casement. Being a female, she could not nail a flag or anything else to a window. In the first place, she would have used a wad of chewing gum and a couple of hairpins. In the second place, had she recklessly undertaken to nail up a flag with a hammer and nails, she would never have been on hand at the psycho-logical moment to invite Stonewall Jackson to shoot her old gray head. When General Jackson passed the house she would have been in the bathroom bathing her left thumb in witch-hazel.

Furthermore, she did not have any old gray head. At the time of the Confederate invasion of Maryland she was only seventeen years old-some authorities say only

seven-and a pronounced blonde. Also, she did not live in Frederick; and, even if she did live there, on the occasion when the troops went through she was in Baltimore

visiting a school friend. I repeat that there has been too much of If the craze for smashing all our romantic fixtures persists, after a while we shall have no glorious traditions left with which to fire the youthful heart at high-school commencements. But in the inter-ests of truth, and also because I made the discovery myself, I feel it to be my solemn duty to expose the Roman Sentry, stationed at the gate of Pompeii, looking toward the sea, who died, we are told, because he would not quit his post without orders and had no orders to quit.

#### Those Ringing Lines of Laryngitis

Until now this party has stood the acid test of the centuries. Everybody who ever wrote about the fall of Pompeii, from Plutarch and Pliny the Younger clear on down to Bulwer Lytton and Burton Holmes, had something to say about him. The lines on this subject by the Greek poet Laryngitis are familiar to all lovers of that great master of classic verse.

Suffice it to say that the Roman Sentry, perishing at his post, has ever been a favor-ite subject for historic and romantic writers. I myself often read of him-how on that dread day when the devil's stew came to a boil and spewed over the sides of Vesuvius, and death and destruction poured down to blight the land, he, typifying forti-tude and discipline and unfaltering devo-tion, stood firm and stayed fast while all about him chaos reigned and fathers forgot their children and husbands forgot their wives, and vice versa, though probably not to the same extent; and how finally the drifting ashes and the choking dust fell thicker on him and mounted higher about him, until he died and in time turned to ashes himself, leaving only a void in the solidified slag. I had always admired that soldier—not his judgment, which was faulty, but his heroism, which was immense.

To myself I used to say:
"That unknown common soldier, name-less though he was, deserves to live forever in the memory of mankind. He lacked imagination, it is true, but he was game. It was a glorious death to die—painful, yet splendid. Those four poor wretches whose shells were found in the prison down under the gladiators' school, with their ankles fast in the iron stocks—I know why they stayed. Their feet were too large for their own good. But no bonds except his dauntless will bound him at the portals of the doomed city. Duty was the only chain that held him.

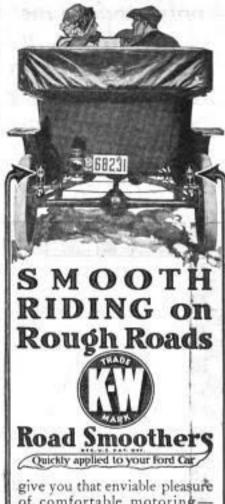
"And to think that centuries and cen-turies afterward they should find his monument—a vacant, empty mold in the piled-up pumice! Had I been in his place I should have created my vacancy much sooner—say, about thirty seconds after the first alarm went in. But he was one who chose rather that men should say, 'How natural he looks!' than 'Yonder he goes!' And he has my sincere admiration. When go to Pompeii—if ever I do go there— shall seek out the spot where he made the supremest sacrifice to authority that ever any man could make, and I shall tarry a while in those hallowed precincts!"

while in those hallowed precents!"

That was what I said I would do and that was what I did do that afternoon at Pompeii. I found the gate looking toward the sea and I found all the other gates, or the sites of them; but I did not find the Roman Sentry or any trace of him, or any authentic record of him. I questioned the wildes and through an interrupter, the the guides and, through an interpreter, the curator of the Museum, and from them I learned the lamentably disillusioning facts in this case. There is no trace of him because he neglected to leave any trace.

Doubtless there was a sentry on guard at the gate when the volcano belched forth, and the skin of the earth flinched and thivered and split asunder; but he did not re-main for the finish. He said to himself that this was no place for a minister's son; and so he girded up his loins and he went away from there. He went away hurriedly—even as you and I.

Editor's Note-This is the tenth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The eleventh will appear in an early issue.



of comfortable motoringregardless of how rough the roads or how fast you drive.

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#### The Electric the standar

CIMPLE—sturdy—strong is nickeled mirror surface, it is finish there is every provision Ten years ago we originated and ap construction and sale of the Holpoint

#### Hot Point—Attached Stan

Year by year these have been refin



Any woman who does ironing the old way interests are not regarded; for the cost of ironi method. And remember—no more walking ing for the iron to heat up-no lifting it eve

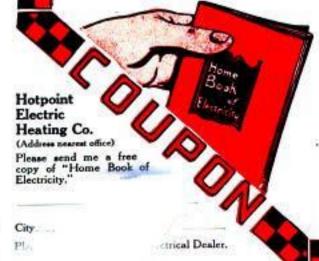
#### Here are some of the advantages of

The word "Hopeint" means that the point of the iron a always hot enough to do effective ironing because extra current flows to the nose of the iron. Just notice the sketch See how the heating coils come together in the point. Remember that a cold point is what makes an iron drag—hard on the operator—hard on the goods.

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the most delicate fabrics. An asbestos the top keeps the heat down in the back creasing efficiency and keeping the hades holder needed,





# that has set ten years.

ne—and under this brilliant it serviceable and durable. In essential basic principles to the ably these important innovations:

still retained, as is shown below.



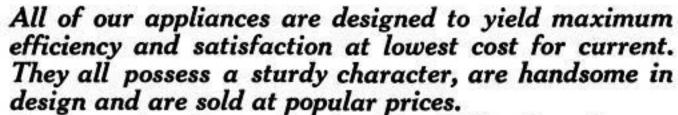
ighted home has reason to feel that her way is less, in most homes, than by the old stove and back with the iron—no waitts onto the stand and back to the work.

#### ron—some of the "reasons why."

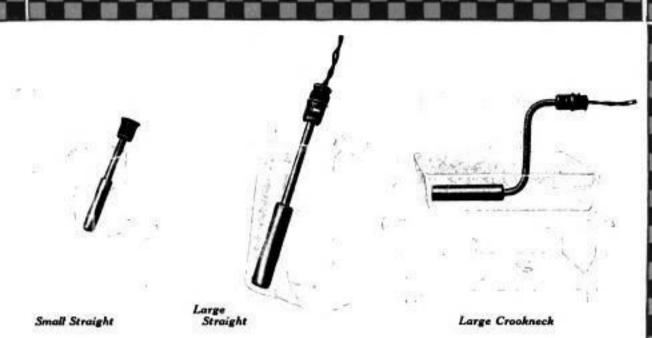
The Heating Element is guaranteed against burnouts for 10 years. In case of burn-out it is easy to put
a new one in place, which is provided free under the
terms of the Guarantee Tag attached to the Iron. The
\*\*JoChein\*\* Iron is equipped with a steel-clad switch
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twert your Modern Iron into a very satisfactory little twith our Cooking Set, consisting of a less aluminum dish and cover. Invert he stand. The 10 year guarantee on Iron is not interfered with when it is two in this way.

king Set, \$2.00. Canada \$2.50.



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#### HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

(Concluded from Page 15)

actualized on the stage instead of being realized from a larger point of view and so added to by the stage. The play did not succeed. The public con-

cluded that it would not pay two dollars to see something that could be seen for nothing. So much for plays born of ideas found in

the newspapers; but some of the best plays ever written have been born in the streets. Many who read this have, without knowing it, seen one that was born in a fog.

One blindingly foggy night in London,
Haddon Chambers and Paul Arthur were
trudging after an evening spent at a theater
to Chambers' quarters. Suddenly out of the
impenetrable fog that surrounded both
playwrights loomed what Chambers still
calls "a smear," "a stain on humanity," a
typical London tramp.

calls "a smear," "a stain on humanity," a
typical London tramp.

Chambers and the tramp collided; but
the tramp was quick with apologies. He interested the dramatist, who finally invited
him home for a bite of supper, much to the
disgust of his friend Arthur.

The man, whose name was Burns, accepted—"Thanking you kindly!" With
no thought of playwriting, Chambers seated
his strange guest at a supper, to be served
by Hogg, the playwright's valet; but, at
the sight of "such an 'airy, hawful, in fact,
'orrible specimen of humanity," Hogg's
sense of decency was so outraged it was
only after a sharp word or two from his only after a sharp word or two from his only after a sharp word or two from his master that the valet consented to serve the tramp. That flash of class distinction alone would have repaid Chambers for bringing Burns home; but the real reward came when Burns was, with great difficulty, finally persuaded to talk. "He was a Hora-tian without knowing it," Chambers says in telling the story. in telling the story.

#### A Play for an Overcoat

Asked whether he had ever worked, Burns, amazed at the thought, answered: "Certainly not! Work's for workmen!"

Columbus Duffas

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New York Omaha Philadelphia Portland, Ore St. Louis St. Paul Salt Lake City San Francis Seattle

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H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY, LM.

Burns' only friends in life turned out to be a cabman, called Nighty because he was at his stand all night, and other flotsam and jetsam, male and female, who, like himself, were sustained by the charity of the Salvation Army.

were sustained by the charity of the Salvation Army.

The strange party ended finally by Burns, "Thanking you all kindly!" politely bowing his way out and leaving the house with Paul Arthur's overcoat, quietly but effectively taken from the hall rack.

What Burns left, however, was a play—Passers-By—which has since earned the price of many an overcoat. The tramp's conversation had assembled in Chambers' quarters five unusually dramatic characters—a philosophic tramp; an eloquent cabman; an aristocratic valet; a woman of the street; and Chambers himself, who portrayed any young man fond of multiplying sensations with real life.

Chambers called his hero Waverton, from the name of the street where the playwright lives. And, with that, he had his characters and wrote his first act. He employed Burns by his real name; Nighty by his. His valet, Hogg, he renamed Pine, and the woman of the street he called Margaret Summers.

Then an extraordinary thing happened.

and the woman of the street he called Margaret Summers.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. He could not begin his second act! None of his characters would move. The love interest he wanted to create was blocked at every turn. He had his young man and his young woman, but Margaret's character contradicted any true love story. Six years went by before he found a solution.

Mr. Chambers visits his dentist not always as a dentist, but frequently for what a playwright calls "the outside point of view." It was during just such a visit that the dentist one day said to the playwright:

"How is it that nobody ever writes a play in which the modern Mary Magdalen, 'the lovely woman who stoops to folly,' gains some of the Christian sympathy accorded her in the New Testament? Why

accorded her in the New Testament? Why always ultimate disaster when we know it is not so in real life?"
"Done!" cried the playwright. "I shall

redeem Margaret Summers. She shall not be a woman of the street, but a good woman, misled by her very goodness and woman, misled by her very goodness and yet triumphing because of it in the end. She shall marry my young man, Waverton. "Whereupon," as Mr. Chambers puts it, "Passers-By began to write itself."

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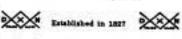
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#### THE LAST ENTERPRISE

(Continued from Page 18)

and vague; but when he was near enough to see better, then it had risen again tantalizingly above his head, out of the reach of his ingly above his nead, out of the reach of his eyes. It called him in the morning light; it held something up there for him. But here at his feet was his pick; his undertaking; his enterprise; his gold. He grasped the pick; he dug; he sealed his ears and his

The insistence of the top of the mesa did not wane, though—it grew; it was con-stant. Now and then his petrified memory, stirring as though galvanized, told him he should be up there. There was something for him up there—something long lost, to be gathered up and reentwined in the fibers of his existence.

And one bright Sunday morning, as he squatted on the bank of the river, rocking

the gold out of the black sand he had mined during the week, he suddenly sprang upright, dropped everything, and went speed-ing drunkenly on his old thin legs to the mesa. When he reached it he did not stop; up the slope he had excavated, he scram-

bled painfully to the top. bled painfully to the top.

Now that he was up there, he did not know why he had come or for what he was searching. It was warm, for one thing, and very peaceful. There was grass all over, thick and high—it was just beginning to dry to the season's aridity; and a light breeze, passing now and then, stretched it into long, silvery shimmerings.

A thread seemed to attach itself to his heart and to turn gently; but when, obey-

heart and to tug gently; but when, obey-ing, he began to walk, he found that the surface beneath the grass was not flat and smooth as the grass made it appear. His feet were passing over a series of rounded swellings, like smooth, solid waves. And now and then they kicked up a little plank— a little plank polished white by the years and the weather.

There seemed to be many of these, lost at the bottom of the grass. A few stood upright and he stumbled over one.

The invisible thread continued tugging

at him gently. He walked, stepping high, placing his feet in the depressions between the earth-swells; with head inclined to-ward one shoulder, he seemed to be listening intently—listening to the behest of a memory which, though so old and faded it hardly was, would not let him go. At length he was in the center of the little plateau he had been so diligently demol-ishing. He stooped and parted the grass, and the movement revealed a stone there a river boulder that, long ago, had been smoothed and carved.

The indentation made by a rude but pa-tient chisel had long ago disappeared, but in the wound a lichen had taken hold—a lichen which, examined closely, was a tight tissue of hundreds of very small yellow flowers. And, written thus with these mi-nuscular flowers, on the stone an inscription spread:

ROSE WIFE OF TOM RAND, AND BABY RICHARD

The judge read. And now he knew why he was here. He saw again the vision he had had the first day in the deserted camp. He saw before a cabin again the young woman of sweet, buxom charm, with the little child in her skirts. But with that vision came others to complete it, to ex-plain it. He remembered now-ah, he remembered! And dropping to one knee, like an empty scarecrow collapsed, he began to grimace in the horrible and piteous weeping of the very old.

Forty-five years before, in this camp of Coyote Flat, he had been the friend of Tom Rand. And he had loved Rose, the wife of Tom Rand.

It had not been a loud and red passion, but a gray, wistful and dreamy affliction of the innermost fibers of his heart, half ecstasy and half ache, rising at times exquis-itely to a pang, of which he could not have told whether it was torture or whether it was heaven.

He was but in his early twenties then, yet for several years already he had knocked adventurously about the camps, very busy in concealing his real timidity beneath externals of swaggering wildness.

She was a few years older than he; she had come, but a child-bride, with her husband across the plains in the heroic period; and she was the glory, the pride, the treas-ure of the camp. All the men loved her, with the respectful chivalry of the time and the place. In that overwhelmingly male life she was the delicacy, she was the iri-descence, she was the dream. The knowl-edge of her being lay there at the back of the heads of all, even at the most rageful moments of their toil for gold, a restfulness, a heavy happiness. It made them think sweetly of their return to camp, of the long Sunday at the end of the week; it was as though each had had a home. Fleet sens-ings of her passed over them like pleasant zephyrs-her flower cheeks; her rose mouth; the pink of her calicoes; her firm, round arms, bare to the elbows; the fragrance of baking bread. Rose hanging against the sunset the long line of wash—even that, to

the camp, was an enchantment.

If they had been caressed by the radiance of her charm, he had been penetrated profoundly. And now, weeping, senile, on the little mesa, at the foot of the stone that bore her name, he saw himself again as he had been nearly half a century ago. He saw himself lounging about her cabin in long hours of delicious, half-sad idleness, during which all his energy of life, all his plans, had lain still, had lost substance, had evaporated; and his young strength itself had seemed to swoon.

The little girl, Bettie, gave him an excuse for long lingerings here. She was three years old, a miniature of her mother in her pink pinafores, with her yellow hair and her curiously maternal little air; he would play with her for hours before the cabin door. And the mother, going to and fro about her work, shed on him the moonlight of her charm, pierced him at times with a flashing blue smile.

Just what she felt toward him he did not now, he had never known. Perhaps she had been unable to tear out of her heart a certain happiness at his devotion. But her husband was to her her husband—there was no doubt of that; to her so much bigger, possessed of such patent superiority, that near him other men were all somewhat like children.

Her arms, bare to the elbow, were often floury; and a sweet odor of baking bread came from the cabin.

She was amused with him-that is how it was; a tender amusement that showed in her eyes. Once in a while the imp that is in all women sprang to the saddle, reined her to some small maneuver that almost killed him with joy: but immediately her amuse-ment bedewed itself again with compassion. One day she had kissed him. In an explosion of mischief at the sight

of his long, long face, she had suddenly seized that long face between her hands, warm and wet with suds, and had pressed a

kiss on his lips. For many years it had remained with him, the sense of that healthy, firm and sane kiss. He could feel it there on his lips now-and the memory on his cheeks of her

warm, soapy hands.

And that had been all.

That had been all.

She had died one day—with the baby boy

to whom she had striven to give life.

They had all stood there—the whole camp—one sunny morning on this little flat top. Tom, stiff and strange in black clothes, put on him earlier as though on a dall seemed only decad. The mount of the strong of the strange of the strong of the s doll, seemed only dazed. The ground was a bit resonant here, as though hollow. The boots cried on the stones. Some one had read out of a book. It was very still and very hot. A woman he had never seen had little Bettie; the child cringed in the woman's skirt.

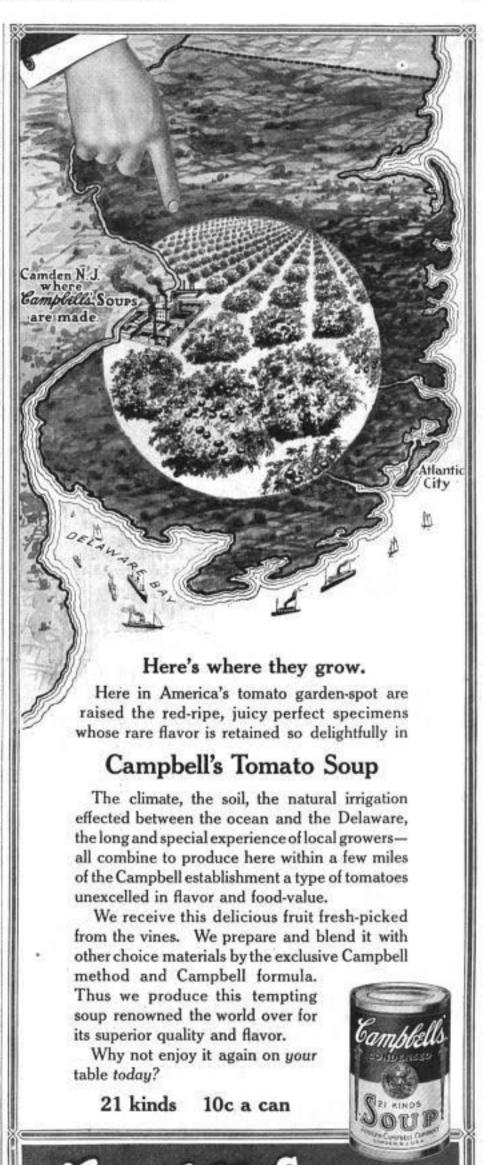
Plunk! A small shovelful of heavy soil had been abruptly dropped on his heart, his naked heart; and he had fainted. He had fainted right here on this little flat, before all those men, before the woman and the child.

He had fainted right here forty-five years before, before all the men. And yet afterward he had forgotten!

He had forgotten! And that was life!

The idea that he should be digging in this place for gold!

The idea that he should be digging in this place for gold now raised in him an uncontrollable grief; and, stretching full length along the stone, he wept in gurgles and falsetto sobs until a little rabbit, astonished and curious, peered with mobile nose over the edge of the mesa, and remained



しつのべ そのふ よりき ひきかっかりかっかりしんき アヤシミア



Cussin' is jest grindin' of a feller's mental wheels. Grease the axle, I say, with a little oil o' human kindness. When I feel my dander gettin' up I jest lubricates with a pipe o' VELVET. Hev a tin o' VELVET handy in your pistol pocket and when y' see trouble Velvet goe coming, you draw first.

NYBODY who understands human nature will A tell you that no man can be really downright, rearin', tearin' mad while he's smoking cool, slow burning VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

The tobacco of which VELVET is made is the one tobacco which has all the full flavor and "body" and tobacco fragrance of a real man's pipe smoke, without the harshness found in many kinds. VELVET is made of Burley leaf which, owing to the most thorough cultivation, is the finest

and richest grown. By the time we 5c Bags 10c Tins have finished the long, slow One Pound Glass process of curing, all the Humidors natural qualities of this Kentucky Burley de Luxe have been brought out to the full and "fixed." There's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness in VELVET.

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with its two long ears petrified, watching seriously this heap of rags on the ground, from which came sounds so strange.

When, near sundown, the judge descended from the mesa, he was spent, like a child who had been through a tantrum; ap-

who had been through a tantrum; appeased his woe, and through his veins a pleasant peace was stealing. Nicodemus was down there, waiting for him. The judge's voice was low in the slanting light, distended, as was his whole being.

"Nicodemus, it's all off. It's all off, Nicodemus. Back to Frisco with us! And just a little poorer than we came! Don't you understand, Nicodemus? Why, it's so very simple! That mining scheme is off—do you understand?—all off. You see. off—do you understand?—all off. You see, Nicodemus, one can't do what we've been doing. It isn't the custom. It isn't

Noon of the next day saw the two already well on their way back to civilization. The road, between pines and carpeted with needles, looped downward toward the plain; the pack was light, with much less provision than it had held coming up, and without shovel, pick and pan. Master and beastie tramped alacriously. Suddenly the judge broke out in loud laughter:

"Say, Nic, think of all that gold we two left up there! Can you see those fat little bags in a row under the boards? Looking at each other out of the corners of their

eyes?
"Who'll get 'em? A rat, I guess. He'll
"The dust come gnawing at the buckskin. The dust will get into his nose and he'll think it's snuff. Snuff, Nicodemus!

"Ah, well, Nico dear, I guess it's the Old Folks' Home for me now. "Tisn't such a bad place, Nicodemus. I used to pass it once in a while in old Frisco. There's a bench in front, on the sunny side, and from it one can see the sea.

"And say, Nicodemus, you know, I didn't leave all the gold behind. You remember that little bag I was beginning to fill yesterday, just before I went up to the top of the mesa? Well, I've got that with me. Yes, Nicodee. It'll keep me in tobacco at the Old Folks' Home.

"I'll sit on that bench in the sun and I'll smoke my pipe; and maybe in the smoke sometimes I'll see—you know what I'll see, Nicodemus.

"Well, we haven't made our fortune, little donk. No; we haven't made our fortune. You see, our scheme was wrong from the bottom. One can't do what we were doing. It isn't the custom. No, Nico-demus; one can't mine a cemetery. It isn't done! Nope!

"Whoopee, Nicodemus! Let's trot. I'm beginning to pine for that Old Folks' Home!"

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tingle.

The principle of an ordinary electric stove is very simple. If the right kind of current is sent through the right kind of current is sent through the right kind of iron plate, the current finds it hard to get through. The metal from one side to the other resists the current, and this resistance shows itself by heat. The entire plate becomes hot, inside and out, from the quarrel it is having with the electricity. It is in this way that diathermy, as the electric heating of muscle and bone is called operates. called, operates.

A high-frequency current of considerable magnitude is sent through the leg, because this kind of current will meet with much resistance; and the consequence is that heat develops along the path of the current. The electricity is kept on only a few min-utes at a time and may be regulated to give just the amount of heat desired. All beneficial effects come from the heat and not from the current itself. It is like having the benefit of a hot-water bottle inside of the joint as well as outside.



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That the corns never come back. New ones may come, but the old don't reappear.

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#### A LILY OF THE FIELD

(Continued from Page 11)

it on the bills of the next month in case she

was not able to carry out her determination to reduce expenses all at once.

Perhaps Marjory might have got along better during the next month, but one of her wealthy Eastern acquaintances came to visit her overnight; and charmed with what visit her overnight; and, charmed with what she thought the simplicity of Marjory's way of living, she stayed a week. It seemed so quaint to her not to have a butler or a personal maid, and to live in dear, tiny rooms; but Marjory felt obliged to give her a dinner, a luncheon and a tea, and to take her once to the theater.

She was so busy during the guest's visit that she did not have time to go to her mother's house for lessons in cooking and managing; she did not even go to market, but continued to order over the telephone. She knew that the bills during the visitor's she knew that the bills during the visitor a stay had risen enormously, but she thought she could cover them by her untouched eighty dollars. Her friends entertained her guest so lavishly that Grover grumbled at having to go out so much. That was his only complaint; but Marjory thought fearfully of the social obligations she was piling up and would somehow have to discharge.

The next month when the bills came in she looked at them anxiously but hopefully, for she thought she had been doing the best she could. Exclusive of rent they came to one hundred and thirty dollars. That was an improvement over the preceding month,

of course, but a small one when she con-sidered that she had spent her allowance and five-eighths over.

One evening while she was going over her accounts in her mind, wondering whether she really could have ordered this and that, sne really could have ordered this and that,
Grover handed her another check for eighty
dollars, remarking that the canceled check
for the other eighty had not yet come back.
"No," said Marjory absently; "I haven't
cashed it yet."
"You haven't! Marjory, what does this
mean, dear? You didn't let last month's
bills run on?"
Marjory has le into tory

Marjory broke into tears.
"Oh, please don't bother me!" she said;
and going to her room she locked the door after her and threw herself on the bed, tell-ing herself miserably that she was a failure,

#### Grover's Ultimatum

tell her she was not.

but really expecting Grover to knock at the door and make her let him in that he might

Grover, however, took his hat and went over to his father-in-law's. At the end of two hours he came back, to find Marjory pale and wasted with tears because he had

pale and wasted with tears because he had been gone so long and so inexplicably. "I've been having a talk with your father and mother," he began abruptly and with-out any endearments. "They've explained everything. I drew them a check for the money you begged of them last month. It took all the little surplus I had in the sav-ings bank. Perhaps I did wrong to marry a girl like you, Marjory—you should have taken some fellow with a big income; but my mother was a rich girl and learned to my mother was a rich girl and learned to be the wife of a poor man. I thought you, who had only been brought up as though you were rich, could surely do the same."

She began to protest that poverty did not matter when she loved him; but he held

matter when she loved him; but he held up a hand, compelling her silence.

"I'm not talking now to the woman I love, but to a prospective business partner. You can do one of two things—go back to your parents and live as you always have, an unthinking charge on them, or you can stay with me and live as I can support you; in which case you cannot be an unthinking charge, but will have to use every ounce of

brain you've got to help me." Marjory complained that he suggest sending her home just because she had been slow to learn. He heard her in silence and repeated his terms. Again she fell into tears. When the scene had been repeated several times Marjory realized that Grover would not pet and soothe her, but was indeed trying to enter into negotiations

with his business partner.

"I am very much in earnest," Grover said again and again. "I am trying to be patient with you, because your parents have said that if you are useless as a workaday woman it's their fault. Take all the time you like before deciding."



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When Marjory had exhausted her emo-tions she lay quietly on her bed going over her situation. After a time she sat up and

said:
"I choose to stay with you, John, and to
be your helpful partner. I'll save somehow
and make up that money you had to pay
back to my people. There's only one thing
I'd like to suggest: I don't propose to
blame any one for the do-nothing sort of
creature I am, and I don't propose to ask
much help in learning to be different. What
I want to know is this: Will you back me
up in whatever form my attempt at econ-

I want to know is this: Will you back me up in whatever form my attempt at economy takes, even if it is hard on you?"

"I'm willing to pay whatever I have to while you're learning," Grover said; "for I'm guilty too."

Some days later Marjory proposed to Grover that they should rent their apartment, furnished, for nine months to a young married couple she knew, who lived in a hotel but wanted to try housekeeping. She had been to see them and had proposed to rent her flat for sixty dollars a month. She suggested to Grover that she and he should live in a flat in a model tenement in the poorer part of the city.

should live in a flat in a model tenement in the poorer part of the city.

"I can subrent one, furnished, until the warm weather, for eighteen dollars a month," she said. "There are some nice people in the building—settlement workers and artists. We'll not be lonely. It may seen quixotic to you, but I want to get right down to fundamentals. I'd like to live in that quarter and see how poor women manage who do it on twelve dollars a week or less. Besides, if we live away from our friends we shall not have to entertain or be entertained so much; and we can come entertained so much; and we can come back to our home ready to form new habits."

#### Hard Lessons Worth Learning

Grover agreed; and so his lily of the field began to turn herself into something useful. She found her new life hard, for she did all the work herself—even the cleaning, though Grover objected to that. Marjory, however, wanted to work up from the beginning. She learned from the Yiddish butcher how to judge meat; and she saw, with sur-prise, the discrepancy between the prices she had formerly been charged for roasts

she had formerly been charged for roasts and steaks and the prices she now paid. She read every day in the newspapers the lists of prices for staple foods. She learned to weigh, to a cent, the values of prunes of various grades; and she grew to hate the sight of a prune. She knew sixteen ways of serving potatoes, because, in her first fervor of making up what her extravagance had cost her husband, she fed him almost nothing but stewed mest and potatoes.

for he saw that stewed mest and potatoes. Grover never complained, for he saw that her mistakes were on the right side.

Marjory did not have to give up all her friends. She simply learned to discriminate between the few who cared for Marjory and the many who cared for Marjory plus the conventional expensive things with which Marjory used to be surrounded. She found, after her first disappointments and snubbings, that she was perfectly happy snubbings, that she was perfectly happy with those who took the trouble to seek her

with those who took the trouble to seek her out and were ready to accept the simple entertainment she offered.

When her nine months' apprenticeship was over Marjory had lived on various allowances, ranging from forty dollars a month to eighty. She had put her mind on her work and was able to talk to her mother almost as an equal in housekeeping. Her hands were not so well kept, but her brain was kept much better. She went back to her home with the feeling of a sinner who has worked out a well-deserved punishment. She almost felt as though she ought to give up the flat because it cost two dollars and a half a month more than Grover at first inhalf a month more than Grover at first intended to pay; but, after all, it was home— and it was likewise a good deal of trouble to move. She did not want to be quixotic.

She used only sixty or sixty-five dollars of her allowance of eighty, putting the balance in a savings bank. This economy she kept up for two years, despite the fact that Grover's salary had been increased to twenty, two hundred dollars. Maximum twenty-two hundred dollars. Marjory, however, said she was even happier when saving than she had been while spending.

ed that promised to increase their scale of expenditure some three hundred dollars a year. Prudent Marjory welcomed the expense and made

no plans for cheeseparing; but she did say, when the event was but ten minutes old: "John, of course she's beautiful; but does she look as though I could bring her up to be useful?"

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#### *The gentlemanly thing*

(Continued from Page 9)

course, belonged to another order of things; but in the case of a junior clerk a pair of light-gray spats was certainly going rather far. Still, when all the facts of Mr. Hartshorne's amazing triumphs at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had been adduced, the more impressionable members of the staff were inclined to feel that, after all, there might be something to be said in their favor. Nevertheless incredulity tempered by disrespect was the prevailing emotion. Indeed, before the week was out Mr. Hartshorne was christened Lady Mary.

Mr. Hartshorne was too much of a gentleman to show annoyance at such a crude form of wit. He was seated too firmly on his throne to fear the opinions of those dwellers in outer darkness who had never seen Sheercliffe-on-Sea—let alone having been to tea at the Majestic. Indeed, he was inclined to take his courtesy title in the light of a compliment; and at the in-credulity of his colleagues he could afford

to smile. Mr. Burrows, however, the ever stanch and faithful, lived in a kind of reflected glory. Was it not he who had driven in a taxi to Liverpool Street on that historic Saturday afternoon to see Mr. Hartshorne off by the 3:20? The taxi and the second-class return to Sheercliffe-on-Sea could not be denied; so what reason was there to dis-

credit the Hotel Majestic and Lady Mary and Viscount Cardew?

Then there was Debrett. A freekled youth named Templeton, who wore pince-nez and was the acknowledged descendant of an Anglican clergyman, and was singularly cynical and well-informed in consequence, offered to bet Mr. Burrows a shilling that

the Cardews were not in Debrett.

Mr. Burrows took him up at once, with great gallantry, though it was the first time he had heard of Debrett. He did not let on, of course, to young Templeton that such was the case, but looked very contemptuously at that skeptical youth, booked the bet in his pocket diary, and promptly carried the terms of it to Mr. Hartshorne.
"I say, Bertie, old man," he said breathessly, "what do you think of that conceited young ass, Templeton? He's had the cheek to bet me a shilling the Cardews are not in Debrett."

"Not in where?" said Mr. Hartshorne with a slight fatigue in his manner. Indeed, is admirers had noticed already how well slight air of fatigue went with a pair of

"In Debrett," said Mr. Burrows.
"I don't know about Debrett," said Mr. Iartshorne, "but I do know they are in rosvenor Square; and IA is their number."
The fact was, Mr. Hartshorne himself as not quite clearer to what Debrett might

as not quite clear as to what Debrett might e; but he was far too much a man of the orld to confess his ignorance. He was uner the impression that it might be a housegents' list, but judicious inquiries that vening of a well-informed acquaintance t the Bagsworth Imperial Club gave him

truer insight into its nature.
"Oh, you mean the Snobs' Bible!" said
well-informed acquaintance, who was

the Press.
"Where can I see it?" asked Mr. Hartssgrace to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel.

"In the British Museum, I expect."
In the company of Mr. Burrows Mr. artshorne went to the British Museum on e following Saturday afternoon. They ould settle young Templeton's hash for m. He was the grandson of a parson, so said; but there was no youth in the city ore urgently in need of being taken down

At the British Museum there was a ficulty about admittance to the room in ich Debrett enjoyed it being, owing to ather stupid display of red tape on the

"t of an official, who was unable to pass in through without a ticket.
"We only just wanted a glance at the obs' Bible, you know," said Mr. Hartsne with his slightly fatigued air, which Burrows felt he had never heard to ter advantage.

'Cannot help that, sir," said the official. ou can't see a Common Prayer book here hout a ticket."

Where can I get a ticket?"
'At the office, I expect."
At the office, however, they wanted a seholder's reference and other absurdces of ritual, which struck Mr. Hartshorne

as such a ridiculous display of red tape that he suddenly left the building in a huff, for all his fatigue, and vowed he would try the Free Library at Bagsworth.

At the Free Library at Bagsworth they were more sensible; but they were too dem-ocratic to keep a Debrett. They thought, however, the Carnegie, at the end of the road, might be able to meet the case

road, might be able to meet the case.

Mr. Burrows won his shilling. Debrett, at the Carnegie, said: "Cardew—see St. Quentin." After tracking William Philip Ambrose, fifth earl, through several pages of most intricate ramifications they were rewarded by "Viscount Cardew, b. 1889; Pea-green Guards"—and so on; and "Lady Mary Evelyn Angelica, b. 1891." Mr. Burrows took pains to copy out these facts and claimed his money at quarter past ten on the following Monday.

It is no more than the due of young Templeton to say that he took his defeat like a sportsman and paid his shilling with

a grace that became his lineage.

The incident made rather a sensation in the office. Even the most virulent opponents of the light-gray spats insensibly modified their attitude a little. Mr. Hartshorne's manner grew increasingly fatigued in consequence; but he was not really insufferable—at least Mr. Burrows would never allow that he was. It was certainly true that he became still more exclusive at the Bodega. He had no longer that friendly lightness and grace in his intercourse with Tom, Dick and Harry. It was no longer safe to call him Bert; there were times when even Mr. Saunders, his old schoolfellow, hardly liked to venture it. He was a lonely, inaccessible spirit now. Mr. Burrows alone in the office was admitted to his regard. And even he was far too full of tact ever to

Yes; Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne was a changed man. He had entered his kingdom. He stuck to the light-gray spats so manfully that, with the aid of Debrett, in a surprisingly short space of time he had lived them down. He was not exactly popular, but he was admired. His voice was really very fatigued at times, and in moments of high inspiration a slight lisp was superimposed on it; but, as his faithful henchman, Mr. Burrows, said, if you were a born nut you were justified.

presume on it.

"YOU haven't called yet, Bert," said Mr. Burrows tentatively as one day they walked along Leadenhall Street from the

"No; but I shall," said Mr. Hartshorne rather wearily, "as soon as my tailor fellow has finished my new morning coat."

Had Mr. Burrows not been of the faithful this reference to a new morning coat might have been interpreted as swank, because Mr. Burrows was aware that his distinguished friend had yet to possess an old one; but in real greatness little weak-nesses are condoned—they strike such a human note. They give those on a higher plane of being a little in common with humanity at large; and it behooves human-ity at large to be grateful accordingly—at least that was the view of Mr. Burrows.

"Will it have braid on it, Bert?" said the ever-faithful henchman. No one was by, so the "Bert" did not matter. "What do you think?"

The answer was jocular, but very urbane and Cardew-like in its ease and charm; but Mr. Burrowssomehow felt a tinge of shame. His plebeian question had been rebuked in

a gracefully patrician manner.

Life was not altogether a bed of roses for
Mr. Burrows. His friend took a lot of living up to; for Mr. Burrows, with all his keen appreciation of nuttiness in others, from being a nimseii. Nature had not designed him for the course and he was acutely conscious of the fact; but he did his best to conform in speech and manner to the ever-rising standard of his friend. He made howlers sometimes, and his cheek often burned in the watches of the night when he remembered he had made them. Still, if you are not a born nut you cannot help committing little solecisms now

Nevertheless Mr. Burrows did his best to live up to Lady Mary; and, making every allowance for an incurable absence of style, it was a very good and honest best, and Mr. Hartshorne, like the large-hearted and liberal-minded man he was, counted it

to him for righteousness—though some-times in public he patronized him fearfully. One day—to be precise, the day before the braided morning coat was due from the artistic tailor in the Strand to whom had fallen the honor of devising its being—Mr. Hartshorne sauntered—literally saun-tered—into the acting submanager's room at about quarter past eleven.

The acting submanager was a sour and satirical man, with a rather acid way of looking at life.

"Well, Mr. Hartshorne, what can I do for you?"

The acid way of looking at life remained just now with the acting submanager, who had not yet got over his spats. Indeed, he certainly looked as though he knew what he would like to do with Mr. Hartshorne.

"May I have next Thursday afternoon off, sir?" said Mr. Hartshorne, with so much fatigue in his manner that, instead of asking a favor, he might have been conferring one.

"Want to call in Park Lane, I suppose?"

said the acting submanager with a considerable display of acerbity.

"Grosvenor Square, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Hartshorne in the way that Cardew himself would have said it.
"Oh!"

Oh! was all the acting submanager said at the moment; but he stroked his chin—one of those square and aggressive chins rather thoughtfully.

He had heard the Lady Mary story from

the lips of a thrilled subordinate; and, being a pessimist by nature, his longing at that moment to kick Mr. Hartshorne nearly overmastered him.

"What are you going to do there, Mr. Hartshorne? You have not taken a house there, have you?"
"No," said Mr. Hartshorne, quietly ignoring this banal piece of irony; "but I have an invitation from my friend Lady Mary Cardew to meet Prosser?"
Who the devil is Prosser?"

It was abundantly clear, of course, that the acting submanager was not acquainted with the works of the author in question, but he had no need to go out of his way to be vulgar when he confessed his ignorance. "John Michael Prosser," said Mr. Harts-horne with patient impressiveness, "is the

celebrated novelist."
"Never heard of him," said the acting

Mr. Hartshorne knew that. But in Mr. Hartshorne's opinion the time had come to administer the coup de grâce to the acting submanager. Accordingly he proceeded to do so. Very slowly he produced from his pocket a coroneted envelope and handed it in silence to that gentleman.

For a moment it almost seemed as if the

acting submanager were going to be actively ill. With an effort, however, he was able, and by the courtesy of that Providence which watches over acting submanagers, to over-come his nausea. And then he read:

"Saturday. 1A, Grosvenor Square, W.

"Dear Mr. Hartshorne: It will be so pleasant if you will come to tea on Thursday at five o'clock, to meet John Michael Prosser. Do come if you can. He knows how you admire him.

"Yours sincerely, "MARY CARDEW."

The acting submanager folded Lady Mary's note, returned it to its coroneted envelope, and handed it, without a word, to Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne; but such a look of yearning had entered the eyes of the acting submanager as to give them that quality of soul they might be said to lack as a rule.

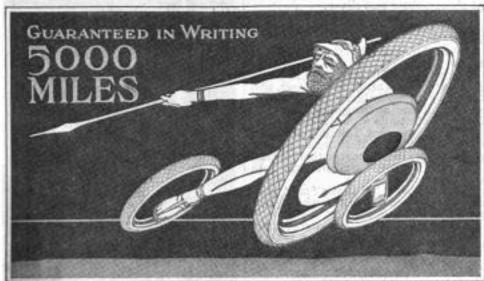
reasonable to suppose acting submanager would have made some attempt to behave like a gentleman, even if he was not one at heart; but he merely tugged at his straggling gray mustache, which gave him such a look of commonness, and glared from behind his spectacles. "It really seems to me, Mr. Hartshorne," he said at last in his metallic voice that

was so unpleasantly reminiscent of the prov-"that the time has come when the Palatial will be well advised to dispense with your services. It is not the custom for its junior clerks to attend afternoon parties in Grosvenor Square."

"But this is an exceptional case," said Mr. Hartshorne quietly but firmly.







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"A very exceptional case, I should think," said the acting submanager.

The acting submanager, however, having no pretensions to be considered a gentle-man, could hardly hope to appreciate the case's exceptionalness in all its aspects. He gave his vulgar mustache another tug and

continued to glower.

"Look here, Mr. Hartshorne," he said at last; "you can have Thursday off on one condition. And the condition is that you accept a month's notice from to-day from the Palatial Insurance Company.

the Palatial Insurance Company."

Mr. Hartshorne was completely taken aback for the moment. It was a blow in the face, and he felt he had done nothing to deserve it. However, the great soul that had conquered Lady Mary and had forced the portals of the Majestic did not desert him in this tragic hour.

"Sir," said Mr. Hartshorne, drawing himself up to his full height, "I accept your ultimatum."

It was pure Prosser, and subconsciously the great soul of Albert Edward Hartshorne was rejoiced in that sublime fact. But the

was reported in that subline lact. But the acting submanager was an underbred man who did not know his Prosser. His lip curled contemptuously.

"Very well, Mr. Hartshorne," he said.
"A month from to-day! But you are behaving like a fool. It will be a long while

having like a fool. It will be a long while before you get as good a situation as the Palatial with such opportunities for better-ing yourself. Your shorthand is not good enough."

His shorthand! In Mr. Hartshorne's opinion that was a sublime touch. Poor earthworm, burrowing in mire! How could any man speak of shorthand at such a moment as that!

"Sir, I accept your ultimatum." said Mr.

"Sir, I accept your ultimatum," said Mr.

Hartshorne again. He bowed to the acting submanager with aloof dignity, turned on his gray-spatted heels and withdrew Prosser-like from the room.

"I HOPE he's coming, Mary," said Sybil de Gex, preparing to bite a large plece out of her cake. "I've given up a matinée on purpose, you know."

This was spoken to the hostess in a confidential tone. She reined have a little of the confidential tone.

fidential tone. She raised her own a little

in reply.

"Of course he'll come, Sybil. I know nothing will induce him to miss John Michael Prosser."

John Michael Prosser sat very modestly in a corner of the immense drawing room, balancing a rather wabbly cup in a rather uncertain saucer on a rather nervous knee.

John Michael Prosser was a funny little old lady in blue spectacles, and she beamed with anxious pleasure at Lady Mary's remark.

To Miss de Gex belonged the brilliant discovery that John Michael Prosser was in real life a certain Miss Agnita Shrubsole, a former governess of the Blenkinsops. The Blenkinsops, it seemed, were some rather quaint people who had come to live next door to the famille de Gex in Cadogan Gardens. Gardens.

Gardens.

But the undefeated Sybil, having once scented her prey, tracked her through Pimlico, through Bayswater, and finally to Wimbledon Heath, where, having run her to earth in that sylvan retreat, she brought the poor old lady thence, small and sparrow-like, and rather anxiously smiling, to all the splendor of 1A, Grosvenor Square.

This is not the time or the place to dis-

This is not the time or the place to dis-play the Odyssey of Miss Agnita Shrub-sole's heart as she sat pecking, without much of an appetite, at one of Mr. Rumpelmeyer's choicest cakes in a remote corner of this almost bewilderingly aristocratic interior.

She awaited the arrival of a most en-thusiastic admirer, who, though not in the Guards himself, had had a father who had commanded them, and who had been simply

thrilled to the marrow by John Michael Prosser's wonderfully vivid and lifelia-pictures of that too-little-known branch of His Britannic Majesty's service.

The hour of five was told by a wonder-fully melodious clock on the nearest of several chimneypieces that this great room could boast, which, however, was com-pletely overshadowed by a Biblical subject from the brush of Titian.

"It must be so interesting, Miss Shrub-sole, to be able to write," said Lady Mary as she gave John Michael Prosser her third

cup of tea, for all that she had not yet faished her first piece of cake. "It is so cleve
of you to write as you do. I wish I could."
Lady Mary was lying quite agreeably in
the cause of conversation. She neither
thought it clever to be able to write like
John Michael Prosser, nor had she the least wish to emulate the poor old thing in the queer old bonnet perched on the top of her absurd old head; but something had to be said, and to be said very pleasantly, because the proceedings were rather in-clined to drag a little in the absence of the Prince of Denmark.

John Michael Prosser, by herself, was not showing much sport for the members of her

own sex. She was too undercharged and wary to give them much of a run for their money. Dorothy and Pauline were frankly

money. Dorothy and Pauline were frankly
disappointed—they had counted on a
Bonnie Edith at least; but poor, harmless
John Michael was almost a lady.
"I shall be so disappointed," said Sybil
de Gex to her hostess at ten minutes past
five, "if he leaves us in the lurch! I ddn't
know that anything quite so priceless was
in existence." in existence."

Nevertheless the minutes passed and Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not appear. However, the totally unexpected arrival of Cardew at quarter-past five seemed to help matters a little. Cardew, it appeared, had quite definitely refused the invitation to be present at the meeting. Somehow he did not think it was quite going to be cricket. It was so like a man not to have a sense of humor.

Cardew came in looking a little duler than usual. He was carrying an evening paper. When he had had time to glance at John Michael Prosser, who as the minutes passed seemed to grow smaller and nove insignificant and less articulate in her cor-ner by the Adam chimneypiece, Cardew shook his head rather solemnly at his sister. "No, Moll," he said in a solemn whisper: "I was afraid it wasn't quite going to be cricket."

"He hasn't come yet," said Lady Mary hopefully.
"He won't come now."

"Of course he'll come—unless he has

been gathered to his fathers."

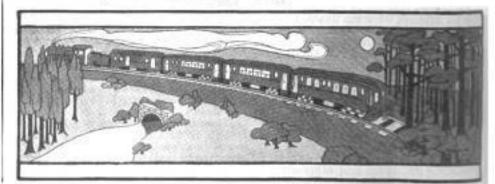
"Well, he has been, it appears. My eye fell on this at the club and I've brought it to show you."

Cardew had opened the evening paper. He pointed to a short paragraph, set in an inconspicuous place at the bottom of the page:

#### A CLERK'S TRAGIC DEATH

An inquest was held last evening on Albert Edward Hartshorne, twenty-three, of Arcadia Villas, Bagsworth, a clerk in the service of the Palatial Insurance Company. Leadenhall Street, E. C., who lost his like in a gallant but vain attempt to rescreta woman from drowning in the Thames. The jury returned a worder of accidental data jury returned a verdict of accidental desti-and, though highly commending you? Hartshorne's conduct, added a rider to the effect that it was most unwise for persons who were unable to swim to venture out of their depth.

That fascinating smile of Lady May's had something perhaps a trifle odd in a "That's so like a British jury," she said—"no sense of romance! They don't seem to realize that, after all, it was the gentlemand



#### The gay and festive CLAVERHOUSE

(Continued from Page 5)

It's deadly to me to be agitated and bothered as you're agitating and bothering me now." At this she drew her two hands across her two eyes, moved to the chair, seated herself and clasped her hands tightly. "I'm listening," she said, making what was clearly a tremendous effort at self-

control.

"Very well," said the man, "I'm speak-ing." He cleared his throat, folded his arms and closed his eyes. "I know a girl arms and closed his eyes. "I know a girl who has professed to be madly in love with me for ever and ever so long." Then speak-ing slowly: "I know that I've never loved her, and I've told her so over and over again; but she won't believe it. She keeps declaring that she'll win me some day. She says that some time I'll be in bitter straits and turn to her. Then when I'm desperately in need she'll go through fire and water to save me. And after I'm saved I'll love her passionately, and we'll be happy then offers and forever. Thes's her view of thenceforth and forever. That's her view of our case. I don't say what I've always thought myself, but Fate has stood by her thought myself, but Fate has stood by her enough to have it come to this—that I am in bitter straits, and seeing the way she feels I'm going to take her at her word and see what her word is really worth. She has only wanted a chance to prove how much she feels and how thoroughly she means what she says. And now I'm going to give her that chance."

He paused and Madelsine leared for

her that chance."

He paused and Madeleine leaned forward, almost breathless.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.
Claverhouse coughed. "Quiet and rest might do something for me; and it's just possible I might marry a woman who would keep me alive from day to day by administering it sweetly and conscientiously. I don't say that I would; but I might." He

don't say that I would; but I might." He paused again.

"Yes, yes," she whispered quickly.

"I've been inquiring into the matter," he went on, "and there's Yewstones, the property of our uncle. It's retired and suitable. I ask nothing; but your mother might negotiate with the agent, and after you and she had taken it and were settled there, you might ask me to visit you and I might come. Of course there's no time to be lost, because I'm pretty far gone; but if you feel like taking the matter up this is my ultimatum. That's what I wanted to my ultimatum. That's what I wanted to say. That's why I sent for you. Don't bother me with any 'ifs' and 'ands,' but go

straight home at once and see what you can
do. I've put my life in your hands. Do as
you please with it."

With a sudden fling of his head he turned
from her and lay quite still. She was staring intently toward him.

"And my mother?" she said, very low.

He made no answer. She arose then,

He made no answer. She arose then, standing motionless.

"I will go home and try." Her voice was very uncertain. "I will make every effort. Perhaps mamma will consent; but I can't be sure. Yewstones is in the north, isn't it?"

"Quite so," he answered.

"If we cannot get it?"

"I won't go anywhere else."

"Our own place in Wilts is —"

"I won't go anywhere else."

"But if the —"

"But if the

"I won't go anywhere else."

It might be fancied that such speeches

It might be fancied that such speeches would naturally irritate; but Madeleine Wythe was absolutely mad with love for the man stretched there before her.

"Ernest!" she pleaded.

Claverhouse extended his hand, seized the whisky bottle that stood on the table and hurled it against the wall opposite. It banged and shattered with an awful crash. The valet rushed in at once. The valet rushed in at once.
"My nerves are in a fearful state," said

the invalid, turning his head. "Clean up that mess, Conrad!"

Very quietly Madeleine turned and left

the room. The valet was sopping up the spirits with towels.
"See if they're gone," his master said presently. He went to see and reported in

he affirmative.
"Wonder when Beck went!" drawled

Claverhouse,

YEWSTONES! At this season!" The countess opened her eyes widely. Why of course you can have it. Nobody s ever there now. I believe the shooting is

all let away, because of the ghost or the damp or something. People never liked it. We haven't been there ourselves in years. But why do you fancy doing such a weird thing?"

Madeleine Wythe's mother shook her head. "I don't know exactly. Mygirl needs quiet, and Vivian—I think it was Vivian—

quiet, and Vivian—I think it was Vivian—suggested Yewstones. He used to be there as a boy, I believe, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes"—the countess' tone was mildly indifferent—"Gregory used to send the boys there a lot. We were always hearing of some way in which the heir had been maimed by Ernest at Yewstones. Still, if Vy went under Ernest came on; and we always rather loved Ernest, wretch that he was—and is."

Lady Wythe moved uneasily. "He's so

was—and is."

Lady Wythe moved uneasily, "He's so ill," she said quite softly.

"Dying, I thought," returned the countess brightly. "Sir William looked in after his diagnosis, his blood examination and all that, to tell us the truth. Gregory was quite depressed. . . . But as to Yewstones now, you know it'll be ghastly lonely. You'll never stop there more than a week, I'll wager. Rats, bats, walls ten feet thick. They used to drive the cattle into the chapel during the border raids, I'm told. It's an awful hole."

Lady Wythe, looking very ill at ease,

awful hole."

Lady Wythe, looking very ill at ease, dropped her eyes over her outspread fan and ielt extremely unhappy.

"I must get off to some quiet corner. The physicians feel that Madeleine is rather overdoing it."

"And I was just thinking how well she looked," the countess declared, staring across the ballroom. "How can you call her fagged? She's positively blooming to-night."

Lady Wythe lifted her eyes at that and glanced to where her daughter floated opposite.

glanced to where her daughter noated opposite.

"It's her nerves," she said in almost a
whisper. "Nothing else."

"If it's her nerves they'll never come right
at Yewstones," asserted the countess confidently. Then suddenly she became really
serious. "It's the worst old hole in the
county, and I don't know what besides. I
wouldn't sleep under its roof again for worlds
myself. You'd hate it."

"But I want it," persisted Lady Wythe.
"Vivian has talked of it till Madeleine has
set her heart on just that one place. It's its

set her heart on just that one place. It's its solitude that attracts her, I believe. I really

do want it. Then the countess put up her lorgnon and looked at her friend with close attention. "There's something back," she said. "Either you're keeping it from me, or ——"
"I'm keeping nothing from you," de-

clared the other.

clared the other.

"Then they are keeping something from us. Gregory told me that Vivian was asking about it. What mystery is it? Are you taking Vyvie with you?"

"No," said Lady Wythe, "by no means. To tell you the whole truth, all I know is that Madeleine has begged me, as a personal favor to her, to take Yewstones—no other house in England—and live there for six months. I do not know why. Madeleine confides very little in me. If I thought that Vivian had much to do with the plan I should be only too happy." The mother could barely restrain her tears as she spoke. she spoke.

The countess nodded wisely. "Depend upon it, he has something to do with it. Madeleine is plotting a bit, as girls love to do. Only some very serious and united thought could spring from Yewstones as a base. You shall have the place, my dear, and Gregory will get a line sent Shandy as to cleaning it up and getting in firewood, and all that. You'll take your own servants, of course?"

"Naturally."

"Then do not trouble as to other things. If we can help to bring Vivian's affair out smoothly we'll be only too happy. The poor fellow's been looking so knocked up lately. It's too bad of your girl, it really is, you know.

"It's not my fault, dear."
"I know it's not. But possibly all's on the road to mending now. Let us hope so."

The countess rose and moved on to other guests; but Lady Wythe remained seated and thoughtful. She had much to trouble her in the behavior of her beautiful and



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headstrong daughter-the daughter who headstrong daughter—the daughter who
would not accept a possible fiancé with
Captain Beck's prospects and who would
persist in loving his reprobate cousin.

"What does possess girls nowadays?"
she asked of herself tearfully, recollecting
her own calm betrothal and most correct
married life.

Loter going home in their broughers

Later, going home in their brougham, she said to Madeleine: "I spoke to the countess about Yewstones."
"Is it to be ours, then?"
"I think so. The earl will send word to his agent to have it put in order."

his agent to have it put in order."
The lights of Grosvenor Square were The lights of Grosvenor Square were flashing in bright succession past Made-leine's gaze. "I'm glad," she said briefly. "We can be there by the first, then?" "Possibly; soon after anyway." There was a little pause, and then the daughter said: "Surely you know who will visit us there?"

There was that in her words that suddenly froze the mother's heart. "Madeleine!" she stammered. "He — "
"I know" — the daughter's voice was stilly calm—"I know that he is dying. Everybody believes it. Well, I have seen him — "

him \_\_\_\_\_"
You have seen him!" cried the mother,

"You have seen him!" cried the mother, starting in her seat

"I have seen him. There is just one chance for him to recover—a home life of love and care. I mean to give it him if it wrecks my whole future to do so. It is no use to discuss the matter with me. I mean to give him that chance."

Lady Wythe learned back as one description.

Lady Wythe leaned back as one deprived

of all sense and strength.
"Oh, Madeleine!" It was a moan.
"It is no use, mother, not the slightest use. I have never loved any one but Ernest and I never shall. If he does not live to marry me I shall never marry. Never! Never!"

There was silence after that, and silence

after they reached home.

But the next afternoon Lady Wythe went to see Claverhouse, and the call was prolonged. When later she met her daughter in her boudoir, just before the dressing hell she said:

bell, she said:
"I have been to see Ernest and to ask him to stop with us, and he has accepted my invitation."

It was then Madeleine's turn to start in

"And all is settled now as to Yewstones.
We shall go down on the third," continued her mother. "He will come on the sixth.
We shall need a day or so between to set his rooms in order."

You've heard from the agent, then?" "Yes; all the arrangements are complete.

Madeleine seemed lost in thought. "I hope that he will grow better there," she said to herself.

Her mother said nothing. Within her soul she hoped to heaven that Claverhouse would die there, and that there would be an end of him. She and Beck and not a few others were united in their view of the Honorable Ernest. But Madeleine Wythe adored him.

IT IS one of the cruelest facts in life that one who does a thing may never know what he does until he has done it. This is a fixed law and was promulgated on the day a fixed law and was promulgated on the day that humanity was turned loose to try to find a way to avoid it by pleading, not ignorance but omniscience. On that day men and women began to fancy that they could know what they were doing before they did it. But the majestic might of any law is not to be altered. And so life moved on and tried to ignore the unalterable truth. It followed that no woman who loved ever knew what she did until it was all over; but every woman, aye, every girl of seven-

but every woman, aye, every girl of seventeen, was quite positive that she knew, and acted accordingly. Also no man ever planned anything whatever really open-eyed as to the consequences; but every man, young or old, is positive of being himself the one and only exception to the rule. We are all born blind, live blinded and die blindly. And we none of us ever admit it. Thus God has ordained, Allah has evidently willed

and Satan has most certainly determined. All of which incontrovertible and philosophic reflections applied strikingly in the case of the coming of Claverhouse to Yew-stones. For the plot worked out as the plotter had planned and he came hither to be nursed back to health, if that were pos-sible, by the sweet retired life of "deep-in-the-country," and the affectionate and







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solicitous ministrations of one who really

worshiped the ground he walked on.
But, to revert to the statement which opens this chapter, never did any one in this world of unforeseen developments do anything with less idea as to the actual finale than did Madeleine Wythe when she undertook to save Claverhouse's life, if such a

saving were possible.

The whole affair, indeed, was bound to be unlike anything else that ever had happened, simply because of the man whom it concerned; but how unlike was altogether

Neither Lady Wythe nor her daughter had ever had their cousin to stop with her before, for the simple reason that as soon as Madeleine fell in love, Claverhouse began to avoid her. He had not avoided her altogether, but he had dropped all cous-inly intercourse. Lady Wythe disliked him, disapproved of him. It had all been most unfortunate. And now things were to be brought to a head.

But what a business it all was! In the first place it had been comparatively simple to give the invitation, receive the acceptance, and travel down to Yewstones. But Yewstones was, despite vigorous preparation, anything but the ideal country house into which to bring an invalid. It was a huge old place with window embra-sures six and eight feet deep, and a stone-arched entrance from which the drawbridge had been withdrawn for less than a century. It was all ups and downs, three steps here and seven there, with oak paneling; long, heavy, dark hangings; and stone floors that felt cold and hard through the thickest rugs. The pale September sun-shine could not possibly get within and at night the candles and lamps seemed smoth-ered by the overhanging darkness. Under these circumstances it was but to

be expected that the installing of a London environment should prove more than a little difficult. The time was very short and the work very arduous. It was like-wise natural that Lady Wythe should be much depressed by the gloom and chill of the place, and should feel anything but joyous as on the appointed day she awaited in the drawing room the arrival of her unwelcome visitor.

She was trying to be trustful and courageous, but she had small faith in her hold on either of these virtues. Claverhouse had assured her of his good intentions, but no one believed anything that he said, for it was never possible to divine just what he meant when he uttered statements. Small wonder, therefore, that the mother sighed as she waited.

Conrad had wired the hour they were Conrad had wired the hour they were leaving in Claverhouse's touring car. If all went well they should arrive just before tea. It was quite four now. Madeleine was upstairs, giving some last personal touches to the suite set apart for the invalid, his nurse and his valet. This was in the opposite wing from the apartments occupied by her mother and herself, and consisted of large, stately, paneled chambers, as were all the rooms at Yewstones.

"I do hope he will be in time," said Lady Wythe to herself, looking at the clock. Nothing told her that he would be in time; for it was not at all certain that, having

for it was not at all certain that, having once started, he would keep on coming. Indeed there was no knowing what he would do. She, having married into the family, knew his disposition far better than Madeleine. To marry into a family is far more enlightening than to be born into it. She sighed deeply. She was wretchedly worried and anxious.

Then Madeleine came in, her cheeks flushed and her head held extremely high.

"Is all quite right abovestairs?" her mother asked, turning her head.

"Quite right," she answered, a certain defiant coldness ringing clearly in her tone.

At that moment the whir of a motor.

At that moment the whir of a motor spun in from outside.

"There he is!" exclaimed Lady Wythe starting to her feet and hastening first toward the window and then to the hall,

Madeleine had run quickly toward the remodeled entrance with its graded car-riage sweep. Her heart was bounding with joy over the thought that the tiresome drive was ended and the dear man safely at the door. It must be remembered that she had no more personal experience of Claverhouse than had her mother. Perhaps this fact accounted for a great deal, love rarely depending much on personal experience.

By the time Lady Wythe reached the portico the first amazement as to young Claverhouse's behavior had become a set-tled fact. Lady Wythe, coming out upon the step, stopped as if turned to stone. And small wonder; for quite a striking tableau had formed there.

Madeleine was down by the car and a group of house-servants was gathered close about it. The chauffeur and Conrad were among them. Every one seemed rather un-certain what to do. Her ladyship was at a loss to imagine what had happened, and her heart throbbed quickly as she ran down the steps. Then she learned the explanation, which was, like the explanation of most mysteries, extremely simple: Claverhouse was asleep in the car!

"He must not be disturbed," said the new nurse, a meek, pale little woman, speaking softly over the side. "I will sit here beside him until he wakes. More rugs,

"But wouldn't it be better to awaken him and get him to his room?" said Lady Wythe, also softly. Conrad shook his head. "We shouldn't

dare undertake it, my lady. We never dis-turb him when he is asleep. I can carry up the luggage and unpack, and Mrs. Watson will sit here beside him. If you'll just station some one at the gate to see that no other car comes to make a noise, and tell the servants, please, my lady, not to make any noise indoors either. His hearing is so acute." All this in a whisper. Lady Wythe gave the necessary orders

at once, of course, and the luggage was got out and carried in with infinite precautions.

Madeleine went up to the rooms again to make sure that the fires were all right.

"If I might just suggest, Miss, the sending out of a cup of tes to poor Mrs. Watson," said Conrad, busy unbuckling and unstrapping.

"She'd appreciate the kindness so."

She'd appreciate the kindness so."
"Certainly," was Madeleine's reply. A cup of tea was sent out to the nurse, who did appreciate the kindness, but indicated by signs that still another rug should be provided with which to cover the sleeper. The butler undertook to have somebody fetch one.

"You haven't got anything like a little oil-stove, have you?" Claverhouse's valet asked him next. "To set on the windward side of the motor to hold off the chill, you

The butler thought there was one in the housemaids' room. But it was old, and possibly the wick

"You get it out and we'll have a look at it," said Conrad. "Possibly 1 can fix it." The butler didn't seem altogether pleased

at the prospect of spending the interim be-tween tea and dinner cleaning an oil-stove, but he went away again and had a scullery maid bring the stove into the outer pantry. There the two men took off their coats, and after working for an hour and a half did

finally succeed in persuading the stove to burn gayly beside the car.

"We ought to put two or three screens round it," suggested Claverhouse's devoted

The screens were accordingly brought from all over the house and arranged about

"I suppose you haven't any hangings big enough to cover over the top?" whispered Mrs. Watson.

"Well, we can see," replied the now perspiring manservant, and went to con-sult her ladyship. Together they toured the house, measuring draperies by eye, and in the end the staircase curtains were unhung with a ladder belonging to the gar-den department. These were adjusted over the screens, secluding Claverhouse and his nurse inside.

"But ain't it just wonderful how he sleeps!" observed the butler.

The reflections of the lady of the house

were much the same; but presently altered.
"I hope that no one will come to call this evening," she ejaculated, contemplating the nondescript gypsy tent from the doorway. She was quite sure that no gravel sweep had ever been so graced before. Madeleine, standing beside her mother, made no com-ment. She was thinking how different the arrival had been from anything which she had planned.

They went indoors.
"If I might suggest, no dressing-bell,"

Conrad said later in the servants' hall.
"Of course not," returned the butler.
And then he hurried away to adjust that little matter.

Dressing time came and dinner was served, and still Claverhouse slept on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Aquitania

A Very Swagger Model For Summer Wear

PICTURED here is a new Society Brand model of the season-The "Aquitania." Designed especially for young men who pride themselves on being just in advance of the mode.

A one-button, 30-inch coat, closely curved to the figure, arching in at the sides. Soft-roll, low-cut lapels; close-clipped shoulders, bottom sharply cut away in front; made with skeleton lining for warm weather wear. Piped seams and pockets.

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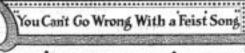
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YOU'RE HERE AND IM HERE

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ERE'S a truly great song! It's rare good luck for a song to become the hit of one big musical comedy. This song is the hit of five, and they are five big ones, viz.: Donald-Brian in "The Marriage Market," "Queen of the Movies," "When Dreams Come True," "The Laughing Husband" and Elsie Janis in London in the "Palace Pages "

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The nation, from Mains to California, is singing st."

Probably more real money was paid for this song than ever before for any similar composition. For rare sentiment of lyric and charm of melody, it is in a class by itself.



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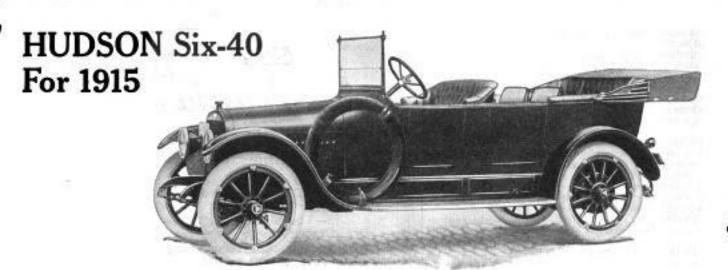
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As Pictured \$1,550

# The Thoroughbred

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The latest refinement in Sixes—one of the handsomest cars in the world setting many new standards in high-grade cars, and another new record in quality price—the 1915 model of the car whose popularity compelled us in eight months to treble our output.

#### 31 New Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out last year to win a new field to Sixes. Our famous engineering corps — headed by Howard E. Coffin — had devoted three years to the model. It typed, in their opinion, the ultimate in Sixes, as denoted by modern trends.

In lightness, it set a new standard for cars of this capacity. It cut down old-time averages about 1,000 pounds. All this was saved, with no sacrifice of staunchness, by costlier materials and better engineering.

In economy, it lowered operative cost from 15 to 30 per cent under former like-powered cars. This by lightness, by employing six cylinders and by a new-type motor.

In beauty, design and equipment it excelled, in some respects, any other car of the year.

In price—then \$1,750—it set a new record among cars of comparable quality.

We knew that men wanted this type of car. They wanted lightness, modest size, economy. They rebelled against over-tax. Yet they wanted quality and they wanted beauty. And they wanted, above all, a Six.

But we did not dream how many men waited such a car. They flocked by the thousands to HUDSON dealers, and placed 3,000 orders more than we could fill. At the end of the season men were offering premiums — as high as \$200 — to obtain this light Six-40.

Now our 48 engineers have devoted another whole year to this car. They have brought the weight down to 2,900 pounds. They have added comfort, convenience, silence and beauty in 31 important ways.

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we offer you the best consensus of present-day ideals. Many men must buy cheaper cars. Some will always want the big and the costly. But most men will concede this new HUDSON Six-40 to be America's representative car.

#### Price \$200 Less

The HUDSON Six-40 demand has compelled us to treble our output for next year. Building three times as many, our cost per car will be lessened by \$200. So the price for 1915 has been fixed at \$1,550.

That accords with HUDSON policy. It is the latest of the thousand things we have done to bring the best within reach of the many.

Think of this ideal car—the very embodiment of all that's desirable—a HUDSON and a Six—selling for \$1,550. Only a little while back there was no Six sold for twice that.

The new HUDSON Six-40 is a thoroughbred Six. Its very lightness denotes the highest grade of materials and a masterpiece in designing. It is distinguished in lines and beauty. Its finish, its beauty and equipment all show our infinite pains. It seats up to seven, with the disappearing tonneau seats.

A year of use in thousands of hands has proved the faultless construction. And now this new model shows all the refinements which 48 men in four years have worked out.

Go to your Hudson dealer and see it. It is the finest example you will find this year of the progress made in motor car building.

> Six-40 Phaeton, \$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit Six-40 Standard Roadster, same price

The HUDSON Six-54, built on the same lines, but with larger motor and 135-inch wheelbase, sells for \$2,350. It offers to men who want size and impressiveness the best that is possible, and at a modest price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have these new cars on show. Our new catalog on request,

#### HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. 8034 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

#### The fakers

(Continued from Page 21)

against you you will have to spend, at the very least calculation, a hundred thou-sand dollars right off the bat for new equipment, for extension of your lines, and lose a lot of fares because of the universal trans-fers, besides the increased tax you must pay. It seems to me a very modest requirement."
"I can't put you on the board," parleyed

"Oh, yes, you can; or you can have Ros-coe put me on, with the aid of his proxies, at the next annual meeting, and you know it." "Maybe he won't do it." "He will if you ask him."

"And our attorneys —"
"Oh, quit four-flushing round like this!"
exclaimed Chittlings. "I'll take a chance,
if you will give me your word and call
Roscoe in to make it good."

"Come on over and see Roscoe then, and explain it to him."

"Bring him here," insisted Chittlings.
"It's only a step from your offices and it's safer here."

safer here."

"That partner of yours may be coming in."

"No danger. He's off somewhere taking great pleasure in hearing himself rip the hides off you and Roscoe."

Hicks heard Jenkins say a very uncomplimentary and profane thing about himself, and smiled. Jenkins called Roscoe on the telephone and urged him to come over. In a few minutes Roscoe arrived. Chittlings In a few minutes Roscoe arrived. Chittlings was waiting outside for him and ushered him into his office.

"What is it?" asked Roscoe brusquely. "Mr. Chittlings has a plan whereby he says we can make sure to win the election next Tuesday."

"What is it?"

"But," continued Jenkins, "there are a

few conditions. He wants to go on our board and he desires a share of our legal business for himself."

"Let's hear the plan and we'll decide that later."

"Oh, no," said Chittlings. "Decide first

and make a memorandum to that effect, and then listen. You're in a bad way, Mr. Roscoe, and I can pull you out. Of course if I do not, nothing comes of the deal."

"All right," assented Roscoe; "it can be arranged."

"Write a line asking me to call at your offices and saying you desire me to enter offices and saying you desire me to enter your employ as one of your legal representatives; say the question of a retainer can be arranged at our meeting. I shan't call until after election, and if you are beaten I'll never call. The board business can be arranged later."

I'll be beard the accretching of a pen.

Hicks heard the scratching of a pen. "There," said Roscoe, "is that satisfac-

"It is," Chittlings answered after a

pause.
"Well, what's the plan?"
"A simple thing," said Chittlings. "All you've got to do is to have some sort of a you've got to do is to have some sort of a fake accident at your powerhouse on the afternoon of election day and tie up your entire system. The men who do the bulk of the voting in the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth wards are figuring on voting between six and seven at night. The polls close at seven. Paddy Ross has the machinery and he can see they are closed sharp on the dot. Wreck a dynamo or do some-thing and shut down every car. They won't get on to it for ten or fifteen minutes after they come out to take the cars, and by the time they have walked across not enough of them can vote to carry those wards, for P. Ross will have his votes in early and his election officials in the booths will take good care that the votes of those who do get there are slowly taken. The polls will close at seven, and you can carry those wards and win. Almost childish, isn't it, Jenkins? Wonder you hadn't thought of it yourself; business men you your

but like all business men you do your political thinking by proxy, and I happen to be the proxy in the present instance."

"Good!" exclaimed Roscoe. "We can do that. It will work, too, if nobody knows of it. Why didn't you think of it, Jenkins?"

"Hold on," broke in Jenkins, trying to justify himself. "Hold on a minute. Election day is a holiday. The men won't be in

tion day is a holiday. The men won't be in the factories."

"For heaven's sake, Jenkins!"—Chitt-

lings was brutal in his tone—"do you know any politics at all? This isn't a general election and a holiday by law. This is a municipal election, and no holiday at all, unless individual employees want to make it so, and you can see to it that they do not."

The three went out. Hicks, standing against the ground-glass partition, thought hard. The plan would work. The main strength of the fusionists was in those four wards, and the men couldn't vote until after six o'clock. He knew the employers wouldn't shut down a minute before six o'clock, and the polls closed at seven. Without a street-car service they couldn't get across town in time to vote in numbers enough to carry the wards.

His first impulse was to tell Rollins about the started, stopped with his hand on the doorknob, walked slowly back to his chair and sat down. Chittlings had exacted a price for the plan, a good price, and Hicks had been amazed at the eagerness with which Roscoe and Jenkins had snatched at this stranger. this straw. Evidently they were badly frightened over the outcome of the election. He sat for an hour and considered the sit-

uation. He knew he could make a sensation by exposing the plot, but that would mean nothing to him but a possible election to a place he didn't want, except for advertising purposes, and he had about as much advertising as he could get anyhow. He weighed it all carefully in his mind. He saw the head-lines in the Chronicle, lauding him for exposing this last desperate expedient of the plutocrats, and he saw the headlines in the other papers calling it a roorback and him a fool. Of course, if he exposed the plot the street-car company wouldn't dare to put it through, and that might result in the elec-tion of his ticket; but he had no fancy for serving as an alderman. He wasn't concerned about the franchises for the company. He had been talking to exploit Hicks, and here was a possible chance to get something concrete out of it-some money, perhaps.

There were two courses of action open to him, as he viewed the matter—for the idea of making no use at all of the information he had secured by eavesdropping never oc-curred to him. He could withhold the news of the plot, confiding in nobody but Rollins, until Monday, the day before election, when he could disclose it dramatically and sensationally at his last noonday meeting, and block the plan. Or he could do as Chitt-lings had done, realize on it from Roscoe for lings had done, realize on it from Roscos for his own profit and say nothing. There was glory and a possible election to a minor and laborious place in the first procedure; and there might be money in the second. He liked glory and he liked money. He had no scruples about trying to realize on his in-formation, in a financial way, in case that seemed to be the best thing to do, for, ac-cording to his lights and political upbring-ings, corporations were legitimate prey for cording to his lights and political uppring-ings, corporations were legitimate prey for men in politics and money extorted from them was honest graft. Corporations, he had been taught in Washington, were to be milked whenever possible, as a slight recom-pense to the politicians for the conferring on the corporations, through favorable legislation, of the milking privileges for the people. It seemed to him a smart, a thorpeople. It seemed to him a smart, a thor-oughly political and not a reprehensible thing to do to shake down a corporation whenever possible, especially such a corpo-ration as this street-car company, which was robbing the people every day and desired further legalized opportunities for greater robberies.

He debated with himself whether, in the long run, it would be more profitable to him to use his information to extort money from Roscoe, or some other perquisite of value, or to make an exposure, run the danger of losing his law connection with Chittlings, with the great gain to come in advertising and public acclaim. He knew Rollins would be delighted, and could see in his mind's eye the way that earnest antagonist of the street-car company would display the news of this plot in the Chronicl

Several times he decided to get what he could out of it from Roscoe, and each time his decision was reversed by the thought of the sensation he could make and the headlines in the paper, with himself as the central figure in the exposure and destruction of this startling conspiracy. His fingers itched for money and his vanity clamored for publicity. He worked himself into a fever between his doubt and his desire, and he remained locked in his office until five o'clock wrestling with the problem, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Finally he had an inspiration.





window, and then turn unexpectedly to face another burglar, the pal, who has been imide all the time.

Ten shots are better than eight when you are attacked by more than one burglar— when you have to let go several shots out of the window to call the police—when the burglars' hiding place is unknown, and you have to send bullets hiffing and hanging to

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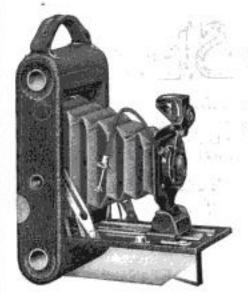
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"By George!" he exclaimed. "I know what I'll do. I'll ask the senator." It was Wednesday afternoon. A letter sent on the night train would get to Wash-ington late on Friday. He could address it to the senator's house, put on a special delivery stamp, and be reasonably sure of re-ceiving the telegraphic reply he would ask for by Saturday morning. That would give him all Saturday for operation on Roscoe. He went to his typewriter and wrote:

REXTOWN, April 15, 1902.

REXTOWN, April 15, 1902.

"My dear Senator: You have always been willing to advise with me heretofore, and I want your counsel again. I am in a dilemma. Briefly, the facts are these:

"It has become known to me that the street-car company, against which we are fighting in the municipal campaign now going on, has a plot in mind that will disfranchise the bulk of the voters in the four wards where the most of our strength is. This plan was of sufficient value to the corporation to induce it to pay handsomely poration to induce it to pay handsomely

for it.
"Aside from the three principals, I am
"Revtown who knows of the only person in Rextown who knows of this plot. Now, my dilemma is this: Shall I use this information to destroy the plot, and thereby help our side win and get a lot of publicity for myself out of it; or shall use it for the purpose of getting money

"The street-car magnates are in desperate straits. We have them whipped. They probably can win if they put this thing through, and that makes it certain they will pay me to withhold my knowledge of their plan, for if they lose they must immediately

spend large amounts of money for improve-ments, extensions, and so forth.

"I know enough of what goes on in Wash-ington to know that corporations are conington to know that corporations are considered legitimate subjects of attack in this manner, and that they usually pay for protection and political aid. I can aid this corporation by withholding my information, or I can hurt it in a most vulnerable spot, its treasury, by telling what I know. Which would be best for me? I am sure I can get a good-sized sum for my information.

information.
"Please consider this sacredly confiden-"Please consider this sacredly confidential and advise me by telegram. In order that there may be no leak here, I suggest you send me a telegram reading like this: 'Your brother has arrived,' and sign it 'Charles Smith,' if you advise me to expose the plot, or a telegram reading: 'Your money will be held subject to your directions,' and sign it 'William Jones,' if you think I should negotiate with the corporation. I merely suggest these ciphers. Any tion. I merely suggest these ciphers. Any telegram with the word 'brother' in it will mean to me that I am to proceed with the exposure; and any telegram with the word 'money' in it will mean that I shall negoti-

"With kind regards and best wishes,
"Faithfully,
"T. MARMADUKE HICKS."

Hicks mailed his letter, taking it to the station himself to make sure it went on the eastbound train. A telegram was waiting for him when he reached his office on Sat-urday morning. He tore it open and read:

"Washington, April 17, 1902.

"T. MARMADUKE HICKS,
"Care Chittlings & Hicks,
"Rextown.
"Your brother's money.
"Charles William Smith-Jones."

HICKS stared at the telegram in dismay.
He read it again: "Your brother's

What did it mean? Was the telegram a joke? If it was it was a cruel one, for it left him in a most uncomfortable position with no plan formed.
"Your brother's money!"

Hicks sat at his deak and racked his brain. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and shouted:

"I know! I know! He means to both—get the money and make the expo-sure. That must be it." Hicks repreached himself for not think-

ing of this himself, and for going to the senator with a problem which, now that it was solved for him, seemed so simple of solution. He instantly determined to get in touch with Roscoe, see what could be done with him, and later to seek Rollins

> envelope on his desk, adn the heavy handwriting

of Chittlings. He tore it open and read, scrawled on a slip of paper:

"Dear Hicks: I'm going out to Grands-burg to spend Sunday. I'll be back on Monday afternoon, in sufficient time to vote against you on Tuesday. Yrs., J. K. C."

against you on Tuesday. Yrs., J. K. C."

As Hicks sat with the note in his hand he had an idea. "Why certainly," he said.
"That's the way to do it. Use Chittlings."
He locked the outside door and called up the offices of the street-car company.
"Hello," he said, talking as much like Chittlings as he could. "This is Mr. Chittlings, the attorney, to talk to Mr. Roscoe."

There was a pause.
"Hello, Mr. Roscoe, this is Chittlings—J. K. Chittlings . . . I'm very well, thank you . . . . Oh, yes, I am sure it will work . . . Excellent plan, don't you think, can be executed easily too . . . My business with you . . . I think it would be well if you came to seemy partner, Mr. Hicks. Don't say I mentioned the matter to you. He'll be at the office about nine-thirty . . . Oh, no, I am not coccerned. From some things I heard I fancy it would be to your advantage to talk to it would be to your advantage to talk to him. . . Nine-thirty . . . Yes . . . That's right."

Hicks thought over what he would say. At half-past nine the outside door opened and leading agree in.

At half-past nine the outside door opened and Jenkins came in.

"Who do you wish to see?" asked Hicks.

"Mr. Hicks."

"I am Mr. Hicks. And you?"

"I am Mr. Jenkins, general manager of the street-car company."

"And what is your business with me?"

"I understand you desire to see me."

"For what purpose?"

"I don't know. Mr. Roscoe said you wanted to see me. He said he was in touch with a person this morning who intimated you would talk with Mr. Roscoe."

"If that is so, why didn't Mr. Roscoe come himself, provided he wants to see me, although I cannot imagine what business

come himself, provided he wants to see me, although I cannot imagine what business he can have with me?"

"He thought I \_\_\_\_,"

"But, Mr. Jenkins, I have no possible business with you, nor am I in the habit of talking to intermediaries. If Mr. Roscot talking to intermediaries. If Mr. Roscot talking to intermediaries.

wants to see me I should suggest that Mr. Roscoe appear in person. Good morning."

Jenkins stared at the perfectly possessed Hicks, whistled and went out. Half an hour later the door opened again and Roscoe

hour later the door opened again and Roscoe came in.

"Mr. Hicks?" he asked in a muchstrained voice.

"I am Mr. Hicks, sir."

"And I am Mr. Roscoe."

"I recognized you instantly. And what can I do for you, Mr. Roscoe?"

Hicks waved Roscoe to a chair with a polite gesture. Roscoe sat down, clutching his derby hat in both hands. He was red in the face and breathing hard.

"It was intimated to me, Mr. Hicks, that

the face and breathing hard.

"It was intimated to me, Mr. Hicks, that you desire to see me."

"For what purpose, Mr. Roscoe?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Nor have I."

"But"—Roscoe was much perplexed—
"I was told to call on you, and I am here."

"I am sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Roscoe," said Hicks suavely; "but unless this is a social call I know of no other reson why you should be here."

"A social call!" shorted Roscoe. "I like your nerve, young man! The idea of me calling on you socially. Good-day."

He rose and jammed his hat on his head. As he was passing out of the room Hicks

As he was passing out of the room Hicks called: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Roscoe, now that your visit has refreshed my memory, there is a matter I might discuss with you." Roscoe turned. "What is it?" he asked

sharply.

"It relates to that plan you have for a fake accident in your powerhouse on the afternoon of election day, and the consequent crippling of your system just before the polls close."

Roscoe's jaw dropped. He stared at Hicks. His face went from red to purple and then faded slowly back to red again.

He stammered, stuttered, gasped.
"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "Do you mean that you and your blackmailing part-

mean that you and your blackmaning par-ner are trying to collect twice on that? Well, take it from me, you can't! I'll have you arrested first!"

"I do not know to whom you refer as my blackmailing partner, Mr. Roscoe," said Hicks steadily, his eyes narrowing as he con-centrated them on the street-car magnate. Roscoe floured down in a chair.

Roscoe flopped down in a chair. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. I merely siggested we might discuss this matter. Of course, you know, now that I am in full possession of the facts in the case, it is my duty to expose them, which I shall do at my noonday meeting to-day, and you will not be able to carry out your nefarious scheme.

"Do you intend to do that?" asked Roscoe, who was clearly badly frightened.
"It is my duty," declaimed Hicks.

"Doesn't it appeal to you in that light?"
"What will you take to keep quiet?"

"What will you take to keep quiet?"
Roscoe's voice was husky. His tongue was
dry. He gulped and choked over the
words. He knew he was trapped.
"What will I take?" exclaimed Hicks.
"Why, my dear sir, I have no idea of keeping quiet! What will I take? Do you mean
you are trying to bribe me to keep this nefarious plot a secret and allow you to defeat
the will of the people? I am surprised at
you, Mr. Roscoe!"

"What will you take to keep quiet?"
dermanded Roscoe again.

dernanded Roscoe again.
"Why, really, Mr. Roscoe," continued
Hicks, "the matter hadn't appealed to me in that light. I am at a loss to understand you. Do you mean what compensation would I exact to remain silent about this whole affair?"

"Exactly that," Roscoe replied.

Hicks paced back and forth across the

"I hadn't considered that," he said, half to himself. "Of course I could not think of doing such a thing; but if I were so in-clined, what would it be worth to you, Mr.

Roscoe?"
"I will give you a thousand dollars to say

nothing."
"A thousand dollars!" laughed Hicks.
"Why really, Mr. Roscoe, for a man of large affairs you have very primitive ideas

about money."
"How much then?" asked Roscoe, glar-

ing at the laughing Hicks.
"Well, Mr. Roscoe, if I were to put a valuation on this matter, which of course I shall not do-inasmuch as I have no idea of not exposing you-except for the purpose

of not exposing you—except for the purpose of prolonging a most agreeable conversation, I should say that five thousand dollars would be barely adequate."

"Five thousand dollars!" screamed Roscoe. "Why, that is preposterous!"

"Oh, fie, fie, Mr. Roscoe, you are excited. Remember I am offering you nothing."

"Well," said Roscoe, "I'll give you five thousand dollars. I'll mail you a check."

"My dear Mr. Roscoe you will do nothing of the kind. I could not use a check."

"How do you want it then?" persisted Roscoe.

Roscoe.

"I have often noted the peculiar shade of yellow on the backs of one-hundred-dollar bills," said Hicks as if no one were present and he were talking aloud for his own amusement. "It certainly symbolizes the gold for which they are legal tender. I don't suppose a package of fifty of those bills would be bulky, would it, Mr. Roscoe?"

He turned to Roscoe, who sat and glared

indignantly at him.
"I haven't got fifty hundred-dollar bills
on me and you know it," growled Roscoe.
"Why should you have? I see no reason why a man, even of such great affairs as yours, should carry so much money with him. However, I understand the banks have them in large supply. Not going, are you? Well, I shall be glad to see you at any time. I shall be here until a quarter to twelve, when I have an address to make. It would be quite sensational, wouldn't it, Mr. Roscoe, if I happened to mention this matter of the proposed fake accident at the powerhouse in that address? I am assured of

a large audience and the reporters generally drop round." Roscoe's face grew purple again. He

rushed out. Half an hour later Roscoe came back. He took a bundle of bills from his inside

coat pocket.
"Here's your money," he said, holding out the bills.

Hicks gazed steadily out of the window.
What money?" he asked.

"Your five thousand dollars."
"Not mine, yours," insisted Hicks.
"How very kind of you to bring me these samples for my admiration! Fifty, did you say? Would you mind counting them one by one? It doesn't seem possible there are fifty there."

Roscoe, trembling with rage, counted the

bills one by one.

"Ah," said Hicks, after he had finished;

"there are fifty, are there not? Ours is a most compact currency."

"Gr-r-r!" choked Roscoe, standing with the little package of bills in his hand. "I suppose you will give me what passes for your word that you will not mention this matter?"

"I have promised nothing, Mr. Roscoe." "Do you mean you sent me out to get this money and that you are going to give no return for it. What is this—just a plain hold-up?"

Roscoe by this time was almost beside himself. "Here is your rotten money," he shouted. "You and your gang have got me crazy. If you break faith with me I'll punish you if it takes a lifetime."

He threw the money on the desk and hurried out.

"Mr. Roscoe! Mr. Roscoe!" shouted Hicks. "You left something here."

Hicks gathered up the money, counted it, caressed it, felt the texture of the bills, admired the engraving and the color. It was more money than he had ever seen at one time in his life, and it was his, if he wanted to keep it. He thought he would keep it, and was preparing to hide it somewhere until a favorable time came to deposit it in a bank, when his eye caught the telegram from the senator.
"Your brother's money."

Hicks recalled men who had taken money to entrap bribers, and the notoriety they had attained by exposing the bribe-givers.

He felt sure the senator meant to do that.
"This game is only half over," he said to himself, and he telephoned to Rollins to come to his office after the noonday meeting that day, which Rollins promised to do. Hicks went across to the store where the noonday meetings were held and excori-ated Roscoe and the other street-car mag-

nates; but he said nothing about the plot. "What is it?" asked Rollins as he came into Hicks' office about one o'clock.

into Hicks' office about one o'clock.

"Roscoe was here this morning."

"Roscoe!" repeated Rollins in amazement. "What did that pirate want of you?"

"He tried to bribe me."

"What for?" asked the incredulous Rollins. "Why should he try to bribe you?"

"Because I know something he wants no one else to know. He left these," and Hicks took the hundred-dollar bills out of his pecket and spread them on the desk.

his pocket and spread them on the desk.

"How much?" asked Rollins, looking at
Hicks and then at the money. "How
much? What for? Did you take it?"

"Hold on," interrupted Hicks. "Don't
get excited. Of course I took it, for here it
is but I didn't take it to keep. I took it.

get excited. Of course I took it, for here it is; but I didn't take it to keep. I took it to show at the meeting on Monday, when I will expose the whole affair."

"I don't understand," said Rollins.

"What is it? What does he want? Why have you all this money if you don't intend to keep it? What is it all about?"

"Now keep quiet and listen," urged Hicks, "and I'll explain it all. I found out a plot they have to stop the cars—"

a plot they have to stop the cars ——"

"Stop the cars!" broke in the excited Rollins. "When? Why? What for?"

"Wait a minute, please. I found out about a plot they have to stop the cars about closing time in the factories on Tuesday afternoon and thus make it impossible. day afternoon, and thus make it impossible for the majority of the mill men to get home in time to vote. Roscoe learned I knew of this and came here and offered me this money to say nothing about it."

"How are they going to stop the cars?"
"By a fake accident at the powerhouse "By a fake accident at the powerhouse that will put them out of commission just before six o'clock. The polls will close at seven sharp. The men won't know about this and will hang round waiting for cars for ten or fifteen minutes. Then they will walk across town, but most of them won't get to their polling places in the four outlying wards until after it is too late to vote."

Rollins whistled. "Well," he said, "what shall we do about it?"

"Expose them," said Hicks. "Put a big advertisement in the Chronicle for Monday morning urging all the people in Rextown

morning urging all the people in Rextown to come and hear my noonday address. Get up an extra edition of the Chronicle for circulation on Monday afternoon. Play it up all over the paper on Tuesday morning, and they won't dare pull off any accident. Besides, we can frighten the factory owners into shutting down for half a day if we go at it right."
"Fine!" shouted Rollins. "Fine! It'll

beat them. But what shall we do with this money?"
"I'll take care of that," replied Hicks.

"I'll use it as proof in my speech, and then we can decide what use to make of it afterward."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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#### PINCH HITTING FOR CUPID

(Continued from Page 14)

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess," says he, rather ort. "See you later."

"Don't forget the number," says Mary.
"I want to hear all about the ranch." She watched him as he crossed the lobby to the

elevator.

"Chief, is it true what they're saying about him?" she asked me.

That depends on what they're saying." "Billy Mason told me he'd be surprised if Joe finished the season. Of course last

if Joe finished the season. Of course last year was his bad year, but I was hoping he'd get going again. I see he's not hitting."

"Well, Mary," I says, "he may last the season and he may not. You know how it is with ball players. They don't last forever. Next to me, Joe's the oldest man on the pay roll."

"Humph!" says Mary. "Do you call him old? Better look out, Chief! Joe and me are the same age."

"He's old for a second baseman." I saw

"He's old for a second baseman." I saw I should have to hedge that bet. "This is his twelfth season and naturally he's slowing up. There's three or four years of base-hall in him yet, but not of the big-league variety. He told me last fall I'd better look out for another man."

Right in the middle of our talk the other man came along. Tom bought a box of cigarettes and I had to introduce him to Mary. She knew he was warming the bench, waiting for Joe's job, and that was probably the reason why she was rather cool with him. That's a bad way to get rid of a fellow who is loaded to the ears with pride and good opinions of himself. Tom can't get over the notion that strange women ought to like him on sight, and when I went away he had both elbows on the showcase and was settling down to convince Mary that he was quite a fellow. He put in the whole evening at it. Joe passed through the lobby twice, but he didn't stop.

The next day, in the dressing room at the

The next day, in the dressing room at the park, Tom brought about the first open clash with Joe. It might have been accident, but it had all the earmarks of design, "People," says he, "that girl at the cigar counter in the hotel is all right. If she's got a night off this week I'm going to take her to the theater. I'll bet she'd go if I asked her."

Joe was over in a corner lacing up an ankle bandage. He walked over and stood in front of Roche. Some men get noisy when they're in earnest. Joe spoke just

above a whisper.

"That'll do you!" says he, "Let your voice fall right there."

"What do you mean—let my voice fall?" asks Tom. "I didn't say anything wrong about the girl, did I?"

about the girl, did I?"

"There was nothing wrong with what you said and you may be thankful for that. You picked the wrong place to say it—that's all."

"It seems to me you're mighty particular," says Tom with a sneer.

"I am," says Joe.

They looked at each other for a few seconds. Joe's right hand hung at his hip, cocked and primed, ready if Tom made a move: and a nasty right hand it was too. move; and a nasty right hand it was too. Tom saw it hanging there and cast his vote

for peace. He sat down.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it ——" says be. about it says he.

After Joe had gone out on the field Tom

began to ask questions.

"Bancroft ain't no Chevalier Bayard that I can see," says he. "What license has be got to hop all over me like that?"

"Well," says Nat Beers, the catcher, 'Joe thinks pretty well of that lady himself." "Oh, he does, does he? And what does he lady think?"
"Maybe you'd better ask her," says Beers,
"I guess I will," says Tom.
By accident Roche had found a way to

edevil Joe, and he went to it with all the oor judgment of a kid and all the spite of a rown man. He hung round that cigar ounter every minute he was in the hotel; nd of course Joe wouldn't come near while

e was there. I'll bet Tom didn't enjoy it ny more than Mary did, but he was out to ake Joe sore and he succeeded. Joe spent ne rest of his evenings in his room and idn't get a chance for a quiet talk with

Iary on that trip.

We finished up at St. Louis and started ast; and somewhere on the road Joe lost the fighting snap and the pepper that had een holding him in the line-up. When a an gets so that he doesn't kick on a called ird strike he's in a bad way. Joe began

to play ball as though he didn't care; and the home papers started to roast him and demand a new second baseman. Two or three sporting writers can put their heads together and drive any baseball player in the country out of business if they hammer at him long enough; and the newspaper knocking was just an additional push down the toboggan for Joe. The fans chimed in, too, and it got so that the anvil chorus struck up the minute Joe showed his head.

Even at this time Joe's absolute fairness

Even at this time Joe's absolute fairness did not desert him.

"It's no use, Chief," says he. "I'm gone!"
There was only one thing I could do. I benched Joe and put Roche at second; and Tom, seeing that his chance had come at last, played like a wild man. A week or ten days afterward Joe came to me again.

"It's up to you to do something," says he.

"What do you want me to do, Joe?"

"Ask for waivers. Find out whether any

"Ask for waivers. Find out whether any of these other teams want me. Even if I was in shape to play, I couldn't stay here, with the papers knocking and the fans after me. I might finish the season with some other club, but I'm not going to finish it on the bench. I don't want to draw a salary that I can't earn."

I tried to talk him out of it, but it wasn't any use. Joe was in earnest and in the end I asked for waivers. None of the other managers wanted him; I hardly thought they would. This was the situation when we started West the second time and on the

train I had a long talk with Joe.

"They've all waived," says I. "I can trade or sell you to Toledo or Milwaukee. You'd get pretty good money in the American Association for a couple of years. What

do you say?"
"It's all the same to me," says Joe.
"Well, you might be thinking it over
and let me know. If you've got a preference for either of those towns

"It don't make any difference," says Joe.
Of course I could have gone ahead and
made any arrangements that suited me.
The baseball law is all on the manager's side and when a man is worn out you can sell him, trade him for a bat-bag, or give him away; but when a player has given me the best that's in him I believe that he is entitled to some consideration.

I HAD hoped that Tom Roche would for-get his foolishness; but the first thing he did when we got to Chicago was to ask when Mary would come on duty. He gave the cigar counter a strong play—and Joe, the chump, let him do it. After the opening game Tom anchored himself, with one elbow on the charging game area and Loe and down on the chewing-gum case, and Joe sat down across the lobby with a magazine in his

It was a three-handed game of freeze out, Mary playing against Tom and Tom play-ing against Joe. Joe lost. Tom stuck till eleven o'clock, when Mary shut down for the night, and then he escorted her as far as the street door.

Several times that evening I noticed that Mary glanced over at Joe as though she wanted to catch his eye. That started me to thinking. If Joe was ever going to have his heart-to-heart talk with Mary now was the time. I didn't know how things stood with them; but it seemed to me that after the shoe drummer had hit for Cupid, and I'd gone in to run for him, a score was in

danger of being left on the bases.

The next day I asked Mary whether she couldn't get off at eight o'clock and go to the theater. She said there wasn't a chance; it was her long day, from noon till eleven.
"That's too bad," says I. "I wanted to

give a party for you and me and Joe."
"Maybe I can fix it," says Mary. "Yes; can pay a woman to work in my place. Then I went after Joe. I found him in his room, getting ready to shave. His face

was all covered with lather.

"Anything doing tonight?" I says.

Joe shook his head.

"All right. You're going to a theater party."
"Not on your life!" Joe didn't like

theaters.

"But it's my party," I says. "I'm giving it. It is going to be very select. Mary will

be there."

"And who else?" Joe shot that one at "And who else?" Joe shot that one at himself. me quick, without waiting to set himself.
"Who else?"
"Why, just you—and me."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



Joe didn't say a word for a minute. Then he took a towel and wiped the lather off his

"I guess I won't shave till after the game,"

Because I've never done any courting myself it's no cinch that I'm entirely ignorant of the game or the playing rules. There's many a man sitting out on the bleachers who knows as much baseball as I do. I went and hunted up a good, noisy musical comedy and I bought an upper box. Get that? I bought it—gave up twenty great big iron dollars for it!

Mary looked as sweet as a peach that night. Up to now I've sidestepped saying anything about her hair or her eyes; but to make the women readers feel easier I'll go so far as to state that Mary wasn't at all hard to look at, and this night she'd fixed herself up extra special. It pretty near took loo's breath away when he saw her.

herself up extra special. It pretty near took
Joe's breath away when he saw her.
I'm no pilcer and when I start anything
I do it right. We went to the show shop in
a taxi. Joe didn't have much to say; he
was busy looking at Mary. At the door I
pulled out the whole bunch of tickets and
handed three to the man. Carrying out the
general idea I took one of the front seats,
right over the footlights.
"Mary," says I, "you and Joe better sit
back there a little, so you won't get the glare
in your eyes."
"There's oceans of room, you extrava-

"There's oceans of room, you extrava-gant man!" says Mary. "Don't you want to sit back here too?"
"Not me!" says I. "I'd rather see the tops of their heads than their faces."
Did you ever sit up under the roof of a the

ater, with the bull fiddle snorting, the slide trombone sliding, the drums batting .550, a flock of females in tights squalling on the stage, and try to hear what two people were saying behind you? It can't be done. I got an earful here and there in the quiet spots—I figured that I had a right to listen—and from the snatches of the conversation I gathered that Joe was breaking the news that be wasn't long for the big league. As if Mary didn't know that!

In the second act there was a place where a bottle-blond lady came out with a rose in her hand and began to coo to it. Most of

in her hand and began to coo to it. Most of the lights went down, and that was where I got the worth of my twenty bucks. "It makes a difference—being a minor lenguer," Joe was saying. "I had a lot of plans, but I guess they're up the flume now. It's Milwaukee ar Toledo for me, Mary." "Why," says Mary, "Milwaukee is one of the nicest towns in the country! I was there once and I've always been crazy to go

there once and I've always been crazy to go

"For a visit, maybe," says Joe; "but you wouldn't be satisfied to live there for a

couple of years."
"I'd love it!" says Mary. "Sometimes
I think I can't stand Chicago another

minute."

Well, there was one for him, square on the glove-hand side and waist high; but

umbled it "Honest, Mary? Why, if I thought

And there he dropped the ball. I believe he had the right idea, but he lacked the nerve. Just then—confound it!—the bull fiddle and the slide trombone and the drums and everything else busted loose all at once, and I lost track of the conversation completely; so I'll never know and you'll never know whether Joe made the play himself or whether Mary should be given an

assist on it.
One thing is certain—the play was made.
I saw that much when I went for my hat after the curtain came down. Joe and Mary were sitting together in the back of the box; and by the look on their faces they didn't know the show was over or that there was

anybody else within a thousand miles of 'em- and didn't care, either, "Chief," says Joe as we stepped out into the little hallway, "you can make it

Milwaukee—and the snoner the better."
"Yes," says Mury: "we're going to Milwaukee. And oh, Chief, you're a darling!"
There's no use in denying it. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me. I suppose a bonehead would have pretended to be surprised and asked a lot of questions. I kissed her back and let it go

at that.
"Fair enough," I says. "Now we will go out and see what we can scare up in the way

of an engagement supper."

Probably Joe, if he thinks about it at all, gives Cupid a lot of credit. Mary is wiser than that, for she named the first boy after me.



single car produced by 48 other leading manufacturers -all are factory equipped with

Champion Spark Plugs,
These makers have chosen
"Champions" in order to give you
a car whose motor operates at topnotch efficiency. Keep it oper-ating so by re-equipping with "Champions."

Your dealer will tell you which Champion Plug to get for your automobile, motor truck, motorcycle, cycle car, motor boat, aëro-plane or stationary motor. See him.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of Spark Plags in the World.

R. A. Strandan, Pres. F. D. Strandan, Trees.

117 AVONDALE AVENUE, TOLEDO, OHIO



#### Just the Tools the Ford Owner Needs

Selected, because of their especial adaptability, from the well-known and complete Billings and Spencer dropforged line,



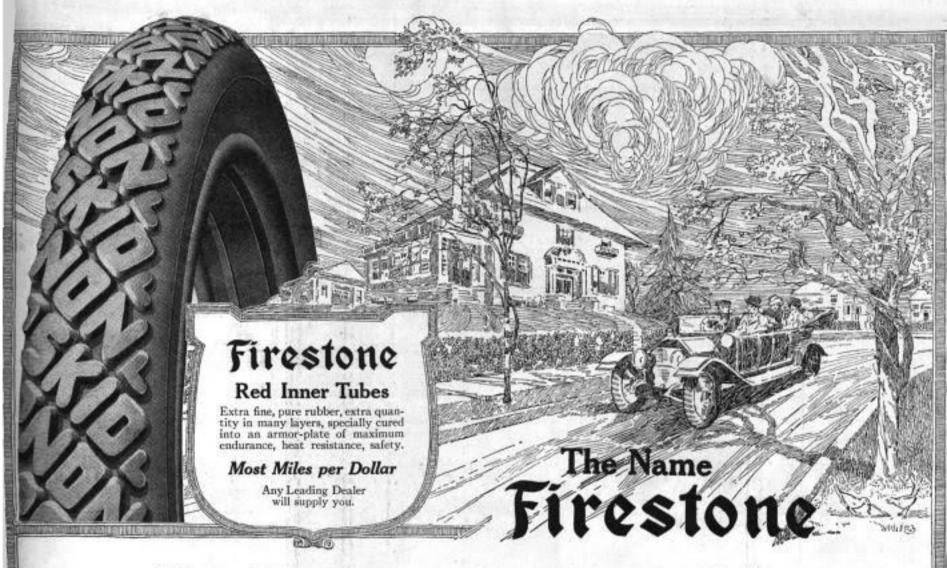
Your hardware dealer carries this kit or can get it for you. Price \$350 THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. Hartford



He won't bite He's kind and gentle we sent for

About Dogs This valuable FREE is let explains care, feeding a creise, diseases, point is breeds of dogs. A pecket is Encyclopsedia. Sent fee a sample Austin's Dog is Please give your dealers and Austin Dog Breed & Austin Dog Bread & Animal Foolis 237 Marginal St. Chebri, Re

PATENTSWANT



# -Your Protection-Our Responsibility

O much is expected of a Firestone Tire that nothing is left undone to make every tire worthy of our name and reputation.

There is always room at the top, but the

position demands watchfulness.

That is why the makers of Firestone Tires are sleepless in maintaining that quality which means a full measure of comfort, security and economy.

Firestone Comfort can result only from the extra quantity and superior quality of rubber in Firestone Tires.

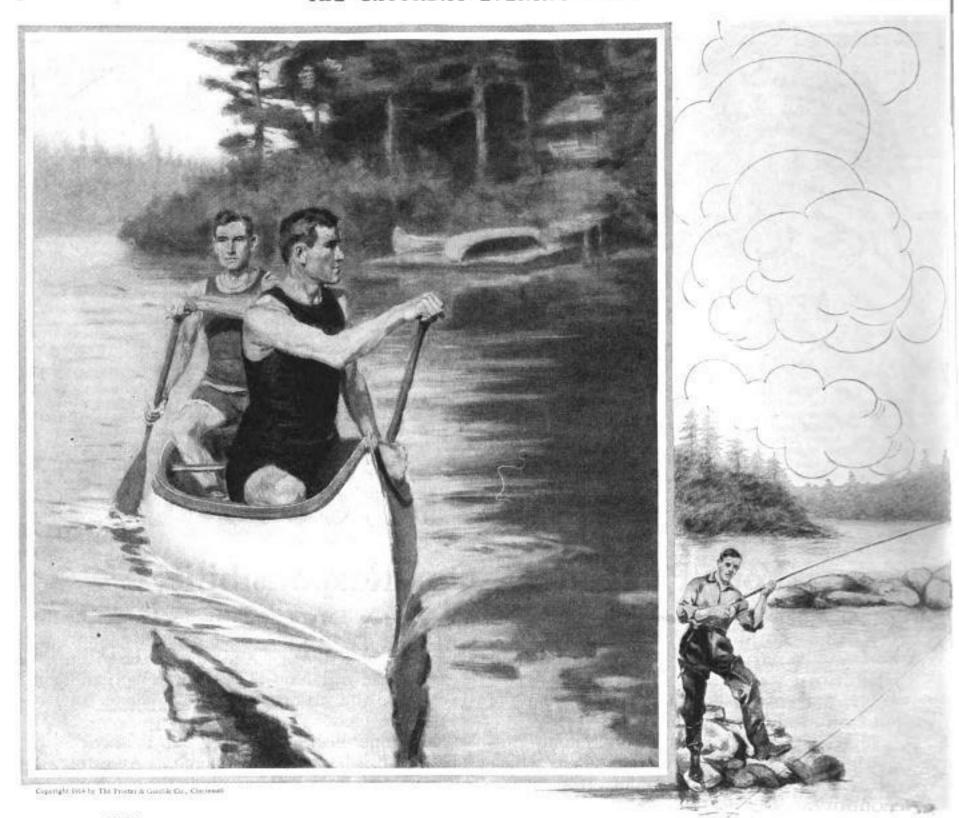
Firestone Security springs from a design which is scientifically exact to hold against pressures and strains. Add to this the giant grip of the real Non-Skid tread design, and you have the reasons for the confidence of Firestone users.

Firestone Economy proves out in service because it is built in at the factory. An extra amount of finest rubber and fabric, given surpassing toughness by Firestone methods the better workmanship—the more rigid inspection—these are the things that assure Firestone users—Most Miles per Dollar.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Have All Sizes and All Types in Non-Skid and Smooth-Tread Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio-All Large Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers" Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Cycle Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.

# NON-SKID TIRES



HE beauty about Ivory Soap is that you can use it satisfactorily under all conditions.

When the skin is irritated by sun or perspiration Ivory Soap gives a pleasant bath because it is as mild as soap can be made.

When your bathing is done in lake or stream you cannot find a handier soap because Ivory Soap floats.

When there is general cleaning to be done—dishwashing, laundry work, etc.—it is unnecessary to provide a laundry soap, for Ivory Soap not only is a mild, safe cleanser, but a thorough one.

For any purpose, in any place, at any time, Ivory Soap can be used to entire satisfaction, because it is pure, high grade and—floats.

MYNNY SOAP



.... IT FLOATS





By the old way, these 10 operations were necessary:

- Strop razor.
  Work up lather in cup.
  Apply lather to face.
  Rub in with fingers.
  Shave one side of face.
  Strop razor again.
- 7 Renew dried-up lather on un-shaved side of face. 8 Shave unshaved side of face. 9 Wash off lather. 10 Apply lotion to prevent soreness and allay burning.

By the Mennen way, only these 5 operations are necessary:

- Strop razor. Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream. Lather with brush. Shave entire face (re-stropping and
- re-lathering unnecessary, as lather does not dry). 5 Wash off lather ino lotion or other soothing application necessary).

# Compare the Old Way of Shaving with the Mennen Way

Use Mennen's Shaving Cream and it will take you but half as long to shave. You will be rid of all the sore, smarting after-effects, for Mennen's contains no free caustic to bite and burn your skin.

You will find it is the lather - not the razor that has made shaving a torture. The full creamy lather of Mennen's Shaving Cream needs no "rubbing in" with the fingers. It instantly softens the stiffest beard and leaves the face smooth, soft, cool and comfortable.

A user of Mennen's who says he is afflicted with an exceedingly tender face and a heavy, wiry beard, writes: "The first time I used Mennen's I attributed the good feeling to the condition of my razor - the second time I attributed the happy after-effect to the good condition of my face. The third day my scepticism blossomed into hope; but, to make sure, I used another preparation on the fourth day, and - Mennen's had a convert. Mennen's is economical in every sense; it economizes time; it saves temper; it protects the skin against razor irritation; it contains no alkali to eat into your pores; it leaves your face refreshed, your temper equable."

Another says: "A little strip of the cream applied to the face-a few strokes with a wet brush to distribute the lather-and one's face is ready for shaving. It isn't necessary to work up a lather with the bristles as was the case when using soap and powder, and best of all, the lather generated with your cream lasts. I

may frankly say that I have never used a lathering medium that produced as fluffy, creamy lather, which softens the beard, does not dry on the face, and leaves the skin as cool and fresh as does Mennen's Shaving Cream."

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary, airtight tubes with handy, hexagon screw tops. No amount of advertising can make you realize what a difference there is between it and other shaving preparations. You must try it-then you will know.

At all dealers—25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shaves. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Takum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

Mennen's Shaving Cream









mildness, purity. Tuxedo is a winner."



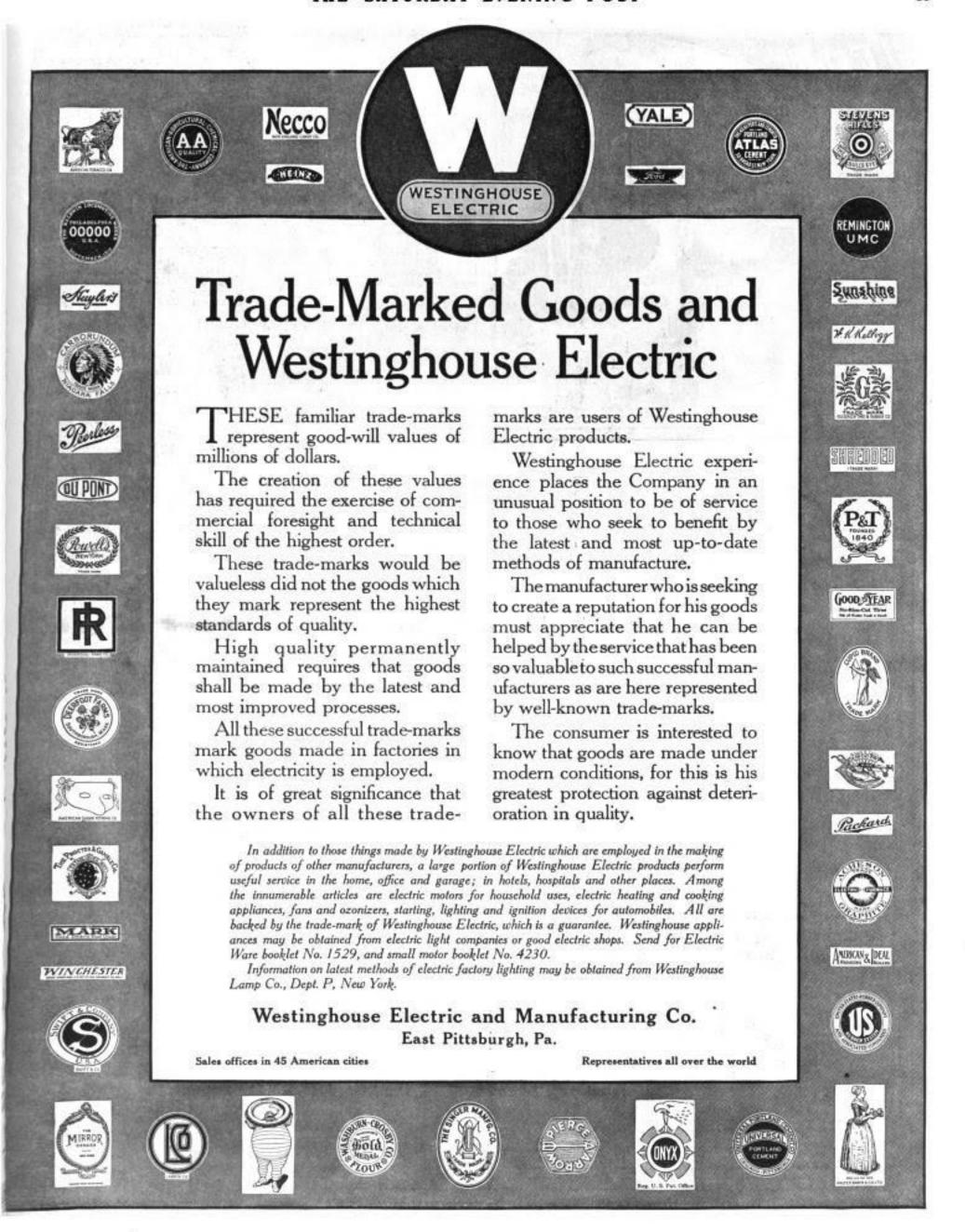








wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."





Federal Pure Para Inner Tubes are Heavy, Seamless and ALWAYS FLAWLESS.

# The Cost of Tires

No-Rim-Cut Prices—Since 1909—Have Been Cut in Two. Last Year Alone They Dropped 28 Per Cent. Now These Tires—Once the Extra-Priced—Undersell 16 Other Makes

#### A curious thing has happened.

Once we had to explain why No-Rim-Cut tires cost more than other makes. Now men are asking why they cost them less. Did we over-charge you formerly, or do we undercharge you now?

#### Why They Cost More

They cost you more than others once, because they cost us more. And they cost us more today.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which embody our costly, efficient way to put an end to rimcutting.

They are the only tires which get an "On-Air" cure. That is, we final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. We save in this way all the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process—used by us alone—costs us \$450,000 per year.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

They are the only tires which have our

double-thick All-Weather tread. The anti-skid as smooth-riding as a plain tread, but with deep, resistless, sharp-edged grips.

#### Why They Cost Less

Of course, raw rubber has come down; but not more for us than for others.

Our overhead, since the days of small output, has dropped 24 per cent.

Our labor cost, through multiplied production, has dropped 25 per cent.

Our selling cost has dropped.

And our profits were pared until last year they averaged 61/2 per cent.

We have new buildings—new equipment new efficiency methods. We often make in one day as many motor tires as we made in a month five years ago. Not another plant in the world has such an output.

#### Tire Users Did It

Our present prices are largely due to the men

who get them. They have bought these tires by the millions. And this year they are buying 55 per cent more than they ever bought before. We have used our multiplied sales to save all that we could for you. And we have given you more than we saved.

# Extra Quality Can Anybody Give It?

Of course, the claim for extra price is extra quality. That's too indefinite to argue. We spend \$100,000 yearly to find ways to better tires. That others excel us is simply unthinkable. More men have adopted Goodyears than any other tire in the world. It can't be supposed that so many men are mistaken.

We've told you four ways where Goodyear tires excel. They deal with the four greatest factors in upkeep. No man can think that we give those things and then skimp quality.

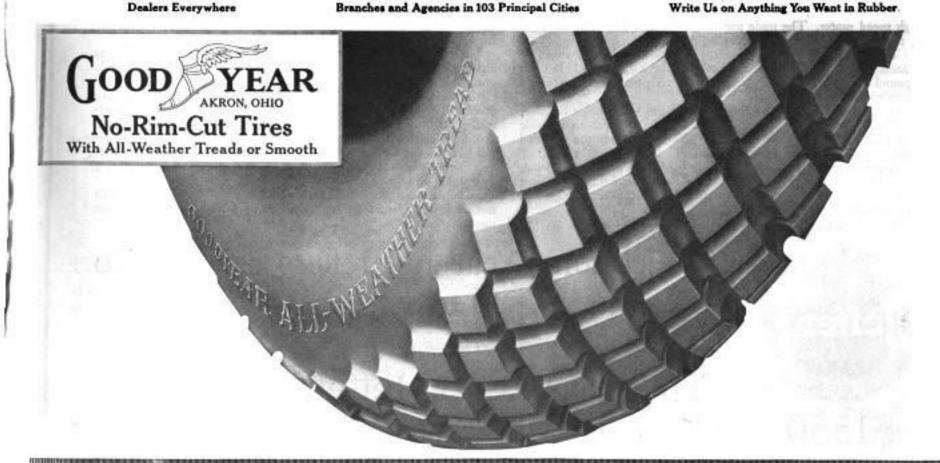
The truth is, Goodyear prices buy the utmost in a tire. Why pay for three tires what we charge for four? Any dealer will supply you Goodyears if you say that you prefer them.

#### THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico



(1556)



# The Jeffery Car is the Car You'd Build

If you had all the money you needed. If you had a big motor car plant—and you knew how. If you had the knowledge and experience of all the best engineers in the world, and you built a motor car, what would it be like?

First, it would be driven by a light, high speed, high efficiency motor. The bulky, slow speed motor is a thing of the past. Europe has proven that economy and highest efficiency are secured through the light, high speed motor. The trade papers are full of editorials and articles by the best known engineers endorsing the idea.

Then you would build your springs, axles and drive shafts of vanadium steel. All the highest priced cars use it. It costs 17½ cents a pound as against 8 cents for the ordinary steel; but you are building a

car to go at least 50,000 miles.

Imported annular ball bearings would claim your choice because, like Swiss watches and scientific instruments, they bear an enviable reputation for fineness and efficiency. You would buy the best and therefore the highest priced starting and lighting system.

A four speed transmission would be used, Bosch duplex ignition, the best type of some highest grade carburetor like the Rayfield, Spicer universals, full floating rear axles, Daimler leather couplings and Warner speedometer.

Then your equipment would be the best you could buy.

Now we say that you would incorporate these units in the car you built because the best engineers and the most experienced and successful builders are incorporating some or all of them in the highest priced cars on the market. It is no mere coincidence that the Jeffery is built from these high grade materials.

Jeffery brought the light, high speed, high efficiency motor idea, as an accepted and proven principle, from Europe last Fall. That made

possible a wonderfully economical car.

Then he spent a million dollars for quality alone which he might have saved had he been satisfied to build an ordinary car, in putting that superquality into the car which we have said you would put into the car you built.

So Jeffery has built for you the very car that you would build yourself had you the facilities. In finish and style it delights the eye.

The man who buys a Jeffery now will have the satisfaction of being thoroughly up to date next season.

The early announcements of many of the big manufacturers show that the light, high speed, economical type of motor will be the dominant one next season.



\$1550

# It's Economy Year and Jeffery Made It So

The nearest Jeffery dealer will show you the car that you would have built yourself. A car of quality. A beautiful car of exclusive design. An economical car.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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The comfortable way on a summer's day



#### Do good, quick, clean Ironing

You can iron in any room in the house—or on the porch with a G-E Electric Iron. Attach it to any light socket, turn the switch and the G-E Iron is ready in a moment.

Aside from these conveniences, think of the time, money and steps a G-E Iron saves. Think of the lessened wear and tear on the family linen.

# With a G-E Electric Iron you get "Even Heat"



No spot too hot; it is no hotter at the point than at the heel—at the edges than in the center. This safeguards against scorches—makes the ironing go quicker and easier; saves time, which means saving electricity; in fact

# An average family ironing costs only 15c for electricity

Specially arranged air chambers in the G-E Iron hold the heat down directly to the ironing

surface. Using the heat this way also permits you to do considerable ironing with the electricity turned off.

The G-E trademark on this iron stands for quality it assures you a lifetime of satisfactory service.

The G-E Iron recommended for all round family use is the 6 lb. iron. Get it from the nearest store selling electrical goods. Price, with heel stand complete, including cord and attaching plug, \$3.50.

#### Banish hot-weather Discomfort

Turn the switch and command the faintest zephyr, or a sweeping breeze—as you please—and it shall be yours—in home, office, bedroom, ballroom or workshop. A simple device places the speed entirely within your control.

Twenty years of laboratory study and factory application are concentrated in the smooth-running, noiseless mechanism of the G-E. Electric Fan.

#### Its oscillating motion

silently stirring the air—like the breeze flow of nature—is only one of the many practical features of this fan.

Its sturdiness of construction, the perfect integrity of its materials and parts, its delicacy of balance throughout which prevents vibration and wear, all assure you a lifetime of satisfactory service.

As to Economy, sufficient to say that the G-E Fan, depending on the size, can be run

#### Three or four hours for one cent

—less than the cost of burning a single ordinary incandescent light.

G-E Fans are made in many sizes and styles for use in homes, stores, offices, hotels, restaurants and factories. Any desired finish to match surroundings may be ordered.

Look always for the big G-E trademark on the face of the fan. The nearest electrical dealer or your lighting company will show you the particular type of G-E Fan appropriate for your needs.

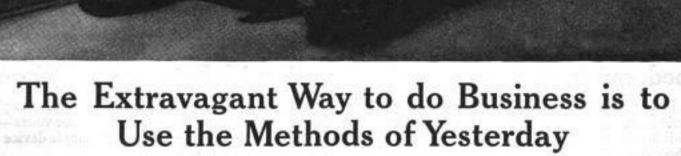
4945

# GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

less Offices in all large Cities The largest Electrical Manufacturer in the world

Agencies Everywhere





FROM a business standpoint the motor truck is probably the greatest economic factor ever introduced.

It has proved its economy, its productiveness and its downright efficiency over the horse in every possible respect.

Yet, in spite of this, some business men still prefer to be backward by continuing to use, and lose money on, the out-of-date methods of yesterday.

What does it cost you to do business with horses?

Ten to one you cannot answer!

But-

Whatever your answer might be to the above, how can you reply to the following:

The Peninsular Wet Wash Company of Portland, Oregon, replaced three teams (6 horses) with one Willys Utility Truck. And in addition to greatly reducing their hauling investment they cut delivery operating expenses \$250 a month or \$3000 a year. Bear in mind that one Willys Utility Truck alone effected this enormous saving.

Now what about your horses?

And this is but one of scores of similar cases!

Yet economy is not the greatest asset of this
truck. Increased business is what makes for increased profits, and there is where the real value
of this truck comes in.

With one of these trucks you do infinitely more work than you can do with three or four teams. You can cover more territory, get at more customers, develop more business—in short make more money.

Understand this is not a theoretical statement. Willys Utility Trucks are accomplishing this for hundreds of others. They can do precisely the same for you. Their adoption will increase your business and decrease the cost of getting and handling it.

We have the facts and figures in connection with your business to prove this. We will be glad to present them at any time you appoint.

Write us direct for literature, special body book, complete details and data. All gratis. Address Dept. 151.

#### The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Three Quarter Ton Capacity-\$1350

Price includes chassis and driver's seat. Body as shown \$150 extra. Prices f.o.b. factory.

# -But Closer Scrutiny Will Disclose Lozier Superiority ALL CARS ARE GOOD—when new. ALL CARS ARE GOOD—when new. ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. ALL CARS ARE SILENT—when new. ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. AND ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. AND ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. AND ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—when new. ALL CARS ARE FOWERFUL—w

- stand the hour's test-but would never be good for much afterward.
- AN HOUR-THEN A REST-then another hour if you like—that is what the speed launch motor is guaranteed to do. But it must have that rest between times.
- NOW LET'S APPLY THAT to an automobile motor-in actual use. The average car in hands of the average driver-and especially the expert demonstrator -- is never driven to its limit for long at one time. A spurt, a stunt—then a good long rest—inspection and the necessary adjustments. And most any motor will stand up under that.
- OR; IF THE OWNER DRIVES carefully alwaysnever forgets-a motor of mediocre quality will stand up for quite some time.
- BUT IF, ONE DAY, he and the car happen to be feeling good and a friend tries to pass him on a

- those who, when you pay for a car, assume that the maker knew his business and gave you a product that does not call for nursing?
- THEN YOU CAN FORCE YOUR LOZIER to full speed as long as your own nerves will stand the strain. And when you have had enough the Lozier will say, "Come on!-Now let's do some real work."
- AND THE NEXT DAY when you go out with the family for a quiet, restful drive, you'll find that wonderful car in the same mood-none of the creaks and squeaks and noises you'd find in a carof lesser quality.
- "BUT," YOU MAY SAY, "I am not a speed maniac." All right. Nevertheless you do want to get there and back-regardless of weather or road conditions. Don't you?
- VERY WELL, THEN. YOU KNOW that, on

- in a competitive matter, we will add this: If you choose a Lozier—"Four" or "Six"—you will own a car that, in quality and price, cannot be sur-passed, if it can be equalled, in the world.
- AND WE'LL DO MORE-we'll back that statement with the Lozier guarantee.





# What You Get In This FOUR That You Do Not Get In Others

A greater proportion of manufactured parts.

A chain of quality-producing processes not equalled in the construction of any car at any price.

247 drop forgings produced in the greatest drop forge plant in the automobile industry.

Studebaker steel stampings in the rear axle housing and other parts in which others use castings of iron or aluminum.

The highest priced steels made to our own special formulæ.

Every steel shipment analyzed and tested; and, if accepted, subjected to two to four heat treatments. Studebaker steels used in this FOUR are thus doubled and trebled in strength.

Full floating rear axle with heat treated driving shaft which, in a special machine, is capable of being twisted seven times on itself before breaking

A front axle built to stand the same tremendous torsion test.

Springs that will withstand 200,000 complete oscillations in a machine built to break down springs.

Timken bearings protecting every point susceptible to strain and friction.

The only FOUR at the price which is Timken-equipped even to the wheel hubs.

A starting and lighting system without con-

stantly-moving

chains or

A body finish produced by no less than 24 distinct operationsmoney can't buy a better or more lasting finish.

A car in which quantity production is scientifically directed to the creation of the highest possible quality at the lowest possible

fly-wheel gearing-two units per-

fectly balanced, so certain in action

that they approach infallibility.

colombific manufacturing operation of debaker, band for it.

STUDEBAKER

The Full Floating Rear Axle Full Timken Bearing Equipment 24 Body Finishing Operations Electrically Lighted and Started Completely Equipped

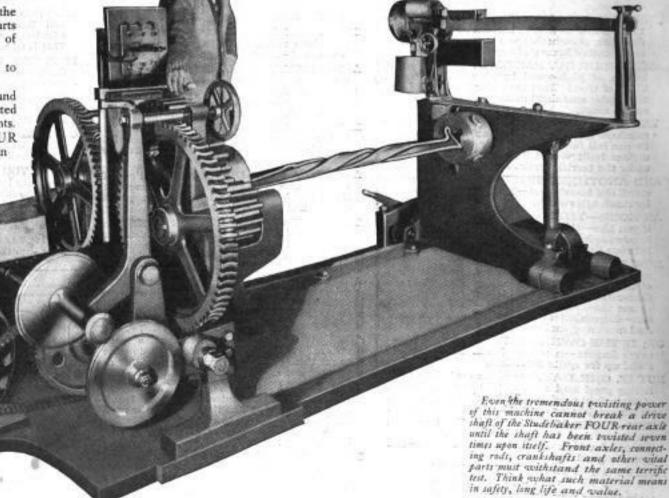
#### F. O. B. Detroit

POUR Touring Car	44	120	4	21098
SIX Touring Car .	+	100		1575
SIX Landan-Roadsper			743	1800
SIX Sedan		263	-	2259

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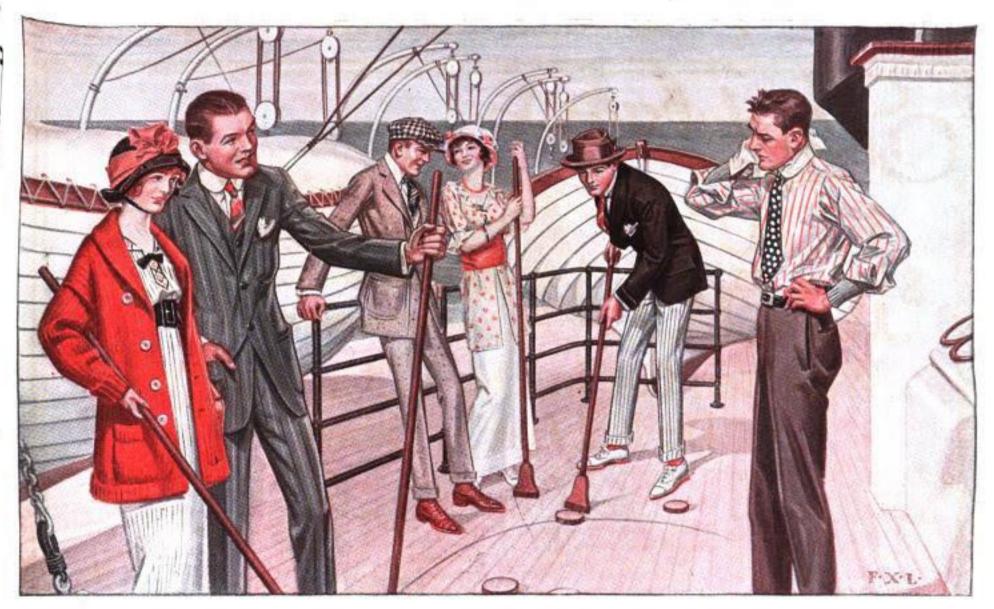
E. O. D. 11	-	LILL		***	-
FOUR Touring Car					\$117
SIX Touring Car ,				200	197
SIX Landau-Roadster	*	4	140	47	2391
SIX Sedan	10	1324	300	V26	2991

Canadian Factory: Walkerville, Out.



"Quantity Production of Quality Cars"

ann



# There's "An Ocean Of Comfort" In B. V. D.

You wear a coat and a smile with B. V. D. On land or sea, in city or country, outdoors or in the office, B. V. D. takes the bite out of the "dog-days". It keeps you cool. Being loose-fitting, it lets invigorating air at your pores. Being light-woven, you hardly feel that you have it on. If you dance, B. V. D. leaves you arm, leg and body-free. Remember that all "Athletic" Underwear is not B. V. D.



For your own welfare, fix the B.V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, walk out! On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE

BVD

BEST RETAIL TRADE

f Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Hat. Off, and Forego Caustrin.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit.

# The B.V. D. Company,

NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

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